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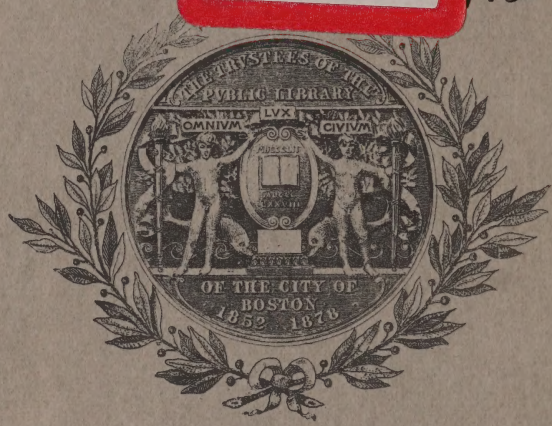


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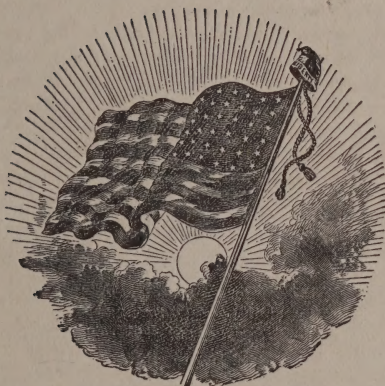
V. 27

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOLUME XXVII.

Per. Rm

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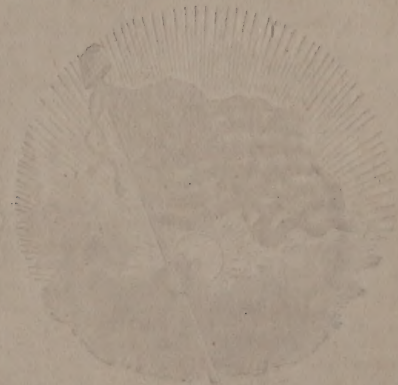


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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXVII.—JANUARY, 1871.—NO. CLIX.

A YEAR IN A VENETIAN PALACE.

THE last of four years which it was the fortune (now almost incredible) of this writer to live in the city of Venice was passed under the roof of one of her most beautiful and memorable palaces, namely, the Palazzo Giustiniani. The experience refuses to consort with ordinary remembrances, and has such a fantastic preference for the company of rather vivid and circumstantial dreams, that it is with no very strong hope of making it seem real that I shall venture to speak of it: and I should not be surprised if at the end the reader shared the vague distrust with which I regard it at the beginning.

The Giustiniani were a family of patricians very famous during the times of a Republic that gave so many splendid names to history, and the race was preserved to the honor and service of Saint Mark by one of the most romantic facts of his annals. During a war with the Greek Emperor in the twelfth century every known Giustiniani was slain, and the heroic strain seemed lost forever. But the state that mourned them bethought itself of a half-forgot-

ten monk of their house, who was wasting his life in the Convent of San Nicolò; he was drawn forth from this seclusion, and, the permission of Rome being won, he was married to the daughter of the reigning doge. From them descended the Giustiniani of aftertimes, who still exist; indeed, in the year 1865 there came one day a gentleman of the family, and tried to buy from our landlord that part of the palace which we so humbly and insufficiently inhabited. It is said that as the unfrocked friar and his wife declined in life they separated, and, as if in doubt of what had been done for the state through them, retired each into a convent, Giustiniani going back to San Nicolò, and dying at last to the murmur of the Adriatic waves along the Lido's sands.

Next after this Giustiniani I like best to think of that latest hero of the family, who had the sad fortune to live when the ancient Republic fell at a threat of Napoleon, and who alone of her nobles had the courage to meet with a manly spirit the insolent menaces of the conqueror. The Giustiniani governed Treviso for the Senate; he refused, when

Napoleon ordered him from his presence, to quit Treviso without the command of the Senate; he flung back the taunts of bad faith cast upon the Venetians; and when Napoleon changed his tone from that of disdain to one of compliment, and promised that in the general disaster he was preparing for Venice, Giustiniani should be spared, the latter generously replied that he had been a friend of the French only because the Senate was so; as to the immunity offered, all was lost to him in the loss of his country, and he should blush for his wealth if it remained intact amidst the ruin of his countrymen.

The family grew in riches and renown from age to age, and, some four centuries after the marriage of the monk, they reared the three beautiful Gothic palaces, in the noblest site on the Grand Canal, whence on one hand you can look down to the Rialto Bridge, and on the other, far up towards the church of the Salute, and the Basin of Saint Mark. The architects were those Buoni, father and son, who did some of the most beautiful work on the Ducal Palace, and who wrought in an equal inspiration upon these homes of the Giustiniani, building the delicate Gothic arches of the windows, with their slender columns and their graceful balconies, and crowning all with the airy battlements.

The largest of the three palaces became later the property of the Foscari family, and here dwelt with his father that unhappy Jacopo Foscari, who after thrice suffering torture by the state for a murder he never did, at last died in exile; hither came the old Doge Foscari, who had consented to this cruel error of the state, and who after a life spent in its service was deposed and disgraced before his death; and hither, when he lay dead, came remorseful Venice, and claimed for sumptuous obsequies the dust which his widow yielded with bitter reproaches. Here the family faded away generation by generation, till (according to the tale told us) early in this century, when the ultimate

male survivor of the line had died, under a false name in London, where he had been some sort of obscure actor, there were but two old maiden sisters left, who, lapsing into imbecility, were shown to strangers by the rascal servants as the last of the Foscari; and here in our time was quartered a regiment of Austrian troops, whose neatly pipe-clayed belts decorated the balconies on which the princely ladies of the house had leaned their jewelled arms in other days.

The Foscari added a story to the palace to distinguish it from the two other palaces Giustiniani, but these remain to the present day as they were originally planned. That in which we lived was called Palazzo Giustiniani of the Bishops, because one of the family was the first patriarch of Venice. After his death he was made a saint by the Pope; and it is related that he was not only a very pious, but a very good man. In his last hours he admitted his beloved people to his chamber, where he meekly lay upon a pallet of straw, and at the moment he expired, two monks in the solitude of their cloister, heard an angelical harmony in the air: the clergy performed his obsequies not in black, funereal robes, but in white garments, and crowned with laurel, and bearing gilded torches, and although the patriarch had died of a malignant fever, his body was miraculously preserved incorrupt during the sixty-five days that the obsequies lasted. The other branch of the family was called the Giustiniani of the Jewels, from the splendor of their dress; but neither palace now shelters any of their magnificent race. The edifice on our right was exclusively occupied by a noble Viennese lady, who as we heard, — vaguely, in the right Venetian fashion, — had been a ballet-dancer in her youth, and who now in her matronly days dwelt apart from her husband, the Russian count, and had gondoliers in blue silk, and the finest gondola on the Grand Canal, but was a plump, florid lady, looking long past beauty, even as we saw her from our balcony.

Our own palace—as we absurdly grew to call it—was owned and inhabited in a manner much more proper to modern Venice, the proprietorship being about equally divided between our own landlord and a very well known Venetian painter, son of a painter still more famous. This artist was a very courteous old gentleman, who went with Italian and clock-like regularity every evening in summer to a certain *caffè*, where he seemed to make it a point of conscience to sip one sherbet, and to read the *Journal des Débats*. In his coming and going we met him so often that we became friends, and he asked us many times to visit him, and see his father's pictures, and some famous frescos with which his part of the palace was adorned. It was a characteristic trait of our life, that though we constantly meant to avail ourselves of this kindness, we never did so. But we continued in the enjoyment of the beautiful garden, which this gentleman owned at the rear of the palace and on which our chamber windows looked. It was full of oleanders and roses, and other bright and odoriferous blooms, which we could enjoy perfectly well without knowing their names; and I could hardly say whether the garden was more charming when it was in its summer glory, or when, on some rare winter day, a breath from the mountains had clothed its tender boughs and sprays with a light and evanescent flowering of snow. At any season the lofty palace walls rose over it, and shut it in a pensive seclusion which was loved by the old mother of the painter and by his elderly maiden sister. These often walked on its moss-grown paths, silent as the roses and oleanders to which one could have fancied the blossom of their youth had flown; and sometimes there came to them there grave, black-gowned priests,—for the painter's was a devout family,—and talked with them in tones almost as tranquil as the silence was, save when one of the ecclesiastics placidly took snuff,—it is a dogma of the Church for

priests to take snuff in Italy,—and thereafter, upon a prolonged search for his handkerchief, blew a resounding nose. So far as we knew, the garden walls circumscribed the whole life of these ladies; and I am afraid that such topics of this world as they touched upon with their priests must have been deplorably small.

Their kinsman owned part of the story under us, and both of the stories above us; he had the advantage of the garden over our landlord; but he had not so grand a gondola-gate as we, and in some other respects I incline to think that our part of the edifice was the finer. It is certain that no mention is made of any such beautiful hall in the property of the painter as is noted in that of our landlord, by the historian of a "Hundred Palaces of Venice,"—a work for which I subscribed, and then for my merit was honored by a visit from the author, who read aloud to me in a deep and sonorous voice the annals of our temporary home. This hall occupied half the space of the whole floor; but it was altogether surrounded by rooms of various shapes and sizes, except upon one side of its length, where it gave through Gothic windows of vari-colored glass, upon a small court below,—a green-mouldy little court, further dampened by a cistern, which had the usual curb of a single carven block of marble. The roof of this stately *sala* was traversed by a long series of painted rafters, which in the halls of nearly all Venetian palaces are left exposed, and painted or carved and gilded. A suite of stately rooms closed the hall from the Grand Canal, and one of these formed our parlor; on the side opposite the Gothic windows was a vast aristocratic kitchen, which, with its rows of shining coppers; its great chimney-place well advanced toward the middle of the floor, and its tall gloomy windows, still affects my imagination as one of the most patrician rooms which I ever saw; at the back of the hall were those chambers of ours overlooking the garden of which I have already spoken, and an-

other kitchen, less noble than the first, but still sufficiently grandiose to make most New World kitchens seem very meekly minute and unimpressive. Between the two kitchens was another court, with another cistern, from which the painter's family drew water with a bucket on a long rope, which, when let down from the fourth story, appeared to be dropped from the clouds, and descended with a noise little less alarming than thunder.

Altogether the most surprising object in the great *sala* was a sewing-machine, and we should have been inconsolably outraged by its presence there, amid so much that was merely venerable and beautiful, but for the fact that it was in a state of harmonious and hopeless despair, and, from its general contrivance, gave us the idea that it had never been of any use. It was, in fact, kept as a sort of curiosity by the landlord, who exhibited it to the admiration of his Venetian friends.

The reader will doubtless have imagined, from what I have been saying, that the Palazzo Giustiniani had not all that machinery which we know in our houses here as modern improvements. It had nothing of the kind, and life there was, as in most houses in Italy, a kind of permanent camping out. When I remember the small amount of carpeting, of furniture, and of upholstery we enjoyed, it appears to me pathetic; and yet, I am not sure that it was not the wisest way to live. I know that we had compensation in things not purchasable here for money. If the furniture of the principal bedroom was somewhat scanty, its dimensions were unstinted: the ceiling was fifteen feet high, and was divided into rich and heavy panels, adorned each with a mighty rosette of carved and gilded wood, two feet across. The parlor had not its original decorations in our time, but it had once had so noble a carved ceiling that it was found worth while to take it down and sell it into England; and it still had two grand Venetian mirrors, a vast and very good painting of a miracle of Saint Anthony,

and imitation-antique tables and arm-chairs. The last were frolicked all over with carven nymphs and cupids; but they were of such frail construction that they were not meant to be sat in, much less to be removed from the wall against which they stood; and more than one of our American visitors was dismayed at having these proud articles of furniture go to pieces upon his attempt to use them like mere arm-chairs of ordinary life. Scarcely less impressive or useless than these was a monumental plaster-stove, surmounted by a bust of Æsculapius; when this was broken by accident, we cheaply restored the loss with a bust of Homer (the dealer in the next campo being out of Æsculapiuses) which no one could have told from the bust it replaced; and this and the other artistic glories of the room made us quite forget all possible blemishes and defects. And will the reader mention any house with modern improvements in America which has also windows with pointed arches of marble opening upon balconies that overhang the Grand Canal?

At the risk of an apparent immodesty, I am obliged to assume that perhaps one or two of my readers may have looked at a book I once wrote about Venice, and for their sake I will say that it was to Palazzo Giustiniani we removed when we left Casa Falier in order to get rid of an attached and faithful servant. For our new apartment, which consisted of six rooms, furnished with every article necessary for Venetian housekeeping, we paid one dollar a day, which, in the innocence of our hearts, we thought rather dear, though we were somewhat consoled by reflecting that this extravagant outlay secured us the finest position on the Grand Canal. We did not mean to keep house as we had in Casa Falier, and perhaps a sketch of our cheaper *ménage* may not be out of place. Breakfast was prepared in the house, for in that blessed climate all you care for in the morning is a cup of coffee, with a little bread and butter, a muskmelon, and some clusters of white

grapes, more or less. Then we had our dinners sent in warm from a cook's who had learned his noble art in France; he furnished a dinner of five courses for three persons at a cost of about eighty cents; and they were dinners so happily conceived and so justly executed, that I cannot accuse myself of an excess of sentiment when I confess that I sigh for them to this day. Then as for our immaterial tea, we always took that at the Caffè Florian in the Piazza of Saint Mark, where we drank a cup of black coffee and ate an ice, while all the world promenaded by, and the Austrian bands made heavenly music.

Those bands no longer play in Venice, and I believe that they are not the only charm which she has lost in exchanging Austrian servitude for Italian freedom; though I should be sorry to think that freedom was not worth all other charms. The poor Venetians used to be very rigorous about the music of their oppressors, and would not come into the Piazza until it had ceased and the Austrian promenaders had disappeared, when they sat down at Florian's, and listened to such bands of strolling singers and minstrels as chose to give them a concord of sweet sounds, without foreign admixture. We, in our neutrality, were wont to sit out both entertainments, and then go home well toward midnight, through the sleepy little streets, and over the bridges that spanned the narrow canals, dreaming in the shadows of the palaces.

We moved with half-conscious steps till we came to the silver expanse of the Grand Canal, where, at the ferry, darkled a little brood of black gondolas, into one of which we got, and were rowed noiselessly to the thither side, where we took our way toward the land-gate of our palace through the narrow streets of the parish of San Barnabà, and the campo before the ugly façade of the church; or else we were rowed directly to the water-gate, where we got out on the steps worn by the feet of the Giustiniani of old,

and wandered upward through the darkness of the stairway, which gave them a far different welcome of servants and lights when they returned from an evening's pleasure in the Piazza. It seemed scarcely just; but then, those Giustiniani were dead, and we were alive, and that was one advantage; and, besides, the loneliness and desolation of the palace had a peculiar charm, and were at any rate cheaper than its former splendor could have been. I am afraid that people who live abroad in the palaces of extinct nobles do not keep this important fact sufficiently in mind; and as the Palazzo Giustiniani is still let in furnished lodgings, and it is quite possible that some of my readers may be going to spend next summer in it, I venture to remind them that if they have to draw somewhat upon their fancy for patrician accommodations there, it will cost them far less in money than it did the original proprietors, who contributed to our selfish pleasure by the very thought of their romantic absence and picturesque decay. In fact, the Past is everywhere like the cake of proverb: you cannot enjoy it and have it.

And here I am reminded of another pleasure of modern dwellers in Venetian palaces, which could hardly have been indulged by the patricians of old, and which is hardly imaginable by people of this day, whose front doors open upon dry land: I mean to say the privilege of sea-bathing from one's own threshold. From the beginning of June till far into September all the canals of Venice are populated by the amphibious boys, who clamor about in the brine, or poise themselves for a leap from the tops of bridges, or show their fine, statuesque figures, bronzed by the ardent sun, against the façades of empty palaces, where they hover among the marble sculptures, and meditate a headlong plunge. It is only the Venetian ladies, in fact, who do not share this healthful amusement. Fathers of families, like so many plump, domestic drakes, lead forth their aquatic broods, teaching the little ones to

swim by the aid of various floats, and delighting in the gambols of the larger ducklings. When the tide comes in fresh and strong from the sea the water in the Grand Canal is pure and refreshing; and at these times it is a singular pleasure to leap from one's doorstep into the swift current, and spend a half-hour, very informally, among one's neighbors there. The Venetian bathing-dress is a mere sketch of the pantaloons of ordinary life; and when I used to stand upon our balcony, and see some bearded head ducking me a polite salutation from a pair of broad, brown shoulders that showed above the water, I was not always able to recognize my acquaintance, deprived of his factitious identity of clothes. But I always knew a certain stately consul-general by a vast expanse of baldness upon the top of his head; and it must be owned, I think, that this form of social assembly was, with all its disadvantages, a novel and vivacious spectacle. The Venetian ladies, when they bathed, went to the Lido, or else to the bath-houses in front of the Ducal Palace, where they saturated themselves a good part of the day, and drank coffee, and, possibly, gossiped.

I think that our balconies at Palazzo Giustiniani were even better places to see the life of the Grand Canal from than the balcony of Casa Falier, which we had just left. Here at least we had a greater stretch of the Canal, looking as we could up either side of its angle. Here, too, we had more gondola stations in sight, and as we were nearer the Rialto, there was more picturesque passing of the market-boats. But if we saw more of this life, we did not see it in greater variety, for I think we had already exhausted this. There was a movement all night long. If I woke at three or four o'clock, and offered myself the novel spectacle of the Canal at that hour, I saw the heavy-laden barges go by to the Rialto, with now and then also a good-sized coasting schooner making lazily for the lagoons, with its ruddy fire already kindled for cooking the morning's meal, and looking

very enviably cosey. After our own breakfast we began to watch for the gondolas of the tourists of different nations, whom we came to distinguish at a glance. Then the boats of the various artisans went by, the carpenter's, the mason's, the plasterer's, with those that sold fuel, and vegetables, and fruit, and fish, to any household that arrested them. From noon till three or four o'clock the Canal was comparatively deserted; but before twilight it was thronged again by people riding out in their open gondolas to take the air after the day's fervor. After nightfall they ceased, till only at long intervals a solitary lamp, stealing over the dark surface, gave token of the movement of some gondola bent upon an errand that could not fail to seem mysterious or fail to be matter of fact. We never wearied of this oft-repeated variety, nor of our balcony in any way; and when the moon shone in through the lovely arched window and sketched its exquisite outline on the floor, we were as happy as moonshine could make us.

Were we otherwise content? As concerns Venice, it is very hard to say, and I do not know that I shall ever be able to say with certainty. For all the entertainment it afforded us, it was a very lonely life, and we felt the sadness of the city in many fine and not instantly recognizable ways. Englishmen who lived there bade us beware of spending the whole year in Venice, which they declared apt to result in a morbid depression of the spirits. I believe they attributed this to the air of the place, but I think it was more than half owing to her mood, to her old, ghostly, aimless life. She was, indeed, a phantom of the past, haunting our modern world,—serene, inexpressibly beautiful, yet inscrutably and unspeakably sad. Remembering the charm that was in her, we often sigh for the renewal of our own vague life there,—a shadow within the shadow; but remembering also her deep melancholy, an involuntary shiver creeps over us, and we are glad not to be there. Per-

haps some of you who have spent a summer day or a summer week in Venice do not recognize this feeling ; but if you will remain there, not four years as we did, but a year or six months even, it will ever afterwards be only too plain. All changes, all events, were affected by the inevitable local melancholy ; the day was as pensive amidst that populous silence as the night ; the winter not more pathetic than the long, tranquil, lovely summer. We rarely sentimentalized consciously, and still more seldom openly, about the present state of Venice as contrasted with her past glory ; I am glad to say that we despised the conventional poetastery about her ; but I believe that we had so far lived into sympathy with her, that, whether we realized it or not, we took the tone of her dispiritedness, and assumed a part of the common experience of loss and of hopelessness. History, if you live where it was created, is a far subtler influence than you suspect ; and I would not say how much Venetian history, amidst the monuments of her glory and the witness of her fall, had to do in secret and tacit ways with the prevailing sentiment of existence, which I now distinctly recognize to have been a melancholy one. No doubt this sentiment was deepened by every freshly added association with memorable places ; and each fact, each great name and career, each strange tradition as it rose out of the past for us and shed its pale lustre upon the present, touched us with a pathos which we could neither trace nor analyze.

I do not know how much the modern Venetians had to do with this impression, but something I have no question. They were then under Austrian rule ; and in spite of much that was puerile and theatrical in it, there was something very affecting in their attitude of what may best be described as passive defiance. This alone made them heroic, but it also made them tedious. They rarely talked of anything but politics ; and as I have elsewhere said, they were very jealous to

have every one declare himself of their opinion. Hemmed in by this jealousy on one side, and by a heavy and rebellious sense of the wrongful presence of the Austrian troops and the Austrian spies on the other, we forever felt dimly constrained by something, we could not say precisely what, and we only knew what, when we went sometimes on a journey into free Italy, and threw off the irksome caution we had maintained both as to patriotic and alien tyrants. This political misery circumscribed our acquaintance very much, and reduced the circle of our friendship to three or four families, who were content to know our sympathies without exacting constant expression of them. So we learned to depend mainly upon passing Americans for our society ; we hailed with rapture the arrival of a gondola distinguished by the easy hats of our countrymen and the pretty faces and pretty dresses of our countrywomen. It was in the days of our war ; and talking together over its events, we felt a brotherhood with every other American.

Of course, in these circumstances, we made thorough acquaintance with the people about us in the palace. The landlord had come somehow into a profitable knowledge of Anglo-Saxon foibles and susceptibilities, but his lodgings were charming ; and I recognize the principle that it is not for literature to make its prey of any possibly conscious object. For this reason, I am likewise mostly silent concerning a certain *attaché* of the palace, the right-hand man and intimate associate of the landlord. He was the descendant of one of the most ancient and noble families of Italy, — a family of popes and cardinals, of princes and ministers, which in him was diminished and tarnished in an almost inexplicable degree. He was not at all worldly-wise, but he was a man of great learning, and of a capacity for acquiring knowledge that I have never seen surpassed. He possessed, I think, not many shirts on earth ; but he spoke three or four languages, and wrote very pretty son-

nets in Italian and German. He was one of the friendliest and willingest souls living, and as generous as utter destitution can make a man; yet he had a proper spirit, and valued himself upon his name. Sometimes he brought his great-grandfather to the palace; a brisk old gentleman in his nineties, who had seen the fall of the Republic and three other revolutions in Venice, but had contrived to keep a government pension through all, and now smiled with unabated cheerfulness upon a world which he seemed likely never to leave.

The palace-servants were two, the gondolier and a sort of housekeeper, — a handsome, swarthy woman, with beautiful white teeth and liquid black eyes. She was the mother of a pretty little boy, who was going to bring himself up for a priest, and whose chief amusement was saying mimic masses to an imaginary congregation. She was perfectly statuesque and obliging, and we had no right, as lovers of the beautiful or as lodgers, to complain of her, whatever her faults might have been. As to the gondolier, who was a very important personage in our palatial household, he was a handsome, bashful, well-mannered fellow, with a good-natured blue eye and a neatly waxed mustache. He had been ten years a soldier in the Austrian army, and was, from his own account and from all I saw of him, one of the least courageous men in the world; but then no part of the Austrian system tends to make men brave, and I could easily imagine that before it had done with one it might give him good reasons enough to be timid all the rest of his life. Piero had not very much to do, and he spent the greater part of his leisure in a sort of lazy flirtation with the women about the kitchen-fire, or in the gondola, in which he sometimes gave them the air. We always liked him; I should have trusted him in any sort of way, except one that involved danger. It once happened that burglars attempted to enter our rooms, and Piero declared to us that he knew the men; but before

the police, he swore that he knew nothing about them. Afterwards he returned privately to his first assertion, and accounted for his conduct by saying that if he had borne witness against the burglars, he was afraid that their friends would jump on his back (*saltarmi addosso*), as he phrased it, in the dark; for by this sort of terrorism the poor and the wicked have long been bound together in Italy. Piero was a humorist in his dry way, and made a jest of his own caution; but his favorite joke was, when he dressed himself with particular care, to tell the women that he was going to pay a visit to the Princess Clary, then the star of Austrian society. This mild pleasantry was repeated indefinitely with never-failing effect.

More interesting to us than all the rest was our own servant, Bettina, who came to us from a village on the mainland. She was very dark, so dark and so Southern in appearance as almost to verge upon the negro type; yet she bore the English-sounding name of Scarbro, and how she ever came by it remains a puzzle to this day, for she was one of the most pure and entire of Italians. I mean this was her maiden name; she was married to a trumpeter in the Austrian service, whose Bohemian name she was unable to pronounce, and consequently never gave us. She was a woman of very few ideas indeed, but perfectly honest and good-hearted. She was pious, in her peasant fashion, and in her walks about the city did not fail to bless the baby before every picture of the Madonna. She provided it with an engraved portrait of that Holy Nail which was venerated in the neighboring church of San Pantaleon; and she apparently aimed to supply it with playthings of a religious and saving character like that piece of ivory, which resembled a small torso, and which Bettina described as "A bit of the Lord, Signor," — and it was, in fact, a fragment of an ivory crucifix, which she had somewhere picked up. To Bettina's mind, mankind broadly divided themselves into two

racers, Italians and Germans, to which latter she held that we Americans in some sort belonged. She believed that America lay a little to the south of Vienna, and in her heart I think she was persuaded that the real national complexion was black, and that the innumerable white Americans she saw at our house were merely a multitude of exceptions. But with all her ignorance, she had no superstitions of a gloomy kind: the only ghost she seemed ever to have heard of was the spectre of an American ship captain which a friend of Piero's had seen at the Lido. She was perfectly kind and obedient, and was deeply attached in an inarticulate way to the baby, which was indeed the pet of the whole palace. This young lady ruled arbitrarily over them all, and was forever being kissed and adored. When Piero went out to the wine-shop for a little temperate dissipation, he took her with him on his shoulder, and exhibited her to the admiring gondoliers of his acquaintance; there was no puppet-show, no church festival, in that region to which she was not carried; and when Bettina, and Giulia, and all the idle women of the neighborhood assembled on a Saturday afternoon in the narrow alley behind the palace, (where they dressed one another's thick black hair in fine braids soaked in milk, and built it up to last the whole of the next week,) the baby was the cynosure of all hearts and eyes. But her supremacy was yet more distinguished when late at night the household gave itself a feast of snails stewed in oil and garlic in the vast kitchen. There her anxious parents have found her seated in the middle of the table with the bowl of snails before her, and armed with a great spoon, while her vassals sat round, and grinned their fondness and delight in her small tyrannies; and the immense room, dimly lit, with the mystical implements of cookery glimmering from the wall, showed like some witch's cavern, where a particularly small sorceress was presiding over the concoction of an evil potion or the weaving of a powerful spell.

From time to time we had fellow-lodgers, who were always more or less interesting and mysterious. Among the rest there was once a French lady, who languished, during her stay, under the disfavor of the police, and for whose sake there was a sentinel with a fixed bayonet stationed day and night at the palace gate. At last, one night, this French lady escaped by a rope-ladder from her chamber window, and thus no doubt satisfied alike the female instinct for intrigue and elopement and the political agitator's love of a mysterious disappearance. It was understood dimly that she was an author, and had written a book displeasing to the police.

Then there was the German baroness and her son and daughter, the last very beautiful and much courted by handsome Austrian officers; the son rather weak-minded, and a great care to his sister and mother, from his propensity to fall in love and marry below his station; the mother very red-faced and fat, a good-natured old creature who gambled the summer months away at Hombourg and Baden, and in the winter resorted to Venice to make a match for her pretty daughter.

Then, moreover, there was that English family, between whom and ourselves there was the reluctance and antipathy, personal and national, which exists between all right-minded Englishmen and Americans. No Italian can understand this just and natural condition, and it was the constant aim of our landlord to make us acquainted. So one day when he found a member of each of these unfriendly families on the neutral ground of the grand *sala*, he introduced them. They had, happily, the piano-forte between them, and I flatter myself that the insulting coldness and indifference with which they received each other's names carried to our landlord's bosom a dismay never before felt by a good-natured and well-meaning man.

The piano-forte which I have mentioned belonged to the landlord, who

was fond of music and of all fine and beautiful things; and now and then he gave a musical *soirée*, which was attended, more or less surreptitiously, by the young people of his acquaintance. I do not think he was always quite candid in giving his invitations, for on one occasion a certain count, who had taken refuge from the glare of the *sala* in our parlor for the purpose of concealing the very loud-plaided pantaloons he wore, explained pathetically that he had no idea it was a party, and that he had been so long out of society, for patriotic reasons, that he had no longer a dress suit. But to us they were very delightful entertainments, no less from the great variety of character they afforded than from the really charming and excellent music which the different amateurs made; for we had airs from all the famous operas, and the instrumentation was by a gifted young composer. Besides, the gayety seemed to recall in some degree the old, brilliant life of the palace, and at least showed us how well it was adapted to social magnificence and display.

We enjoyed our whole year in Palazzo Giustiniani, though some of the days were too long and some too short, as everywhere. From heat we hardly suffered at all, so perfectly did the vast and lofty rooms answer to the purpose of their builders in this respect. A current of sea air drew through to the painter's garden by day; and by night there was scarcely a mosquito of the myriads that infested some parts of Venice. In winter it was not so well. Then we shuffled about in wadded gowns and boots lined with sheepskin, — the woolly side in, as in the song. The passage of the *sala* was something to be dreaded, and we shivered as fleetly through it as we could, and were all the colder for the deceitful warmth of the colors which the sun cast upon the stone floor from the window opening on the court.

I do not remember any one event of our life more exciting than that attempted burglary of which I have

spoken. In a city where the police gave their best attention to political offenders, there were naturally a great many rogues, and the Venetian rogues, if not distinguished for the more heroic crimes, were very skilful in what I may call the *genre* branch of robbing rooms through open windows, and committing all kinds of safe domestic depredations. It was judged best to acquaint Justice (as they call law in Latin countries) with the attempt upon our property, and I found her officers housed in a small room of the Doge's Palace, clerkly men in velvet skull-caps, driving loath quills over the rough official paper of those regions. After an exchange of diplomatic courtesies, the commissary took my statement of the affair down in writing, pertinent to which were my father's name, place, and business, with a full and satisfactory personal history of myself down to the period of the attempted burglary. This, I said, occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window-sill, and the hand of the burglar extended to prey upon my wardrobe.

"Excuse me, Signor Console," interrupted the commissary, "how could you see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open!" gasped the commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep with your windows open?"

"Most certainly!"

"Pardon!" said the commissary, suspiciously. "Do *all* Americans sleep with their windows open?"

"I may venture to say that they all do, in summer," I answered; "at least, it's the general custom."

Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the commissary's experience; and but for my official dignity, I am sure that I should have been effectually brow-beaten by him. As it was, he threw himself back in his arm-chair and stared at me fixedly for some moments.

Then he recovered himself with another "Perdoni!" and, turning to his clerk, said, "Write down that, *according to the American custom*, they were sleeping with their windows open." But I know that the commissary, for all his politeness, considered this habit a relief of the times when we Americans all abode in wigwams; and I suppose it paralyzed his energies in the effort to bring the burglars to justice, for I have never heard anything of them from that day to this.

The truth is, it was a very uneventful year; and I am the better satisfied with it as an average Venetian year on that account. We sometimes varied the pensive monotony by a short visit to the cities of the mainland; but we always came back to it willingly, and I think we unconsciously abhorred any interruption of it. The days, as they followed each other, were wonderfully alike, in every respect. For eight months of summer they were alike in their clear-skied, sweet-breathed loveliness; in the autumn, there where the melancholy of the falling leaf could not spread its contagion to the sculptured foliage of Gothic art, the days were alike in their sentiment of tranquil oblivion and resignation, which was as autumnal as any aspect of woods or fields could have been; in the winter they were alike in their dreariness and discomfort. As I remember, we spent by far the greater part of our time in going to the Piazza, and we were devoted Florianisti, as the Italians call those that lounge habitually at the Caffè Florian. We went every evening to the Piazza as a matter of course; if the morning was long, we went to the Piazza; if we did not know what to do with the afternoon, we went to the Piazza; if we had friends with us, we went to the Piazza; if we were alone, we went to the Piazza; and there was no mood or circumstances in which it did not seem a natural and fitting thing to go to the Piazza. There were all the prettiest shops; there were all the finest *caffès*; there was the incomparable church of

St. Mark; there was the whole world of Venice.

Of course, we had other devices besides going to the Piazza, and sometimes we spent entire weeks in visiting the churches, one after another, and studying their artistic treasures, down to the smallest scrap of an old master in their darkest chapel; their history, their storied tombs, their fictitious associations. Very few churches escaped, I believe, except such as had been turned into barracks, and were guarded by an incorruptible Austrian sentinel. For such churches as did escape, we have a kind of envious longing to this day, and should find it hard to like anybody who had succeeded better in visiting them. There is, for example, the church of San Giobbe, the doors of which we haunted with more patience than that of the titular saint: now the sacristan was out; now the church was shut up for repairs; now it was Holy Week and the pictures were veiled; we had to leave Venice at last without a sight of San Giobbe's three Saints by Bordone and Madonna by Bellini, which, unseen, outvalue all the other Saints and Madonnas that we looked at; and I am sure that life can never become so aimless, but we shall still have the desire of some day going to see the church of San Giobbe. If we read some famous episode of Venetian history, we made it the immediate care of our lives to visit the scene of its occurrence; if Ruskin told us of some recondite beauty of sculpture hid away in some unthought-of palace court, we invaded that palace at once; if, in entirely purposeless strolls through the city, we came upon anything that touched the fancy or piqued curiosity, there was no gate or bar proof against our bribes. What strange old nests of ruin, what marvellous homes of solitude and dilapidation, did we not wander into! what boarded-up windows peer through, what gloomy recesses penetrate! I have lumber enough in my memory stored from such rambles to load the nightmares of a generation, and stuff for the dreams of a whole

people. Does any gentleman or lady wish to write a romance? Sir or madam, I know just the mouldy and sunless alley for your villain to stab his victim in, the canal in which to plunge his body, the staircase and the hall for the subsequent wanderings of his ghost; and all these scenes and localities I will sell at half the cost price; as also, balconies for flirtation, gondolas for intrigue and elopement, confessionals for the betrayal of guilty secrets; I have an assortment of bad and beautiful faces and picturesque attitudes and effective tones of voice; and a large stock of sympathetic sculptures and furniture and dresses, with other articles too numerous to mention, all warranted Venetian and suitable to every style of romance. Who bids? Nay, I cannot sell, nor you buy. Each memory, as I hold it up for inspection, loses its subtle beauty and value, and turns common and poor in my hawker's fingers.

Yet I must needs try to fix here the remembrance of two or three palaces, of which our fancy took the fondest hold, and to which it yet most fondly clings. It cannot locate them all, and least of all can it place that vast old palace, somewhere near Cannaregio, which faced upon a campo, with lofty windows blinded by rough boards, and empty from top to bottom. It was of the later Renaissance in style, and we imagined it built in the Republic's declining years by some ruinous noble, whose extravagance forbade his posterity to live in it, for it had that peculiarly forlorn air which belongs to a thing decayed without being worn out. We entered its coolness and dampness, and wandered up the wide marble staircase, past the vacant niches of departed statuary, and came on the third floor to a grand portal which was closed against us by a barrier of lumber. But this could not hinder us from looking within, and we were aware that we stood upon the threshold of our ruinous noble's great banquetting-hall, where he used to give his magnificent *feste da ballo*. Lustrissimo was long gone with

all his guests; but there in the roof were the amazing frescos of Tiepolo's school, which had smiled down on them, as now they smiled on us; great piles of architecture, airy tops of palaces, swimming in summer sky, and wantoned over by a joyous populace of divinities of the lovelier sex that had nothing but their loveliness to clothe them and keep them afloat; the whole grandiose and superb beyond the effect of words, and luminous with delicious color. How it all rioted there with its inextinguishable beauty in the solitude and silence, from day to day, from year to year, while men died, and systems passed, and nothing remained unchanged but the instincts of youth and love that inspired it! It was music and wine and wit; it was so warm and glowing that it made the sunlight cold; and it seemed ever after a secret of gladness and beauty that the sad old palace was keeping in its heart against the time to which Venice looks forward when her splendor and opulence shall be indestructibly renewed.

There is a ball-room in the Palazzo Pisani, which some of my readers may have passed through on their way to the studio of the charming old Prussian painter, Nerly; the frescos of this are dim and faded and dusty, and impress you with a sense of irreparable decay, but the noble proportions and the princely air of the place are inalienable while the palace stands. Here might have danced that Contarini who, when his wife's necklace of pearls fell upon the floor in the way of her partner, the king of Denmark, advanced and ground it into powder with his foot that the king might not be troubled to avoid treading on it; and here, doubtless, many a gorgeous masquerade had been in the long Venetian carnival; and what passion and intrigue and jealousy, who knows? Now the palace was let in apartments, and was otherwise a barrack, and in the great court, steadfast as any of the marble statues, stood the Austrian sentinel. One of the statues was a figure veiled from head to foot,

at the base of which it was hard not to imagine lovers, masked and hooded, and forever hurriedly whispering their secrets in the shadow cast in perpetual moonlight.

Yet another ball-room in yet another palace opens to memory, but this is all bright and fresh with recent decoration. In the blue, vaulted roof shine stars of gold; the walls are gay with dainty frescos; a gallery encircles the whole, and from this drops a light stairway, slim-railed, and guarded at the foot by torch-bearing statues of swarthy Eastern girls; through the glass doors at the other side glimmers the green and red of a garden. It was a place to be young in, to dance in, dream in, make love in; but it was no more a surprise than the whole palace to which it belonged, and which there in that tattered and poverty-stricken old Venice was a vision of untarnished splendor and prosperous fortune. It was richly furnished throughout all its vast extent, adorned with every caprice and delight of art, and appointed with every modern comfort. The foot was hushed by costly carpets, the eye was flattered by a thousand beauties and prettinesses. In the grates the fires were laid and ready to be lighted; the candles stood upon the mantles; the toilet-linen was arranged for instant use, in the luxurious chambers; but from basement to roof the palace was a solitude; no guest came there, no one dwelt there save the custodian; the eccentric lady of whose possessions it formed a part abode in a little house behind the palace, and on her doorplate had written her *vanitas vanitatum* in the sarcastic inscription, "John Humdrum, Esquire."

Of course she was Inglese; and that other lady, who was selling off the furniture of her palace, and was so amiable a guide to its wonders in her curious broken English, was Hungarian. Her great pride and joy, amidst the objects of *vertu* and the works of art was a set of *Punch*, which she made us admire, and which she prized the more because she had always been allowed to receive it when the govern-

ment prohibited it to everybody else. But we were Americans, she said; and had we ever seen this book? She held up *The Potiphar Papers*; a volume which must have been inexpressibly amused and bewildered to find itself there, in that curious little old lady's hand.

Shall I go on and tell of the palace in which our strange friend Padre L—— dwelt, and the rooms of which he had filled up with the fruits of his passion for the arts and sciences; the anteroom he had frescoed to represent a grape-arbor with a multitude of clusters overhead; the parlor with his oil paintings on the walls, and the piano and melodeon arranged so that Padre L—— could play upon them both at once; the oratory turned forge, and harboring the most alchemic-looking apparatus of all kinds; the other rooms in which he had stored his inventions in portable furniture, steam-propulsion, rifled cannon, and perpetual motion; the attic with the camera by which one could photograph one's self,— shall I tell of this, and yet other palaces? I think there is enough already; and I have begun to doubt somewhat the truth of my reminiscences, as I advise the reader to do.

Besides, I feel that the words fail to give all the truth that is in them; and if I cannot make them serve my purpose as to the palaces, how should I hope to impart through them my sense of the glory and loveliness of Venetian art? I cannot sell you, I could not give you, the imagination and the power of Tintoretto as we felt it, nor the serene beauty, the gracious luxury of Titian, nor the opulence, the worldly magnificence of Paolo Veronese. There hang their mighty works forever, high above the reach of any palaverer; they smile their stately welcome from the altars and palace-walls upon whoever approaches them in the sincerity and love of beauty that produced them; and thither you must thus go if you would know them. Like fragments of dreams, like the fleeting

"Images of glimmering dawn,"

I am from time to time aware, amid the work-day world, of some happiness from them, some face or form, some drift of a princely robe or ethereal drapery, some august shape of painted architecture, some unnamable delight of color; but to describe them more strictly and explicitly, how should I undertake?

There was the exhaustion following every form of intense pleasure, in their contemplation, such a wear of vision and thought, that I could not call the life we led in looking at them an idle one, even if it had had no result in after times; so I will not say that it was to severer occupation our minds turned more and more in our growing desire to return home. For my own part personally I felt keenly the fictitious and transitory character of official life. I knew that if I had become fit to serve the government by four years' residence in Venice, that was a good reason why the government, according to our admirable system, should dismiss me, and send some perfectly unqualified person to take my place; and in my heart also I knew that there was almost nothing for me to do where I was, and I dreaded the easily formed habit of receiving a salary for no service performed. I reminded myself that, soon or late, I must go back to the old fashion of earning money, and that it had better be sooner than later. Therefore, though for some reasons it was the saddest and strangest thing in the world to do, I was on the whole rejoiced when a leave of absence came, and we prepared to quit Venice.

Never had the city seemed so dream-like and unreal as in this light of farewell,—this tearful glimmer which our love and regret cast upon it. As in a maze, we haunted once more and for the last time the scenes we had known so long, and spent our final, phantas-

mal evening in the Piazza; looked, through the moonlight our mute adieu to islands and lagoons, to church and tower; and then returned to our own palace, and stood long upon the balconies that overhung the Grand Canal. There the future became as incredible and improbable as the past; and if we had often felt the incongruity of our coming to live in such a place, now, with tenfold force, we felt the cruel absurdity of proposing to live anywhere else. We had become part of Venice; and how could such atoms of her fantastic personality ever mingle with the alien and unsympathetic world?

The next morning the whole palace household bestirred itself to accompany us to the station: the landlord in his best hat and coat, our noble friend in phenomenal linen, Giulia and her little boy, Bettina shedding bitter tears over the baby, and Piero, sad but firm, bending over the oar and driving us swiftly forward. The first turn of the Canal shut the Palazzo Giustiniani from our lingering gaze, a few more curves and windings brought us to the station. The tickets were bought, the baggage was registered; the little oddly assorted company drew itself up in a line, and received with tears our husky adieux. I feared there might be a remote purpose in the hearts of the landlord and his retainer to embrace and kiss me, after the Italian manner, but if there was, by a final inspiration they spared me the ordeal. Piero turned away to his gondola; the two other men moved aside; Bettina gave one long, hungering, devouring hug to the baby; and as we hurried into the waiting-room, we saw her, as upon a stage, standing without the barrier, supported and sobbing in the arms of Giulia.

It was well to be gone, but I cannot say we were glad to be going.

W. D. Howells.

THE FUGITIVE.

A TARTAR SONG, FROM THE PROSE VERSION OF CHODZKO.

I.

"HE is gone to the desert land !
I can see the shining mane
Of his horse on the distant plain,
As he rides with his Kossak band !

"Come back, rebellious one !
Let thy proud heart relent ;
Come back to my tall, white tent,
Come back, my only son !

"Thy hand in freedom shall
Cast thy hawks, when morning breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will give thee leave to stray
And pasture thy hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"I will give thee my coat of mail
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid ; —
Will not all this prevail ?"

II.

"This hand no longer shall
Cast my hawks, when morning breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will no longer stray
And pasture my hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"Though thou give me thy coat of mail
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid,
All this cannot prevail.

"What right hast thou, O Khan,
To me, who am my own ?
Who am slave to God alone,
And not to any man ?

"God will appoint the day
When I again shall be
By the blue, shallow sea,
Where the steel-bright sturgeons play.

"God, who doth care of me,
In the barren wilderness,
On unknown hills, no less
Will my companion be.

"When I wander, lonely and lost
In the wind; when I watch at night
Like a hungry wolf, and am white
And covered with hoar-frost;

"Yea, wheresoever I be,
In the yellow desert sands,
In mountains or unknown lands,
Allah will care for me!"

III.

Then Sobra, the old, old man,—
Three hundred and sixty years
Had he lived in this land of tears,—
Bowed down and said: "O Khan!

"If you bid me, I will speak.
There's no sap in dry grass,
No marrow in dry bones! alas,
The mind of old men is weak!

"I am old, I am very old:
I have seen the primeval man,
I have seen the great Gingis Khan,
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

"What I say to you is the truth;
And I say to you, O Khan,
Pursue not the star-white man,
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

"Him the Almighty made;
He brought him forth of the light,
At the verge and end of the night,
When men on the mountain prayed.

"He was born at the break of day,
When abroad the angels walk;
He hath listened to their talk,
And he knoweth what they say.

"Gifted with Allah's grace,
Like the moon of Ramazan
When it shines in the skies, O Khan,
Is the light of his beautiful face.

"When first on the earth he trod,
The first words that he said
Were these, as he stood and prayed,
There is no God but God !

"And he shall be king of men,
For Allah hath heard his prayer,
And the Archangel in the air,
Gabriel, hath said, Amen !"

Henry W. Longfellow.

MISS MOGGARIDGE'S PROVIDER.

THE way in which people interested themselves in Miss Moggaridge's affairs would have been a curiosity in itself anywhere but in the sea-coast town where Miss Moggaridge lived. But there it had become so much a matter of course for one neighbor to discuss the various bearings of all the incidents in another neighbor's life, and, — if unexplained facts still remained, to supply the gap from fancy, — in addition to the customary duty of keeping the other neighbor's conscience, that it never struck a soul among all the worthy tribes there that they were doing anything at all out of the way in gossiping, wondering, conjecturing, and declaring this, that, and the other, about Miss Moggaridge's business after a fashion that would have made any one but herself perfectly wild.

But Miss Moggaridge was a placid old soul, and as the fact of her neighbor's gossip implied a censure which perhaps she felt to be not altogether undeserved, while, on the other hand, their wonder was not entirely uncomplimentary, she found herself able to disregard them altogether, and in answer to query, complaint, or expostulation concerning her wicked waste which was to make woful want, always met her interlocutor with the sweet and gentle words, "The Lord will provide."

Poor Miss Moggaridge's father had been that extraordinary phenomenon, a clergyman possessed not only of treasure in Heaven, but of the rustier

and more corruptible treasure of this world's goods, — an inherited treasure, by the way, which he did not have time to scatter to the four winds in person, as it was left to him by an admirer (to whom his great sermon on the Seventh Seal had brought spiritual peace), but a few years before his death, which happened suddenly ; and the property was consequently divided according to his last will and testament between two of his three children, giving them each a modest competency, but leaving the third to shift for himself as he always had done. The first thing which Miss Moggaridge did with her freedom and her money was to imitate the example of the "fearless son of Ginger Blue," and try a little travel, to the great scandal of souls in her native borough who found no reason why Miss Moggaridge should want to see any more of the world than that borough presented to her, and never shared her weak and wicked desire to see what sort of region it was that lay on the other side of the bay and the breakers.

"The idea, Ann !" said Miss Keturah Meteyard, a well-to-do spinster whose farm and stock, and consequently whose opinions, were the pride of the place, — "the idea of your beginning at your time of life to kite round like a young girl. The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth," quoted Miss Keturah, with a long sigh. "For my part, the village is good enough for me !"

"And for me too, Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge. "I am not going any great distance; I — I am going to see Jack."

Now Jack was the scapegrace Moggaridge, who had run away to sea and therewith to the bad; and the stern clergyman, his father, having satisfied his mind on the point that there was no earthly reclamation possible for Jack, had with true old-style rigor commenced and carried on the difficult work of tearing the boy out of his heart, that since Heaven had elected Jack to damnation there might be no carnal opposition on his own part through the weak bonds of the flesh; and Jack's name had not been spoken in that house from which he fled for many a year before the old man was gathered to his fathers. For all that, every now and then a letter came to Miss Ann and another went from her in reply, and her father with an inconsistency very mortifying but highly human saw them come and saw them go, convinced that he should hear from Ann whatever news need might be for him to hear; and so it came to pass that Miss Ann knew of Jack's whereabouts, and that Miss Keturah, hearing her intent of seeking them, Miss Keturah with one eye on the community and one on her old pastor, held up her hands a brief instant in holy horror before memory twitched them down again.

"Ann!" said she, solemnly, — "Ann, do you know what you are doing?"

"Doing?" said Miss Moggaridge. "In going to see Jack, do you mean? Certainly I do. A Christian duty."

"And what," said Miss Keturah, — "what constitutes you a better judge of Christian duty than your sainted father, a Christian minister for fifty years breaking the bread of life in this parish?"

"Very well," said Miss Moggaridge, unable to answer such an argument as that, — for Miss Keturah fought like those armies that put their prisoners in the front, so that a shot from Miss Moggaridge must necessarily have demolished her father the clergyman, —

"very well," said his faithful daughter, "perhaps not a Christian duty; we will say not; but, at any rate, a natural duty."

"And you dare to set a natural duty, a duty of our unregenerate condition, above the duties of such as are set apart from the world."

"My dear Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge, "I am not sure that we ever are or ever should be set apart from the world; that we are not placed here to work in it and with it till our faith and our example leaven it."

"Ann Moggaridge!" said the other, springing to her feet, with a vixenish scarlet in her yellow face, a color less Christian perhaps than that of her remarks, "this is rank heresy, and I won't stay to hear it!"

"O pooh, Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge, listening to the denunciation of her opinions with great good-humor, "we've gone all through that a hundred times. Sit down again, — we'll leave argument to the elders, — I want to talk about something else."

"Something else?" with a change as easy as harlequin's.

"Yes, I want to talk to you about that corner meadow. It just takes a jog out of your land, and I've an idea you'd like to buy it. Now say so, freely, if you would."

"Humph! what has put that into your head, I'd like to know? You've refused a good price for it, you and your father, every spring for ten years, to my knowledge. You want," said Miss Keturah, facing about with uplifted forefinger like an accusing angel, — in curl-papers and brown gingham, — "you want the ready money to go and see Jack with!"

"Well, yes. I don't need the meadow and I do need the money; for when you have everything tied up in stocks, you can't always get at it, you know."

"That's very shiftless of you, Ann Moggaridge," said Miss Keturah. "When the money's gone, it's gone, but there the meadow'll always be."

"Bless your heart, for the matter of

that, I've made up my mind to get rid of all the farm."

"Get rid of the farm!"

"Yes. I'm not well enough nor strong enough to carry it on by myself, now father's gone, and his means are divided. Your place would make me blush like a fever beside it. No, I could n't keep it to advantage; so I think I shall let you take the corner meadow, if you want it, and Squire Purcell will take the rest."

"And what will you do with yourself when you come back from—from Jack, if you really mean to go?"

"O, board with the Squire or anywhere; the Lord will provide a place; perhaps with you," added Miss Moggaridge, archly.

"No, indeed," said Miss Keturah, "not with me! We never should have any peace of our lives. There is n't a point in all the Westminster Catechism that we don't differ about, and we should quarrel as to means of grace at every meal we sat down to. Besides which, you would fret me to death with your obstinacy when you are notoriously wrong,—as in this visit to Jack, for instance."

"Jack needs me, Kitty. I must go to him."

"It is your spiritual pride that must go and play the good Samaritan!"

"Jack and I used to be the dearest things in the world to each other when we were children, you know," said Miss Ann, gently. "We had both our pleasures and our punishments together. The severity of our home drove him off,—I don't know what it drove him to. I waited, because father claimed my first duty; now, I must do what can be done to help Jack into the narrow path again."

"The severity of your home!" said Miss Keturah, who had heard nothing since that; "of such a home as yours, such a Christian home with—with—"

"The benefit of clergy," laughed Miss Moggaridge.

"Ann, you're impious!" exclaimed Miss Keturah, bringing down her umbrella hard enough to blunt its ferule.

"Much such a spirit as that will do to bring Jack back! It is n't your place to bring him back either. You've had no call to be a missionary, and it's presumption in you to interfere with the plain will of Providence. You will go your own gait of course, but you sha' n't go without knowing that I and every friend you have disapprove of the proceeding. And it's another step to total beggary, for the upshot of it all will be that Jack coaxes and wheedles your money."

"My money?" said Miss Ann. "There will be no need of any coaxing and wheedling; it's as much his as mine."

"His!"

"I know father expected me to do justice, and so he did n't trouble himself. I should feel I was wronging him in his grave if I refused."

"And what is Luke going to do, may I ask?" inquired Miss Keturah, with grim stolidity.

"Because Luke won't give up any of his, is no reason why I should n't."

"Luke won't? That's like him. Sensible. Sensible! He won't give the Lord's substance to the ungodly."

"So he says. But I'm afraid not to the godly either. I'm afraid he would n't even to me if I stood in want, though perhaps I ought n't to say so."

"Not if you'd wasted all you have on Jack, certainly."

"I shall divide my property with Jack as a measure of simple justice, Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge, firmly. "It is as much his as mine, as I said."

"And when it's all gone," continued Miss Keturah, "what is to become of you then?"

"When it's all gone? O, there's no danger of that."

"There's danger of anything between your butter-fingers, Ann. So if it should happen, what then?"

"The Lord will provide," said Miss Ann, sweetly.

"The Lord helps them that help themselves," said Miss Keturah. "Well, I'm gone. I'd wrestle longer with you if it was any use,—you're

as set as Lot's wife. I suppose," she said, turning round after she had reached the door, "you'll come and see me before you go. I've — I've something you might take Jack; you know I've been knitting socks all the year and we've no men-folks," and then she was gone.

Poor Miss Keturah, — a good soul after her own fashion, which was not Miss Moggaridge's fashion, — once she had expected the wicked Jack to come home from sea and marry her; and the expectation and the disappointment together had knit a bond between her and his sister that endured a great deal of stretching and striving. The neighbors said that she had pious spells; but if that were so, certainly these spells were sometimes so protracted as almost to become chronic, and in fact frequently to assume the complexion of a complaint; but they never hindered her from driving a bargain home to the head, from putting royal exactions on the produce of her dairy, from sending her small eggs to market, and from disputing every bill, from the tax-man's to the tithes, that ever was presented at her door. But it is probable that somewhere down under that crust of hers there was a drop of honey to reward the adventurous seeker, and Miss Ann always declared that she knew where to find it.

So Miss Moggaridge went away from the sea-coast for some seasons, and the tides ebbed and flowed, and the moons waxed and waned, and the years slipped off after each other, and the villagers found other matter for their gossip; and the most of them had rather forgotten her, when some half-dozen years later she returned, quite old and worn and sad, having buried the wretched Jack, and a goodly portion of her modest fortune with him, and bringing back nothing but his dog as a souvenir of his existence, — a poor little shivering hound that in no wise met the public approbation.

But Miss Moggaridge did not long allow her old acquaintance to remain unaware of her return among them.

The very day after her arrival a disastrous fire in the village had left a family destitute and shelterless; and, heading a subscription-list with a moderate sum, she went round with it in person, as she had been wont to do in the old times, till the sight of her approaching shadow had caused the stingy man to flee. And now, with every rebuff she met, every complaint of hard times, bad bargains, poor crops, she altered the figures against her own name for those of a larger amount, till by night-fall the forlorn family had the means of being comfortable again, through the goodness of the village and Miss Moggaridge; for had not the village given the cipher, whatever might be the other figures which Miss Moggaridge had of herself prefixed thereto? True to her instincts, Miss Keturah Meteyard waylaid her old friend next day. "I've heard all about it, Ann, so you need n't pretend ignorance," she began. "And you may think it very fine, but I call it totally unprincipled. Are you Croesus, or Rothschild, or the Queen of Sheba come again, to be running to the relief of all the lazy and shiftless folks in the country? Everybody is talking about it; everybody's wondering at you, Ann!"

"Everybody may reimburse me, Kitty, just as soon as they please."

"Perhaps they will, when they're angels. The idea of your —"

"But, Kitty, I could n't see those poor Morrisises without a roof over them; and if you want the truth," said Miss Moggaridge, turning like the trodden worm, "I can't imagine how you could. Why, where on earth could they go?"

"There was no need of seeing them without a roof. The neighbors'd have taken them in till they rebuilt the place. Perhaps that would have spurred Morris up enough to make an exertion, which he never did in his life. If he'd been one atom forehanded, he'd have had something laid by in bank to fall back on at such a time. I declare, I've no patience!" cried Miss Keturah, with nobody to dispute her. "And any

one would be glad of those two girls as help," she continued. "Great lazy, hulking, fine ladies they are! And the first thing they'll do with your money will be to buy an ingrain carpet and a looking-glass and a couple of silk gowns, whether there's enough left for a broom and a dish-cloth or not. Go?" cried Miss Keturah, now quite at the climax of her virtuous indignation. "They could go to the poorhouse, where you'll go if some of your friends don't take you in hand and have a guardian appointed over you!"

But Miss Moggaridge only laughed and kissed her censor good by, and made up her mind to save the sum of her prodigality out of her own expenses in some way; by giving up her nice boarding-place, perhaps, and boarding herself in two or three rooms of a house she still owned, where she could go without groceries and goodies, for instance, in such things as fruit and sugar and butter and eggs and all the dainties to be concocted therewith; for bread and meat and milk would keep body and soul together healthily, she reasoned, and acted on her reasoning. But instead of making good, by this economy, the sum she had extracted from her hoard, she presently found that the saving thus accomplished had been used upon the outfit of a poor young minister going to preach to the Queen of Madagascar. Miss Keturah was not so loud in her disapproval of this as of some of Miss Moggaridge's other less eccentric charities; but as giving away in any shape was not agreeable to her, she could not help remarking that, if she were Miss Moggaridge, she should feel as if she had lent a hand to help cast him into a fiery furnace, for that would undoubtedly be the final disposition of the unfortunate young minister by the wicked savages of the island whither he was bound. She herself only bestowed upon him some of her knitted socks to walk the furnace in. What she did cavil at much more was the discovery that Miss Moggaridge was living alone. "Without help, Ann Moggaridge!"

she said, laying her hands along her knees in an attitude of fine Egyptian despair. "And pinching yourself to the last extremity, I'll be bound, for these Morris and young ministers and what not! What would your father say to see it? And if you should be sick in the middle of the night and no one near to hear you call —"

"The Lord'll provide for me, Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge, for the thousandth time.

"He won't provide a full-grown servant-girl, springing up out of nothing."

"But there's no need of worry, dear, with such health as mine."

"It's tempting Providence!"

"Tempting Providence to what?"

"Ann!" said Miss Keturah, severely, "I don't understand how any one as good as you, — for you are good in spite of your faults —"

"There is none good but One," Miss Moggaridge gently admonished her.

"As good as you," continued Miss Keturah, obliviously, "and enjoying all your lifelong privileges, can indulge in levity and so often go so near the edge of blasphemy, without a shudder."

"Dear Kitty," said Miss Ann, laughing, "we shall never agree, though we love each other so much; so where is the use? For my part, I think it blasphemy to suppose Providence could be tempted."

"Ann! Ann!" said Miss Keturah, solemnly. "Don't indulge such thoughts. They will lead you presently into doubting the existence of a personal Devil! And now," continued she, reverting to the original topic, "I sha'n't go away till you promise me to take in help, so that you need n't die alone in the night, and be found stiff in the morning by a stranger!" And poor Miss Moggaridge had to promise, at last, though it upset all her little scheme of saving in groceries and firewood and wages, and went to her heart sorely.

It was not very long after this expostulation of Miss Keturah's that, a stout-armed serving-woman having been added to Miss Moggaridge's family, another more singular addition

made itself on the night when a ship was nipped among the breakers behind which the town had intrenched itself, and went to pieces just outside the cove of stiller water, at whose head stood the house in which were Miss Moggaridge's rooms. Of all the freight-lives on board that doomed craft, one thing alone ever came to shore, — a bird, that, as Miss Moggaridge peered from the door which Bridget held open for her, fluttered through the tumultuous twilight air and into her arms. Miss Moggaridge left Bridget to set her back to the door and push it inch by inch, till one triumphant slam proclaimed victory over the elements, while hastening in herself to bare her foundling before the fire. It was a parrot, drenched with the wave and the weather in spite of his preening oils, shivering in her hands, and almost ready to yield to firelight and warmth the remnant of life that survived his battling flight. Miss Moggaridge bestowed him in a basket of wool in a corner of the heated hearth, placed milk and crumbs at hand, and no more resumed her knitting and soft-voiced psalm-singing, but fidgeted about the darkened windows and wondered concerning the poor souls who, since they never could make shore again themselves, had given the bird the liberty of his wings. She was attracted again to the fireside by a long whistle of unspeakable relief, and, turning, saw the bird preening and pluming, stepping from the basket, treading daintily down the tiles, and waddling to and fro before the blessed blaze, while he chuckled to himself unintelligibly, but quite as if he had practised the cunningest trick over storm and shipwreck that could have been devised. Bridget would have frowned the intruder down, and did eventually give warning "along of the devil's imp," as she called him; but Miss Moggaridge was as pleased as a child; it was the only thing of the sort in the village, and what a means to attract the little people whom she loved, and at the same time to administer to them diluted doses of the moral

law! Had she chosen, to be sure, it would have been one of the great gray African things she had read of, that spread a scarlet tail and seem the phoenix of some white-ashed brand in which the smouldering fire yet sparkles. But this was a little fellow with scarlet on his shoulders and his wings, a golden cap on his head, and it would have been hard to say whether the glistening mantle over his back were emerald crusted with gold or gold enamelled with emerald, so much did every single feather shine like a blade of green grass full of flint. While she looked, and admired, and wished, nevertheless, that it were gray, another door was pushed gently open and Folly entered, — Jack's slim white hound, as much a miracle of beauty in his own way, — made at the bird with native instinct, then paused with equally native cowardice, and looked at Miss Moggaridge and wagged his tail, as who should say, "Praise my forbearance." But the parrot, having surveyed Master Folly on this side and on that from a pair of eyes like limpid jewels, opened his mouth and barked. Nothing else was needed; the phantom of the gray parrot disappeared whence he came; more intelligence no child could have shown. Miss Moggaridge caught him up, received a vicious bite for her pains, but, notwithstanding, suffered him to cling upon her fingers, tightly grasping which, he looked down upon the hound, flapped his gorgeous wings and crowed; then he went through an astonishing series of barnyard accomplishments, winding up by vigorously grinding no end of coffee in his throat, having released one claw with which to turn round and round the invisible handle of an imaginary mill, and finally ending in a burst and clatter of the most uproarious and sidesplitting laughter. Having done this, he had exhausted his repertory, and never for all the time during which he delighted the heart of Miss Moggaridge and forced Miss Keturah to regard him as a piece of supernatural sin created by the Evil One in mockery of the creation of man, so that had she

but been a good Catholic she would have crossed herself before him, and, without being an ancient Persian, did frequently propitiate him after the fashion of the Ahrimanian worship, — never during all that time did he catch a new sound or alter an articulate syllable to denote from what nationality — Spanish, Portuguese, or Dutch — he had received his earliest lessons. But he had done enough. Folly, never particularly brilliant in his wits, and, being a hound, not more strongly developed in his affections, was given hearth-room on sufferance for his lissome limbs, and on general grounds of compassion for himself and Jack together; but the parrot, luring one on with perpetual hopes of new attainment, and born of the tropical sun that made a perpetual mirage in her imagination, became cherished society, and had not only a shining perch, but a nest in Miss Moggaridge's affections as well, — a nest that cost her dearly some years afterward.

But before the town had much more than done wondering at Miss Moggaridge's parrot, and telling all the gossipry of his deeds and misdeeds, — of the way he picked the lock of his cage, walked up the walls, tearing off the papering as he went, bit big splinters from the window-blinds, drove away every shadow of a cat, and made general havoc, Miss Moggaridge gave such occasion for a fresh onslaught of tongues, that the bird was half forgotten.

It was when her name was found to have been indorsed upon her brother Luke's paper, — Luke being the resident of another place, — and in his failure the larger portion of her earthly goods was swept out of her hands. One would have supposed that Miss Moggaridge had been guilty of a forgery, and that not her own property, but the church funds, had been made away with by means of the wretched signature; and a particular aggravation of the calamity, in the eyes of her townspeople, seemed to be its clandestine character; if they had been consult-

ed or had even been made aware that such a thing might possibly be expected, much might have been condoned. As it was, they were glad, they were sure, that she felt able to afford such fine doings, but they had heard of such a thing as being just before you were generous, and they only hoped she would n't come upon the town in her old age in consequence, that was all; for much that close-fisted Luke would do for her, even if he got upon his feet again, — Luke who had been heard to remark that the loss of a cent spoiled the face of a dollar!

But Luke never got upon his feet again, and during the rest of his life he struggled along from hand to mouth, with one child binding shoes and another in the mills, a scanty board, a threadbare back; and though Miss Moggaridge was left now with nothing but a mere pittance of bank-stock over and above the possession of the house in which she reserved her rooms, yet out of the income thus remaining she still found it possible now and then to send a gold-piece to Luke, — a gold-piece which in his eyes looked large enough to eclipse the sun, while she patched and turned and furnished many a worn old garment of her own, in order that she might send a new one to her sister-in-law, of whom Miss Keturah once declared that she put her more in mind of an old shoe-knife worn down to the handle than of anything else in the world.

"As if it would make the least difference in her appearance," said Miss Keturah, who had a faculty of mousing out all these innocent crimes against society on Miss Moggaridge's part, "whether she wore calico or homespun? Dress up a split rail! And you rigging yourself out of the rag-bag so as to send her an alpaca. Why can't she work? I work."

"Bless you, Kitty, does n't she work like a slave now for the mere privilege of drawing her breath? What more can she do?"

"That's no business of mine, or yours either. Your duty," said Miss Ke-

terah, "your bounden duty's to take care of yourself. And here you are wearing flannels thin as vanity, because you've no money left to buy thick ones; and you'll get a cold and a cough through these Luke Moggaridges that'll carry you out of the world; and then," exclaimed she, with an unusual quaver in her piercing tone, — "then I should like to know what is to become of —"

"The Lord will provide for me, Kitty."

"So I've heard you say!" she snapped. "But I was talking about myself, — he won't provide me with another Ann Moggaridge —" And there Miss Keturah whisked herself out of sight, possibly to prevent any such catastrophe as her friend's seeing a tear in those sharp eyes of hers unused to such weak visitants.

Yet as a law of ethics is the impossibility of standing still in face of the necessity of motion, either progressive or retrograde, so Miss Moggaridge went on verifying the worst prognostications of her neighbors; and it was surmised that the way in which she had raised the money to pay for having the cataract removed from old Master Sullivan's eyes, — eyes worn out in the service of two generations of the town's children, — which she was one day found to have done, was by scrimping her store of wood and coal (Bridget's departure having long left her free to do so), to that mere apology for a fire the winter long to which she owed a rheumatism that now began to afflict her hands and feet in such a manner as to make her nearly useless in any physical effort. It was no wonder the townfolk were incensed against her, for her conduct implied a reproof of theirs that was vexatious; why in the world could n't she have let Master Sullivan's eyes alone? He had looked out upon the world and had seen it to his satisfaction or dissatisfaction for threescore years and over, one would have imagined he had seen enough of a place whose sins he was always bewailing!

But a worse enormity than almost any preceding ones remained yet to be perpetrated by Miss Moggaridge. It was an encroachment upon her capital, her small remaining capital, for the education of one of the Luke Moggaridges, a bright boy whom his aunt thought to be possessed of too much ability to rust away in a hand-to-hand struggle with life; longing, perhaps, to hear him preach some searching sermon in his grandfather's pulpit, and to surrender into safe and appreciative keeping those barrels full of sacred manuscripts which she still treasured, she had resolved to have him fitted and sent to college. Very likely the town in which the boy lived thought it a worthy action of the aunt's, but the town in which he didn't live regarded it as a piece of Quixotism on a par with all her previous proceedings, since the boy would have been as well off at a trade, Miss Moggaridge much better off, and the town plus certain tax-money now lost to it forever. It was, however, reserved for Miss Keturah to learn the whole extent of her offence before the town had done so, — to learn that she had not been spending merely all her income, dismissing Bridget, freezing herself, starving herself, but she had been drawing on her little principal till there was barely enough to buy her a yearly gown and shoes, and in order to live at all she must spend the whole remainder now, instead of waiting for any interest.

"Exactly, exactly, exactly what I prophesied!" cried Miss Keturah. "And who but you could contrive, let alone could have done, such a piece of work? You show ingenuity enough in bringing yourself to beggary to have made your fortune at a patent. You have a talent for ruin!"

"I am not afraid of beggary, Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge. "How often shall I quote the Psalmist to you, 'I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

"I know that, Ann. I say it over oftener than you do, for it's the only thing

that leaves me any hope for you." And Miss Keturah kept a silent meditation for a few moments. "As if it was n't just as well," she broke forth at length, "for that Luke Moggaridge boy to dig potatoes or make shoes, as to preach bad sermons, or kill off patients, or make confusion worse confounded in a lawsuit!"

Whether Miss Moggaridge thought it a dreadful world where every one spoke the truth to his neighbor, or not, she answered, pleasantly, "Kitty dear, I should have consulted you as to that —"

"As to what? Shoes or sermons? He might have made *good* shoes."

"Only," continued Miss Moggaridge, meekly but determinedly, — "only you make such a breeze if you think differently, that I felt it best to get him through college first —"

"Why could n't he get himself through?"

"Well, he's sickly."

"O dear Lord, as if there were n't enough of that kind! Serve Heaven because he can't serve the flesh! Taking dyspepsia and blue devils for faith and works!"

"You must n't now, Kitty, you must n't. I meant for us all to advise together concerning the choice of a profession after his graduation. For he has real talent, he'll do us credit."

"Well," said Miss Keturah, a little mollified, "it might have been wise. It might have saved you a pretty penny. I might have *lent* the young man the money he needed, and it would have done him no harm to feel that he was to refund it when he was able."

"That is exactly what I have done, Kitty. And I never thought of letting any one else, even you, — though I'd rather it should be you than any one, — while I was able. And I'm sure I can pinch along any way till he can pay me; and if he never can pay me, he can take care of me, for he is a noble boy, a noble boy."

"And what if he shouldn't live to do anything of the sort?"

"O, I can't think of such a thing."

"He might n't, though. There's many a hole in the skimmer."

"I don't know, — I don't know what I should do. But there, no matter. I shall be taken care of some way, come what will. I always have been. The Lord will provide."

"Well now, Ann, I'm going to demand one thing by my right as your next friend, and one caring a great deal more about you than all the Lukes in the world. You won't lend that boy, noble or otherwise, another penny, but you'll let him keep school and work his way through his profession himself."

"No indeed, Kitty! That would make it six or seven years before he got his profession. There are only a few hundreds left, so they may as well go with the others."

"Light come, light go," sniffed Miss Keturah. "If you'd had to work for that money — What, I repeat, what in the mean time is to become of you?"

"Don't fear for me; the Lord will provide."

"The poorhouse will, you mean! Why in the name of wonder can't he work his way up, as well as his betters?"

"Well, the truth is, Kitty, he's — he's engaged. And of course he wants to be married. And —"

But Miss Keturah had risen from her chair and stalked out, and slammed the door behind her, without another syllable.

Poor Miss Moggaridge. It was but little more than a twelvemonth after this conversation that her noble boy was drowned while bathing; and half broken-hearted, — for she had grown very fond of him through his constant letters and occasional visits, — she never called to mind how her money, principal and interest and education, had gone down with him and left her absolutely penniless, save for the rent of the residue of the house where she kept her two or three rooms. But Miss Keturah did.

Miss Moggaridge was now, moreover, quite unable to do a thing to help herself. Far too lame in her feet to

walk and in her hands to knit, she was obliged to sit all day in her chair doing nothing, and having her meals brought to her by the family, and her rooms kept in order, in payment of the rent: while her time was enlivened only by the children who dropped in to see the parrot,—an entertainment ever new; by a weekly afternoon of Mrs. Morris's, who came and did up all the little odd jobs of mending on which she could lay her willing hands; by the calls of Master Sullivan, glowering at the world out of a pair of immense spectacles, through which he read daily chapters of the Psalms to her; and by the half-loving, half-quarrelling visits of Miss Keturah. She used to congratulate herself in those days over the possession of the parrot. "I should forget my tongue if I had n't him and the hound to talk with," she used to say, in answer to Miss Keturah's complaints of the screeching with which the bird always greeted her. "He is a capital companion. When I see him so gay and good-natured, imprisoned in his cage with none of his kind near, I wonder at myself for repining over my confinement in so large and airy a room as this, where I can look out on the sea all day long." And she bent her head down for the bird to caress, and loved him none the less on the next day,—when Miss Keturah would have been glad to wring his neck,—for the crowning disaster of her life which he brought about that very evening.

For the mischievous fellow, working open the door of his cage, as he had done a thousand times before, while Miss Moggaridge sat nodding in her chair, had clambered with bill and claw here and there about the room, calling in the aid of his splendid wings when need was, till, reaching a match-safe and securing a card of matches in his bill with which he made off, pausing only on the top of a pile of religious newspapers, on a table beneath the chintz window-curtains, to pull them into a multitude of splinters; and the consequence was that presently his frightened screams woke the helpless Miss

Moggaridge to a dim, half-suffocated sense that the world was full of smoke, and to find the place in flames, and the neighbors rushing in and carrying her and the parrot clinging to her, to a place of safety, upon which Miss Keturah swooped down directly and had her removed to her own house and installed in the bedroom adjoining the best-room, without asking her so much as whether she would or no.

"Well, Ann," said Miss Keturah, rising from her knees after their evening prayers, "it's the most wonderful deliverance I ever heard anything about."

"It is indeed," sobbed the poor lady, still quivering with her excitement. "And, under Heaven, I may thank Poll for it," she said, looking kindly at the crestfallen bird on the chair's arm, whose screams had alarmed the neighbors.

"Indeed you may!" the old Adam coming uppermost again,—strange they never called it the old Eve,— "indeed you may,—thank him for any mischief,—picking out a baby's eyes or setting a house afire, it's all one to him. But there's no great loss without some small gain; and there's one thing in it I'm truly grateful for, you can't waste any more money, Ann Moggaridge, for you have n't got any more to waste!"

"Why, Kitty, there's the land the house stood on, that will bring something,"—profoundly of the conviction that her possession was the widow's cruse, and with no idea of ever taking offence at anything that Miss Keturah said.

"Yes, something. But you'll never have it," said Miss Keturah, grimly. "For I'm going to buy that land myself, and never pay you a cent for it; so you can't give that away! And now you're here, I'm going to keep you, Ann; for you're no more fit to be trusted with yourself than a baby. And I shall see that you have respectable gowns and thick flannels and warm stockings and the doctor. You'll have this room, and I the one on the other side that I've always had; and we'll have your chair wheeled out in the daytimes; and I think we shall get along very well together for the rest of

our lives, if you're not as obstinate and unreasonable —”

“O Kitty,” said Miss Moggaridge, looking up with streaming eyes that showed how great, although unspoken, her anxiety had become, and how great the relief from that dread of public alms which we all share alike, — “O Kitty! I had just as lief have everything from you as not! I had rather owe —”

“There's no owing in the case!”

said Miss Keturah, tossing her head to the infinite danger of the kerosene from the whirlwind made by her ribbons.

“O, there is! there is!” sobbed Miss Moggaridge. “Debts, too, I never can pay! You've always stood my next best friend to Heaven, dear; and did n't I say,” she cried, with a smile breaking like sunshine through her tears, — “did n't I say the Lord would provide?”

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE VALLEY OF GASTEIN.

“*CASTUNA tantum una*,” — “Only one Gastein,” — said the old Archbishops of Salzburg, hundreds of years ago. “Only one Gastein,” echoes to-day on lips and in hearts of all who are so fortunate as to find their way into its enchanted valley.

“From Salzburg to Bad Gastein, by Hallein and Werfen, 70½ English miles, a journey of ten hours with post-horses”; “Route two hundred,” in Murray's Guide-Book; that is the skeleton of the story. Even at Murray's best spinning, he only takes six pages to tell it, and probably there have been people who did the whole journey in ten hours. Bodies might; but for souls what a horrible spiritual indigestion must follow quick on the taking at one ten-hours' sitting the whole feast of this road!

We did better. People who do just as we did will begin by losing their temper at six o'clock in the morning with the cross chambermaid of the Goldener Schiff in Salzburg, eating a bad breakfast in its dirty dining-room, taking delighted leave of its inexperienced landlord, and galloping out of town at seven to the tune of one of Mozart's old melodies rung on chime-bells. The great Salzburg plain is a goodly sight of a morning; circling meadows for miles, walled at last by mountains which are so far and so green that it is not easy to believe them six and eight thousand feet high; through the mead-

ows the sluggish Salzach River; in the middle of the meadows, and on the river, the shining Salzburg town; in the middle of the town, high up on a rocky crag, the silent Salzburg castle, gray, turreted, and sure to last as long as the world. Those old Archbishops of Salzburg knew how to live. Wherever one comes upon traces of them, one is impressed with their worldly wisdom. The impregnable castle of Salzburg for a stronghold, with the Mönchsberg for pleasure-grounds, a riding-school cut out of solid rock for exercise, Heilbrunn water-works for amusement, and the Baths of Gastein for health and long life, — what more could these jolly old King Coles ask, except the privilege to kill all who disagreed with them? And that little privilege also they enjoyed for some years, enlarging it by every possible ingenuity of cruelty, as many stone dungeons with racks and *oubliettes* still bear witness.

Four hours steadily up, up. Franz does not urge his horses so much as he might. The nigh horse has no conscience, and shirks abominably on the hills. At last I venture to call Franz's attention to the fact, by a few ill-spoken German substantives and adjectives, with never a verb or a particle to hold them together. “Ja, ja,” he says, with unruffled complacency; but pointing to the poor off mare, who is straining every muscle in drawing three quarters of the load, “she is a good one; she

can pull," touching her up smartly with the whip at the same time. We cross the Salzach, which grows muddy and rough, fighting bravely to bring down all the logs it can; we leave the wonderful Dürrenberg Mountain with its three-galleried salt-mine, and we march steadily out towards the Tannegebirge, which looks more and more threatening every minute. Clouds wheel round its top. We know, though we try not to believe, that storms are making ready: they never look, not they, to see who or what they may drown or hinder. Down the rain pours, and we dash dripping into the basement story of the inn at Golling. It was like an Italian inn; carriages, and horses, and donkeys, and dogs, and cocks, and peasants, and hay, and grain, and dirt, and dampness, all crowded under and among damp arches of whitewashed stone, with only two ways of escape,—the low, broad door through which we had driven in, and the rocky stairs up into the heart of the house. How pitilessly the rain fell! Who of all the gods cared that we wanted that evening to see the waterfall of the Schwarzbach, the finest in all the German Alps, and that if we did not see it then we should never see it, because early the next day we must on to Gastein? Still it rained. Why should one not see a waterfall in a rain? They would not put one another out. This was clearly the thing to be done. Ah, how long the poor damp man, who took me in an einspanner to see that waterfall, will remember the smiling, merciless American, who sat silent, unterrified, and dry, behind the stout leather boot, and went over meadow, through gate, across stream, up gully, in the midst of thunder and lightning and whirling sheets of rain, and never once relented in her purpose of seeing the Schwarzbach! Poor fellow! he shifted from puddle to puddle on his low seat, looking furtively at me to see if I really meant to keep on; at last, in a climax of despair, he stood up, emptied the cushion of water, coiled up the ends of the stout leather reins

edgewise into a kind of circular grid-iron, sat down doggedly on it, and never looked around again till we reached the end of the road. Here his triumph began; for was not he to stay warm and comfortable by a friend's fire, while I went on foot the rest of the way to the waterfall? This I had not understood before leaving the inn. "Was it very far?"

"O no, not far."

I never saw a Tyrolese man or woman who would say that a place was far off. You might as well expect a goat or a chamois to know distances. "O no, not far, only a little," they say; and you toil and toil and toil, and sit down a dozen times to rest, before you are half-way there. However, if he had said it was ever so far, I should have kept on.

"There was a path?"

"O yes"; and here out skipped Undine to go and show it to me. I did not need her, for there wound the prophetic little brown path very plain among the trees; but it was a delight to see her flitting along before me. Bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-headed, bare-necked, bare-armed, she did not lack so very much of being bare all over; and I do not suppose she would have minded it any more than a squirrel, if she had been. She looked back pityingly at me, seeing how much my civilized gear hindered me from keeping up with her, as she sprang from tree-root to tree-root, and hopped from stone to stone in the water,—for in many places the path was already under water. On the right hand foamed the stream, not broad, but deep, and filled with great mossy boulders which twisted and turned it at every step; on the right fir-trees and larches and still more mossy boulders. Every green thing glistened, and trickled, and dripped; moss shone like silver; and bluebells—ah, I think I alone know just how bluebells manage in wet weather! Nobody else ever saw so many in one half-hour of glorious rain.

Soon I heard the voice of the fall; a sudden turn in the path and I saw it;

but I looked for the first few seconds more at Undine. She stood, poised like a bird, on an old tree-stump, pointing to the fall, and gazing at me with an expression of calm superiority. The longer I looked the more inscrutable seemed the waterfall, and the wiser Undine, till I felt as I might in standing by the side of Belzoni before an Egyptian inscription. How well she understood it, this little wild thing as much of kin to it as the bluebells or the pine-trees ! But while I looked she was gone, darting up a steep path to the left, and calling me to follow. There was more, then ? Yes, more. O wonderful Schwarzbach Fall ! It will mean little to people who read, when I say that it shoots out of a cavern in two distinct streams ; they blend in one, which falls one hundred and sixty feet between craggy rocks, takes a cautious step or two, wading darkly under a natural bridge of giant rocks and pines, and then leaps off one hundred and seventy feet more in one wide torrent, with veils of silver threads on each side, and a never-ceasing smoke of spray.

Even destiny itself winces a little before a certain sort and amount of determination. Finding me actually face to face with the waterfall, and as thoroughly wet, the storm stayed itself a little, and rent the clouds here and there for me to look off into the grand distances. No sunny day could have given half such delight. This fall is supposed to be an overflow from the Lake Königsee, in Bavaria ; but nobody knows ; it hides its own secret.

Next morning we kept up a running fight with the rain through the Pass Lueg, past the great gorge Oefen, "not to be missed," said Murray. Neither did we miss it, clambering down and in under umbrellas. It is an uncanny place, where thousands of years ago the Salzach River cut a road for itself through mountains of rock, and never went back to see what it had left. Scooped out into arched and moulded hollows, piled up in bridge above bridge, damming up half the river at a

time and then letting it fly, there stand the giant rocks to this day only half conquered. Yellow timbers from the mountains were being whirled through, now drawn under as if in a maelstrom, now shot swift as huge arrows over ledges of slippery dark stone.

In the Pass Lueg was just room for the river and us ; and if it had not been for shelves of plank here and there, the river would have had all the road. This pass is called the "Gate of the Pongau." A very hard gate to open it would be to an enemy, for the solid rocky sides of the mountains have been wrought into fortress walls full of embrasures, whose guns one would think must be worked by elf-men in the heart of the mountain, so little foothold seems there for human gunners.

At Werfen, just beyond the pass, we struck the track of the old Salzburg Archbishops again : the great castle of Höhenwerfen, three hundred and fifty feet up in the air, on a wooded crag overhanging the Salzach River, was another of their strongholds, and was used chiefly for a prison, being within easy reach of one of their favorite hunting-lodges, in the Blühnbachthal valley, only a few hours back ; so when they were tired of hunting chamois at Blühnbachthal they could ride down to Höhenwerfen and torture a few Protestants. Now, a company of Austrian sportsmen owns the lodge, and the castle of Höhenwerfen is used for barracks of Austrian soldiers.

At Werfen we contracted friendship with a shoemaker, who, with his wife, three children, and three apprentices, lives, sleeps, and sews in one stone chamber, up three flights of stone ladder, a few doors from the inn. I can recommend him as a good man who will put a new heel to an old boot and no questions asked.

Just beyond Werfen we passed a panorama of mill privilege never to be forgotten ; eight tiny brown wooden mills, one close above the other, on the side of a hill, and the white stream leaping patiently over wheel after wheel, all the way to the bottom of the hill, like

a circus-rider through hoops. What could decide men bringing grain to be ground, whether to go to the top or the bottom mill? It seemed that the eighth miller up, or down, must stand a poor chance of business.

From Werfen to our bedroom at Schwarzach we did not cease to exclaim at the beauty of the fields and roadsides. Everybody's house looked comfortable; everybody's wife was out tying up wheat or pulling flax; everybody else was wearing a high hat and feather and a broad gay belt, and sitting in the sun smoking; though, to be just, we did see here and there an odd-looking man at work. Hollyhocks ruled the gardens, — superb stalking creatures, black and claret, and white, and rose-pink and canary-yellow, — and all as double as double could be. Crowded along the roadsides, the forever half-awake bluebells nodded and nodded on their wonderful necks, which are always just going to break, but never do. Fields of hemp we saw, and took it for a privileged weed until we were told better. Linseed we saw too, in great slippery dark-blue patches, and in the midst of all Franz suddenly reined up in front of the Schwarzach Inn.

Ah, that Schwarzach landlady! She little dreamed how droll she looked as she stood pompously courtesying in her doorway, with her broad-brimmed black felt hat jammed down over her eyebrows like a thatch. Her figure was so square and puffy, it looked as if it had feathers inside, and was made to be sold at a fair, to stick pins in. At the crease of her waist a huge bunch of keys bobbed about incessantly, never finding any spot where they could lie still. Two tables full of Schwarzach men with beer and pipes, and two lattice-work cages of hens and cocks, we passed to go up to the first floor of the inn.

O, the pride of the pincushion landlady in her feather-beds, her linen, her blankets, her crockery! She had come of the family of a Herr Somebody, though she did keep an inn and serve

beer to peasants. Her family coat of arms hung in my bedroom, opposite a museum in a cupboard with glass doors. The contents of this museum were only to be explained on the supposition that they were the aggregate result of a century of Christmas-tree. Not an article in the protective tariff of the United States but had been wrought into some queer shape and put away in this Schwarzach cupboard; mysteries of wax, glass, china, worsted, paper, leather, bone. Most distinctly of all I remember a white wax face stuck on top of an egg-shell painted red, with a bit of green fringe for neck, and a bit of black wood for a leg. This impish thing grinned at me all night.

In this inn is a table round which the leaders of the Protestant peasants met in 1729 and took a solemn oath to leave the country rather than abandon their new faith. If the Schwarzach valley were as cold and dark then as it was at the sundown we saw it in, I can conceive of heavier sacrifices than to exchange it for any possible spot in Prussia, Württemberg, or North America, to which, according to the Guide-Book, the thirty thousand Protestants fled.

Next day sunshine and silver tent webs all along the road at eight o'clock in the morning.

A few more miles to the west, through Lend, a smutty little village where men have been melting gold and silver since the year 1538, and then we turned sharply to the south, to climb up through the wild "Klamme" to the valley of Gastein. At the turn we met a royal messenger, the shining river Ache, which said, "Go up the road I have come. I left Gastein an hour ago."

"Less than an hour ago, we should think, O stream, by the rate at which you travel," said we, as we entered the pass and began to mount slowly up.

Four horses now, and Franz is glad if we all walk. What triumph for a road to keep foothold on these precipices! "Chiefly schistous limestone," whatever that may be, Murray says

that they are; but they look like giant strata petrified wood. Small bits of the stone lie in your hand like strips of old drift-wood, and crumble between your fingers almost as readily; so that you glance uneasily at the walls of it, to right one thousand feet above your head, and to left one thousand feet more of walls of it, down, down to the boiling river. If some giant were to give a stout pinch to a ton or so of it while you pass, it would be bad.

"Dreadful avalanches here in spring," says Franz.

We are glad it is August, and walk faster. The larches and bluebells and thyme rock away undisturbed, however, and keep the cliffs green and bright and spicy. Here is heath, too, the first we had seen, fairest of lowly blossoms, with tiny pink bells in stiff thick rows fringed with green needle-points of leaves: it crowds the thyme out and makes its purple look dull and coarse.

The Ache seemed to us a most riotous river, all through the Klamme. We never dreamed that we were looking at its sober middle age, and that it had sown its wildest oats far up the Gastein valley.

That is probably one reason it looks so mischievous all through the pass. It knows that people believe it to be doing its best leaping, and it laughs as an old woman who had had mad triumphs in her youth might to hear herself called gay at fifty.

It was through this Klamme that the rich and haughty Dame Weitmoser was riding one day, when she refused to give alms to an old beggar-woman who stood by the roadside.

The beggar-woman cursed her to her face, saying, "You shall yourself live to ask alms."

"Ha, that is impossible; as impossible as that I shall ever see this ring again," replied the wicked Frau Weitmoser, drawing from her finger a diamond ring and throwing it into the Ache. Then hitting the beggar-woman across the face with her riding-whip, she galloped off.

Three days later Herr Weitmoser, sitting at the head of his supper-table, surrounded by a party of friends, cut open a large trout and out flew his wife's diamond ring and rolled across the table towards her. Very pale she turned, but no one knew the reason. From that day Herr Weitmoser's gold-mines began to yield less and less gold, and his riches melted away, until they were as poor as the poor beggar-woman who had been so cruelly treated in the pass. Legends differ as to the close of the story, some killing the haughty, hard-hearted woman off, in season for Herr Weitmoser to marry again and accumulate another fortune; others making her live to repent in her bitter poverty, and, after she had become so kind and benevolent that she shared her little freely with her fellow-poor, giving back to them tenfold their original wealth. At any rate, the Herr Weitmoser is buried at Hof-Gastein; for did we not see the stone effigy of him on a slab in the little church? He lies flat on his back, in puffed sleeves and enormous boots, and two of his gold-miners stand guarding him, one at his head and one at his feet, with lifted hammers in their hands.

At the entrance of this pass, also, is the chapel of Ethelinda, scene of a still wilder story, and, better than all, one which is believed to be strictly true. In the Hof-Gastein church is a picture of its most startling incidents, and there is not a peasant within ten miles of the Klamme but will tell you that on windy nights can still be heard the words "Ethelinda," "Ethelinda," echoing around the chapel walls.

Ethelinda was the wife of another of the rich Weitmosers, who owned the gold-mines in the Radhausberg. Men are alike in all centuries. When Ethelinda died, Ethelinda's husband shed fewer tears than did another of the Weitmosers, Christopher by name, who had loved Ethelinda long and hopelessly. This lover hid himself in the chapel while the funeral rites were being performed. At midnight he went down into the vault where Ethelinda's

body had been placed. A terrible thunder-storm made the fearful place still more fearful. By light of the sharp flashes he saw the face of the woman he loved. He bent over to kiss her. As he pressed his lips to hers she sighed, opened her eyes, and said, "Where am I?" But before either of them could comprehend the terror and ecstasy of the moment, Ethelinda exclaimed, "O fly, fly for help! The pains of childbirth are upon me! Hasten, or it will be too late!"

The lover forgets all danger to himself in his anguish of fear for her, and bursts breathless into the husband's presence with the incredible news that his buried wife is alive, and lying in travail in her coffin, in the chapel. Weitmoser's first impulse is to slay the man whose tale so plainly reveals him as lover of Ethelinda. But he thinks better of it, and, hand in hand, they hurry to the chapel. Angels have been before them, and succored the mother and child. They find Ethelinda kneeling on the altar steps, with her babe in her arms. History wisely forbore to encumber the narrative with any details of how embarrassing it was for them all to live in the same village after this; but in the same little church of Hof-Gastein, where is the picture of Ethelinda in her graveclothes, kneeling on the altar steps holding up her child to the Virgin, are the gravestones of Christopher Weitmoser and his wife and children, from which we can understand that time had the same excellent knack then, as now, of curing that sort of wound.

The Gastein valley reveals itself cautiously by instalments, being in three plateaus. Coming out on the first, and seeing a little hamlet brooding over green meadows before us, we exclaimed, "Gastein, O Gastein!"

"No, indeed," said Franz, contemptuously, "only Dorf Gastein."

We wondered and were silent. Miles farther on another sharp ascent and another valley. "Surely this is Gastein?"

"No, no, only Hof-Gastein." We

wondered still more, but were glad, because Hof-Gastein is white and dusty and glaring. The houses elbow each other and are hideous, and the Ache takes a nap in the marshy meadows.

Steadily we climbed on; one mile, two miles, three miles, up hill. Snow mountains came into view. The Ache began to caper and tumble. Cold air blew in our faces: this was the noon weather of Gastein. Pink heath bordered the road; bushes of it, mats of it; it seemed a sin to scatter so much of anything so lovely. Dark fir woods stretched and met over our heads; gleams of houses came through.

"Yes, *this* is Gastein," said Franz, with proud emphasis, which meant, "Now you will see what it is to mistake any other place for Gastein."

Sure enough, wise old proverb: "There is but one Gastein."

For, knows the world any other green and snow-circled village which holds a waterfall three hundred feet high in its centre? One hesitates at first whether to say the waterfall is in the town, or the town in the waterfall, so inextricably mixed up are they; so noisy is the waterfall and so still is the town. Some of the houses hang over the waterfall; some of the threads of the waterfall wriggle into the gardens. The longer you stay the more you feel that the waterfall is somehow at the bottom of everything. From one side to other of this valley an arrow might easily fly. Both walls are green almost to the very top with pastures and fir woods, and dotted with little brown houses, which look as if birds had taken to building walled nests on the ground and roofing them over. To the west the wall is an unbroken line. Behind it the sun drops early in the afternoon like a plummet. Sunset in Gastein is no affair of the almanac. Every point has its own calendar. Long after Gastein — or Bad-Gastein, as we ought to begin to call it — is in shadow, Hof-Gastein, in the open meadow three miles below, is yellow with sun. To the east and south are more mountains and higher, but not in range with each other, — the

Stühle, the Radhausberg, Ankogel, and Gamskarkogel, all between six and twelve thousand feet high. Thus the view from the west side of the valley has far more beauty and variety. There are now on this side only a few houses, but ultimately it must be Gastein's West End.

The geologists, who know, say that where now are the valleys of Gastein and Bockstein were once two great lakes, which the earth in a spasm of thirst some day gulped down at a swallow; all but the water of the perverse river Ache, which would not be swallowed. When the cold water went in, some of the pent-up hot water jumped at the chance of getting out: hence the famous hot springs, great marvel and blessing of Gastein.

There are eighteen of these hot springs, some trickling slowly from the rocks, some bubbling out in the very midst of the cold water of the cascade. They make the best of their loopholes of escape, coming into town at rate of one hundred and thirty-two thousand cubic feet every twenty-four hours. The water is perfectly colorless and tasteless; yet the list of sulphates and chlorides, etc. of which it is made is a long one, numbering nine in all. The recipe is an old one, and probably good, though it sounds formidable.

The legend of its discovery is, that in the year 680 three hunters, following a wounded stag, found him bathing his wounds in one of these hot springs, whose vapor attracted their attention. A little later the Romans, seeking after gold and silver, penetrated to the valley and found living there two holy men named Primus and Felicianus. This was in the days of Rupert, the first of the Salzburg Archbishops. Primus and Felicianus were carried prisoners to Rome and thrown to the lions in the Coliseum. But they still live as the Patron Saints of Gastein. All good Catholics coming to be cured of disease—and most who come are good Catholics—invoke the prayers of Saints Primus and Felicianus, and,

when they go away, leave grateful record in the chronicles of Gastein, beginning: "To God and the Saints Primus and Felicianus be thanks."

The Salzburg Archbishops kept possession of the valley until late in the seventeenth century. Then it went through half a century of political and religious warfares, passing from the Archbishops to other rulers, then to Bavaria, and finally to Austria, which still holds it. There is an Austrian commandant at St. Johann, an Austrian judge at Hof-Gastein, and at Bad-Gastein an Austrian bath inspector and government commissioner.

But still the church holds sway. There is a Roman Catholic curate in every village, a magnificent Catholic church going up in the very centre of Bad-Gastein, and nobody can stay two days in the town without being visited by sweet-voiced Sisters of Charity in black, who ask, and are sure to get, alms for the poor in the name of Primus and Felicianus.

Life in Gastein begins bewilderingly for the newly arrived. How it began for us I would not dare to tell. It would be foolish to throw away one's reputation for veracity on the single stake of an utterly incredible statement as to the number of beds one had slept in in forty-eight hours. But not the most experienced and cautious traveller in the world can be sure of escaping an experience like ours. He will have telegraphed beforehand for rooms, having read in his Murray that Wildbad-Gastein in August is so crowded with the nobility of Russia, Germany, and Austria that it is not safe to go there without this precaution. As he steps out of his carriage in front of Straubinger's Hotel, Gustav, the pompous headwaiter, will wave him back, and explain with much flourish that there is not so much as one square inch of unoccupied room under Straubinger's roof, but that he can have for one day a room in the great stone Schloss opposite. At end of that day Lord A—— is coming to take the apartment for a month. By that time Count B—— will have va-

cated another, Gustav does not remember exactly where, but he can have it for a few hours; and then when the Prince, or Duke, or Herr, who has claims on that at a fixed minute, arrives, he can move to another which will be sure to be vacant; or if it is not, he can go to sleep at Böckstein, four miles farther up the valley, or at Hof-Gastein, three miles farther down.

There can be nothing on earth like the problem of lodging at Bad-Gastein in August, except jumping for life from cake to cake of ice in the Polar Sea. It is very exciting and amusing for a time, if the cakes are not too far apart. In the mean time, you eat your breakfast on the cake where you have slept, your dinner on the road to the next one, and your tea when you get there. Very good are the breakfasts and teas in all these lodging-houses, served by smiling, white-aproned housekeepers, who kiss your hand in token of allegiance, and bring you roses and forget-me-nots on your name day, if they happen to find out what it is. Good butter, milk, raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, figs, tomatoes, grapes, pears, plums, eggs,—all these you can have for the asking; bread which is white and fine, and which they think delicious who have not communed with Liebig and learned to ask for the good, nutritious brans. But with the milk and the fruit and now and then a resolute pull at the native black bread, anise-seed and all, one can breakfast and tea happily. But when you ask for dinner, the face of nature changes. The thing called dinner you can eat at a *table d'hôte* in the hotels, or in a *café*, or you can have it sent to you at your lodgings, in a slippery tower of small white china tubs, which, when they are ranged round you on your table, make you think of a buttery washing-day. What may be in these tubs, Heaven forbid that I should try to describe. Who lives to dine had better not go to Gastein; in fact, who cannot get along without dining had better stay away. He who is wise will fight clear of the hotels and *cafés*, make interest with his landlady

to give him a sort of picnic lunch at noonday, and postpone ideas of a dinner till he returns to that paradise among hotels, the Europa at Salzburg. These hearty, strong, tireless Germans, who climb a mountain or two of a morning for summer pleasure, find it nowise unsatisfactory to stop anywhere on the road, and eat anything for dinner. They do it as naturally as goats nibble a living from one rock to-day and another to-morrow. They are better off than we in being so much less wedded to routine; but it is a freedom not easy to acquire. For the average American to sleep in one house, breakfast in a second, dine in a third, tea in a fourth, and sleep again in a fifth, seems to turn life into a perpetual pass-over, not to be endured for many weeks at a time.

Having made sure of a breakfast, and that Lord A, B, or C will not require your apartment before noon, you go out to look Gastein in the face, hear the sound and feel the heat of its wonderful waters.

Water to right, water to left, cold water, warm water, hot water, water trickling from rocks, water running from spouts, water boiling out of sight and sending up steam, and in and around and above and beyond everything the great waterfall thundering down its three hundred feet, deafening you with noise however far you go, and drenching you with spray if you come near.

"O, which water is for what disease?" we exclaim, curious to taste of all, afraid to taste of any, remembering Hahnemann, whom we revere.

"Go to Dr. Pröll," says everybody. "He is the man to tell you all about Gastein. He knows it thoroughly."

Indeed he does. He may be said to have Gastein by heart.

Between nine and eleven in the mornings there is a chance of finding Dr. Pröll at his tiny, odd, three-roomed office, which is composed of equal parts of bare rock and vapor-bath. At all other hours of the day they who wish to see him must watch and waylay him as sportsmen do game. Each man

you ask will have seen him just the minute before running rapidly up or down some hill, but you will be wise not to attempt overtaking him.

Dr. Pröll is a man whom it belongs to Victor Hugo to describe. Words less subtle than his cannot draw the lines of a nature at once so electric, so simple, so pure, so wise, so enthusiastic, so gentle, so childlike, so strong. Reverently I ask his pardon for saying, even at this distance, this much.

On the table in the room where Dr. Pröll receives his patients stands a dingy little apparatus, at sight of which one idly wonders, — a magnetic needle swinging by pink floss silk under a low oval clock-case of glass, a small electrical battery, and a red glass vessel half full of water. These are the silent but eloquent witnesses which tell the secret of the naïad of Gastein. The doctor's blue eyes sparkle with eagerness as he immerses the battery in the water from the hot spring, and, connecting the wires with the electrometer, watches to see the needle move. He has done this perhaps thousands of times, but the thousandth time and the first are alike to all true lovers of science, — to all true lovers in the world, for that matter.

"You see? you see?" he exclaims.

Yes, we see that the needle swings fifty degrees. The temperature of the water was 14° Réaumur. Then he puts the battery into distilled water of the same temperature; the needle swings but twenty degrees, into common well-water, same temperature, and it swings but fifteen.

"Now I will to you show that the Gastein water is the only thing in this world over which time has no power," says Dr. Pröll, filling the red glass vessel from another bottle. "This is hot spring water, one year old. It would be the same if it were one hundred years old. Look!"

Yes, the needle swings fifty degrees.

"And now remains the most wonderful experiment of all. I will show you how a very little of this magical water can electrify other water, just as one

electric soul can electrify hundreds of commoner natures."

We smile at this. It is not possible in the first moment to be lifted quite to the heights of Dr. Pröll's enthusiasm. But wait! Here is the battery in common boiled water, temperature 26° Réaumur. The needle moves sluggishly, barely ten degrees.

"You see? you see? we will repeat; all experiments should be twice."

Yes, the needle moves barely ten degrees.

"Now we will turn in an equal quantity of the hot spring water two years old, temperature the same. Look! look!" exclaims the doctor, clasping his hands in the delight of the true experimenter.

Sure enough. The heavy boiled water is electrified into new life. The needle swings forty degrees!

"And this is why I say that the water of Gastein is the water for souls," continues the doctor, lifting out the battery with unconscious lovingness in his touch; "and this is why I say in my book on Gastein, that these baths are the baths of eternal youth; and this is why an old physician, more than a hundred years ago, wrote a little poem, in which he makes the naïad of Gastein say to the invalids,

"If I cannot please all
And cannot bring health to all,
That is common to me and God.
Where there lingers in the blood
The poison of sin and passion in the soul,
There can enter neither God nor I."

One is a little sobered by all this. It is nearer to the air of miracles than we commonly come. Under the impressive silent pointing of this magnetic needle-finger, we listened with grave faith to the account of the effect of these waters on wilted flowers. This is a curious experiment, often tried. Flowers which are to all appearance dead, if they are left for three days in this warm water hold up their heads, regain shape, color, fragrance, and live for several days more. No wonder that old madman Paracelsus thought he had discovered in the Gastein waters the elixir of life. No wonder that

to-day the sweet wild paths of Gastein are crowded with old men seeking to be made young, or, at least, to be saved from growing older.

"It is a strange thing, though," says dear, true-hearted Dr. Pröll, — "it is a strange thing, but in all these twenty years never has one woman come to me to be made young. Every year come many men, praying that they may not grow old; but never yet one woman."

Ah, we thought, perhaps the women are less honest than the men, and do not tell their motives.

But there is not time to grow very superstitious over these tales of magic, for there is so much else to be seen. In the rear room of the office is the hot-vapor bath; through a hole in the floor up comes the hot steam, heated no human being can tell how far down in the heart of the earth; night and day the fires go; for twelve hundred years the bath has been standing ready to steam people. Over the hole in the floor is a mysterious wooden structure, looking like a combination of pillory and threshing-machine. In five minutes, the doctor has shown, by a series of slippings and fittings and joinings, how, for every possible disease, every mentionable part of the body can be separately steamed, inch by inch, till one is cooked well. He wound up with imploring me to put my ear to the end of a long, narrow, wooden pipe which he screwed on the apparatus. "This is sure cure for deafness," he said.

I leaped. I should think it might be. In that second I had heard scouring through my brain all sorts of noises from spheres unknown. The ear-trumpet, which Hood's old woman bought, and "the very next day, heard from her husband at Botany Bay," was nothing to it. The doctor could not understand why I should shrink so from listening to this wild rush of scalding steam from the earth's middle. He would have been shocked to know that, to my inexperience, it seemed nothing less than a speaking-tube from the infernal regions.

But we went nearer yet to the central fires. Up, up a winding path, shaded and made sweet like all Gastein's paths by fir-trees, mosses and heath, and bluebells; and there, sunk in the solid rock, was a polished iron gate. A peasant-woman keeps the key of this, and gets a little daily bread by opening it for strangers. She brought suits of stout twilled cloth for us to wear; but we declined them, having learned in the salt-mines of Hallein that, the inside of the earth being much cleaner than the outside, it is all nonsense to take such precautions about going in. A poor sick man who was painfully sitting still on a bench near the gate, seeing our preparations, came up and asked to join our party. I fancied that he had a desire to get a little nearer to the head-quarters of cure, and reassure himself by a sight of the miraculous spring. The peasant-woman went on before, carrying a small lantern, which twinkled like a very little good deed in the worst of worlds. The passage was very narrow and low. Overhead were stalactites of yellow and white; the walls dripped ceaselessly; the path was stony and wet. Hotter and hotter it grew as we went on. How much farther could we afford to go, at such geometrical ratio of heat? we were just beginning to ask, when the woman turned and, setting down her lantern, pointed to the spring. It was a very small stream, running out of the rock above her head fast enough to fill a cup in a few seconds, and almost boiling hot. We all put our fingers solemnly in and solemnly put them to our lips; the woman nodded and said, "Good, good"; crossing herself, I suppose in the name of the good Saints Primus and Felicianus, she led the way out. I felt like crossing myself too. High-temperature underground places are singularly uncanny, and give one respect for the old mythology's calculation of the meridian of Tartarus.

For rainy days — and those are, must we own it? seventeen out of every thirty in Gastein — there is a most cu-

rious provision in the shape of a long glass gallery, four hundred and fifty feet long and twelve wide. Here the noble invalidism and untitled health and curiosity may walk, read, smoke, eat, trade, and sleep too, for aught I know. It is the oddest of places; so many hundred feet of conservatory, with all sorts of human plants leaning against its sides, in tilted chairs; I never grew weary of walking through it, or flattening my nose against its panes just behind the aristocratic shoulders of his Highness the Grand Chamberlain of —, as he sat reading some court journal or other. A little room at the end holds a piano and two tables covered with a species of literature which was new to me, but which all Gastein seemed to feed and subsist on, that is, the lists of all the visitors at all the baths and watering-places in Europe. Pamphlet after pamphlet, they arrived every few days, corrected and annotated with care, the silliest and most meaningless census which could be imagined. But eager women came early to secure first reading of them, and other women with eyes fixed on the, fortunate possessor of the valuable news sat waiting for their turn to come. This room is exclusively for women; opening out of it, in continuation of satire on their probable requirements, is a confectioner's shop; next comes the general reading-room, where are all the Continental journals of importance; next a long, empty room for promenading, where your only hindrance will be the appealing looks from venders of fancy wares, who have their glass cases in a row on one side; then comes the covered walk, also four fifths glass, on the bridge over the waterfall; and then comes the Stranbinger Platz, the smallest, busiest, noisiest, most pompous little Platz in the world; one side hotel, three sides lodging-house, and all sides waterfall; lodgers and loungers incessantly walking to and fro, or sitting on benches taking coffee, and staring listlessly at other lodgers and loungers; booths of fruit; booths of photographs; booths of flowers; booths of

shoes; booths of inconceivable odds and ends, which nobody thought of wanting before they came in, but which everybody will buy before they go out, and will wish they had not when they come to pack; here, every day, come bare-kneed hunters, bringing warm, dead chamois slung on their shoulders; black and yellow Eilwagens drive up with postilions in salmon and blue, wearing big brass horns at their sides; Madame the Countess —, dressed with blue silk trimmed with point lace, sits under a white fringed sunshade, on a chair in front of Straubinger's Hotel; and Madame the Frau — sits, bare-footed, bareheaded, opposite her, selling strawberries at eight kreutzers a tumblerful, and knitting away for dear life on a woollen stocking; all this and much more in a little square which can be crossed in ten steps. It is like a play; once seated, you sit on and on, unconsciously waiting for the curtain to fall: on your right hand is the orchestra, ten pieces, who play wild Tyrolese airs very well, and add much to the dramatic effects of things. Sunset is the curtain for this theatre, and dinner the only *enter'acte*. The instant the sun drops, the players scatter, the booths fold up; Madame the Countess sweeps off into the hotel; Madame the Frau rolls up her knitting, cautiously mixes together her fresh and her old strawberries, and starts off brave and strong to mount to her chamber in the air, miles up on some hill.

This play grows wearying to watch sooner than one would suppose. After a few days, one finds that all the climbing roads and paths lead to better things. There are the Schiller-Höhe, the Café Vergissmeinnicht, the Kaiser Friedrichs Laube (where the Emperor Frederick III. took baths four centuries ago); the Pyker-Höhe, named after the patriarch of Erlau, the poet Pyker, the Rudolfs-Höhe, the Windischgrätz-Höhe, and many more *cafés* or summer-houses on shining heights, all of which give new views of the wonderful Gastein valley, and at all of which whoever is German eats and drinks.

The lure of a table, a chair, and a beer-mug seems a small reward to hold out, when for every additional mile that is walked a new world opens to the eye, but the Germans see better through smoke and beer-colored glasses.

Strong adventurous people, who can walk and climb without reckoning distances by aching muscles, have unending delights set before them for every day in Gastein.

In the K  lshachthal are four thousand chamois. Every summer come royal hunting parties to H  f-Gastein, and they who follow them may see chamois flying for their lives; poor things, so helpless in spite of all their marvellous speed and spring.

Then there is the lofty plateau of Nassfeld, the old "Wet Field" mentioned in Roman history. From this can be seen a great amphitheatre of glaciers and the passage by the Malnitzer-Tauern into Carinthia: this dangerous pass has an ineffable charm, from the fact that it is one of the only two ways out of the smiling Gastein valley. Once in, should any chance destroy the road in that wild Klamme through which the fierce Ache goes and you came, you have no possible way of escape, except on foot or on horseback, by the Malnitzer-Tauern.

After the Nassfeld come the old gold-mines in the Radhausberg, where the old Weitmosers made and lost their fortunes, and every stone has its legend: the B  ckhardt Mountain, with a poisoned lake in which no fish can swim, near which no bird can fly and no flower can grow; the valley Anlaufthal, on one side of which rises the royal hill Ankogel, eleven thousand feet high, and called the Eldorado of mineralogists; and last, because greatest, the snow-topped mountain Gamskarkogel, the Righi of Austria, which looks down upon more than one hundred glaciers.

All this and more for well people. As for sick people their tale is soon told, either here or elsewhere. Hood's definition of medicine was exhaustive. In Gastein, however, little is done with

spoons; people go into their medicine, instead of its going into them. Nobody takes but one bath a day; the stronger invalids take it in the morning before breakfast, and are allowed to go their ways for the rest of the day. The weaker ones take it at ten o'clock in the forenoon, lie in bed for one hour after it, then eat dinner, then are commanded to dawdle gently about out of doors until one hour before sunset, after which they are, upon no excuse whatever, to leave the house. There are they who drink mineral waters from B  ckstein, drink whey, drink goats' milk, eat grapes, eat figs, all for cure. They all look tired of being ill; and they all give a semi-professional and inquisitive stare at each new-comer, as if they were thinking, "Ha, he looks as if he had it worse than I!" Poor souls. It seems a considerable price to pay for the rush-candle, to keep it burning under such difficulties and restrictions.

In a little pamphlet written by Dr. Pr  ll upon Gastein are some explicit directions as to the proper course to be pursued by all invalids who hope to be cured by the Gastein waters. Reading them over, one smiles, quietly, wondering if careful following out of such directions would not be of itself sufficient cure for most ailments.

"Before arriving at Gastein, visit all such places, cities, mountains, mines, as you would wish to see.

"Also close up all your most annoying or engrossing business affairs."

Among the "leading conditions of success in the use of the baths," he enumerates,

"A cheerful, amiable and contented disposition," and

"Implicit obedience to the physician"; and adds that, after the treatment, there must be, during a period of from three to twelve weeks,

"Mental tranquillity.

"No business nor bodily fatigue.

"No long walks nor climbings.

"No remedials, internal nor external; a tepid bath once a week, but no other bath!"

But from the days of the Archbishops until now, it seems to have been held especially incumbent on all persons coming to these baths for help to come with quiet souls and pure consciences. The first volume of the "Chronicles of Gastein" is black and battered and yellow as an old monkish missal. More than half of the writing is entirely illegible; but clear and distinct on its first page stands out the motto, written there in 1681, and copied, I believe, from the bath of some Roman Emperor, —

"Curarum vacuum hunc adeas locum
Ut morborum vacuum abire queas
Non enim curatur qui curat."

Which good advice freely translated, would be somewhat like this, "Whoever comes here to be cured must leave his cares at home; for if he worries he will never get well."

These "Chronicles of Gastein" are a never-failing source of amusement. There are fifteen volumes of them, written by the invalids themselves, from 1680 until now. The records are written in old Latin, old German, old French, all more or less illegible, so that there is endless interest in groping among them on the thousandth chance of finding something that can be deciphered. The books are carefully kept at the *cure's* house, and the volume for 1869 is quite a grand affair, having a mysterious locked brass box in one of the covers. This is to receive the contributions of charitable people who are not sick, and of sick people who are superstitious and wish to propitiate the good Saints Primus and Felicianus.

The box has the following inscription: —

"For the support of the school, and of the poor of both churches of the holy Primus and Felicianus, and the holy Nicholas church at

WILDBAD-GASTEIN.

In order that the Almighty God may bless by the prayers of those holy patrons of the Bath, the noble gift of the health-giving spring to all the patients."

There are many most curious entries

in these chronicles, and no one can look through them without being impressed by the singular unanimity of testimony, during two hundred years, to the efficacy of the waters. Here and there, however, a discontented soul has written out his grumblings; as, for instance, one Count Maximilian Joseph, Chamberlain of the King of Bavaria, who wrote on the 4th of July, 1747, in very cramped and crabbed old French: "Reader, greeting! May God preserve you from the *four* elements of this country which are all equally wonderful, even the ennui"; and an unknown grumbler of the English nation, one hundred and five years later, who was too courteous or too politic to sign his name to this couplet, —

"Drenched with fountain, bath, and rain,
God knows if I've been drenched in vain."

In 1732 Ludovic Frierfund wrote: "The fourth of July I began to use these baths. Now I am so much better, I believe I shall regain my health." (15th July.)

A few days later the grateful Baroness Anna Sophia, of Gera, writes: "To God and the two patron saints Primus and Felicianus shall be the greatest thanks that I have used for the second time these blessed baths."

In 1752 the Countess Anna Maria Barbara Christiana, of Rönigs, declared: "I have finished this cure with the aid of God, and the Holy Mother, and the two saints Primus and Felicianus, and depart in full health on the 17th of July."

In 1830 Babette Brandhuber, may her soul rest in peace! left on one of the pages of the chronicle a little German verse, of which this is almost a literal translation: —

"O holy spring and friendly vale,
I came here full of pain!
My full heart writes this grateful tale,
I leave thee well again."

I am sorry to say that there have been in Gastein two or three Americans and English less poetically gifted than Babette, who have filled several pages of this volume with rhymes for which one blushes.

The two best things I found were a

little record of one "Ruf, a money-changer of Munich," who, probably in a half-defiant display of his unpoetical calling, left only that signature to this couplet:—

"TO THE NAIAD OF GASTEIN.

"A kiss from woman's lips brings luck,
I kissed thee and am well."

And the following French verses. The author's name seems to have been purposely written so that no human being can decipher it, though the date is so recent. But the handwriting is evidently that of a woman:—

"AUX BAIGNEURS.

"Savez-vous qu'et est à Gastein
Ou vous baignez pleins d'espérance?
Mes chers amis, j'en suis certain
C'est la fontaine de jouvence.

"Dans ses eaux jettez une fleur,
Rose depuis long temps flétrie;
Bientôt fraîcheur, parfum, couleur
À la rose rendront la vie.

"Ainsi puis qu'on peut y gagner
De quoi prolonger l'existence;
Amis, venez souvent baigner
À la fontaine de jouvence."

(20th July, 1820.)

Half a century ago! Youth and hope are over for her by this time; though perhaps youth and hope are just beginning for her, by this time, the true youth, the immortal hope; but whether she be to-day old on earth or young in heaven, I fancy her all the same, cherishing in her heart the memory of the rare, beautiful, blessed, dear Gastein valley.

Gastuna tantum una!

H. H.

MADAM DELIA'S EXPECTATIONS.

MADAM DELIA sat at the door of her show-tent, which, as she had discovered too late, had been pitched on the wrong side of the Parade. It was "Election day" in Oldport, and there must have been a thousand people in the public square; there were really more than the four policemen on duty could properly attend to, so that half of them had leisure to step into Madam Delia's tent, and see little Gerty and the rattlesnakes. It was past the appointed hour; but the exhibition had never yet been known to open for less than ten spectators, and even the addition of the policemen only made eight. So the mistress of the show sat in resolute expectation, a little defiant of the human race. It was her thirteenth annual tour, and she knew mankind.

Surely there were people enough; surely they had money enough; surely they were easily pleased. They gathered in crowds to hear crazy Mrs. Green denouncing the city government of ten years ago for sending her to the poorhouse in a wagon instead of a carriage. They thronged to inspect

the load of hay which was drawn by the two horses whose harness had been cut to pieces and then repaired by Denison's Eureka Cement. They all bought whips with that un failing readiness which marks a rural crowd; they bought packages of lead-pencils with a dollar distributed through every six parcels, so skilfully that the oldest purchaser had never found more than ten cents in his. They let the man who cured neuralgia rub his magic curative on their foreheads; and allowed the man who cleaned watch-chains to dip theirs in the purifying powder. They twirled the magic arrow, which never by any chance rested at the corner compartments where the gold watches and the heavy bracelets were piled, but perpetually recurred to the side stations, and indicated only a beggarly prize of india-rubber sleeve-buttons. They bought ten cents' worth of jewelry, obtaining for that amount a mingled treasure of two breastpins, a plain gold ring, an enamelled ring, and "a piece of California gold." But still no added prizes in the human lot-

tery fell to the show-tent of Madam Delia.

As time went on and the day grew warmer, the crowd grew visibly less enterprising and business flagged. The man with the lifting-machine pulled at the handles himself, a gratuitous exhibition before a circle of boys now penniless. The man with the metallic polish dipped and redipped his own watch-chain. The men at the booths sat down to lunch upon the least presentable of their own pies. The proprietor of the magic arrow, who had already two large breastpins on his dirty shirt, selected from his own board another to grace his coat-collar, as if thereby to summon back the waning fortunes of the day. But Madam Delia still sat at her post, undaunted. She kept her eye on two sauntering militiamen in uniform, but they only read her sign and seated themselves on the curbstone, to smoke. Then a stout black soldier came in sight; but he turned and sat down at a table to eat oysters, served by a vast and smiling matron of his own race. But even this, though perhaps the most wholly cheerful exhibition that the day yielded, had no charms for Madam Delia. Her own dinner was ordered at the public-house after the morning show; and where is the human being who does not resent the spectacle of another human being who dines earlier than himself?

It grew warmer, so warm that the canvas walls of the tent seemed to grasp a certain armful of heat and keep it inexorably in; so warm that the out-of-door man was dozing as he leaned against the tent-stake, and only recovered himself at the sound of Madam Delia's penetrating voice, and again began to summon people in, though there was nobody within hearing. It was so warm that Mr. De Marsan, born Bangs, the wedded husband of Madam Delia, dozed as he walked up and down the sidewalk, and had hardly voice enough to testify as an unconcerned spectator to the value of the show. Only the unwearied zeal of

the show-woman defied alike thermometer and neglect. She kept her eye on everything, on Old Bill as he fed the monkeys within, on Monsieur Comstock, as he hung the trapeze for the performance, on the little girls as they tried to peddle their songs, on the sleepy out-of-door-man, and on the people who did not draw near. If she could, she would have played all the parts in her own small company, and would have put the inexhaustible nervous energies of her own New England nature (she was born at Meddibemps, State of Maine) into all. Apart from this potent stimulus, not a soul in the establishment, save little Gerty alone, possessed any energy whatever. Old Bill had unfortunately never learned total abstinence from the wild animals among which he had passed his life; Monsieur Comstock's brains had chiefly run into his arms and legs; and Mr. De Marsan, the nominal head of the establishment, was a peaceful Pennsylvanian, who commonly moved as slowly as if he were one of those processions that take a certain number of hours to pass a given point. This Madam Delia understood and expected; he was an innocent who was to be fed, clothed, and directed; but his languor was no excuse for the manifest feebleness of the out-of-door man.

"That man don't know how to talk no more 'n nothin' at all," said Madam Delia reproachfully to the large policeman who stood by her. "He never speaks up bold to nobody. Why don't he tell 'em what's inside the tent? I don't want him to say no more 'n the truth, but he might tell that. Tell 'em about Gerty, you nincum! Tell 'em about the snakes. Tell 'em what Comstock is. 'T ain't the real original Comstock" (this to the policeman), "it's only another that used to perform with him in Comstock Brothers. This one can't swaller, so we leave out the knives."

"Where's 't other?" said the sententious policeman, whose ears were always open for suspicious disappearances.

"Did n't you hear?" cried the incredulous lady. "Scattered! Gone! Went off one day with a box of snakes and two monkeys. Come, now, you must have heard. We had a sight of trouble payin' detectives."

"What for a looking fellow was he?" said the policeman.

"Dark complected," was the reply. "Black mustache. He understood his business, I tell you now. Swallowed five or six knives to onst, and give good satisfaction to any audience. It was him that brought us Gerty and Anne,—that's the other little girl. I did n't know as they was his children, and did n't know *as* they was, but one day he said he got 'em from an old woman in New York and that was all he knew."

"They're smart," said the man, whom Gerty had just coaxed into paying three cents instead of two for Number Six of the "Singer's Journal," a dingy little sheet, containing a song about a fat policeman, which she had brought to his notice.

"You'd better believe it," said Madam Delia, proudly. "At least, Gerty is; Anne ain't. I tell 'em, Gerty knows enough for both. Anne don't know nothin', and what she does know she don't know sartin. All she can do is just to hang on: she's the strongest and she does the heavy business on the trapèze and parallel bars."

"Is Gerty good on that?" said the public guardian.

"I tell *you*," said the head of the establishment.—"Go and dress, children! Five minutes!"

All this time Madam Delia had been taking occasional fees from the tardy audience, had been making change, detecting counterfeit currency, and discerning at a glance the impostures of one deceitful boy who claimed to have gone out on a check and lost it. At last Stephen Blake and his little sister entered, and the house was regarded as full. These two revellers had drained deep the cup of "Election-day" excitement. They had twirled all the arrows, bought all the jewelry,

inspected all the colored eggs, blown at all the spirometers, and tasted all the egg-pop which the festal day required. These delights exhausted, they looked round for other worlds to conquer, saw Madam Delia at her tent-door, and were conquered by her.

She did, indeed, look energetic and comely as she sat at the receipt of custom, her smooth black hair relieved by gold ear-rings, her cotton velvet sack by a white collar, and her dark gingham dress by linen cuffs not very much soiled and a cheap breastpin. The black leather bag at her side had a well-to-do look; but all else in the establishment looked perhaps a little poverty-stricken. The tent was made of very worn and soiled canvas and was but some twenty-five feet square. There were no seats, and the spectators sat on the grass. There was a very small stage raised some six feet; this was covered with some strips of old carpet, and surrounded by a few old and tattered curtains. Through their holes you could easily see the lithe brown shoulders of the little girls as they put on their professional suits; and on the other side Monsieur Comstock, scarcely hidden by the drapery, leaned against a cross-bar, and rested his chin upon his tattooed arms as he counted the spectators. Among these Mr. De Marsan, pacing slowly, distributed copies of this programme:—

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR.

—♦—
MADAM DELIA'S
MUSEUM AND VARIETY COMBINATION
WILL EXHIBIT.

PROCLAMATION TO THE PUBLIC.—*The Proprietors would say that they have abandoned the old and played-out practice of decorating the outer walls of all principal streets with flaming Posters and Handbills, and have adopted the congenial, and they trust successful, plan of advertising with Programmes, giving a full and accurate description as now organized, which will be distributed in Hotels, Saloons, Factories, Workshops, and all private dwellings, by their Special Agents, three days before the exhibition takes place.*

—♦—
MADAM DELIA WITH HER
PET SNAKES.

MISS GERTY,
THE CHILD WONDER,
DANSEUSE AND CONTORTIONIST,
will appear in her wonderful feats at each performance.

MONS. COMSTOCK,
THE CHAMPION SWORD-SWALLOWER,
will also exhibit his wonderful power of swallowing Five Swords, measuring from 14 to 22 inches in length. It is not so much the beauty of this feat that makes it so remarkable, as its seeming impossibility.

MASTER BOBBY,
THE BANJO SOLOIST AND BURLESQUE.

COMIC ACROBAT
By MISS GERTY and MONS. COMSTOCK.

MADAM DELIA,
THE WONDERFUL AND ORIGINAL
SNAKE-TAMER,
with her Pets, measuring 12 feet in length and weighing 50 lbs. A pet Rattlesnake, 15 years of age, captured on the Prairies of Illinois,—oldest on exhibition.

In connection with this Exhibition there are
ANT-EATERS, AFRICAN MONKEYS, &c.
COSMORAMIC STEREOSCOPIC SCENES
in the United States and other Countries, including a view of the Funeral Procession of President Taylor, which is alone worth the price of admission.

Exhibition every half-hour, during day and evening.
SECURE YOUR SEATS EARLY!

ADMISSION 20 CENTS.

 Particular care will be taken and nothing shall occur to offend the most fastidious.

Stephen and his little sister strolled about the tent meanwhile. The final preparations went slowly on. The few spectators teased the ant-eater in one corner, or the first violin in another. One or two young farmers' boys were a little uproarious with egg-pop, and danced awkward breakdowns at the end of the room. Then a cracked bell sounded and the curtain rose, showing hardly more of the stage than was plainly visible before.

Little Gerty, aged ten, came in first, all rumpled gauze and tarnished span-gles, to sing. In a poor little voice, feebler and shriller than the chattering of the monkeys, she sang a song about

the "Grecian Bend," and enacted the same; walking round and round the stage, whirling her tawdry finery. Then Anne, aged twelve, came in as a boy and joined her. Both the girls had rather pretty features, blue eyes, and tightly curling hair; both had pleasing faces; but Anne was solid and phlegmatic, while Gerty was keen and flexible as a weasel, and almost as thin. Presently Anne went out and reappeared as "Master Bobby" of the bills, making love to Gerty in that capacity, through song and dance. Then Gerty was transformed by the addition of a single scarf into a "Highland Maid," and danced a fling; this quite gracefully, to the music of two violins. Exeunt the children and enter "Madam Delia and her pets."

The show-woman had laid aside her velvet sack and appeared with bare neck and arms. Over her shoulders hung a rattlesnake fifteen feet long, while a smaller specimen curled from each hand. The reptiles put their cold triangular faces against hers, they touched her lips, they squirmed around her; she tied their tails together in elastic knots that soon undid; they reared their heads above her black locks till she looked like a stage Medusa, then laid themselves lovingly on her shoulder, and hissed at the audience. Then she lay down on the stage and pillowed her head on the writhing mass. She opened her black bag and took out a tiny brown snake which she placidly transferred to her bosom; then turned to a barrel into which she plunged her arm and drew out a black, hissing coil of mingled heads and tails. Her keen, good-natured face looked cheerfully at the audience through it all, and took away the feeling of disgust, and something of the excitement of fear.

The lady and the pets retiring, Gerty's hour of glory came. She hated singing and only half enjoyed character dancing, but in posturing she was in her glory. Dressed in soiled tights that showed every movement of her little body, she threw herself upon the

stage with a hand-spring, then kissed her hand to the audience, and followed this by a back-somerset. Then she touched her head by a slow effort to her heels; then turned away, put her palms to the ground, raised her heels gradually in the air and in this inverted position kissed first one hand, then the other, to the spectators. Then she crossed the stage in a series of somersets, then rolled back like a wheel; then held a hoop in her two hands and put her whole slender body through it, limb after limb. To her enter Monsieur Comstock. He threw a hand-spring and gave her his feet to stand upon; she grasped them with her hands and inverted herself, her feet pointing skyward. Then he resumed the ordinary attitude of rational beings and she lay on her back across his uplifted palms, which supported her neck and feet; then she curled herself backward around his waist, almost touching head and heels. Indeed, whatever the snakes had done to Madam Delia, Gerty seemed possessed with a wish to do to Monsieur Comstock, all but the kissing. Then that eminent foreigner vanished, and the odors of his pipe came faintly through the tattered curtain, while Anne entered to help Gerty in the higher branches.

A double trapèze — just two horizontal bars suspended at different heights by ropes and straps — had been swung from the ceiling. Gerty ascended to the upper bar, hung from it by her hand, then by her knees, then by her feet, then sat upon it, sank slowly backward, suddenly dropped, and as some children in the audience shrieked in terror, she caught by her feet in the side-ropes and came up smiling. It was a part of the play. Then another trapèze was hung, and was set swinging toward the first, and Gerty flung herself in triumph, with varied somersets, from one to the other, while Anne rattled the banjo below and sang,

"I fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
A daring young man on the flying trapèze."

Then the child stopped to rest, while all hands were clapped and only the

unreverberating turf kept the feet from echoing also. People flocked in from outside, and Madam Delia was kept busy at the door. Then Gerty came down to the lower bar, while Anne ascended the upper, and hung to it solidly by her knees. Thus suspended, she put out her hands to Gerty, who put her feet into them, and hung head-downward. There was a shuddering pause, while the two children clung thus dizzily, but the audience had seen enough of peril to lose all fear.

"Those straps are safe?" asked Stephen of Mr. De Marsan.

"Law bless you, yes," replied that placid functionary. "Comstock's been on 'em."

Precisely as he spoke one of the straps gave downward a little, and then rested firm; it was not a half-inch, but it jarred the children.

"Gerty, I'm slipping," cried Anne. "We shall fall!"

"No, we sha'n't, silly," said the other, quickly. "Hold on. Comstock, swing me the rope."

Stephen sprang to the stage and swung her the rope by which they had climbed to the upper bar. It fell short and Gerty missed it. Anne screamed, and slipped visibly.

"You can't hold," said Gerty. "Let go my feet."

"You'll be killed," called Anne, slipping still more.

"Let go, I say!" shouted the resolute Gerty, while the whole audience rose in excitement. Instantly the hands of the elder girl opened and down fell Gerty, headforemost, full fifteen feet, striking heavily on her shoulder, while Anne, relieved of the weight, recovered easily her position and slipped down into Stephen's arms. She threw herself down beside the little comrade whose presence of mind had saved at least one of them.

"O Gerty, are you killed?" she said.

"I want Delia," gasped the child.

Madam Delia was at her side already, having rushed from the door, where a surging host of boys had already swept in gratis. Gerty writhed in pain. Ste-

phen felt her collar-bone and found it bent like a horseshoe; and she fainted before she could be taken from the stage.

When restored, she was quite exhausted, and lay for days perfectly subdued and gentle, sleeping most of the time. During these days she had many visitors, and Mr. De Marsan had ample opportunity for the simple enjoyments of his life, tobacco and conversation. Stephen and his sister came often, and while she brought her small treasures to amuse Gerty, he freely pumped the proprietor. Madam Delia had been in the snake business, it appeared, since early youth, thirteen years ago. She had been in De Marsan's employ for eight years before her marriage, and his equal and lawful partner for five years since. At first they had travelled as side-show to a circus, but that was not so good.

"The way is, you see," said Mr. De Marsan, "to take a place like Providence, that's a good show-town, right along, and pitch your tent and live there. Keep-still pays, they say. You'd have to hire a piece of ground anywhere, for five or six dollars a day, and it don't cost much more by the week. You can board for four or five dollars a week, but if you board by the day it's a dollar and a half." To which words of practical wisdom Stephen listened with pleased interest. It was not so very many years since he had planned to run away with a circus himself; and by encouraging these simple confidences, he brought round the conversation to the children.

But here, he was met by a sheer absence of all information as to their antecedents. The original and deceitful Comstock had brought them and left them two years before. Madam Delia had received flattering offers to take her snakes and Gerty into circuses and large museums, but she had refused for the child's own sake. Did Gerty like it? Yes, she would like to be posturing all day; she could do anything she saw done; she "never needed to be taught nothin'," as Mr. De Marsan asserted

with vigorous accumulation of negatives. He thought her father or mother must have been in the business, she took to it so easily; but she was just as smart at school in the winter, and at everything else. Was the life good for her? Yes, why not? Rough company and bad language? They could hear worse talk every day in the street. "Sometimes a feller would come in with too much liquor aboard," the showman admitted, "and would begin to talk his nonsense; but Comstock would n't ask nothin' better than to pitch such a feller out, especially if he should sarce the little gals. They were good little gals, and Delia set store by 'em."

When Stephen and his sister went back that night to their kind hostesses, Miss Martha and Miss Amy, the soft hearts of those dear old ladies were melted in an instant by Gerty's courage and catastrophe. They had lived peacefully all their lives in that motherly old house by the bay-side, where successive generations had lived before them. The painted tiles around the open fire looked as if their fops and fine ladies had stepped out of the Spectator and the Tatler; the great mahogany chairs looked as hospitable as when De Noailles was quartered in the house during the Revolution, and its Quaker owner, Miss Martha's grand-uncle, had carried out a seat that the weary French sentinel might sit down. Descended from one of those families of Quaker beauties whom De Lauzun celebrated, they bore the memory of those romantic lives as something very sacred, in hearts which perhaps held romances as genuine of their own. Miss Martha's sweet face was softened by advancing deafness and by that gentle, appealing look which comes when mind and memory grow a little dimmer, though the loving nature knows no change. "Sister Amy says," she meekly confessed, "that I am losing my memory. But I do not care very much. There are so few things worth remembering!"

They kept house together in sweet accord, and were indeed trained in the

neat Quaker ways so thoroughly, that they always worked by the same methods. In opinion and emotion they were almost duplicates. Yet the world holds no absolute and perfect correspondence, and it is useless to affect to conceal what was apparent to any intimate guest, that there was one domestic question on which perfect sympathy was wanting. During their whole lives they had never been able to take precisely the same view of the best method of grinding Indian meal. Miss Martha preferred to have it from a wind-mill; while Miss Amy was too conscientious to deny that she thought it better when prepared by a water-mill. She said firmly, though gently, that it seemed to her "less gritty."

Living their whole lives in this scarcely broken harmony by the margin of the bay, they had long dwelt in concert upon one delicious dream. They had talked of it for many an hour by their evening fire, and they had looked from their chamber windows toward the Red Light upon Rose Island to see if it were coming true. This air-castle was, that they were to awake some morning after an autumnal storm, and to find an unknown vessel ashore behind the house, without name or crew or passengers; only there was to be one sleeping child, with aristocratic features and a few yards of exquisite embroidery. Years had passed, and their lives were waning, without a glimpse of that precious waif of gentle blood. Once in an October night Miss Martha had been awakened by a crash, and looking out, had seen that their pier had been carried away, and that a dark vessel lay stranded with her bowsprit in the kitchen window. But daylight revealed the schooner Polly Lawton, with a cargo of coal, and the dream remained unfulfilled. They had never revealed it, except to each other.

Moved by a natural sympathy, Miss Martha went with Stephen to see the injured child. Gerty lay asleep on a rather dingy little mattress, with Mr. Comstock's overcoat rolled beneath her head. A day's illness will commonly

make even the coarsest child look refined and interesting; and Gerty's physical organization was anything but coarse. Her pretty hair curled softly round her head; her delicate profile was relieved against the rough, dark pillow; and the tips of her little pink ears could not have been improved by art, though they might have been by soap and water. Warm tears came into Miss Martha's eyes, which were quickly followed from corresponding fountains in Madam Delia's.

"Thy own child?" said or rather signalled Miss Martha, forming the letters softly with her lips. Stephen had his own reasons for leaving her to ask this question in all ignorance.

"No, ma'am," said the show-woman. "Not much. Adopted."

"Does thee know her parents?" This was similarly signalled.

"No," said Madam Delia, rather coldly.

"Does thee suppose that they were —" And here Miss Martha stopped, and the color came as suddenly and warmly to her cheeks as if Monsieur Comstock had offered to marry her, and to settle upon her the snakes as exclusive property. Madam Delia divined the question; she had asked and answered it for herself so often.

"I don't know as I know," said she, slowly, "whether you ought to know anythin' about it. But I'll tell you what I know. That child's folks," she added, mysteriously, "lived on Quality Hill."

"Lived where?" said Miss Martha, breathless.

"Upper crust," said the other, defining her symbol still further. "No middlins to 'em. Genteel as anybody. Just look here!"

Madam Delia unclasped her invariable leather bag, brought forth from it a mass of checks and tickets, some bird-seed, a small whip, a dog-collar, and a dingy morocco box. This held a piece of an old-fashioned enamelled ring, and a fragment of embroidered muslin marked "A."

"She'd lived with me six months

before she brought 'em," said the show-woman, whispering.

The bit of handkerchief was enough. Was it a dream? thought the dear old lady. What the ocean had refused, was this sprite who had lived between earth and air to fulfil? Miss Martha bent softly over the bedside, resting her clean glove on the only dirty mattress it had ever touched, and quietly kissed the child. Then she looked up with a radiant face of perfect resolution.

"Mrs. De Marsan," said she, with dignity that was almost solemnity, "I wish to adopt this child. No one can doubt thy kindness of heart, but thee must see that thee is in no condition to give her suitable care and Christian nurture."

"That's a fact," interposed Madam Delia, with a pang.

"Then thee will give her to me?" asked Miss Martha, firmly.

Madam Delia threw her apron over her face, and choked and sobbed beneath it for several minutes. Then reappearing, "It's what I've always expected and mistrusted," said she. Then, with a tinge of suspicion, "Would you have taken her without the ring and handkerchief?"

"Perhaps I should," said the other, gently. "But that seems to make it a clearer call."

"Fair enough," said Madam Delia, submitting. "I ain't denyin' of it." Then she reflected and recommenced. "There never was such a smart performin' child as that since the world began. She can do just anythin', and just as easy! Time and again I might have hired her out to a circus, and she glad of the chance, mind you; but no, I would keep her safe to home. Then when she showed me the ring and things, all my expectations altered very sudden; I knowed we could n't keep her, and I began to mistrust that she would somehow find her folks. I guess my rather's was that she should, considerin'; but I did wish it had been Anne, for *she* ain't got nothin' better in her than just to live genteel."

"But Anne seems a nice child, too," said Miss Martha, consolingly.

"Well, that's just what she is," replied Madam Delia, with some contempt. "But what is she for a contortionist? Ask Comstock what she's got in her! And how to run the show without Gerty, that's what beats me. Why, folks begin to complain already that we advertise swallerin', and yet don't swallow. But never you mind, ma'am, you shall have Gerty. You shall have her," she added with a gulp, "if I have to sell out! Go ahead!" And again the apron went over her.

At this point, Gerty waked up with a little murmur, looked up at Miss Martha's kind face, and smiled a sweet, childish smile. Half asleep still, she put out one thin, muscular little hand, and went to sleep as the old lady took it in hers. A kiss awaked her.

"What has thee been dreaming about, my little girl?" said Miss Martha.

"Angels and things, I guess," said the child, somewhat roused.

"Will thee go home with me and live?" said the lady.

"Yes'm," replied Gerty, and went to sleep again.

Two days after she was well enough to ride to Miss Martha's in a carriage, escorted by Madam Delia and by Anne, "that dull, uninteresting child," as Miss Amy said in the front entry. "So different from this graceful Adelaide." This romantic name was a rapid assumption of the soft-hearted Miss Amy's, but, once suggested, it was as thoroughly fixed as if a dozen baptismal fonts had written it in water.

Madam Delia was sustained, up to the time of Gerty's going, by a sense of self-sacrifice. But this emotion, like other strong stimulants, has its reactions. That remorse for a crime committed in vain, which Dr. Johnson thought the acutest of human emotions, is hardly more depressing than to discover that we have got beyond our depth in virtue, and are in water where we really cannot quite swim, — and this was the good woman's position. During her whole wandering though

blameless life,—in her girlish days, when she charmed snakes at Meddibemps, or through her brief time of service as plain Car'line Prouty at the Biddeford mills, or when she ran away from her step-mother and took refuge among the Indians at Orono, or later, since she had joined her fate with that of De Marsan,—she had never been so severely tried.

"That child was so smart," she said, beneath the evening canvas, to her sympathetic spouse. "I always expected when we got old we'd kinder retire on a farm or suthin', and let her and her husband—say Comstock, if he was young enough—run the business. And even after she showed us the ring and things, I thought likely she'd just come into her property somewheres and take care of us. I don't know as I ever thought she'd leave us, either way, and there she's gone."

"She won't forget us," said the peaceful proprietor.

"No," said the wife, "but it's lonesome. If it had only been Anne! I shall miss Gerty the worst kind. And it'll kill the show!"

And to tell the truth, the show languished. Nothing but the happy acquisition of a Chinese giant nearly eight feet high, with slanting eyes and a long pigtail,—a man who did penance in his height for the undue brevity of his undersized nation,—would have saved the "museum."

Meantime the neat proprieties of orderly life found a poor disciple in Gerty. Her warm heart opened to the dear old ladies; but she found nothing familiar in this phantom of herself, this well-dressed little girl who, after a rapid convalescence, was introduced at school and meeting under the name of Adelaide. The school studies did not dismay her, but she played the jewsharp at recess, and danced the clog-dance in india-rubbers, to the dismay of the little Misses Grundy, her companions. In the calisthenic exercises she threw bean-bags with an untamed vigor that soon ripped the stitches of the bags, and sowed those vegetables in every

crack of the school-room floor. There was a ladder in the garden, and it was some comfort to ascend it hand over hand upon the under side, or to hang by her toes from the upper rung, to the terror of her schoolmates. But she became ashamed of the hard little balls in her palms, where she had grasped the bars, and she grew in general weary of her life. Her clothes pinched her, so did her new boots; Madam Delia had gone to Providence with the show, and Gerty had not so much as seen the new Chinese giant.

Of all days Sunday was the most objectionable, when she had to sit still in Friends' meeting and think how pleasant it would be to hang by the knees, head downward, from the parapet of the gallery. She liked better the Seamen's Bethel, near by, where there was an aroma of tar and tarpaulin that suggested the odors of the show-tent, and where, when the Methodist exhorter gave out the hymn, "Howl, howl, ye winds of night," the choir rendered it with such vigor that it was like being at sea in a northeaster. But each week made it harder, until, having cried herself asleep one Saturday evening, the child rose early the next morning for her orisons, which, I regret to say, were as follows:—

"I must get out of this," quoth Gerty, "I must cut and run. I'll make it all right for the old ladies, for I'll send 'em Anne."

She hunted up such remnants of her original wardrobe as had been thought worth washing and preserving, and having put them on, together with a hat whose trimmings had been vehemently burned by Miss Martha, she set out to seek her fortune. Of all her new possessions, she took only a pair of boots, and those she carried in her hand as she crept softly down stairs.

"Save us!" exclaimed Biddy, who had been to a Mission Mass of incredible length, and was already sweeping the doorsteps. "Christmas!" she added, as a still more pious ejaculation, when the child said, "Good by, Biddy, I'm off now."

"Where to, thin?" exclaimed Biddy.

"To Providence," said Gerty. "But don't you tell."

"But ye can't go the morn's mornin'," said Biddy. "It's Sunday and there's no cars."

"There's legs," replied the child, briefly, as she closed the door.

"It's much as iver, thin," said the stumpy Hibernian, to herself, as she watched the twinkling retreat of those slim, but vigorous little members.

They had been Gerty's support too long, in body and estate, for her to shrink from trusting them in a walk of a dozen or a score of miles. But the locomotion of Stephen's horse was quicker, and she did not get seriously tired. Fortunately, Madam Delia turned up unexpectedly, that evening, and at the confidential hour of bedtime the child's heart was opened and made a revelation beyond what was expected.

"Won't you be mad, if I tell you something?" she said to Madam Delia, abruptly.

"No," said the show-woman, with surprise.

"Won't you let Comstock box my ears?"

"I'll box his if he does," was the indignant answer. The gravest contest that had ever arisen in the Museum was when Monsieur Comstock, teased beyond endurance, had thus taken the law into his own hands.

"Well," said Gerty, after a pause, "I ain't a great lady, no more 'n nothin'. Them things I brought to you was Anne's."

"Anne's things?" gasped Madam Delia, — "the ring and the piece of a handkerchief."

"Yes'm," said Gerty, "and I've got the rest." And exploring her little trunk, she produced from a slit in the lining the other half of the ring, with the name "Anne Deering."

"You naughty, naughty girl!" said Madam Delia. "How did you get 'em away from Anne?"

"Coaxed her," said the child.

"Well, how did you make her hush up about it?"

"Told her I'd kill her if she said a single word," said Gerty, undauntedly. "I showed her Pa De Marsan's old dirk-knife and told her I'd stick it into her if she did n't hush. She was just such a 'fraid-cat she believed me. She might have known I did n't mean nothin'. Now she can have 'em and be a lady. She was always talkin' about bein' a lady, and that put it into my head."

"What did she want to be a lady for?" asked Madam Delia, indignantly.

"Said she wanted to have a parlor and dress tight. I don't want to be one of her old ladies. I want to stay with you, Delia, and learn the clog-dance." And she threw her arms round the show-woman's neck and cried herself to sleep.

Never did the energetic proprietress of a Museum and Variety Combination feel a greater exultation than did Madam Delia that night. The child's offence was all forgotten in the delight of the discovery to which it led. If there had been expectations of social glories to accrue to the house of De Marsan through Gerty's social promotion, they melted away; and the more substantial delight of still having some one to love and to be proud of, — some object of tenderness warmer than snakes and within nearer reach than a Chinese giant, — this came in its stead. The show, too, was in a manner on its feet again. De Marsan said that he would rather have Gerty than a hundred-dollar bill. Madam Delia looked forward and saw herself sinking into the vale of years without a sigh, — reaching a period when a serpent fifteen feet long would cease to charm, or she to charm it, — and still having a source of pride and prosperity in this triumphant girl.

The tent was in its glory, on the day of Gerty's return; to be sure, nothing in particular had been washed except the face of Old Bill, but that alone was a marvel compared with which all "Election day" was feeble, and when you add a paper collar, words

can say no more. Monsieur Comstock also had that "ten times barbered" look which Shakespeare ascribes to Mark Antony, and which has belonged to his successors in the histrionic profession ever since. His chin was unnaturally smooth, his mustache obtrusively perfumed, and nothing but the unchanged dirtiness of his hands still linked him, like Antæus, with the earth. De Marsan had intended some personal preparation, but had been, as usual, in no hurry, and the appointed moment found him, as usual, in his shirt-sleeves. Madam Delia, however, wore a new breastpin and gave Gerty another. And the great attraction, the Chinese giant, had put on a black broadcloth coat across his bony shoulders, in her honor, and made a vigorous effort to sit up straight, and appear at his ease when off duty. He habitually stooped a good deal in private life, as if there were no professional object in

being eight feet high, except before spectators.

Probably no person reared within the smell of sawdust ever quite lost all taste for "the profession"; and Anne, in her promotion, never missed seeing a performance when her wandering friends came her way. If I told you under what name Gerty became a star in the low-comedy line, after her marriage, you would all recognize it; and if you had seen her in "Queen Pippin" or the "Shooting-Star" pantomime, you would wish to see her again. Her first child was named after Madam Delia, and proved to be a placid little thing, demure enough to have been born into the very best society, and exhibiting no contortions nor gymnastics but those common to its years. And you may be sure that the retired show-woman found in the duties of brevet-grand-mother a glory that quite surpassed her expectations.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

CASTILIAN DAYS.

I.

A FIELD-NIGHT IN THE SPANISH CORTES.

ANY one entering the Session Chamber of the Constituent Cortes, at Madrid, on the night of the 19th of March, 1870, would have observed a state of anxious interest very different from the usual listlessness of that body. For a week or two before, the Budget had been under discussion. The galleries were deserted. The hall showed a vast desert of red-plush benches. A half-dozen conscientious members, with a taste for figures, cried in the wilderness, where there was no one to listen but the reporters. Spanish finances are not a cheerful subject, especially to Spaniards. So while these most important matters were under discussion, the members lounged in the lobbies, and gave themselves up to their

cigarettes, and the idle public shunned the tribunes, as if the red and yellow banner of the Spains that waved above the marble portico were a hospital flag.

But on this night the galleries were crammed. The members were all in their places. The gaslight danced merrily on the polished skulls. I have never seen so remarkable a disproportion between gray hairs and bare pates as in this assembly. There are scarcely half a dozen white heads in the house, while a large majority are bald. This rapid increase of calvity is one of the most curious symptoms of the unnatural life of our day. Formerly a hairless head was a phenomenon. The poet mentions this feature of Uncle Ned as a striking proof of his extreme

age. A king of France who was deficient in *chevelure* passed into history as Charles the Bald. But now half the young bucks in a Parisian cotillon go spinning about the room bareheaded as dancing dervishes. In fact, wearing hair is getting to be considered in the gay world as quaint and *rococo*. The billiard-ball is the type of the modish sounce of the period. *C'est mieux porté*, says the languid swell of London. This is perhaps one effect of the club life and *café* life of the time, — the turning of night into day, — burning the candle of life at both ends and whittling at the middle. Nowhere is this persecution of the very principle of life carried farther than in Spain. The frugality of the Spaniards only aggravates the evil. I believe these long nights in the crowded *cafés*, passed in smoking countless cigarettes and drinking seas of cheap and mild slops, are more deteriorating to the nervous system than the mad, wild speers of the American frontiersmen.

The Hall of Sessions is a very pretty semicircular room, the seats of the members being arranged in a half-amphitheatre facing the President's desk. To the left of the President sit the irreconcilable Republicans, next to them the Democrats, then the Carlists and the Union Liberals, and finally, on the extreme right heel of the curving horse-shoe, the Progresistas and the Blue Bench of the Ministers.

The Ministerial Bench is so full tonight that you cannot see the blue velvet. At its head sits a slight, dark man, with a grave, thin-whiskered face and serious black clothes, looking, as an observing friend of mine once said, "like a pious and sympathizing undertaker." He holds in his dark-gloved hands a little black-and-silver cane, with which he thoughtfully taps his neat and glossy boot. The whole manner and air of the man is sober and clerical. *Bien fol est qui s'y fie*. This is the President of the Council, Minister of War, Captain-General of the armies of Spain, the Count of Reus, the Marquis of Castillejos, Don Juan

Prim, in short. A soldier, conspirator, diplomatist, and born ruler; a Cromwell without convictions; a dictator who hides his power; a Warwick who mars kings better than he makes them. We shall see more of him before the evening is over, much more before the century ends.

Next to Marshal Prim is Admiral Topete, the brave and magnanimous soldier who opened to the exiled generals the gates of Spain, and made the Revolution possible. It was the senseless outrage perpetrated upon the generals of the Union Liberal, arresting and exiling them to the Canaries, which drove that party at last into open rebellion. When, still later, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier were sent out of Spain, Admiral Topete was charged with the duty of conveying them to Portugal. He came back to his post at Cadiz the determined enemy of the late government and the earnest partisan of Montpensier. In this scandalous town improper motives are of course attributed to all public men. But it is enough to look in the frank, bluff face of Topete, to see that he is a man much more easily influenced by generous impulses than by any hope of gain. He is no politician. He has no clear revolutionary perceptions. He is a bigoted adherent of the Church. But he saw the country dishonored by its profligate rulers. He saw decent citizens outraged and banished by the caprice of power. He went with his whole soul into the conspiracy that was to right this wrong, not looking far beyond his honest and chivalrous nose. The conspiracy was conducted by Prim with wonderful secrecy and skill; and as if fortune had grown tired of baffling him, the most remarkable luck favored all his combinations. He and Serrano and Dulce, from their far distant exiles, arrived the same night on board Topete's flag-ship in the Bay of Cadiz, and the next morning the band that played the forbidden Hymn of Riego on the deck of the Saragossa crumbled the Bourbon dynasty with its lively vibrations. Rams' horns are as good as

rified cannon, when the walls are ready to fall.

Topete has preserved his consistency unspotted ever since. He left the Cabinet when the candidature of the Duke of Genoa was resolved upon, and only returned upon the express provision that he came in as an adherent of Montpensier. He has refused all favors, decorations, or promotions. He has fought all the advances which have been made in the way of religious liberty, and proved himself on all occasions a true friend, a true Catholic, and the most honest and awkward of politicians. The caricaturists are especially fond of him, usually representing him as a jolly Jack Tar, with tarpaulin and portentous shirt-collars, and a vast spread of white duck over the stern sheets. La Flaca recently had an irresistible sketch, representing the gallant Admiral as an Asturian nurse with a dull baby lying in her capacious bosom, bearing an absurd unlikeness to the Duke of Montpensier.

We have dwelt inordinately upon Topete, but he is well worth knowing, and you will see him no more after to-night on the Banco Azul.

Next to him a burly frame, crowned by a round-cropped bullet head lighted up by brilliant, sunken eyes; the face and voice and manner of the waggish Andalusian. This is the Minister of the Interior; the man who holds in his hand the thrilling heart-strings of all Spain, who feels the pulse of the people as he used to touch the throbbing wrist of a patient; for Don Nicolas Maria Rivero has been doctor and lawyer and orator before, through the school of conspiracy, he was graduated as statesman. He is a brilliant and impressive talker, and was the idol of the advanced democracy until success and office had exercised upon him their chastening influence. He led the poll in Madrid when elected Deputy, leaving behind him those *Dii majores* of the Revolution, Prim and Serrano. He is a hearty and generous host, and hates a dull table. An invitation from him is never declined. What a culinary

symphony his dinners are, and what exquisite appreciation has presided over the provision of his cellar! Besides the best wines from beyond the Pyrenees, you find in their highest perfection on his table the native wines of Spain, — the Montilla, with its delicate insinuation of creosote, and the wonderful old Tio Pepe Amontillado, with its downright assertion of ether; and, better than these *tours de force* of dryness, the full-bodied, rich-flavored vintages of Jerez and Malaga.

There is still so much good stuff in Rivero, that it seems a pity the Republicans have lost him. They are very bitter upon him, because they once valued him so highly. He has, in spite of his place and his daily acts, a seemingly genuine regard for law and justice. In the autumn of 1869, when the constitutional guaranties had been suspended, Sagasta, the familiar spirit and *âme damnée* of Prim, who then filled the chair of the Gobernacion, planned the arrest of all the Republican members. Rivero, then President of the Cortes, getting wind of this, went in a whirling rage to Prim and denounced the measure roundly as a folly and a crime, and demanded the revocation of the order. Prim shrugged his narrow shoulders and said: "Sagasta thinks it is necessary. Go and talk to him." To Sagasta posted Rivero, and fired his volley at him. The venomous Minister talked back. "D— them, they deserve it. Some of them are plotting treason. Others would if they dared. They are all a worthless lot any how. It will do them no harm to pass a week or two in jail." There was nothing to be done with so airy a demon as this. Rivero went back to Prim, and by sheer screaming and bullying had the matter called up before the Council. In the mean time he and Martos put the threatened men on their guard, and not a Republican slept in his house that night. They were distributed around among personal and political friends, and enemies, also; for the true Spaniard never refuses the shelter he may have to ask to-morrow.

The Minister took no deputies that night, and the next morning Rivero went to the Council, his neck clothed with thunder. They say he smashed the top of a mahogany table with the fury of his expounding. He threatened to call the Cortes together and resign in full session, giving his reasons. The Ministry yielded, — probably to save the furniture, — and the order was revoked, to the undoubted disgust of Mr. Sagasta, who felt, we may imagine, as a cat does when she sees a fat mouse playing about the floor, and dares not devour him for fear of waking the bulldog, asleep with his dangerous muzzle between his paws.

Sagasta is sitting now beside Rivero. In the recent new shuffle of the court cards he was transferred from the Interior to Foreign Affairs, — sent into exile, as he calls it. This has, it is said, still further soured a temper which was not deficient in acidity before. He is thought to be drifting away from Prim into the ranks of the reactionary politicians. He has a dark wrinkled face, small bright eyes, the smile and the scowl of Mephistopheles. He is a most vigorous and energetic speaker, but so aggressive and pungent in his style that he rarely fails to raise a tempest in the languid house when he speaks at any length. He has a hearty contempt for the people and a firm reliance upon himself, — two important elements of success for a Latin statesman.

Figuerola, the Minister of Finance, and Echegaray, the Minister of Fomento, or Public Works, sit side by side; both tall and thin, both spectacled, both bald, both men of great learning and liberal tendencies. They were savants, lecturers, essayists before the Revolution, and often seem to regret the quiet of their libraries, in these stormy scenes.

Mr. Montero Rios, the progressive and enlightened Minister of Grace and Justice, comes next, and the tale of Ministers is completed by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Becerra, a short, stocky, silent man, who used to be a great orator of the faubourg and barricade,

but has now come to take what he calls more serious views of political life. He is, also, a new man in office. He was a schoolmaster. He is a man of great physical nerve. He can snuff a candle at ten paces, firing backward over his shoulder. The Republicans call him a renegade, the aristocracy call him a parvenu. He has an ill-regulated habit of telling the truth sometimes, and this will, in the end, cost him his place.

This is a good night to see the notabilities of the situation. Fully two thirds of the members elect are in their seats, which is a most unusual proportion. Many of the deputies never occupy their seats. Some are attending to their affairs in distant provinces, some are in exile, and some in prison; for the life of a Spanish patriot is subject to both of these accidents. But of those who can come, few are away to-night.

On the extreme left of the chamber is a young face that bears an unmistakable seal of distinction. It reminds you instantly of Chantrey's bust of the greatest of the sons of men. The same pure oval outline, the arched eyebrows, the piled-up dome of forehead stretching outward from the eyes, until the glossy black hair, seeing the hopelessness of disputing the field, has retired discouraged to the back of the head. This is Emilio Castelar, the inspired tribune of Spain. This people is so given to exaggerated phases of compliment, that the highest-colored adjectives have lost their power. They have exhausted their lexicons in speaking of Castelar, but in this instance I would be inclined to say that exaggeration was wellnigh impossible. It is true that his speech does not move with the powerful convincing momentum of the greatest English and American orators. It is possible that its very brilliancy detracts somewhat from its effect upon a legislative body. When you see a Toledo blade all damaskeened with frondage and flowers and stories of the gods, you are apt to think it less deadly than one glittering

in naked blueness from hilt to point. Yet the splendid sword is apt to be of the finest temper. Whatever may be said of his enduring influence upon legislation, it seems to me there can be no difference of opinion in regard to his transcendent oratorical gifts. There is something almost superhuman in his delivery. He is the only man I have ever seen who produces, in very truth, those astounding effects which I have always thought the inventions of poets and the exaggerations of biography. Robertson, speaking of Pitt's oratory, said, "It was not the torrent of Demosthenes, nor the splendid conflagration of Tully." This ceases to be an unmeaning metaphor when you have heard Castelar. His speech is like a torrent in its inconceivable fluency, like a raging fire in its brilliancy of color and terrible energy of passion. Never for an instant is the wonderful current of declamation checked by the pauses, the hesitations, the deliberations that mark all Anglo-Saxon debate. An entire oration will be delivered with precisely the fluent energy which a veteran actor exhibits in his most passionate scenes; and when you consider that this is not conned beforehand, but is struck off instantly in the very heat and spasm of utterance, it seems little short of inspiration. The most elaborate filing of a fastidious rhetorician could not produce phrases of more exquisite harmony, antitheses more sharp and shining, metaphors more neatly fitting, all uttered with a distinct rapidity that makes the despair of stenographers. His memory is prodigious and under perfect discipline. He has the world's history at his tongues' end. No fact is too insignificant to be retained nor too stale to do service.

His action is also most energetic and impassioned. It would be considered redundant in a Teutonic country. If you do not understand Spanish, there is something almost insane in his gesticulation. I remember a French diplomat who came to see him, on one of his happiest days, and who, after looking intently at the orator for

a half-hour trying to *see* what he was saying, said at last in an injured tone, "Mais ! c'est un polichinelle, celui-là." It had not occurred to me that he had made a gesture. The whole man was talking from his head to his feet.

Finally, as we cannot stay even with Castelar all night, his greatest and highest claim to our admiration and regard is that his enormous talents have been consistently devoted from boyhood to this hour to the cause of political and spiritual freedom. He is now only thirty-two years of age, but he was an orator at sixteen. He harangued the mobs of 1854 with a dignity and power that contrasted grotesquely with his boyish figure and rosy face. During all these eventful years he has not for one moment faltered in his devotion to liberal ideas. In poverty, exile, and persecution, as well as amid the intoxicating fumes of flattery and favor, he has kept his faith unsullied. With his great gifts, he might command anything from the government, as the price of his support. But he preserves his austere independence, living solely upon his literary labor and his modest salary as Professor of History in the University.

Beside him is Figueras, the Parliamentary leader of the Republicans, a tall, large-framed man, with a look of lazy power. He is a fine lawyer, an able and ready debater, and a man of great energy of character. He is, perhaps, more regarded and respected by the monarchical side of the house than any other Republican. Pi y Margall is another strong and hard hitter of the left. He has a hoarse, husky voice, a ragged and grizzled beard, and grave, ascetic-looking square spectacles. If you met him in Broadway you would call him a professor of mathematics in a young and unsuccessful Universalist college.

The centre of the hall is occupied by the deputies of the Liberal Union. Immediately under the clock sits Rios Rosas, the leading orator of that party, an iron-gray man of middle age, an en-

ergetic and effective speaker; Silvela, a tall, handsome, attorney-like person, reposing from the fatigues of the afternoon; he has made a great speech to-day, and may have to make another before midnight; Juan Valera, the courtly Academician; Lopez de Ayala, who has had such a success as a poet and such a failure as a statesman, and who looks like the romantic Spaniards of young ladies' sketch-books. Swinging farther round the horse-shoe, you find the compact phalanx of Prim's supporters, the Progresistas and Monarchical Democrats, now fused into one solid organization called Radicals. Among them are the generals of the Revolution, Cordova, Izquierdo, and Peralta, and the white-haired veteran conspirator Milaus del Bosch (say Bosk, if you please), who has been in every insurrection since he was a boy. He is a gallant, hearty, prodigal fellow, always giving and never gaining, and so was approaching an impecunious old age, when suddenly a few weeks ago an old officer whom he only slightly knew died, like an uncle in a fifth act, and left him a large fortune; and there was not probably a man in Madrid who was not glad to hear it. Another noticeable figure is that of Don Pascual Madoz, the tenacious advocate of the election of Espartero to the crown. I have never seen a man who looked so old. He has no hair whatever on his face, head, or brows. His pink skull shines like varnished parchment. He sits ordinarily with his head tipped torpidly over on his breast, as if lost in recollections of the time of his contemporary Adrian. But, in fact, he is still an able and vigorous politician. Near him lies sprawled over half a bench the enormous bulk of Coronel y Ortiz, whom you would call fifty from his waist and his gray hairs, but who is really but six- and -twenty, barely the legal age of a voter in Spain.

The handsomest man in the house, the *enfant gâté* of the Radicals, is the young Subsecretary of the Interior, who will succeed Becerra as Colonial Secretary, Moret y Prendergast. He

is six feet high, built like a trapeze performer, with a classical, clear-cut face; and like all men of great personal beauty, he has the most easy and elegant manners. He was a comrade and associate of Castilar before the Revolution, but has since given in his adhesion to the monarchy, and is one of their most ready and brilliant speakers. They usually put him into the lists against his eloquent friend. But there is no resemblance between the men. Moret possesses in the highest degree the Southern fluency and ease of diction. His delivery is also most graceful and pleasing. But he speaks utterly without passion or conviction. His talk is all, as Mr. Carlyle would say, "from the teeth outward." A speech from him is as clear and easy-gushing as the jet from a garden-fountain, full of bright lights and prismatic flashes, but it is also as cold and purposeless.

It will require a moment to explain why there is such a gathering of the clans to-night. The bill which now occupies the attention of the chamber is of the character which your true Spaniard loathes and scorns. It is a bill for raising money. Of course a parliament of office-holders recognize the necessity of the treasury's being filled. But they usually prefer to let the Finance Minister have his own way about filling it, theirs being the more seductive task of emptying it. So that financial matters are usually discussed in the inspiring presence of empty benches.

A few days ago Mr. Figuerola, whom his friends call the Spanish Necker, because, as Owen Meredith once observed, it was neck or nothing with their treasury, introduced a bill for the relief of the government and the agonizing municipal councils, authorizing the government to negotiate the bonds remaining over, of the loan of 1863, and those lying in the Bank of Deposits as security for the payment of municipal, individual, and provincial taxes; and also to make an operation of credit upon the mines of Almaden and Rio

Tinto, and the salt-works of Torre Vieja. This was, it is true, a terrible proposition, — like a carpenter pawning his tools, or a lawyer his library; but it was positively nothing unusual in Spanish finance. Its whole history consists in these desperate authorizations, trembling always on the brink of bankruptcy. You will find in the Diplomatic Correspondence of 1842 a statement of a battle wonderfully like the one we are to witness here to-night. Washington Irving writes that the Ministry resolved to take their stand "on the great questions of financial reform. Calatrava, the Minister of Finance, brought forward his budget, showing a deficit for 1843 of about twenty millions of dollars, to remedy which he proposed, among other measures, that the Cortes should authorize the government to contract for a loan of thirty millions of dollars, hypothecating all the revenues and contributions of the state."

This is the third time Mr. Figuerola has come before the Cortes asking them to bandage their eyes and give him the keys of the national wealth. In the first days of the Revolution he asked to be authorized to contract a loan, on his own terms, for fifty million dollars. This was to be the last. Shortly afterwards another demand was made for an operation on tobacco and other important revenues. This was also granted. And now, at this alarmingly short interval, comes this third summons to the nation to roll up its sleeve and be bled, without explanations.

The most remarkable feature to foreign eyes, in all these authorizations, is that no man in Spain but the Minister of Hacienda knows how much these various loans produce. There exists in Paris a singular and mysterious corporation called the Bank of Paris, which conducts the financial operations of the Spanish government. The process is said to be this: the government, having obtained its authorization, applies to the Bank of Paris to place the loan. It places in the vaults of the Bank a sufficient quantity of its own

bonds on hand to serve as security for the Bank in the operation. The Bank puts the loan on the market, and gets its commission. It rehypothecates the hypothecated bonds, and gets a commission. It buys the bonds on its own account, and pays itself a commission for the sale; it sells them again to its own customers, being thus forced reluctantly to pocket another commission. To sustain the weight of the loan in a dull market, it is forced to borrow money from itself at a high rate of interest; and every such ingenious operation results in this self-sacrificing corporation increasing its risks and perils in that celestial needle's-eye, by the additional bulk of another commission. The sum which came to the government from that loan of a hundred millions is as profoundly unknown as "what song the sirens sang." Some say twenty-six, and there are evil tongues that assert that not nineteen millions ever entered the treasury.

Still, all this is quite regular in Spanish politics, and no party hitherto has ever shown a disposition to abolish a convenient custom from which each profits while in power. But to-night the government is evidently greatly alarmed in regard to the passage of the bill. Every available man is in his place. The President of the Council has for several days past been using his whole arsenal of persuasion of threats and promises, but not successfully. The opposition is of the most kind and courteous character that can be imagined. The amendment presented by the Liberal Union, and defended to-day in a long and powerful speech by Silvela, is apparently as innocent and reasonable as possible. It merely provides that the conversion of the securities in the Bank of Deposits shall be at the option of the municipal councils, and of individuals, to whom they belong; that the mines of the state shall not be themselves hypothecated, but only their products.

It would seem impossible to reject so reasonable and moderate a proposition. But the government has deter-

mined to fight its battle on this amendment. It has announced that it will make the vote a Cabinet question, standing or falling with the bill. The Union Liberal, on the contrary, protest that nothing is further from their minds than to attack the government; that this is a friendly amendment which the government ought to accept, throwing over the Minister of Finance if necessary, who is leading the country to perdition. This was the burden of Silvela's dexterous speech this afternoon. It was not a question of confidence in the Ministry; it was a question of prerogative in the Cortes. The country had a right to know what was done with its money. It could not give up the right of control in its own affairs: the deputies could not continue forever throwing the whole national wealth into an ever-yawning crater.

He was answered with great energy by Mr. Figuerola, who contended that the condition of the country was so critical that the operations for which authority was requested must be made solid and at once, to save the national credit, and to begin the era of financial reform. Ruiz Gomez also defended the report of the committee, and, evidently fresh from the reading of a Congressional Globe of thirty or forty years ago, he rebuked Mr. Castelar for his apathy in financial matters, informing him that to-day in the United States Adams, Jackson, Clay, and Madison are much more interested in questions of tariff and slavery compromise than in Michael Angelo and the Parthenon.

The session closed for dinner and cigars, and opened again about ten o'clock. There is no longer any doubt about the serious nature of the crisis. In spite of all the fair words used, the fight is to be a final and desperate one. The Liberal Union, by adhering to its amendment after the government has declared its intention to stand or fall with the original bill, has placed itself in opposition. It is useless for it to declare that its attitude is friendly,

and that only considerations of patriotism have forced it to take this position. It did the same thing when it was in power, and would do it again to-morrow. All parties in Spain talk of retrenchment and reform, but all adopt a policy of expedients and makeshifts as soon as they are seated on the Blue Bench.

Every one feels that the hollow truce of the last year and a half is over; that the coalition of the three parties that made the Revolution, the Progressista, the Liberal Union, and the Democrats, is nearing its agony. It is a wonder that it has lasted so long, surviving the successive shocks of universal suffrage, freedom of worship, and the establishment of individual rights. It seems a marvel to us that the same party could so long have contained Martos the abolitionist, and Romero Robledo the advocate of slavery, Echegaray the rationalist, and Ortiz the ultramontane, men who worship reason, and men who worship the Pope, men who insist that human rights are above law, and men who believe in the divine right of kings. But the powerful cohesion of private and party interests have kept them together so far, and it seems as if these same exigencies were to sunder them to-night.

On one side is the government, with its faithful cohort of Radicals; on the other the Liberal Union, the conservative element of the late coalition, which has become convinced that it can no longer control the policy of the majority, and has therefore apparently resolved to destroy the majority, and trust to its political shrewdness and aptitude to build up some advantageous combination from the ruins; the Republicans, who can consistently support the Silvela amendment, as it merely embodies their own principle of parliamentary control; and the Carlists, the partisans of the absolute royal power, who strike hands with their enemies purely from opposition to the government: a most heterogeneous accidental compound, and one on which no parliamentary government could be founded,

if it should succeed in overthrowing this Cabinet.

The session was opened by a speech having no reference to the question. Mr. Puig y Llagostera, the new deputy from Catalonia, was to have made an interpellation in the afternoon, but was cleverly thrown out by the ruling of the President, and his speech postponed until the evening. It was a dangerous experiment for any man to try to gain the attention of an assembly in such a state of tense expectancy. But this brilliant, wild Catalan feared nothing, and, as the result showed, had nothing to fear. He made one of the most remarkable speeches, in severity, in feverish eloquence, in naïve paradox, that was ever addressed to an assembly claiming to be deliberative. It was an attack upon the government all along the line. Whatever was, was wrong.

He is a large manufacturer, employs a great number of operatives, and is a man of limited education, but great natural talents. He believes, as many Catalans do, that Spain cannot exist without a high protective tariff. He therefore thinks that Mr. Figuerola, who leans toward free trade, is the evil genius of the country; and so when young Paul Bosch, who is son-in-law to the Minister of Finance, came down from Madrid, in the innocence of his heart, to be elected deputy, the fiery Catalan entered the lists against him, and, supported by Republican votes, was elected. He is in no true sense a Republican; it would puzzle him to define his politics. He wants food cheap for the benefit of his operatives, and grain dear for the benefit of farmers. He recognizes the difficulties of the problem, and calls loudly on the government to solve it.

I have never seen anything so like Gwynplaine in the House of Lords, — this earnest, brilliant, honest man, with his whole heart in his words, coming up from his fellow-workers, grimed with the smoke of his factories, to deliver to the *fainéant* gentlemen of the Cortes the message of the toilers and the sufferers.

The beginning of his speech was unique. He begins by resigning his charge of deputy. He has come to give them an hour of candor, and will then go back to his people.

He has not come, he says, to ask the government questions about the state of the country. He has come to *tell* them; — in one word, misery. "You, my lords Ministers, may think this exaggeration. I tell you, while you are sitting comfortably in your jewelled palaces, the majority of the Spanish people have no clothes to wear nor bread to eat. Among the working classes poverty is becoming famine; in what you call good society, the paupers in frock-coats are the majority. Do not judge from Madrid, with its four armies, soldiers, office-holders, pensioners, and harlots, who all have enough and to spare. Go into the provinces and see the people, who beg in shame or starve in pride.

"And to this hungry people Mr. Figuerola says, for their consolation, that 'the grass is beginning to grow.' For the gentlemen of the budget, I doubt not the grass is growing rank and green; but for the country, Mr. Figuerola, it is the graveyard grass that is growing!"

He went on to show how the misery of the land was due to the bad management of the treasury, leaving industry and agriculture without sufficient protection. "For want of corn-tax the kingdom is flooded with the products of the Danube; and the Spanish farmer perishes in poverty among his grain-sacks. It is not the blighting winds nor the mouldering rains, farmers of Spain! that rob you of the fruit of your toil; it is the law; that law imposed by a school of sciolists, who have never shed one drop of sweat in your furrows, but who devour your first-fruits; who spend Spanish money and eat foreign bread; who preach honor for Spaniards and profit for strangers."

Mr. Figuerola in this matter had sinned against light and knowledge. The speaker had come from Catalonia long ago to warn him, but he would not

be convinced. "When I showed him how the decline of production was leaving a surplus of intelligent labor which would thus be driven into emigration, depopulating the farming regions of Spain, he answered cynically, 'Let them emigrate: we will have seven million Spaniards left.'

"Why will General Prim make a Cabinet question over a Minister capable of uttering such a blasphemy? If it were not that he throws into the balance his great personality, who supposes the majority would vote to fling away the last that remains to us of credit and bread, the last rag that covers the nakedness of this wretched nation?

"The people clamor for economies, but what care you for that? You are more royalist than the king. You vote the state more than it asks. You all have a cover at the feast. If you eat and do not pay, what care you if the people pay and do not eat? Not only in your hall of sessions, but in your lobbies and corridors, I am shocked and grieved: I seek everywhere for patriotism, and find only an inordinate greed of office."

At this point the noise and confusion in the hall became so great that the orator was compelled to pause for a moment in his denunciation. Such language is never heard in a European congress, where the most exquisite courtesy of expression always characterizes the most heated debates. This Scythian oratory was new to the conscript fathers. The President intervened and severely rebuked Mr. Puig y Llagostera. He went on with renewed vehemence, which occasioned renewed tumult, and finally he ceased to worry the sensitive office-holders, and returned to the state of the country.

Like a true Catalan he had his word to say of Cuba, and it was of course in praise of the brutal and bloody volunteers. He despised and abhorred all discussion of reform for the colonies, and cried, "Perish principles and save the colonies!"

He thought the interregnum was a

source of woes unnumbered, and said, "Let us get out of it, at any cost, — with Montpensier, with Don Carlos, with Prim, with the Devil, if you like, — but be quick about it": which certainly showed a spirit above party. He summed up in a few nervous words the wants of the country: security for capital, labor for the workingman, a field for intelligence, development of the public wealth, — this was government. Less speeches and better laws; less office-seeking and more production; less clubs and more workshops; less beggars and more bread; in a word, less politics and more government.

This speech, wild and illogical as it was, profoundly and disagreeably impressed the house. Figuerola, who was reserving his strength for the attack in front, refused to meet this flank movement, and his friend Echegaray answered for him. He made a sensible reply, showing that it was not the function of a government to abolish poverty or create riches, and that, after all, the picture drawn by Mr. Puig was darker than the facts justified.

To which the Catalan orator rejoined, in a graphic metaphor, that no doubt the situation looked very bright to those who stood in the radiance of the treasury, but far off, in the darkness, the country was weeping in misery.

After this exciting interlude, the Chamber returned to the evening's serious work. Mr. Figuerola rose to complete the speech he had begun before dinner, and made one of those skilful arguments that so often confuse the listener, until he imagines he is convinced. Although the Minister knew his political existence depended upon the issue of this night, he was as cool and passionless, and as exquisitely courteous in his references to the perfect candor, good faith, and patriotism of his adversaries, as if it were the weight of Saturn's rings that was under discussion.

He was followed by Rivero, Minister of the Interior, who defended the Cabinet in general from the vigorous attack made upon them the night be-

fore by Canovas del Castillo, the sole representative in the Chamber of the partisans of the late queen. While Rivero is not deficient in those chivalrous civilities to opponents, which mark all Spanish debate, he is an honest and square adversary, and makes a speech which cannot be misunderstood. There seems to be a singular affectation, among Spanish politicians, of denouncing the *status quo*; of lamenting the evils which exist, and promising something better to-morrow. The monarchical deputies appear to consider it a sort of treason to their unknown king to be contented before he comes. We hear everywhere and every day jeremiads over the interregnum. But the fact is, that Spain has rarely had so good a government as this truce of monarchy. Rivero is the only member of the government who appears to have the pluck to say this. To-night, after neatly disposing of Mr. Canovas's pretensions to sit in judgment on the government of a Revolution he does not recognize, he goes on to say: "Gentlemen, there is one phrase I hear continually, 'Madrid is tranquil, but the provinces are not.' I confess I myself entered the Gobernacion under this impression. But I have not encountered, — I say it frankly before this assembly, — any element of disorder which would not be easy to destroy completely, with a good administrative system, with a loyal and sincere observance of the principles contained in the Constitution, with an active and vigorous execution of the laws. I believe and say this, though this should be the last night I should occupy this place; I believe that public order in Spain is by no means so uncertain or so easily disturbed as some fear and many pretend to fear." These are truer and more honest words than have often been spoken by a Spanish Minister of the Interior. The traditional custom has been to magnify the office, to represent the people as a dangerous beast, who must be kept carefully chained and muzzled.

Silvela made his closing argument,

which was chiefly significant for the pleading earnestness with which he strove to impress it upon the government that his amendment was their best friend, and would be the salvation of the Revolution. This did not create much interest. The deputies were growing tired of the long skirmishing. It was now after one o'clock. Every one wanted to hear Prim, and vote.

The Marquis of Perales, Vice-President, said, as Silvela took his seat, "The President of the Council of Ministers has the word."

Prim slowly rose, holding his eyeglasses in his gloved hands. His face was as colorless and impassive as that of a mummy. There was a rustle of movement, as the house, now wide awake, bent forward to catch his first words. They were full of soldierly bluntness: "I am not going to discuss this law. I know nothing about these matters, and never talk about things I do not understand. I have full confidence in the Minister of Hacienda, and so believe this law is a good one. This opinion is shared by my companions in the government."

Nothing could be more simple and frank than these words; yet they were deeply pondered and perfectly fitted to the occasion. No art could have improved them. They at once enlisted the sympathy of his followers, and set an example of party discipline. He continued, expressing his inability to understand the cause of this attack from the Union Liberal: "I can understand the opposition of Mr. Tutan; the Republicans desire the fall of the present government and that of Mr. Muzquiz also, for the Carlists wish the disappearance of this Cabinet and this Chamber; for the same reason I was not surprised at the assault of Mr. Canovas." Here his voice and manner, which had been as mild as an undertaker's, suddenly changed, and he said with great dignity and solemnity, turning to the Unionist fraction, "But I cannot understand — I declare it with the sincerity of an honest man — the attitude of the gentlemen of the

Union Liberal, because, though my distinguished friend, Mr. Silvela, has clothed his opposition with beautiful and elegant forms, still, opposition, and of the rudest, it is, which his Lordship makes, not only to Mr. Figuerola, but to the whole government." He continued for some time, showing the disorganizing and disastrous results that would follow the success of the Unionist attack, declaring that the Cabinet would immediately resign in a body. He recounted the efforts he had made to prevent the rupture; and his voice and utterance had something almost pathetic as he narrated his fruitless endeavors to find some ground of agreement. But as he closed, a sort of transformation came over him. He seemed to grow several inches taller. He stood straight as a column, and his voice rang out like a trumpet over the hall: "They present us the battle. There remains no more for me to say than, *Radicals! defend yourselves! Let those who love me, follow me!*"

What tremendous power there lies in the speech of a man of action! If any deputy but Prim had said these words, how coldly they would have fallen! But from him they were so many flashes of lightning. The house was ablaze in a second. The Radicals rose, cheering frantically. It was a battle-field speech, and had its deeply calculated effect. The phalanx was fused into one man.

As the cheering died away, Topete was seen to rise from his seat by Prim and take him by the hand in sign of farewell. The gallant sailor uttered a word of energetic protest, too low to be heard in the tumult, and then passed over to his friends of the Liberal Union. It was now their turn to burst out in a shout of defiance. They surrounded the Admiral, embracing and welcoming him. For some minutes this wild agitation reigned in the Chamber. There was an excited tremor in the voice and the bell of the President, as he rang and shouted his unavailing appeals for order.

At last a comparative calm was

restored, but the ground-swell of emotion prevented any further serious discussion. Silvela spoke again, deprecating the soldierly rashness with which, as he said, General Prim had made this question a matter of life and death. The President of the Council responded, this time with admirable coolness, affecting great surprise at the effect his words had created, but reiterating his statement of the all-important character of the vote. The members, now thoroughly aroused and eager for the fray, began to clamor *à voter!*

The voting began in an intense silence. Each member rises in turn in his place, gives his own name, and votes *si* or *no*. As the vote went sweeping around the red plush semicircle, it was so close that the coolest hearts beat faster. But the last ayes are gathered in on the Federal mountain, where Castelar, Figueras, and Louis Blanc are enthroned, and they are not enough by six. The Cabinet is saved, and the coalition is broken.

The power of Prim is consolidated anew for the present. He has successfully withstood an attack from a combination embracing every possible shade of opposition, and founded upon a just vindication of parliamentary prerogative. It is scarcely within the limits of possibility to conceive that Unionists and Carlists can plant themselves again on a platform where the Republicans can consistently aid them. In the hope of destroying the Ministry, the reactionary parties for one instant seized the weapon of right; and the progressive Monarchists, to preserve their organization, availed themselves of the discipline of absolutism. People talk for a day or two of the chilling majority of six as being a virtual government defeat; but it can be more correctly regarded as an attack made by the opposition in the best conceivable conditions of success, received and repulsed by the government at the weakest point of its defences.

The incident shows a positive progress in Spanish politics. The coa-

lition which has thus fallen to pieces resembled in some respects that aggregation of parties that drove Espartero from the Regency in the height of his power, a quarter of a century ago. Then, however, there was so little cohesion in the mass of conspirators, that the coalition only survived the victory a week or two. The country lived in anarchy until the queen was declared of age, at thirteen years, and Mr. Olazaga was placed at the head of the government. For five days there was a deep breath of relief and public confidence. But the Camarilla of the Palace poisoned the mind of the baby sovereign against the Premier, and induced her to make a solemn charge against that grave and courtly statesman, that he had locked her up in her *despacho*, and by physical violence forced her to sign a decree which he wanted; an utterly absurd and fantastic falsehood, but one which broke up the government, and brought into power the vulgar despot, Gonzalez Bravo, — a convincing proof of the precocious corruption of the queen and the terrible disorganization of parties.

On the other hand, we see this later

coalition lasting in something like harmony nearly two years: working together in the formation of a Constitution freer than that of any European monarchy, and at last broken by the secession of the more conservative fraction, who were aghast at the apparently serious march of reform undertaken by the majority. They choose with great skill and judgment the most favorable battle-ground. They make an issue upon a violation of a just prerogative of the Cortes, where they are sure of the aid of the always consistent and uncompromising Republicans. The attack is made with vigor and prudence. But in the face of this formidable combination, the government has obtained cohesion enough to gain a substantial victory.

It gains by the very secession. It is now able to move forward with unshackled feet in the path of progress. It is free to seek its true inspiration in the ranks of the democracy. It may now be sure that a combination of plunder is a mere rope of sand, and the requirements of the time can only be met by parties founded on the principles of practical liberty.

John Hay.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

THE form of the eye, its structure, and its powers, call forth fresh admiration as they successively claim our attention. Its form affords the greatest resistance to external violence, and is most perfectly adapted for the fulfilment of the function of vision; as it allows of the continued exercise of its powers during the act of turning the eye, which could have been accomplished in no other way. Had its shape been different it would have been less strong, unless made up of heavier materials; and its glance could not, as now, have strayed at will from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, reading, near and far, the ever-present lessons of light and beauty.

Even bone would have been a less perfect protection for the delicate internal parts than is the light tissue which forms the framework of the globe, so yielding in its elasticity, yet so firm in its tough resistance. In front, we find the strong white membrane, the sclera, modified to a transparent structure, the cornea, an equal safeguard against intruding enemies, and giving unimpeded entrance to light alone.

The nerves and blood-vessels, which if placed in it would have weakened the fibrous envelope, are included in another interior membrane, the choroid, and within these is spread out the delicate nervous perceptive tissue, the

retina, to which all the other parts are auxiliary and subservient. Upon this images of all visible nature are pictured; from it the fleeting impressions are telegraphed to the brain, and we are conscious that we *see*.

But to this function of seeing other conditions are essential. The eyeball, the most perfect of optical instruments, must have its focal powers completed by the presence of refracting substances, the aqueous and vitreous humors and crystalline lens; which, at the same time, give form to the globe, and by their quiet pressure keep the nervous tissue expanded and in readiness for its appropriate work. By a combination of these refracting agents the rays emanating from objects are transmitted and concentrated so as to render the image upon the retina distinct and well defined.

Furthermore, the passage of rays through these transparent media is regulated by a curtain, the iris, of which the circular opening, the pupil, expands and contracts according to the amount of light, the movements of the curtain being self-impelled, without any effort of the will. Thus, contracting in a strong light, it protects the retina from being injured by the glare, and expanding where the light is dim it allows a larger number of rays to enter, so as to form a clear image. Like the choroid, this curtain is lined with dark coloring matter, not only to absorb any irregularly refracted rays and prevent reflections from side to side within the globe, but to exclude the entrance of light through the coats of the eye, except in the direction most suitable for refraction, through the cornea and pupil.

To complete the noble endowment of capacities, the eye has yet another power. It is a self-regulating optical instrument. We may turn our eyes from the printed page to gaze at a distance, or withdraw them from space to fix them upon a minute atom, and the eye adapts itself instantly to each of these uses. By means of a circle of delicate fibres, so small that till lately their existence and uses were unknown,

— the ciliary muscle, — the convexity of the crystalline lens can be increased and its focal power varied; and thus, without conscious effort, the eye may contemplate the glories of the firmament, or catch the first flitting expression of an infant's love, or explore the mysteries of microscopic existences.

Finally, we have *two* eyes. Not merely that we may be doubly provided against the danger of accidental loss of the inestimable privileges of vision, but to enable us to estimate the size, form, and distance of objects with more correctness than we could with one eye alone. To a single eye everything would have appeared as a plane surface, and it would have been difficult to determine whether objects had solid or only superficial dimensions, or whether they were near or far. With two eyes the impressions made on each mutually correct one another, and combine to convey to the brain perceptions of the properties of things which could otherwise have been gained by the touch alone.

HOW TO USE THE EYES.

Every normal eye is capable of a great variety and amount of use. It sees near or far with the same ease and with equal clearness. But these powers, extensive as they are, may be overtasked. Because the eyes can see minute objects without difficulty, it does not follow that they should be kept almost constantly looking at small objects. They were intended for varying use, and, like any other organ of the body, they may be enfeebled or injured by having their most delicate powers continually and exclusively employed in one manner.

One of the first rules laid down by a teacher to his pupils should be, *not* to keep their eyes fixed upon their books. Apart from the probable injury to the eye itself by too close application, I am satisfied that lessons, especially those requiring thought, cannot be as well committed to memory when the eyes are fixed upon the page, as if they are permitted to wander. The eyes must of course look at the book often and

long enough to take in the idea, but if they are too steadily kept there the perceptive power seems to occupy itself with the visible objects to an extent which is unfavorable to other mental processes. A distinguished engraver once said to me, "I know now how to make a face think." And he explained that the secret lay in giving a certain expression to the eyes by causing their axes to have a very slight divergence from each other. This corresponds with my observation; and this *position of thought* is exactly the opposite of that assumed by the eyes when looking at a book.

For the sake of even normal eyes, it would be most desirable that education should be simplified; that children should not be required to learn an infinity of details which they are sure to forget, and which could be of no possible use to them if retained; that they should be taught to think as well as to remember,—and in fact as a means of remembering,—instead of giving all their time in school, and often out of school, and by artificial light, to acquiring a parrot-like facility of repeating lessons which they do not comprehend. It might require more pains, but it would certainly be a great advantage if teachers would *teach* children what they know, rather than content themselves with being mere hearers of lessons which may have been learned by the eye, but often not by the understanding.

It would scarcely seem to be necessary to say a word of warning in regard to imprudent testing of the power of the eyes; but instances are not rare where children or adults have done their eyes serious harm by trying to look at the sun, or by observing an eclipse without using a smoked glass. The direct solar light and heat seems in these cases to destroy the perceptive power in a greater or less portion of the retina. Injury may also result from using the eyes for looking at small objects by moonlight, which does not give sufficient illumination for such purposes.

SOME POPULAR ERRORS.

There comes a time when normal eyes find their powers grown limited, and require more light, or assistance from glasses, when looking at small near objects. When this period arrives it is an error to persist in endeavors to do as formerly with the eyes; but much use must be avoided except in a clear light or with the required auxiliaries. It is also a mistake, as will hereafter be shown, to suppose that glasses should not be worn while it is possible to avoid doing so. On the contrary, they serve to prevent straining of the eyes, and preserve rather than injure vision.

Certain defects of refractive power are due to malformation of the eye, either existing from birth or acquired afterwards, and are not to be removed by remedies or by manipulation. It is a mischievous error to suppose that the form of an elastic globe, filled with fluid or semi-fluid substances, can be changed, except for the moment, by pressing upon it with the fingers, as has been recommended by charlatans. All the theories that the eye can have its form favorably modified by rubbing it always in one direction, or by any other manipulation, have no foundation in facts. But while persistent squeezing, according to these methods, can never do any permanent good, it involves great risks. It may lead to congestion and hemorrhage within the eyes; or give rise to destructive inflammation or the formation of cataract by dislocating the crystalline lens; or cause almost immediate loss of sight by separation of the retina from its neighboring parts; or may increase the giving way of the back part of the globe, which is already often begun in near-sighted eyes.

The same warnings will apply with equal force against the use of the eye-cups fitted with rubber bulbs, to alter the form of the eyeball, as is asserted, by suction. Valueless and dangerous as they are, persons are often persuaded to purchase and try them,—sometimes to their sorrow.

VARIATIONS FROM THE NORMAL STANDARD OF SIGHT.

Every eye ought to see distant objects clearly. If it cannot do so, its refractive power is at fault or it is the subject of disease. The eye ought also to have clear perception of small objects, such as print, etc., when held at a proper distance. If it has not, the fault may lie in either the refractive power or the accommodative function, or there may be disease of some of its parts.

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.

Myopia, or "near-sight," is by far the most important, as it is also one of the most common of the refractive defects of the eye. In the other forms of abnormal refraction we have merely a defect of construction, giving rise, it is true, to annoying disabilities, but having no tendency to further changes of structure or function. Near-sightedness, on the contrary, where it exists in a high degree, is not simply an infirmity, as is usually supposed, but is in many cases associated with grave disease of the posterior parts of the eyeball, having progressive tendencies, and not seldom resulting in loss of all useful vision. It has, furthermore, a strong disposition to hereditary descent, reappearing in the children or grandchildren of myopes.

The defect in form, in short-sighted eyes, does not consist, as was formerly supposed, in an undue prominence of the front part of the eye, but in an elongation of the whole globe from before backwards, so that it assumes an olive or egg shape, instead of being round. This lengthening mostly occurs at the back part of the eyeball, and is not to be observed at first sight; but in many cases we may see that the eye has this altered form, and extends back farther than usual in the socket, by drawing the lids apart at the side next the temple, the eye being at the same time turned towards the nose.

All the coats of the eye are implicated in these changes, which take

place, sometimes by gradual expansion at every point, but usually by a more considerable giving way around the entrance of the optic nerve. In examination of such eyes after death, a positive bulging of the sclera is seen at this point. During life we can observe these changes, and watch their progress, by means of the ophthalmoscope. This instrument, by which we are enabled to illuminate and explore the interior of the eye, has thrown new light upon the whole subject of near-sightedness. By its aid we are able to follow the morbid changes as they are successively developed. We can distinctly observe the progressive giving way of the retina, optic nerve, choroid, and sclera, to form the bulging which is termed posterior staphyloma; can notice the congestion and other changes following imprudence; and, too often, can see the advent of separation of the retina from the choroid, with its accompanying loss of sight.

As the retina expands with the general enlargement, the nerve tissue, in that layer of the retina which is the seat of its especial function, is of course extended over a larger surface and its perceptive power proportionally weakened. Many such eyes are therefore unable to see distant objects with normal clearness, even with the glasses which most completely correct their myopia, although they see small near things perfectly well. It seems to be necessary that a larger number of rays should fall upon a given area of the retina in order to produce a distinct impression. This lack of acuteness of vision is often much greater in the evening, so that persons thus affected cannot see to drive a horse safely or distinguish the outlines of objects.

Eyes which are but slightly myopic often see nearly as well as others at a distance by the aid of suitable glasses, and they have almost microscopic vision of near objects, and can read in a dim light; these facts have given rise to the popular belief that near-sighted eyes are stronger than others, and able to bear every kind of use and abuse;

and the delusion is encouraged by the disposition shown by myopic persons to choose occupations requiring close sight, and by their ability to read at an advanced period of life without glasses. This belief would be well founded, but for the tendency to the gradual changes already described.

The progress of the alterations in the posterior parts of the eye is favored by the stooping position of the head, which allows the blood to accumulate in the vessels of the eyeball, and by too long-continued use of the eyes upon minute objects, which requires such action of the external muscles that the globe is compressed from side to side, and is thus made to yield still further at that part where the already thinned tissues offer but slight resistance. With each degree of change the process becomes easier, the eyeball grows misshaped to a degree which limits its motions in the socket, and the eye most affected no longer acts with its fellow, but is disposed to turn outwards, and to give up attempts at vision.

With increased implication of the retina in the morbid changes, its perceptive acuteness is more or less reduced, especially as regards distant objects, and glasses no longer give them the same clear outlines.

The morbid processes may be arrested at the early stages of their development, and by good fortune and prudent management the eyes may retain through life nearly the normal powers; or if even considerable changes have taken place, these may remain stationary and give rise to little inconvenience. But if they are not recognized, and means taken to avert their progress, they may go on till the retina becomes useless, being separated from the choroid by fluid which collects between these membranes.

The changes I have described are insidious in their course. Slight warnings are sometimes felt, but, as a rule, the eyes, unless examined with the ophthalmoscope, exhibit and feel no symptoms calculated to excite alarm,

except, perhaps, an increase of the myopia, which frequently, but not invariably, occurs, often unnoticed by its subject. After reaching a certain degree, there is little hope that further changes will be averted by any care or skill. The conditions have become so unfavorable that the morbid tendencies can no longer be successfully opposed, and each year sees a downward progress. Even where the staphylomatous enlargement has not been excessive, separation of the retina will sometimes suddenly occur. I have repeatedly seen cases where this had taken place within a single twenty-four hours, after some unusual exertion of the eyes, and where blindness was already nearly complete.

It is quite time that the attention of the community was drawn to a matter of so much importance. At least in some classes of society, the possibility of blindness at or near middle life from changes incident to excessive near-sightedness, as well as the predisposition to transmit the same infirmities and liabilities, ought to be taken into account in forming matrimonial alliances, like any other impending disability from incurable ailment. The fact of its being frequently inherited once understood, parents should watch for any early manifestations of its presence in their children, and take measures to prevent its progressive increase. Teachers should impose upon myopic eyes as little as possible of studies requiring close application, even though at the time the child makes no complaint. It is questionable if our system of education, augmenting as it does the frequency and degree of near-sightedness, is an advance in civilization. It would be better to go back at once to the oral teachings of the schools of Athens, than to go on creating our favorite type of educated men and women, at the expense of their own and their children's eyesight.

No medical skill can bring back these delicate tissues, once distended, to their former healthy condition, or even in some cases prevent the steady

onward march of the disease. But prevention is in a measure within our power. Myopic eyes should not be used continuously for small objects, and especially with the head bent forward; fine and bad print should be a fatal objection to a school-book; the use of lexicons, or close mathematical work, should be limited and interrupted; written exercises should be almost dispensed with; and the child should be spared search upon the map for unimportant places. The book should be held up when possible, and the pupil should not keep his head leaned over his desk, nor be allowed to study by a feeble light.

If by these precautions the child reaches adult age without any considerable development of his myopia, he will thenceforth be comparatively safe, as changes are less likely to occur after this period. But if, from thoughtless mismanagement, large and progressive structural alterations of his eyes have been brought on during his years of study, he may not only find himself disabled from pursuing such other occupations as he may desire, but may be in a condition foreboding further misfortune.

Except when slight, myopia lessens little if at all with age; but it sometimes happens with those who are only a little near-sighted that, while still requiring concave glasses for clear vision of distant objects, they will, after middle life, also need convex glasses for reading.

There are a few cases of apparent myopia where this does not really exist; as sometimes in children or aged persons affected with cataract, or where ulceration or other disease has existed. But it is sufficient here to refer to these as possible, without attempting their description.

The axis being too long in myopic eyes, parallel rays, such as proceed from distant objects, are brought to a focus at a point so far in front of the retina, that only confused images are formed upon it. Such a malformation, constituting an excess of refractive

power, can only be neutralized by concave glasses, which give such a direction to rays entering the eye as will allow of their being brought to a focus at the proper point for distinct perception. It is therefore irrational and useless to attempt a substitution of other means instead of resorting to these glasses, which, by rendering parallel rays divergent, adapt them for the excessive refraction of the myopic eye, thus relieving an infirmity which is not to be removed.

The use of glasses for distant vision is often objected to by parents and friends, from an idea that the short-sightedness will thus be increased, or in the expectation that the eyes will become of normal power at a later period if glasses are not worn. Both of these opinions are erroneous. Myopic eyes are not injured by wearing suitable glasses; but, on the contrary, are often preserved from injurious pressure on the globe in the indulgence of the habit of nearly closing the lids in order to obtain a clearer impression of the images of distant objects, as is commonly done when glasses are not worn. Nor will the myopia be appreciably lessened by abstinence from glasses. It is best, therefore, not to deprive young people of the many pleasures arising from distinct vision of things around them, in the illusive hope that the great sacrifice thus made will be compensated by any benefit.

Such glasses should be selected as make distant objects clear without lessening their size and giving them an unnatural brilliancy. If no glass gives this clearness, the acuteness of perception may have already become impaired, or there may be a complication of the myopia with astigmatism. Many myopes use the same glasses for reading or music which they wear for distant vision. It is best, however, when the myopia is but slight, to dispense with these in reading, sewing, etc., or to wear a lower number, such as will allow of distinct sight at the distance where the book or music would ordinarily be placed.

Henry W. Williams M. D.

THE SISTERS.

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush, and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,
And roar of the northeast hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

"Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried:

"O Sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

"'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name!

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth!"

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

J. G. Whittier.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER I.

IN the good old times before the Flood, in the times which our retired silver-gray politicians allude to when they say, "There were giants in those days," the new, commodious, and elegant steamship *Mersey* set out on her first voyage across the continent.

The *Mersey* was one of a line of steamers which had lately been started between England and the United States of America. On the side of England this line sailed from Liverpool, one of the mightiest of the commercial queens, or perhaps we should say deities, of the world, — a deity whose storm-winged and steam-winged angels fly to all lands, and whose temples of trade resound with all tongues. On the side of the United States it sailed from a city less known to the human race at large, but which we Americans shall recognize when we come to it.

This city thought the strongest kind of beer of itself. It held that in intellects, morals, and manners it stood head and shoulders above any other American municipality. It believed, to use a French phrase, that it marched at the head of civilization, at least so far as concerned the Western continent. There was, also, a general faith in this city that nothing had prevented it from being the commercial metropolis of the Republic but a lack of sufficient commerce. A sufficient commerce it had, therefore, decided to have; and, as the first step towards this end, the first step towards heading off the mercantile rivalry of New York, the first step towards monopolizing the export and import business of a vast back country, it had established this line of steamers; the next step being a sort of informal proclamation, running from mouth to mouth, to the effect that every citizen of the city, and of the State attached to it, must go in said

line, and send his goods by it, however slow and costly it might be.

Well, the *Mersey*, built in England, owned mainly by Englishmen, and manned by an English crew, but commanded by a home-made captain, had started on her first voyage. Started at night, come to light next day in a foaming tempest; sailed sixty hours on her lee bulwark, or precious near it; not a passenger able to keep his legs, and only two able to eat; steward and stewardess flying wildly from state-room to state-room; in short, a howling, rolling, disgusting, miserable sixty hours of it. It is such kind of weather which has decided what peoples shall rule the seas and do the great colonizings. It is such kind of weather which has shown what poles can knock the persimmons of commerce.

At last the wind folds its hands, and the sea doffs its battle plumes; the waves are fine enough to be admired and not too fine for comfortable travelling; passengers resurrect, break away from that undertaker, the steward, and come on deck, much occupied in mutual staring, never having seen each other before. The two who have not been sick are of course out, and are smoking their cigars with an heroic air, as much as to say, "Old sea-dogs!" They seem to be old acquaintance, and familiar ones, for they hit each other in the ribs and address each other with, "I say, Duffy," and, "I say, Bill Wilkins." Just now there is some bantering going on between them as to a young lady who is looking out of the companion door, as if she wanted to come upon the quarter-deck, but did not like to venture alone.

"Wilkins, go and offer your arm," says Duffy. "Family trades at your shop."

"O, get out," returns Wilkins, with an air of despising Duffy as being a man who does not know when to joke.

"I know where I ought to put myself, if you don't."

"I say, Wilkins, you don't like that," chuckles Duffy, his flat, expressionless face puckering with a simper which he, mistaken man, supposes to be sly.

"Don't like what?" demands Wilkins, rather too scornfully for mere pleasantry.

"Calling your bran-new store a shop," grins Duffy, clearly one of the smallest of wits.

"That's just like you, Duffy. I never knew you make a joke, but what you had to explain it."

Duffy, considerably cut up, keeps on smiling like a wax doll, and tries to think of something severe.

"By Jehu, somebody ought to offer her an arm," resumes Wilkins, his dusky, twinkling, good-humored, and yet keen eyes glancing sideways at the young lady. She really wants to get out here. If it was any of the Beaumonts that I know, I'd venture."

"Bill Wilkins, I never saw you modest before," says Duffy, at last laying hands on a bit of satire. "Must be somebody's threatened to give you a licking."

And O, how Duffy enjoyed his hit, and how eagerly he looked out of the corner of his eye at Wilkins, as if expecting to see him too enjoy it.

Scorning to reply, Wilkins, an intelligent-looking, civil-mannered man, though evidently not aristocratic, was about stepping out in the direction of the young lady, when he saw something which checked him.

"Go in, Bill," whispered Duffy, giving his friend a dig under the ribs. "Bet my money on you."

"No. She's got some one. Jehu! what a tall fellow! By Jehu! that man could wade ashore. Shut up now, Duffy. They're coming this way. Don't make a fool of yourself *all* the time. *I* can stand it, but other folks can't."

Duffy shut up, and both men drew aside respectfully as the young lady passed them, her gloved fingers just touching the arm of the tall gentleman who escorted her.

The young lady's face was handsome, and, what is more, it was interesting. It was as different from the commonplace handsome face as a cultivated voice is different from the cackle or twang of the ordinary untutored windpipe. Quite young, not more than eighteen apparently; maidenly purity there, of course. But this purity was so remarkable, it amounted to something so like a superior intelligence, that it almost imposed upon the beholder, at the same time that it attracted her. In short, this was one of those rare countenances in which girlish innocence rises to the nobleness of matronly dignity and manly power, without losing its own youthful, fascinating, appealing grace. As she passed our two prattlers on the quarter-deck, even the stolidly jocose Duffy became humble in remembrance of the way he had jabbered about her, feeling much as a man might feel who should discover that he had been saying sly things of Santa Cecilia or the Mater Amabilis. O, potent influence of mere speechless, unobtrusive, carefully veiled and yet splendidly visible womanly purity! It has done, how much we cannot fully discover or declare, towards civilizing and sanctifying the other sex.

This young lady lifted her face a little shyly and yet with perfect self-possession toward the man whose arm supported her. It was obvious enough that she did not know him, and that she had only accepted his assistance because she needed it, and not with the slightest thought towards flirting.

"Do you wish to get on deck?" he had ventured to ask as he passed her in the breezy house on deck which enclosed the companion-way. "I judged so by your looking out. May I offer you my arm and give you a seat?"

"I was waiting for my aunt," she replied. "But she does not seem to come."

Then, finding it very uncomfortable there, with the wind sucking through the door in a gale, she passed her hand over his sleeve, saying, "If you will

take me to a seat, I will be much obliged to you."

"We have had a horrible time of it," he was remarking as they passed the respectful Duffy and Wilkins. "The weather has treated us like enemies and criminals."

"I am so glad to get on deck once more!" she said, her face lighting and coloring, like an eastern sky under the rising of the sun. "O," here was the enthusiasm of young life, "how beautiful the ocean is!"

He looked down upon her with pleasure because of her admiration. Who at twenty-four does not look upon eighteen as childhood, and rejoice in exhibiting marvels to it, and sympathize with its wonder! The next moment, remembering what had been asked of him, he halted and placed a chair for her.

"Thank you," she said. "Don't let me trouble you further. I see that my aunt is coming. You are very good."

Thus liberated, or rather perhaps graciously dismissed from his charge, the tall young man quietly touched his brimless cloth cap, turned on his heel with the dignity natural to giants, walked to the other side of the quarter-deck, leaned a yard or so over the bulwark, and watched the swift whirls of white and blue water, as they boiled out from under the paddle-box and raced along the ship's side.

The aunt, a stoutish lady, inviolably veiled, — not disposed clearly to be blown to pieces before fellow-passengers, — was in charge of a far stouter man, the captain of the *Mersey*. The captain got the aunt a chair, slapped it down in a jolly way alongside the niece, and then planted himself bolt upright in front of the two, babbling and boasting louder than the weather, as if he were all speaking-trumpet.

"Yes, a fine ship, noble ship. Never commanded a better. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen knots. Make the passage before you could dress a salad. It's the beginning, ladies, of a great enterprise. At last our State will stand

on its own feet, do its own business, put its money in its own pocket. Independent of New York? Of course we will be. It's high time. Don't you think so? I agree with you."

Captain Brien talked loud and bragged much, partly because he was of Celtic blood and born in Ireland (only a baby at the time; raised in the American marine), and partly because he had found that passengers, and especially women, were cheered and humbugged by that sort of thing. After a certain amount of his hurrah-boys talk, he felt that he had done his duty by the ladies, and he prepared to leave them. It was time; he was running out of conversation; when he had shouted and huzzaed a little, he had done; such was Captain Brien as a member of society. So he glared at the helmsman; then he threw a glance aloft, as if he were still in a sailing-vessel and carried top-gallants; then, with a sudden lurch and a sharp shuffle, he was away. Next he was looking over the side, not far from the tall young gentleman, guessing at the ship's speed by the flight of the water. As he was about to move off — the uneasy, restless, hyena-like creature — the giant lassoed him with a question.

"Well, Captain Brien," he said, with the air of one who may have money to invest, "how is the new line to succeed?"

"Succeed? Prodigious!" promptly shouted the skipper, in his loud, cracking voice, — a voice full of cheerful and almost frolicsome brag and bluster, a voice which had an undertone of humbug. "Sure to pay. Pay right off. Keep paying. First great step in the right direction. Change the channels of trade in our country."

Captain Brien was very short and very thick; what our Southern mountaineers would call a chunk of a man; not protuberant nor even corpulent, yet every ounce of a two-hundred-pounder. His face was flat, broad, nearly four square, ponderous in jowl, with cheeks as plump and solid as a pig's. His complexion was a dark, rich,

and curiously mottled mixture of sun-tanning and whiskey tanning. So long as you merely looked at him, you thought him a bluff, frank, honest sailor; but the moment you heard him talk, you suspected him of being a humbug, admitting, however, that he might be a good-hearted one, as well as a jolly one.

"It is not easy to change the channels of trade," observed the tall young gentleman. "It frequently takes centuries to do that. New York has an immense start."

A serious-minded person he seemed to be; one of those persons who love to speak veracities and to hear veracities uttered, who, perhaps, takes some offence when you offer them a mess of undisguisable claptrap.

Captain Brien looked up quickly at hearing his enthusiastic prophecies questioned. He did not frankly turn his face of bronze and mahogany; he merely slewed his gray and piggyish, yet furtive and quick-glancing eyes. In an instant he had warned himself: "This man is not to be fooled with, at least not at times; and this is one of the times."

"You are right, sir," he said, dropping his trumpet bluster to a confidential, honest undertone. "New York has an immense start."

"Only two vessels in the line, I believe," continued the passenger.

"Only two," answered the captain, briefly, not caring to continue the conversation, since he could not splash and spout and play the whale in it.

"And the other is not yet built?"

"Not yet built," softly admitted the captain. He began to look around him for duty: leaking at this rate was not agreeable nor wise.

The passenger saw that the subject was no longer a welcome one, and he dropped it. There was a silence of a few seconds, during which the captain glanced two or three times at the young man, as if trying in vain to call him to mind, or as if struck with his appearance. An imposing young fellow, really; height something quite extraordi-

nary; could hardly have measured less than six feet four. His face, too, notwithstanding its fine pink and white complexion, and notwithstanding the softness of his curling blond hair and long blond whiskers, was not such a face as one prefers to shake a fist at. Although the features were, in general, pleasing, the cheekbones were broad and the jaws were strong, showing a character full of pluck and perseverance. In other respects a charming expression; there was a wealth of both dignity and benignity in it; it reminded one somewhat of the portraits of Washington.

"We have had rough weather," he said presently. "This is my first morning on my legs. Who are my fellow-passengers, may I ask?"

"All of the right sort, sir," shouted the captain. Surely this was a subject that he might brag upon, without giving offence,—"all of the right sort, and from the right spot," he blustered ahead. "Such people as I like to carry. A most elegant lady, sitting over there just now, a perfect lady, sir. Her niece is one of the most charming, innocent, modest,—bless you, just the kind that we raise and brag of—just our own best kind, sir. Her brother Tom, too—" the captain stopped here and looked at his helmsman, headstays, bobstays, etc. It seemed as if he had not so very much to say in favor of the brother Tom.

"What is the name?" inquired the tall gentleman, who doubtless had his reasons for wanting to know.

"The name is Chester; no, beg pardon, the aunt's name is Chester,—Mrs. Chester. The young lady's name is Beaumont. The Beaumonts of Hartland!" repeated the captain, proudly.

The tall young gentleman did not start; he merely looked as if he had heard before of the Beaumonts of Hartland; he also looked as if he were not pleased at meeting them.

"Ever been in Hartland?" inquired the captain. "Lovely village,—town, I should say."

"I have been there," was the brief and dry answer.

"Perhaps you have known the Beaumonts, then? I dare say they would be pleased to —"

"I never knew them," interrupted the youngster, more drily than before.

"In a little company like this —" continued Captain Brien.

"I dare say I may make their acquaintance, at a proper time."

His intentions towards an immediate introduction being thus bluffed, the captain fell silent, and looked once more at his helmsman, bobstays, jackstays, etc.

"How many days more of it?" inquired the passenger, after some seconds of grave meditation, his face meanwhile turned from the Beaumont group, as if he might wish to avoid recognition.

"How many days? Why that depends, you know. The weather comes in there. So does the newness of the engine. I should n't like to prophesy, Mr. McMaster."

The young man gave the captain a singular glance, had the air of being about to speak, and then checked himself. Could it be that his name was not McMaster, and that he had reasons for letting the error go uncorrected? After another meditation, he swung slowly away from the captain, his back still toward Mrs. Chester and Miss Beaumont, strode forward to the waist of the vessel, lighted a cigar, and smoked in deep thought.

Meanwhile Wilkins and Duffy, the latter with his narrow gray eyes constantly fixed on the tall passenger, were conversing about their own affairs.

"Duffy, how much do you suppose we've made by going to England?" queried Wilkins, puckering the corners of his mouth into satirical wrinkles.

"Made? How should I know? Foot it up at the end of the season. What do you think we've made, yourself?"

"Made damn fools of ourselves."

"O, you'd better jump overboard,

and done with it. You're always looking at the black side of things. How do you figure that out?"

"Well, figure it yourself; you can cipher, can't you? Expenses going and coming just four times what they would be to New York, taking in board at the St. Nicholas, a course through the theatres, and a blow out generally. It cuts down all my profits and eats into the capital. I think, by Jehu, we'd better let importing alone. It may do from a seaport; but hang me if I ever try importing into an inland village again. If we had n't been as green as swamp meadows, we would n't have been got out of our little two-penny shops on any such business. And I believe the whole line will turn out a flam. O, it's all very well as a spree. That's it, a big spree. But we can't make fortunes on spreeing it."

At this moment the tall passenger passed them on his way forward to the waist. Duffy followed him with his eyes, then hurried to the companion-way and took a long, sly look, then came back, staring inquiringly at his chum.

"I say, Bill Wilkins, how about that fellow?" he demanded.

"Big chap," returned Wilkins, turning his face upward and surveying every point of the horizon.

"Yes, but who is he?" persisted Duffy.

"How should I know?" returned Wilkins, trying to look indifferent, but unable to conceal annoyance.

"Don't know him, eh?" continued Duffy, smiling and triumphant. "Ever live in Hartland?"

"Yes, of course I've lived in Hartland, twenty years or thereabouts. But he's no Hartland man."

"He may have been a Hartland boy, though."

Wilkins squared his back on Duffy, and walked aft; but Duffy would not be got rid of in this fashion; he followed, and continued his subject.

"Don't know him, hey? You know those people opposite, don't you?"

"What, Mrs. Chester and Miss

Beaumont? Yes, I know who they are."

"And where they live?"

"Yes, and where they live."

"Well, you know the people on the other hill?"

"What other hill?"

"O, now make believe you can't understand anything," said the indignant Duffy. "Why, *the* other hill. Other side of the town. Straight back of your store. Two miles back."

Wilkins would not answer, and persisted in staring at every nook and corner of the weather, as if he did n't hear his gabbling comrade.

"That's one of the —" began Duffy.

"Shut up!" broke in Wilkins.

"The youngest one," went on Duffy. Been abroad eight years, studying and travelling. Changed wonderfully. I ciphered him out, though. I tell you, it's Frank —"

"Shut up, for God's sake," implored Wilkins.

"Yes, and you knew it all the while, and would n't tell me of it," said the aggrieved Duffy.

"Yes, I *did* know it all the while," admitted Wilkins. "I recognized him the evening we came aboard. And I did n't tell you of it; and do you know why?"

Without answering or apparently noticing this question, Duffy pursued: "Yes, by jiminy, that's him. Sold him peanuts and candy many a time. I'll go and shake hands with him."

He started to go forward. Wilkins caught him by the skirt of his black swallow-tailed coat and hauled him back.

"Don't be a damn fool!"

"Why not?" demands the innocent Duffy.

"Because it's ridiculous to be a damn fool *all* the while, and because it makes mischief. Do you want to get up a muss on board? There are those Beaumonts, — that young devil of a Tom Beaumont; don't you remember all the trouble between the two families?"

"O, exactly," returns the abashed Duffy.

"O, exactly!" scornfully repeats Wilkins. "Well, you see it now, don't you? *They* don't know him. He passes for Mr. McMaster on board. I heard the captain call him so, and he answered to it. He's quite right. It ain't best they should know him."

"If they should, there might be a devil of a row," observes the at last enlightened Duffy.

"I should guess so, by Jehu," mutters Wilkins, wrathful at Duffy for not having seen it all before.

CHAPTER II.

IF Mr. McMaster, as we will call him for the present, expected to keep at a distance from the Beaumonts during this voyage, he was disappointed.

After he was seated at the dinner-table the three members present of that family, the aunt, the niece, and the nephew, followed each other into the eating-saloon and took places opposite him, the young lady acknowledging by a slight inclination of the head her remembrance of his service in the morning. This was what he had not expected; in fact, this was just what he supposed he had guarded against; but the steward, being slightly beery that morning, had misunderstood him, and thought he wanted to be close to the belle of the steamer. So there was nothing for Mr. McMaster to do but to return the girl's zephyr-like salutation, to glance rapidly at the faces of aunt and nephew, and then quietly fall to eating.

Meantime Duffy and Bill Wilkins, paired away much farther down the table, looked on breathlessly out of the corners of their eyes. They expected, it is not best now to say precisely what, but clearly it was something remarkable. Duffy whispered, "That's curious, hey, Wilkins?" Wilkins responded with a grunt which signified as plainly as possible, "Shut up!" And when Duffy failed to understand, and so stated in an audible whisper,

Wilkins hissed back between his teeth, "By Jehu! if you don't shut up, I change my seat." Whereupon Duffy, turning very red under the reproof, looked around fiercely at the listening waiter and called for a bottle of champagne, being a man who under such snubbings needed spirituous encouragement.

Presently Mrs. Chester began a conversation with the mysterious giant. Mrs. Chester was aristocratic; in fact, she was in a general way disagreeably haughty; not at all the sort of lady who habitually seeks intercourse with strangers. But the giant was — barring his too great height — decidedly handsome; and, what is more fascinating still to a woman, he had an air of distinction. "Then why not be pleasant?" she thought; "such a little party as we have on board; awkward not to speak to one's *vis-a-vis*: moreover, he has been civil to my niece."

So Mrs. Chester astonished Duffy and Wilkins by saying to the tall gentleman, with that sweet smile which haughty and self-conscious people often have, drawing it out of the depths of their condescension, "The sea is still a little troublesome, sir. It is safer on deck for a gentleman than for a lady."

The captain, seated in his Olympus at the head of the table, immediately thundered his introduction: "Mr. McMaster, let me present you to Mrs. Chester, Miss Beaumont; Mr. Beaumont, Mr. McMaster; we are all friends of the line, I believe; travelling comrades. Let's be jolly while we are at sea. Time enough to be solemn on shore."

No notice taken of Duffy and Wilkins, nor of several other persons around the foot of the table, all of whom Captain Brien knew by instinct to be of a different breed from the Beaumonts of Hartland.

The tall passenger made three slight bows, and each of the Beaumonts made one. Even while he was bowing, the former was querying to himself whether he ought not to deny the name of Mc-

Master, and make public the one which belonged to him. But he decided against it; and evidently it was an important decision; one could see that by the wink which Duffy threw at Wilkins, a wink which the cautious Wilkins totally ignored.

"I think, madam, that we shall now have a quiet time, at least for a few days," said the so-called Mr. McMaster, in a full, round tone, and with a cultivated accent, very pleasant to hear. "The barometer seems to promise as much."

"O, does it?" smiled the lady. "I am so glad anything can prophesy in these days. Well, we ought to be patient, even with a long voyage. It is homeward. It is towards our dear native country. I shall be so delighted to see its shores again! If you have been absent as long as we, you must be able to sympathize with me."

"I have been in Europe eight years, Mrs. Chester."

Spasmodic winking here from Duffy, who thought the secret was coming out and the muss at hand.

"Eight years!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester. "And I was gone only one year. How can an American stay abroad eight years?"

"I have been engaged in a course of studies which made the time pass very rapidly."

"O, I understand. My niece has been three years at school in England and France. We ran over after her, and took a year on the Continent. Europe is the best place, I suppose, for a thorough education. But eight years! Dear me! how glad you must be to return!"

"I can't quite say that. I leave great things behind me. Compared with America, Europe is a completed and perfect social edifice.

"Excuse me!" objected Mrs. Chester, quite sincerely and warmly, "I don't consider them our equals. Look at their hordes of brutal peasants. And even their aristocrats, I don't consider them equal to our gentlemen and ladies, our untitled nobility. Where will you

find anything in Europe to compare with our best families?"

Duffy whispered to Wilkins, "That's so," and Wilkins, in reply, muttered, "Confound her!"

The tall gentleman waived the comparison of manners; he alluded, he said civilly, to art, literature, and science.

"But look at our list of noble names," urged Mrs. Chester, pushing on from victory to victory. "The authors of the *Federalist*, — Legaré, Cooper, Irving, Bancroft, — Washington Irving."

The lady's lore, it will be perceived, was of early days; she had read "the books which no gentleman's library should be without."

The tall young man seemed to hesitate about contradicting a woman; then he seemed to find a reason for speaking plainly, even at the risk of giving offence.

"I admit those and a few others," he said. "But how few they all are! And we are a nation of thirty millions. We have been a civilized people a hundred years and more. I can't account for the sparseness of our crop of great intellects. I sometimes fear that our long backwoods life has dwarfed the national brain, or that our climate is not fitted to develop the human plant in perfection. Our painting can't get into European exhibitions. Our sculpture has only done two or three things which have attracted European attention. Our scientific men, with three or four exceptions, confine themselves to rehearsing European discoveries. Our histories are good second-class; so are our poems, the best of them. Even in novels, — one would think we might do something there, we have a wealth of strong incidents and curious characters, — but what is the result? The American novelist either can't draw a character, or he can't make a plot. In general he is as dry and dull as a school geography. I don't understand it. There is only one poor comfort. It is not given to every nation to produce a literature. There have been hundreds of nations, and

there have been only six or eight literatures."

Evidently this Mr. McMaster, or whatever his name might be, was a frank and resolute fellow, if not a downright wilful one. At the same time his manner was perfectly courteous, and his cultivated voice was even insinuating, though raised in contradiction. In spite of annoyance at hearing her native land criticised and her own importance thereby considerably depreciated, Mrs. Chester was confirmed in her opinion that he was a young fellow of good blood.

"How can an American attack his own country?" was her only remonstrance, and that sweetened by a smile.

"I beg your pardon; I don't call it attacking. If I should discover a leak in our vessel here, I should feel it my duty to tell the captain of it. How can we mend our imperfections so long as we persuade each other that we are already perfect?"

"By Jove, you're right there, sir," put in Tom Beaumont, a genteel but devil-may-care looking youth, perhaps twenty-one or twenty-two years old. "If I see a fellow going wrong, especially if he's a friend of mine, I say to him right off, 'Look here, old chap, allow me to tell you, by Jove, that that sort of thing won't do.' Yes, sir," continued Tom, who had taken a straight cocktail before dinner and was now drinking liberally of champagne, "your doctrine suits my ideas exactly. As to America, I hurrah for it, of course. We can whip the world, if we could get at it. But when it comes to palaces and picture-galleries and that sort of thing, by Jove, we're in the swamps; we're just nowhere. We have n't anything to show. What can you take a man round to when he travels amongst us? The only thing we can offer to pass the time is just a drink. Show him up to a bar; that's what we have to come to. And that's the reason, by Jove, that we're always nipping."

It seemed as if Mr. McMaster thought that Tom had nipped too much that morning to allow of his con-

versation being profitable. He turned to the sister. He had, by the way, no business to turn to her. Even Mr. Duffy, though not very bright, was aware of that; he showed it by hitting his knee against the knee of his friend Wilkins; for Duffy could not endure to have an idea without letting some one know it. Nevertheless, a brief and rather shy conversation took place between Mr. McMaster and Miss Kate Beaumont.

Yes, she agreed with him, at least in part; she had been long enough abroad to like people abroad; the English she liked very much; the French not so well. The English were so frank and straightforward and honest! You could depend on them. It was strange that it should be so; but it seemed to her that life was more simple with them than with other people; they had less guile and pretence than other people. Perhaps, she admitted, she had seen the best side.

He looked pleased; seemed to think it much to her credit that she should see the best side; probably thought that only good people can fully discover goodness.

"Women are fortunate in being so situated as to see mainly the best side," he added. "I have sometimes thought it would be an angelic existence to see all the good there is in the world and none of the evil."

Whether Miss Kate felt that there was a compliment in this, or whether she perceived that the young gentleman looked at her very steadily, she colored a little. He noticed it, and immediately stopped talking to her; he was astonished and indignant at his own folly; what right had *he* to be paying *her* compliments? The girl's face and air and manner had actually made him forget who she was. No wonder; if not a perfectly beautiful face, it was a perfectly charming one; one of the faces that make both man and woman long to offer kindness. An oval contour, features faintly aquiline, abundant chestnut hair, soft hazel eyes, a complexion neither dark nor light, a con-

stant delicate color in the cheeks, were not enough to explain the whole of the fascination. It was the expression that did the beholder's business; it was the sweetness, the purity, the unmeant dignity; it was the indescribable.

Mrs. Chester once more grasped the reins of the conversation; and was allowed to have them, so far as her niece and the stranger were concerned; the genial Tom alone making an occasional grab at them. It was noticeable that while this lady talked with Mr. McMaster, she was mellifluous and smiling; but from the moment her own family joined in the discussion, she acquired a sub-acid flavor. "One of those women who have a temper of their own by their own firesides," judged her new acquaintance. When the meal was over, however, all parties rose from the table on seemingly excellent terms with each other.

Once on deck, Mr. Duffy drew his friend Wilkins aside by the elbow and muttered in profound amazement, "Ever see anything like that, Bill Wilkins?"

The prudent Wilkins, looking as non-committal as a mummy, responded by an incomprehensible grunt.

"What would old Beaumont have said, if he'd happened in?" pursued Duffy.

Wilkins looked cautiously about him: "Don't speak so loud, man. You'll split with it yet."

"I hain't mentioned the other name," declared Duffy.

"Yes, but by Jehu, you want to. I know you, Duffy. By Jehu, I'd rather trust my grandmother with a secret than you. I wish to Heaven you'd shut up on the whole subject till we get ashore. If you don't, there'll be a fuss aboard."

"O, you be hanged, Bill Wilkins!" retorted Duffy, walking away in great offence, and would not speak to his friend again for half an hour.

Meantime the Beaumonts, clustered in a little group on deck, were discussing this Mr. McMaster.

"Seen him before, by Jove!" mut-

tered Tom, bringing his fist down on the arm of his chair. "By Jove, Aunt Marian, I've seen him before. Where was it?"

"Tom, I wish you would n't by Jove it quite so constantly in my presence," replies Mrs. Chester. "You seem to take me for one of your own fellows as you call them."

"By—I beg your pardon; there it pops again," says Tom. "I was going to say it would n't do at all among the fellows. Takes something stronger than that to make *them* look around."

"I care very little how you address them," retorts Mrs. Chester with peppery dignity. "What I do care for is how you address *me*."

"Well, all right. Beg pardon, as I said before. Catch another hold. Who *is* this tall chap?"

"He looks like so many young Englishmen," suggests Kate. "Only he is taller."

"So he does," nods Tom. "Perhaps that's it. Dare say I saw him in England and took him for a John Bull. Though, by—never mind, aunt—did n't let it out—try another barrel—what was I going to say? Oh! I can't for the life of me remember where I did see him. Was it in Scotland? Give it up."

"At all events, he is a gentleman," decides Mrs. Chester. "I did n't hear him by Joving it at us."

"Come, Aunt Marian!" said the young man, speaking with sudden seriousness and even dignity. "Allow me to suggest that that is going a great ways. Do you notice that you insinuated that I am not a gentleman?"

Mrs. Chester appeared to be struck by the protest; she looked up at her nephew with surprise and gravity.

"Tom, you are quite right," she said. "I trust you will always repel that insinuation, from whomsoever it comes. I did not mean it."

"All right," returned the youngster, dropping back into the easy, good-natured way which was habitual with him. "Now, if you don't mind it, I'll light up."

During this short tiff, Kate Beaumont glanced gravely and thoughtfully from one to the other of the pair. It is evident that she has been long enough away from her relations to forget their characters a little, and that she is studying them with an interest almost amounting to anxiety.

"So you like the English, Kate?" recommences Tom, with a bantering smile,—the smile of a good-hearted tease. "Honest, steady-going chaps are they? I wonder how you will like us. Seen any Americans yet that you fancy? What do you say to me?"

"You are my brother, Tom."

"O, that's all, is it. What if I was n't? I almost wish I was n't. What a fancy I would take to you! You'd have an offer this trip. Perhaps you will, as it is. This Mr. McMaster is looking a good deal your way."

"Nonsense, Tom!" And Kate colored as innocent girls do under such remarks.

"So I say," put in Mrs. Chester. "Tom, you talk like a school-girl. They babble about matches in that style."

"Do they!" wonders Tom. "News to me. Thought I'd suggested a new train of thought to Kate. But this Mr. McMaster—"

In short, there was much talk among the Beaumonts concerning this Mr. McMaster. For various reasons, and especially perhaps because of the mystery attaching to him, he was a favorite. On board ship any subject of curiosity is a delight, and any tolerably fine fellow may get the name of a Crichton. Even the fact that the young man did not seek the Beaumonts was rather a recommendation to people who were so sure of their own position. He was not a pushing fellow; consequently he was a gentleman. Mrs. Chester sent for him to join in whist parties, and Tom clapped him on the shoulder with proffers of drinks and cigars.

As for him, he wished heartily that they would let him alone, until there

came a time when he could not wish it, at least not heartily. In his first interview with them he had contradicted Mrs. Chester's glorification of America, not altogether because he did not agree with her and because it was his nature to be sincere and outspoken, but partly also to leave a bad impression of himself upon her mind, and so evade an awkward intimacy. It was awkward in more ways than one. His time was valuable to him; he had in his state-room thick German volumes of mineralogy and metallurgy which he wanted to master; and he had proposed to make this voyage an uninterrupted course of study. In the second place, there was between this family and his family a disagreement too inveterate and serious to be rubbed out by a chance acquaintance.

At times he regretted that he had not at first announced his name and individuality. He had not done it, from good motives; he despised and detested the old family quarrel; he did not want to be dragged into it personally; did not want a voyage of pouting and perhaps of open hostility. A momentary impulse, an impulse strengthened by the surprise of finding himself face to face with Beaumonts, had induced him to accept the false name which somehow had fallen upon him. Now that he had time to think over the matter coolly, was the impulse to be regretted? On the whole, no; notwithstanding that he hated to sail under false colors, no; notwithstanding that he was in a ridiculous position, no. As McMaster he could go through the voyage peaceably; and after it was over, he should never meet the Beaumonts again; although they lived within a few miles of each other, there was no chance of a meeting.

But if he voyaged with these people under a false name, he must not become intimate with them. On this, for the first two or three days, he was resolved; and on this, after two or three days, he was not so resolved. The temptation which led him into this change of feeling, the strongest temp-

tation to which a man can be subjected, was a woman. If the youngster needs excuse, let us remember that for the last four years he had been studying with a will, and had had scarcely an idea or a sentiment outside of chemistry, mineralogy, and metallurgy. He had rarely spoken to a woman, except his elderly, hard-working landlady, and the fat, plain daughter of his landlady. If there had been any pretty girls in the little town of Göttingen, he had failed to see them. For four years he had not been in love, nor thought of being in love. And, all of a sudden, here he was face to face with a young lady who was handsome enough and sweet enough to make a sensation in any society, and who, in the desert of the Mersey, with only Mrs. Chester and the stewardess for rivals, seemed of course the loveliest of women.

She was a mighty temptation. He could not help looking at her and studying her. If she needed helping from a dish within reach of his long arm, he must perforce anticipate the waiter. If she wanted to walk the deck, and her fly-away, devil-may-care brother was larking below among the beer-bottles and punch-glasses, he could not help saying, "Allow me." If she asked questions about life in Germany or about the studies in a German university, he did not know how to evade telling her many things, and so making an interesting conversation. Each link in this intercourse seemed in itself so unimportant! And yet the whole made such a chain!

Of course, this intimacy, so singular to those who knew all its circumstances, could not fail to draw the sidelong wonder of Messrs. Wilkins and Duffy. As the tall young man and the graceful young woman pace the quarter-deck in company, Duffy, clothing his flat face with puckers of deep meaning, pokes a spasmodic elbow into his friend's ribs and mumbles: "I say, Bill Wilkins, that's the queerest start out. That may be a love affair before we get home. What then?"

"Humph!" grunts Wilkins,—a grunt of contemptuous unbelief,—that fool of a Duffy!

"If it should," pursues Duffy, dimpling and simpering, "might collapse the whole fight; put a complete stopper on it."

Wilkins utters another incredulous, scornful grunt and turns away; that Duffy is too much of a ninny to be listened to with any patience.

"I didn't say it *would*," explains Duffy. "I said it *might*. Old Beaumont himself would n't—"

"Shut up!" mutters Wilkins, grinding his teeth through his cigar, but looking innocently, diplomatically, at the foam in the steamer's wake. If that secret was to be divulged on board, it should not be the fault of the tongue, or face, or eye of Bill Wilkins.

CHAPTER III.

A LONG voyage. There was time in it for quite a little romance. And the time was not misimproved; for, if we should narrate minutely all that happened on board the Mersey, we should have a volume. That, however, would by no means do; we must simply indicate how things went.

In the first place, there was Mrs. Chester's flirtation. She was nearly fifty years old, and yet she was not too old for coquetry, or at least she did not think so. More elderly people are thus minded than the young imagine; many a man well stricken in years has thoughts of captivating some chit of a girl; he not only wants to win her hand, but he trusts that he may win her heart; actually hopes, the deluded senior, to inspire her with love. Same with some women; can't believe they have passed the age of fascinating; make eyes at young dandies who don't understand it at all; would beggar themselves for a husband of twenty-two.

Mrs. Chester was well preserved; complexion brunette, but tolerably clear,—from a distance; dark hazel

eyes, still remarkably bright,—also from a distance; hair very black, to be sure, but honestly her own, even to the color; a long face, but not lean, and with high and rather fine features; on the whole, a distinguished countenance. Her form had not kept quite so well, being obviously a little too exuberant, notwithstanding the cunning of dress-makers. What was repellent about her, at least to an attentive and sensitive observer, was her smile. It was over-sweet; its cajolery was too visible; it did not fascinate; it put you on your guard. Even her eyes, with all their fine color and sparkle, were not entirely pleasing, being too watchful and cunning and at times too combative. On the whole, it was the face of a woman who had long been a flirt, who had long been a leader of fashion, who had seen trouble without getting any good out of it, who had ended by becoming something of a tartar, and all without ceasing to be a flirt.

Mrs. Chester was a widow. A country belle in her youth, a city lady during middle life, she had lost her husband within the last six years, found herself without a fortune, and retired upon a wealthy brother. Disappointed woman; thought she had not had her fair share of life's sweetness; still uneasily seeking after worldly joys. Old enough to be Mr. McMaster's mother, old enough to matronize him wisely in society, she was unable to give herself the good advice to keep from flirting with him. She had courted his acquaintance at the table of the Mersey for his own sake. It was not because he had been civil to her niece; it was because she wanted him to be sweet upon herself. Could n't help it; old habits too strong for her sense; old habits and a born tendency.

Of course, he did not understand her. No man of twenty-four can have the least suspicion that an elderly woman wants him to flirt with her. Mr. McMaster (not his real name, please to remember) helped Mrs. Chester around the vessel in the innocence of ignorance. Did not want her company,

but could not help getting it. "Mr. McMaster, will you oblige me with your arm up these stairs?" And then he was in for a long, prattling promenade on deck. "Mr. McMaster, will you please take me into the cabin?" And then he found himself caught in a maelstrom of whist. He had meant to keep away from the Beaumonts; but he could not manage it because of Mrs. Chester. The result was—the terribly pregnant result—that he saw a great deal of Miss Kate.

Pretty soon, say in about a week, there was a muddle. While he was talking to Mrs. Chester, and while Mrs. Chester supposed that she was his point of interest, he was really talking for the sake of Miss Beaumont. The aunt, as innocent of any such gentle purpose as a bald eagle, gathered these two chickens under her chaperonic wings and brooded in them thoughts of each other. Had she known what she was doing, she would have snapped at Kate, insulted Mr. McMaster, shut herself up in her stateroom, and had a fit of the sulks.

Results were hastened by rough weather. Mrs. Chester, losing her sea-legs once more, became to a certain extent bedridden, or lay about the decks inert. By this time our tall young friend was under a spell which promised pleasures and would not let him see dangers.

"Miss Beaumont, you need some one to assist you"; "Miss Beaumont, shall I annoy you if I walk with you?" He can't help saying these things; sees the folly of them, no doubt, but still says them; resolves that he will do nothing of the sort, and breaks his resolution; very clear-headed youth, but getting ungovernable about the heart. Of course one likes him the better for this weakness, and would hardly have a man of twenty-four behave differently. But the result? Long walks and long talks; getting more interested every day; cannot learn too much about Miss Beaumont; finds her school-girl reminiscences more delightful than chemistry. The young lady,

handsome by daylight, seems to him a goddess by moonlight. He experiences a pure, exquisite, almost unearthly pleasure in looking down at her bright, innocent face, and seeing it look up at him. He does a great deal of reading (not in chemistry) in the cabin, Miss Beaumont being always one listener, if not the only one. What a change has come over him, and how rapidly it has come! If this thing is to go on as it has begun, he will soon be indisputably in love. And then?

"Wonder if he ain't getting himself into a scrape?" thinks the diplomatic Wilkins, careful, however, not to utter the query aloud, lest babbling Duffy should repeat it and make mischief. "Well," he continues, still speaking in strict confidence to himself, "that's the way with all youngsters, pretty much. Women *will* get the better of them. They've tripped *me* pretty often." (Mr. Wilkins, now nigh on to forty, has not been badly tripped as yet, being still unmarried.) "*That* girl might upset me now, well as I know her breed. Pretty girl, devilish pretty girl, and looks like a good one, too, in spite of her breed."

There are moments when our tall fellow wonders at himself as much as Wilkins wonders at him. He is one of the wisest of youngsters; at least he has that reputation among his acquaintance; he has even had it with himself. Though of an impulsive race, and partly because he is aware that he is of such a race, he has proposed to himself to be practical, has set up practical-mindedness as his nirvana, and has stubbornly, self-repressively striven after it. For years he has not meant to do anything which was not worth while, nor even to do anything which was not the best thing to do. Many of his younger associates have considered him disagreeably well-balanced; have felt reprovèd, cramped, and chilled by his rational conversation and sound example; would have liked him better if he had had more emotions, enthusiasms, and whims.

And this sagacious youth has allowed his heart to draw him into a scrape; as the philosophical Wilkins puts the case, a woman has got the better of him. At the breakfast-table, no matter what may have been his resolves during the night, he can't keep his eyes from bidding Kate Beaumont something kinder than good morning. If he sees her in need of a chair, he can't help bringing her one. If he finds her pacing the unsteady deck alone (her aunt rolled in shawls, and her brother talking horse below to boozing companions), he must offer her his arm, or jump overboard. When Mrs. Chester, anxious in her least sickish hours to have him near her, proposes an evening family party of whist, he takes the cards. And, subsequent on the game, when the elder lady leans back in a corner, does her dizzy best to be agreeable, and, despite herself, falls into a series of dozings, how can he quit Miss Beaumont, or how be dull with her? One little weakness after another makes a whole day of unwisdom and wrong-doing.

Excuse him? Of course we can, and do it joyfully. We do not forget that pregnant saying, "A woman in the same house has so many devilish chances at a fellow"; and we remember that in a ship she has even more chances than in a house. Miss Kate had no rival young lady on board the *Mersey*. She had not even a rival, at least not for a long time past, in the emotional memory of Mr. McMaster. He was like Adam alone when he first beheld Eve the unknown. The oversoul of his sex, the great necessity of loving some one of the other sex, the universal instinct which is too strong for any individuality, had begun to take complete possession of him, and to upset his boasted common sense, self-command, and so forth. A man may be upright and sensible; but a man's a man for a' that.

It was simple folly. He knew perfectly well who were the Beaumonts; he was informed, at least in a general way, of the long feud between them

and his own family; he could not show for his conduct a ray of the excuse called ignorance. Before his mind's eye rose the two houses: the roof of the one visible from the roof of the other, separated by only four miles of God's blooming, joyous earth, yet never an act or message of friendship between them, rather a ceaseless interchange of wrongs and hate. It is one of the rare cases of a spite which has outlasted two generations, and which is so violent in its deeds and so outspoken in its words that all men know of it. It is a stand-point, a fixed fact; no one expects it to pass away. And yet, knowing all this bitter history, he has become surreptitiously intimate with Beaumonts, and has dared even to pay surreptitious courtship to a Beaumont girl.

Of course he reprov'd and bullied himself for it with distressing plainness. "What do I mean?" he said; and meanwhile he meant nothing. He no more proposed to fall in love than a man proposes to get drunk who takes glass after glass of a liquor which is too pleasant to be refused. And still less did he intend to make this charming and innocent young lady fall in love with himself. *That*, he thought, would be dishonorable; for there could be no good end to it. It was, humanly speaking, impossible that a Miss Beaumont should marry one of his family; and if it should happen, it would almost certainly divide her from her own blood, and so make her more or less wretched for life. So, marriage being out of the question, all love-making was futility, and was even wickedness. He did not purpose it; resolved over and over that he would have none of it; and all the while, led by the great race instinct of loving, went on with it. Terrible downfall for a man of solid sense and strong principles, born into high ideas of gentlemanliness, bred for years among philosophers, accustomed to do analyses and other accurate things, able to analyze even himself, and so thoroughly a responsible being.

On the twelfth day of the voyage,

some time in the still, cloudy, sombre evening, this young man received a shock. The irrepressible Duffy, blind as a bat from coming out of the bright cabin on to the murky deck, halts a few feet from Mr. McMaster without seeing him, plants his back against the weather bulwark, rests his lazy elbows upon it, puffs gently at his cigar, and mumbles to the invisibly deprecating Wilkins, "Seems to me that tall chap is getting himself either into a marriage or a muss."

The subject of the observation immediately stole away to meditate. This outside comment, this voice of the world at large, more potent than any of his own reflections, startled him into a terrible sense of his situation. What brought the comment more forcibly home to him was a suspicion, amounting almost to a certainty, that the speaker knew him. Duffy he had long since recognized, and Wilkins also; but he had believed until now that they did not remember him. Absent eight years; a boy when he left home; grown twelve inches or more since then; broad shoulders, side whiskers, mustache, and all that; — he must surely be changed beyond recognition. Now he believed that these two had found him out; and consequently he felt as if he were standing on a mine. Any day the Beaumonts might be informed who he was; and then what judgment would they pass upon him to his face? "You a gentleman!" they would sneer, or perhaps storm. "Sneak among us and listen to our talk under a false name! Even if you were an indifferent person, such conduct would be shabby. As things are between our families, it is scoundrelly."

And then would arise the old, stupid, hateful quarrel, more violent perhaps than ever, and to some extent rational in its violence, because justified by his folly.

A young man has a vast power of repentance. When he sees that he has committed an error, he sees it in awful proportions. Our giant lay awake

over his sin nearly all that night, and writhed in spirit over it all the following day. A gentleman, sensitively a gentleman, — what one might call chivalrous, what one might even call quixotic, yes, chivalrous in spite of his assumed name, quixotic in spite of his long struggle to be practical, — he was tormented by remorse. How could a man of honor, who had caught himself falling by surprise into a dishonorable action, how could he do sufficient penance? Moreover, his blunder might lead to disastrous consequences; what chivalrous feat could he perform to prevent them? After a severe storm of emotions, after suffering spiritually more in one day than a nation of savages could suffer in a month, he hit upon one of the most irrational and yet perhaps one of the most natural plans that could be imagined. Only a young man could have devised it, or at least have decided upon it. The young are so wise and so foolish! They are such inspired idiots! Sometimes uninspired ones!

It was a moonlit autumn evening, strangely summer-like for the season, when he led Miss Beaumont on deck alone, ostensibly to take a walk with her, but really to carry out his plan.

We can imagine the hesitation and futility of his first steps toward a confession. There were two persons in him; the one intent upon being straightforward and prompt, the other shying and balking. It was like a man trying to ride an Indian pony up to a band of music. All the young fellow's introductions seemed to lead in a circle and bring him back to where he had started. So hard is it to avow an error which is both intellectual and moral, when one is anxious to preserve the respect of the listener, not to mention a tip-end of self-respect. It seems at the moment as if confession were a new crime, instead of a justifying virtue.

At last, out of patience with himself, Mr. McMaster (we will soon give his true name) made a direct plunge at his subject.

"Miss Beaumont, I beg your serious

attention for a moment to a very serious matter."

No start from this most innocent of young ladies. A girl more experienced in society, or in novels, or in reveries, would have sniffed an offer of marriage. This one was ingenuous enough to be merely puzzled, to turn up her handsome face in the moonlight with calm wonder, to say with perfect simplicity as he hesitated, "What is it?"

"My name is not McMaster," he proceeded; then, after scowling a moment, "It is McAlister."

"I beg you will hear me out," he hurried on, anticipating that she would leave him, perhaps before he could begin his apology.

But Kate was as yet simply puzzled. Four years of absence from home, of far-away ideas and of hard study, had rendered some of the notions and feelings of her childhood vague to her, so that the word "McAlister" did not at first rouse an association.

"I don't know how the captain got the idea that my name was McMaster," pursued the penitent. "Perhaps my illegible handwriting; I engaged my passage by letter. Never mind. He introduced me by that name. I thought—it was a great mistake, it looks like unhandsome conduct, but I honestly thought—it best to let it pass."

"It was odd," hesitated Kate, feeling that she ought to say something, and not knowing what to say.

"You cannot blame me more severely than I blame myself," he added.

"I did not mean to blame you," Kate puzzled on. "If it was a joke?—Well, I don't know what I ought to tell you, Mr. Mc—"

The moment she began to pronounce the name *McAlister*, she remembered the quarrel which it represented. She stopped; her hand fell out of his arm; she stood away from him and stared at him.

"I beg of you!" he implored. "Will you not do me the favor to hear my reasons? I appeal to you as a woman, who cannot sympathize with these old bitternesses, and who must wish for—

at least not enmity. You had a brother on board. I did not want to resume the ancient quarrel with him. I hate the whole affair. It is a point of family honor, I know; it seems to be held a duty to keep up the feud. But I have learned other ideas. The quarrel appears to me—I beg you will excuse my frankness—simply barbarous. I have no more sympathy with it than I have with a scalp-hunt. Well, you can guess what I had in view. I wanted a peaceful voyage. I wanted not to be known to you or your relatives in any manner whatever. I assure you, on the word of a gentleman, that those were my motives for letting my name go unrevealed. Can you blame me for them?"

Kate, in spite of her astonishment and a certain measure of alarm, felt that she was called upon to be a woman, and she was capable of being one. After drawing a long breath to make sure of her voice, she said quietly, and with a really dignified firmness, "No, Mr. McAlister, I cannot blame you."

"I thank you sincerely," he replied, so greatly relieved that he was almost joyous. "I did not expect so much kindness. I only hoped it."

"I have lived away from home, like yourself," she went on. "I suppose I have lost some of the home ideas. But," she added, after a moment of reflection, "I am going home."

"Yes, I know what you mean," he said. "You cannot control your circumstances. I must give you up as an acquaintance."

Kate, looking frankly up at him, her handsome face spiritualized by the moonlight, nodded her head with a rather sad gravity.

"There is one thing more," he proceeded. "I am going to Hartland. I shall perhaps be seen there and recognized by some of your family. Then this deceit, this unhappy deceit of mine, will be discovered. And then the old quarrel may blaze up hotter than before."

"I hope not," murmured Kate, fearing however that so it would be.

"It is for that that I have told you what I have," he explained. "I have made my confession to you. I have begged your pardon. If you should say thus much to your father and brothers, they might perhaps be persuaded that I meant no insult. It would pain me horribly," he declared, stamping his foot slightly, and scowling at himself, "if I should find that I had rekindled the old spite."

Kate's head had drooped; it seemed to her that a heavy load was being laid upon her; she could not tell what to decide and to promise.

McAlister (we give him his true name at last) was also perplexed, and for a time silent. The weightiest part of his plan was still unfinished, and he was in great doubt whether he ought to carry it out.

"No; even that is insufficient," he broke out, shaking his head. "There is still room to claim an impertinence, an insult. I am justified in telling you all that is upon my mind. Let me offer you one more reparation, Miss Beaumont. It is myself. I lay all that I am at your feet. I suppose you will refuse me. Never mind, I am sincere. I shall not change. You need make no reply now. But whenever you choose to speak, your answer shall be binding. Do not go. One single word. You can tell your family this; I wish you to tell them. All the consequences that may attach to this step I am prepared to take. I shall live and die by it."

Kate was stupefied. Wonderful as the interview had been thus far, she had not expected any such ending as this. While he (no flirt, be it understood) had supposed for days back that he was paying her unmistakable attentions, she was so little of a flirt that she had not guessed his meaning. The time had passed pleasantly; she had begun to respect and admire and even like this tall young gentleman; but that was all that had come into her heart or head. And now, bang! bang! one shot after another; here was a mask thrown off and a lover falling at

her feet. She was not angry; she had no recollection just then of the family feud; she was simply amazed, and in a certain sense shocked. It was as if he had taken a liberty; as if, for instance, he had tried to kiss her; and he almost a stranger, a nine days' acquaintance!

The first words that she found to say were, "Mr. McAlister, I cannot talk to you. I think I ought to go."

And in her confusion and alarm she was about to leave him and traverse the staggering deck alone.

"Let me help you," he begged, offering his arm so gently and with such dignity that she took it. "Please allow me one word more. How may I address you during the rest of the voyage? As an acquaintance, I hope."

It was terrible to Kate, young as she was and inexperienced in the gravities of life, to be called on to decide such questions. She would consult her aunt; no, that would not answer at all; that might lead to great mischief. Her native sense—a wisdom which one might almost say was not of this world—enabled her to regain her self-possession and make a judicious answer.

"We will speak to each other," she murmured. "But I must not walk with you alone any more. I will still call you Mr. McMaster."

At the top of the cabin stairway she left him, obviously in great trembling of body and agitation of spirit; so that, as he turned away, he was full of remorse at having given her such a shock.

Some minutes later he remembered that she had not answered his offer of marriage, and, walking hastily up and down the darkling deck, he fell to querying whether she ever would answer it.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Kate Beaumont came to breakfast on the morning after that unexpected and astonishing offer of marriage, our friend McAlister saw, by the pallor of her face and the bluish circles around her eyes, that she had not slept.

A smaller-souled man might have been proud of accomplishing at least thus much ravage in a woman's spirit, especially after she had not deigned to accept that offer which is the greatest of all man's offers, and had not even deigned to notice it. But this young fellow, we must understand once for all, had nothing petty about his soul any more than about his physique. A gentleman, a kind-hearted gentleman, full of respect for the girl whom he had terrified, and even to a certain extent loving her, he looked with humiliation and remorse upon his work.

"No sleep?" he gasped in his heart. "Was it I who kept her awake? I might have known it; shame on me for not having foreseen it!—a man who has looked into medicine, as well as other science! But have I not done for the best, in the end? Was it not incumbent upon me that I should say all that I did say? After insulting her—under the circumstances it was an insult—by forcing my forbidden company upon her incognito, could I do less than place my whole self at her feet, to be spurned if she chose? Certainly not; I must be right there; every gentleman would say so."

So he saw it; looked at it, you observe, through the most chivalrous of spectacles, through spectacles, too, which, unawares to him, were colored by more or less of love's glamour. A young man who has been a little smitten is not to be trusted with reasoning about the lady who has moved him. He has fallen among the most amiable delusions, and is plundered of his wits without being aware of it. He is as much at the mercy of this one subject as a country greenhorn is at the mercy of a professional gambler. But we will not now judge the wisdom of Mr. McAlister's plan; we shall see in the course of time how it turned out.

No more walks and talks alone with Kate Beaumont. In lieu of her, Mrs. Chester; ocean being quiet again, *that* Venus rises from the depths; and finds plenty of chances to attract McAlister,

or rather to grab him. It was, "Steward, please say to Mr. McMaster that we are making up a party of whist"; or, "Captain Brien, if you are going on deck, have the kindness to tell Mr. McMaster that we ladies are quite alone in the cabin"; or, "Tom, you walk so unsteadily that I should really be obliged if you would get Mr. McMaster to relieve you."

Velvet glove, though hand of iron, you see; a domineering soul, but gracious language. Indeed, it must not be guessed from any light-minded remarks of ours that Mrs. Chester was either vulgar or stupid. On the contrary, she was a woman whom most of us, if we should meet her in society, would treat with profound respect. What with some force of character, considerable experience in the ways of the world, and a high and mighty family position, she was a figure of no little dignity. Only men of a seared character laughed at her, and they only when by themselves. The laughter was mainly about her fancy for young fellows. It was almost a mania with her; it had grown upon her during her married life with a husband twenty years her senior; and now that she was a somewhat elderly widow, she was fairly possessed by it. Always a youngster dangling at her apron-strings, held there by Heaven knows what mature female magic, and making both himself and her more ridiculous than should be.

But our friend Mr. McAlister did not love to dangle. Not of the dangling sort; modestly but intelligently conscious of his own value; tolerably well aware, too, that he could not dangle gracefully; for one thing, much too tall for it. Moreover, although his liking for Kate Beaumont was sufficient to make him try to like every one who belonged to her, he could not fancy Mrs. Chester. He discovered in the lady, as he thought, a certain amount of hardness and falseness; and, gentle, sincere, frank almost to bluntness, he could not yearn after such a person. Besides, he was sore-hearted, anxious about the result of his late great step,

fearful lest his incognito might yet work mischief, so that he was not in spirits to bear the first woman who chose to take his arm. Accordingly he went heavily laden with Mrs. Chester, and, quite unintentionally, he gave her cause to suspect it. There was a slowness about joining her; there was a troubled absent-mindedness while conveying her; at times he excused himself from the whist parties on very slight grounds; at other times he was so busy with his books (scientific stuff) that he did not look up when she passed.

The annoyed Mrs. Chester, just like a conceited old flirt, suspected a rival. She watched the gentleman, noted his expression when his eyes fell upon her niece, and guessed the cause of his indifference to herself. Then followed some sly pumping of Kate: "A very handsome man, this Mr. McMaster."

"Do you think so, aunt?" replies the girl, who really had not fixed opinions as to the man's beauty, so little was her heart touched. "He is so very tall! Too tall."

Mrs. Chester, a veteran trickster, could not see through one thing, and that was feminine sincerity. She inferred at once that, because Kate had questioned the gentleman's handsomeness, therefore she did think him handsome. A good deal afraid of such a fresh rival, and also remembering her chaperonic duty towards her niece, she immediately uttered the warning cluck, "I wish we knew better who he is."

Kate, who did know who he was, and who had been thinking about the offer of marriage and the family feud, was by this time coloring sumptuously. New alarm on the part of Mrs. Chester; the girl already in love with this stranger, it may be; there must be an avalanche of chaperonic discouragement.

"We have n't the least knowledge of him," she broke out, almost spitefully, for her temper was quick and not easily held in rein. "He is the most singularly uncommunicative and even evasive person! I am half suspicious

at times that we have done wrong in encouraging his advances." (Poor McAlister! he had made none.) "We may find that we have a—what do you call it in English?—a *commis voyageur* on our hands. Of course travelling companions can be got rid of. That is why I have allowed him to play whist with us, and so on. But even in travelling companions one wants a little less mystery."

"I thought you liked the mystery, aunt," remonstrated Kate, who, for some reason, perhaps only an emotion, had not been quite pleased to hear Mr. McAlister called a bagman.

"O, I have been interested by it a little," admitted Mrs. Chester, who had indeed been greatly interested by it, having gone so far as to suspect the youngster of being a German baron, and all because he read High Dutch scientific books. "Yes, the mystery has been amusing. Anything to pass the time at sea. But we must be careful about him."

After a moment's meditation, she added with sincere eagerness: "I really wish we knew something. Tom gets nothing out of him; doesn't try, I suppose. Has he never dropped a word to you, Kate, by which you could guess him out?"

Mrs. Chester's eyes suddenly became very sharp, and under them Kate colored again. The girl was grievously burdened with her secret; not accustomed to have an idea of such magnitude about her; acquiring womanliness under the pressure, but acquiring it painfully.

"Why should he tell *me* anything?" she asked, fairly driven into a hateful equivocation by her relative's reconnaissance.

Mrs. Chester was more or less informed and infuriated. Evidently, as she decided, this man had told Kate something about himself. If he had done that, if he had felt free or felt obliged to open his history to the girl, it was because he was in a state to open his heart to her. Engaged in love-skirmishes since her earliest teens,

Mrs. Chester was always on the alert for love-skirmishes. Although she kept her self-possession under her discovery, she in the depths of her soul bounded with excitement. No more words on the matter; frankness was almost impossible with the woman, except in overpowering anger; but she resolved to keep a constant eye on Kate, and to ferret out this Mr. McMaster.

An hour later, sitting on deck alone (a spider prefers to watch in solitude), she observed Messrs. Duffy and Wilkins engaged in muttered conversation, and discovered by Duffy's nods and jerks of the elbow that the talk referred to her man of mystery. That blithering Duffy! just the person to pump successfully! She knew him well by sight as a "store-keeper" in Hartland; why had she been so awkwardly haughty as not to recognize him heretofore? With the detective instinct of woman, she fixed at once upon Duffy as a subject for her catechism, rather than upon the diplomatic-faced Wilkins.

After a while her predestined victim dropped away from his comrade, and sauntered up and down the deck alone, hands in pocket, fingering his small change, and head thoughtfully drooped, calculating his profits. The second time that he passed her, Mrs. Chester leaned suddenly forward in her chair, as if she had that instant remembered him, and called, "Mr. Duffy!"

He halted, his flat, doughy face coloring up to the eyes, and all his veins thrilling with excitement, under the honor of being addressed by Mrs. Chester.

"I am right, am I not?" asked the lady. "It is Mr. Duffy of Hartland?"

"Why, Mrs. Chester!" stammered the simple, modest man. "Just so. Mr. Duffy of Hartland. Had the pleasure of selling you goods now and then, ma'am," he added, not being above his business and wishing to show an agreeable humility. "How have you enjoyed your voyage, Mrs. Chester?"

Before continuing the conversation, the lady signed to him to take a chair beside her, sweetening and enforcing

the invitation with a smile. Lifting his hat and feeling as if he ought to remove the shoes from off his feet, Duffy seated himself.

"The voyage has been fairly pleasant," resumed Mrs. Chester. "A little lonely, I must say, — such a small company! I should have claimed your acquaintance before, Mr. Duffy, if I had recognized you. Why didn't you speak to me? Hartland people ought not to be strangers, especially when they meet away from home."

"Beg pardon," smirked Duffy, quite abashed at his error. "Did n't feel exactly sure you would recall me. You see, Mrs. Chester, I never had the pleasure of speaking to you except across the counter, and that ain't always a claim."

"Ah, yes! we live so far from the town!" said the lady, in sidelong apology for not having invited the shopkeeper to the Beaumont mansion. But Duffy needed no such apology; had never expected to be asked into that "old-time" society; felt himself more than well treated in being spoken to once a year by Mrs. Chester. Still, he was so far encouraged by this graciousness, that he ventured to cross his legs and thus put himself more at ease on the small of his back.

"Been on the Continent, Mrs. Chester," he proceeded, slightly rubbing his hands.

"Ah, indeed? And how did you like the Continent?"

"No. I have n't been there. Beg your pardon. I meant *your* party."

"O yes. A delightful tour. And have you only seen England? Really, Mr. Duffy, you should have given a month or two to the Continent."

"Could n't, Mrs. Chester. That's the way with a business man; he has to go where he has to; always on his muscle — I mean business. I went over to look into importing, and it took up every snip of time that I could spare from home."

"I am so sorry. However, I ought not to regret it, except for your sake. Your business is of the *greatest* conse-

quence to Hartland. You men of enterprise are our—our main-stay. I hope, Mr. Duffy, that you met others of our townsmen abroad, engaged in profiting by the new line."

"None that I know of. O, yes; Mr. Wilkins here; but we went together."

"And how few Hartland people we have on the steamer," added Mrs. Chester, by way of closing this preliminary prattle and gliding on to the subject of her man of mystery. "Only you two gentlemen and my party."

"N-no,—y-yes," stammered Duffy, glancing uneasily at McAlister, just then pacing the midships, his lofty blond head plainly visible. Mrs. Chester had also seen the young man there, and she now noted the merchant's singular glance towards him.

"Do you know that gentleman?" she asked, as quick as lightning and with telling directness.

"N-no. Ah, yes. That is. Let me see. What *is* his name?" was the blundering response of the entangled Duffy.

Mrs. Chester would not help him; she might have suggested that the name was McMaster, but she was too sly to do it; she had guessed that Duffy knew something about the youngster, and she was resolved to make him tell it: if he would not, he must do his own lying, without assistance from her.

"I see," she added. "To tell the truth, I have had my suspicions all along. Can't you put me out of doubt? It would be quite a favor."

Duffy was scarlet; he looked about for Wilkins; did n't see him and drew a long breath.

"That, Mrs. Chester," he began, leaning forward and speaking in a whisper. "Well, I've been wondering all the while you did n't recognize him. Thought perhaps you did. Could n't tell what to make of it. Why, it's Frank, the youngest. Been in Europe eight years. Changed as much as ever I saw a feller."

"Oh!" responded Mrs. Chester, who was still quite in the dark, not

knowing much of the McAlisters. "So it's the youngest? Frank?"

"Yes. And they do say he's the best of the lot," continued the pacificatory Duffy, anxious to prevent a "muss." "I do suppose, if there's a decent fellow on that hill, a fellow who don't want to make trouble for nobody, it's this same Frank McAlister."

At the word "McAlister" Mrs. Chester came very near bursting out with an amazed and excited "Oh!" It cost her all her strength as a social gymnast to enable her to catch her breath, bend her eyes to the deck with an expression of remembrance, and say in a quiet tone, "So it is Frank McAlister. He has been called, I understand, Mr. McMaster," she presently added.

"Well, yes — McMaster — McAlister — some mistake perhaps," suggested the gentle-minded Duffy. "May be, too, that he let it go so, not wishing to be unpleasant to you. Beg pardon. You know the old difficulty. Excuse me for mentioning it. I forgot myself, Mrs. Chester."

"No offence, Mr. Duffy," replied the lady, proud of the feud as of a family heirloom, unmistakably aristocratic. "The thing is a matter of public notoriety, I believe."

She changed the conversation; there was some talk about the fine sights of London; presently Duffy perceived that he had stayed long enough and went.

"I'll bet you one thing," whispered the scoffing Wilkins when they were alone together. "You've been letting out everything to Mrs. Chester."

"No, *sir*," weakly replied the conscience-stricken and abashed Duffy. "Damn me, if I tell her anything of *that*," he tried to bluster. Then, under pretence of wanting a cigar, he went below in great bitterness of spirit to get a drink, mentally cursing himself, Wilkins, Mrs. Chester, and women generally. "Bla-ast the women!" groaned the humble telltale. "They always will bore it out of a feller."

But Duffy is of no account, and we

must lay him aside like a sucked orange, just observing that the secret was worth nothing in his bosom, while now it is where it may bear fruit. It makes a difference with a coal of fire whether it is in a potato-bin or a powder-magazine.

The nature and history of the quarrel between the Beaumonts and the McAlisters will be told in due season. Just here it is only necessary to say that Mrs. Chester, notwithstanding her twenty years of marriage, was what she called "Beaumont all through," keeping up family prejudices and grudges with the family loyalty of a woman, and, for instance, abominating the McAlisters as her father had abominated them before her. A sly and spiteful breed she thought them; people whose strength it was to strike when you were not looking; people always ready to take a mean advantage of the noble Beaumonts. What could such a woman think when she learned that Frank McAlister, son of that old fox (as she called him) Donald McAlister, had been palming himself upon her as a stranger, accepting her pettings under a feigned name, allowing her to pinch his arm (if she did pinch it), and—well, and so on? A trick, she decided; a mean and dastardly trick; perhaps a piece of espionage; perhaps a studied insult. One or the other; it was some one of these things; and whichever it was, it was an outrage.

"I'll teach him!" she muttered, as she remembered pretty phrases which she had murmured to the young man, and suspected him of having laughed at them in his sleeve. "Playing his jokes on a lady!" gurgled this vain, excitable, easily angered, and not so easily pacified woman. "An insult to our whole family!" was another stinging reflection, envenomed by a family pride as strong as corrosive sublimate. People of average unsuspectingness and mild temper will find it hard to imagine how entirely this old baby looked at the offensive side of the discovered deceit, and how suddenly furious she had become over it. Not a supposition

crossed her mind that McAlister had meant no harm, or had meant only good. She instantaneously imputed hostility to him, and in return she was instantaneously hostile.

Well, what to do about it? Cut the man, of course; but that was not enough for good old Beaumont hate, inflamed by a new wrong; he must be visited with a more efficacious punishment. Revenge, however, was easier to wish for than to devise, even with spiteful Marian Beaumont Chester, the cause heretofore of more than one quarrel between man and man. To be sure, if she should tell her harum-scarum nephew what had happened, he was just the youngster to take a pint of whiskey aboard, break out copiously in profane language, make a scandal at all events, and pick a fight, perhaps. But Tom, adroit and audacious as he was in squabbles, did not seem to her a match for this cool-headed giant. Furthermore, Mrs. Chester felt that all the responsibility of an immediate disagreement would rest upon her, and did not find herself quite willing to shoulder it alone. Had the whole family been here, had there been some weighty soul at hand to set her on, or even to hold her back, how promptly and loudly would her voice have been raised for war! As it was, responsibility, man's special burden, how should she shoulder it?

Not a word to her niece, nor a thought of consulting her. So simply and single-mindedly angry was she, that she had actually forgotten her suspicion that Kate knew or guessed who this man was, as well as her other suspicion that there was some small matter of heart intelligence between the two. She merely remembered the girl as a child, quite incapable of feeling or deciding properly concerning such a grave situation as this, and no more to be consulted as to the family honor than if she were still a denizen of cradles and trundle-beds. It is generally difficult for old heads to conceive that young heads have lost their pulpieness, until the junior craniums knock it into

the senior ones by dint of well-directed and vigorous butting.

Late in the evening (no whist after tea that day) Mrs. Chester's load of wrath became so intolerable that she manfully resolved to bear it alone no longer. She sent for Tom to her state-room, saying to herself that here was business for masculine muscle, and that it was high time for her nephew to show himself a chip of the old Beaumont timber.

But the McAlister firebrand, notwithstanding that it had dropped into Mrs. Chester's powder-magazine of a temper, was prevented from producing an immediate explosion by a deluge of still more tremendous intelligence.

When the nephew presented himself, he looked surprisingly sober for the time of day, and evidently had something very serious on his mind.

"Tom, come in and shut the door," began Mrs. Chester. "I have something very important to tell you."

"Yes, and, by Jove, and I've got something to tell *you*, and, by Jove, I may as well tell it," responded the youngster.

"What is it?" asked the lady, suspecting that her secret was out, and half disappointed at not being the first to publish it.

"The ship is on fire," said Tom. "Yes, by Jove, on fire, as sure as you're born. Yes, it is."

J. W. DeForest.

AMERICAN LIFE IN FRANCE.

1851.

AUGUST 12th. — We are in France. We entered it by the way of Calais. Our first impressions were delightful. I had wished to go directly on to Paris without stopping at Calais; but I was quickly converted to the contrary opinion when we came to the hotel where we were to pass the night. The court-yard was gay with flowering-shrubs. Large vases, with plants in full and vivid bloom, stood on each side of the doorsteps, and were ranged along the entry. Coming from the dingy, stifling boat, it was like passing into fairy-land. We had a charming suite of rooms, looking out on a beautiful garden. The people of the hotel were more than courteous; they were kind. If we had been expected guests in an old-fashioned, large-hearted house, where all the domestics had the habit of hospitality, we could not have been waited on with more solicitude.

We arrived in Calais yesterday, the 11th. We came on to Paris to-day. We are at the Hôtel de Londres.

August 15th. — Yesterday we went

to see M. Gachotte's school. It is in a very pleasant part of Paris, — the Faubourg St. Honoré. The house has a court-yard about sixty feet square. Behind the house are the play-grounds, shaded by large trees. M. Gachotte showed us everything, even to the kitchens, and told us all particulars in regard to study-hours, playtime, food, etc.

The boys have eight hours' study in the day; but are never allowed to work more than two hours at a time. I had heard so much about the light diet of French boarding-schools, that I had felt some misgivings on this point; I was not, therefore displeased, to hear M. Gachotte say that "boys who work well must eat well."

The dormitories are spacious rooms, with little white beds ranged along the sides. A master sleeps in each dormitory. A most exact order reigns in everything. The rules of the school are very strict. No books are allowed, except those used in the school, or such as are provided by the head mas-

ter. The boys are not free to employ even their leisure moments in their own way. In study-time they must study; in recreation-time they must recreate.

It may be a good thing for American youth to be subjected to this discipline for a time; but I should think it would be very cramping to boys who have never known any other system.

It seems that the boys in French schools are never allowed to walk in the street alone. Even in going home, or to a friend's house, and returning, they must have an attendant. We asked M. Gachotte to exempt our boys from this necessity, and to permit them to come home by themselves when we do not call for them.

It is vacation at the school now, but the boys are to enter at once, that they may become familiar with the language before the term begins. Next Monday, the 18th, is the day fixed upon. We have stipulated that we are to take them out frequently, during the vacation, to see the monuments, galleries, etc., of Paris.

August 17th. — A very remarkable paper has just appeared, signed by Lamennais, Schoelcher, Michel de Bourges, and other eminent Republicans. It foreshadows the Republic of the United States of Europe. It has called a storm of rage, as might be supposed, on the heads of the signers. The *Univers* speaks of this project as "a grotesque idea," and ridicules the enthusiasm with which the writer of the paper "describes the happiness of the republican world." But ridicule is not the worst assault that these men, and men like these, have to encounter. The names I have given are associated, surely, with goodness, courage, and ability; but appended to a document which sketches a better future for suffering Europe, they represent men to be denounced as "enemies of religion, of the family, and of property."

Accusations like these are the favorite weapons of the reaction; and they are effective ones. They detach from the reformers all the timid good, a numerous flock, who find safety and force

by herding closely together, and who do not suffer themselves even to turn their regards towards the quarter from which they are told danger threatens, but bless themselves that somebody somewhere is on the lookout for it. It alienates from the reformers the ignorant and humble good, who content themselves with the practice of the modest virtues and who have not the presumption to believe that their voice could aid in making the world a better one for others, which they do not ask to have made better for themselves.

The selfish side with the selfish, as of course; this is a solidarity which never fails. There remains as audience for the innovators the class of those who unite in themselves probity, courage, intelligence, and instruction; a class from which are still to be withdrawn those who, from constitution of mind, from habit, from respect to revered elders, brace themselves against suggestions of change; and those whom engrossing employments withhold from examination of theories which do not seem to be of immediate application. Of those who receive a truth and welcome it because it is truth, the greater part enjoy its satisfactions serenely in their own minds, not seeking to impart it, still less to carry it out to practical result.

Thus it is that ideas of the greatest simplicity, of, it would seem, the easiest acceptance, stand long before the world, disregarded apparently, but, more and more, unconsciously perceived and admitted, until their day comes almost unheralded, and they enter on their reign as if it had always been their recognized right; as if it had not once been denounced as the reign of anarchy.

But those who pleaded and battled for the ignored truth in its adverse times, those who were persecuted and maligned for it, — they do not always triumph with their work. The world has many an injustice yet to repair, as it has many a delayed sentence to execute.

The judgments of our country upon

European merit or demerit ought to be like those of the other world. But too often our sight is dazzled by a delusive halo, too often it is hindered by the mists of defamation gathering about a noble head. We ought to be on the watch to hail our own, to offer them that cordial of sympathy which hearts strong and brave enough to do without it crave, perhaps, even more than weaker ones.

That evil is spoken of men whose only offence is love of humanity, cannot surprise us. It was foretold that this should be part of the earthly portion of those who work for God in godless times. All efforts to revive primitive Christianity are met as primitive Christianity itself was.

When I hear Lamennais numbered among "the enemies of religion and the family," there comes to my mind a passage in his *Book of the People*. It concludes the chapter on *The Family*:—

"If there be upon earth true joys, a real happiness, these joys, this happiness, are found in the bosom of a well-ordered family, whose members are strictly united by duty. For happiness here below does not consist in the uninterrupted enjoyment of what are called the goods of this world, but in the mutual love which softens the ills inseparable from our present existence, and mingles with them I know not what distant emanation from a future, mysterious felicity."

Does this man know what a home is?

Monday, August 18th.—To-day we set off at half past nine in the morning to look for an apartment. We drove about through the streets to which our search was limited, stopping whenever we saw the yellow placard which indicates furnished apartments, until two o'clock. Then we went back to the hotel to take the boys to their school. Willie was very eager to go. Dear little fellow, I hope he will like it as much as he thinks he shall, but he does not know what it is to be away from home. My heart was very heavy when

the great gates banged to, shutting us out and them in.

Alfred will be contented as soon as he is once fairly at work. But how will it be with our little republican of eleven?

In London, Willie was telling us one day what he should do when he got to Paris. Among other things, he talked of making exploring expeditions about the city. I told him he could not do this; he would not be allowed to go beyond the school enclosure. "But I shall go," he said. "You cannot; it is against the law." "What! against the law of France?" "No; but of the school." "O," with a movement of the head expressive of sovereign disdain, "I shall not obey it. I shall say it is unconstitutional."

I do not know what you would say to another suggestion he has thrown out with regard to life in France. You know we arrived in Liverpool on Sunday. This and our not going to church made it seem so like a week-day, that the children could hardly believe it was indeed Sunday. Willie was particularly struck with this novel order of things, and asked many questions as to what was and what was not done on Sunday in England. His sister told him that, in France, they amused themselves more on that day than on any other. Whereupon mamma remarked sagely that, of course, American boys in Paris would keep to the customs of their own country. "Well, I don't know," said Willie, with quite a man-of-the-world air; "perhaps it is as well to conform to the customs of the country you are in, in some respects."

Tuesday, August 19th.—The home is found. We went round yesterday all day, as I told you, unsuccessfully. This morning we set forth again. White placards abounded, and invited to pleasant-looking houses; but the yellow ones were not only fewer in number, but also, it seemed, far less attractive in what they had to offer. We went up, however, into a great many apartments. In some we only gave a glance round and retired, apolo-

gizing for the trouble we caused. Others we explored very thoroughly, and considered and reconsidered, trying to think that this defect or that inconvenience was counterbalanced by certain prettinesses or advantages. As the day wore on, I was ready to sit down and take possession of every apartment we looked at which had the requisite number of rooms and was within a reasonable distance of M. Gachotte's school. Happily, I was overruled.

Half past two was our time for going to see the boys. So at half past two we turned our horses' heads in the direction of the Faubourg St. Honoré. As we were passing down a pleasant street into which we turned from the Avenue des Champs Elysées, we caught sight of a yellow placard. We spoke to the coachman and he stopped at the gate. After a brief parley with the portress, our courier opened the door of the carriage. We alighted, passed through a court-yard, up a broad flight of steps, into a handsome entry, from which a pretty staircase led to the apartment. The staircase was carpeted,—a thing to be noted in Paris. Everything was fresh and well cared for; unlike some of the houses we have seen to-day, in which the entries and staircases were like public thoroughfares. The apartment corresponded to the idea I had formed of it while we were mounting the stairs. It seemed to have been planned precisely for us; the right number of rooms and the right sort; large enough, not over large. They seemed to have been furnished by the persons who had lived in them; not by an upholsterer, to order. The salon had an air of quiet, simple elegance, with a something of old-fashioned about it too, that suited me entirely. What is more than all, the windows look into beautiful gardens. One thing that I liked very much about this apartment was that the sleeping-rooms of the domestics were nicely furnished. It looked as if good and considerate people had presided over the arrangements.

In all the other apartments in which

I had installed myself in imagination, I looked forward to a large share of that domestic satisfaction which is found in ingenious expedient, in skilful arrangement, in triumph over difficulties. In all those apartments I said, "But these things will look very differently when it is our home." This apartment announced itself at once as our home; our real home, exactly prepared for us.

The proprietor, who bears an historical name, occupies the *rez-de-chaussée*. His sister has the rooms over those we were looking at. They are the only occupants of the house, so that it will be very quiet. I am for engaging the apartment at once. I am afraid somebody else will take it if we do not secure it. But—there must be a but to everything in this world—it is "far off." "You must not go above the Rond Point," every one tells us. If we come here, we shall transcend the American limit. We shall be far from the theatres, far from the shops. But then we shall be near M. Gachotte's school, within a walking distance; and that is everything to me. And again, this is the healthiest part of Paris. But it was not worth while to be precipitate. We went to the boys' school. M. Gachotte received us, and, after a few polite expressions, sent for the boys. He withdrew discreetly when they appeared. I knew they would be homesick, and the first glance told me that they were so indeed.

"What is it, Alf?" I asked, for he was looking very dignified.

"O, it is so monotonous!"

Only imagine an American boy, who has always enjoyed a complete independence, even as regards his studies, finding himself in a place where everything is planned out for him, no call or opportunity for the exercise of his own will in any direction. It is hard.

Willie, in the mean time, was standing close to me, holding my hand. I knew by the tightness of the pressure that his heart was full. But he was brave still.

We asked all the questions we could think of, and did not find that there

was anything amiss, except the dullness and the separation from home. We were chiefly solicitous about Willie, because he has not been well lately. The voyage, the irregular hours which we cannot avoid when we are traveling, have told upon him. Within a few days he has lost his bright color, and has had a sedateness which does not belong to him. If he had not been so determined to go to school at once, we should not have sent him, but we thought it better to let him have his own way. We hoped that the regular hours and quiet life of the school might prove to be the best thing for him; but to-day his eyes looked so large and wistful, and his little cheeks so delicate, that I feel very heavy-hearted about him.

M. Gachotte came back before we went. We asked him his opinion of the situation of the apartment we had seen. He answered that it was in every respect desirable; and that it was a great advantage to have a proprietor with whom we could never have any petty, vexatious questions.

The boys went with us to the gate.

"Well," said their father, "you know you need not stay a day longer than you like. Only say the word and you shall go back to the hotel to-night."

They are not at that point yet. No doubt the consciousness that they have the whole responsibility keeps them from rash decisions.

We return to our apartment; I, on the way, indulging in visions of receiving the boys in it on Saturday. But is it ours? Will it be ours? The yellow placard is in its place, — a favorable sign. The courier rings the bell and puts his head in at the opening gate. I half expect to see him withdraw it, obedient to a negative sign and brief explanation from the portress, and then to see the gate close, while he returns with, "Engaged, ma'am, since you saw it."

Carter steps back from the gate, but remains with his face towards it. It closes; but only as a preliminary to the opening of the great gates. The

portress has accepted our return as a proof of serious intentions. She sees in us future patrons; our carriage is worthy to enter the court-yard and to draw up before the very steps.

The lady who has the charge of letting the apartment arrived while we were taking our second survey. The matter was soon arranged; the contract drawn up and signed upon the spot; so that the apartment is now our own. No, not quite; that is the only disappointment; we cannot have it until Saturday at noon.

It will, I believe, add to the interest of our apartment in your eyes, as it certainly does in mine, that it was once occupied by the wife of Henri de la Rochejacquelein, the hero of La Vendée. Our proprietor is their son.

When we had decided to take it, M. de la Rochejacquelein came in to see us. He is a stout, elderly gentleman, very republican in his appearance and dress, although a stanch legitimist, as one of his name should be. I remember to have seen reports of his speeches in the Assembly. We have engaged the apartment for three months. This fixes us in Paris for that period; but I do not believe we shall be willing to leave the boys even then.

Wednesday, August 20th. — We went to see the boys again to-day. We felt very anxious as to how we should find Willie. His father told me to make him talk freely, and to ascertain whether he was staying because he really wished it, or out of pride or consistency. I find that he knows what he means, and that he had not been looking forward to school life as to a life altogether of pleasure. He was evidently aware that there was to be a good deal of tedium and hardship. But he says he knows "it will be better for him in the end"; that he "shall be more of a man for it." Alfred has no doubt about staying, and I know he must feel satisfied that Willie is well off as to essentials, or he would advise us to take him away.

August 22d. — This morning our

courier called our attention to a curious circumstance. A white dove had alighted on the head of the bronze statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme. We went out upon the balcony and saw it. It remained there for more than an hour. Crowds collected round the monument, looking up. It was a very striking and beautiful sight, this pure white dove on the top of the black figure. Without doubt this singular circumstance will be received as an omen, and will be variously interpreted, according to the different political views. On the one hand, white is the color of the Bourbons. It might seem to signify the supremacy of this race over that of the Napoleons. But the Napoleonists may view in it a visible manifestation of the Divine favor; a descent of the Holy Spirit upon the head of the house of Napoleon; perhaps a consecration of that family to the imperial office. And the Republicans? They do not ask after signs. But, while I was looking at the lovely apparition, I could not but see in this white dove of peace an emblem of the pure republic, which, more beautiful for the hard, black, soulless age on which it will descend, shall one day fix all eyes and draw all hearts.

Our future neighbor, Monsieur de la Rochejacquelein, is the candidate of the liberal legitimists for the Presidency. *L'Ordre* of to-day, August 22d, has an article signed A. Chambolle, which gives a short account of each of the parties in France. It speaks thus of the party of which Monsieur de la Rochejacquelein is the leader: "The *Gazette de France* would have a right to complain if we were to omit the legitimists of the *Droit National* and of the *Oriflamme*, who demand universal suffrage more loudly than the Mountain, and who find themselves able to reconcile in their programme, we hardly know how, a genuine monarchical fidelity with many republican maxims and revolutionary traditions; who, in short, find themselves admirably represented by their candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, Mon-

sieur le Marquis de la Rochejacquelein." The candidate of *L'Ordre* itself is the Prince de Joinville, who, it is maintained, may legally be a candidate for the Presidency, though not for a seat in the National Assembly, to be eligible to which his name must be found on the electoral list. The Constitution only requires the President to be a Frenchman, thirty years of age, in possession of his civil rights. Of these exile has not deprived the Prince. There is no legal objection to proposing him as a candidate for the Presidency, although the Assembly might prevent his election by refusing to revoke the decree of exile. Such are the views of the supporters of this candidatuship. In the mean time it is not understood that the Prince de Joinville has proposed himself for it.

The candidate whose pretensions are most talked of is one who is certainly and avowedly ineligible, — the actual President.

By the terms of the Constitution, he cannot be a candidate until after the expiration of four years from the time of his going out of office. It is understood that he intends to evade this provision by not going out of office at all. Precisely how this object is to be accomplished is as yet obscure. Various plans are attributed to him. Some of them are of an incredible audacity, — incredible to American ears, at least; and the coolness with which they are referred to, and the evidences of their existence discussed, would seem to indicate that there is no profound apprehension of their reality.

The first and most obvious means to his end is a revision of the Constitution with a view to the abrogation of article forty-five, which prevents him from offering himself as a candidate for the Presidency in the elections of 1852. The Constitution provides for its own revision, but has taken its precautions to prevent rash changes, carried by surprise. A decree of revision by the Assembly requires three fourths of the whole number of votes. The Assembly which decides on this measure is

not the one to carry it out. A new election must first take place, that the people may choose their representatives with a knowledge of the responsibility to be intrusted to them.

Louis Napoleon has already attempted to obtain a decree of revision from the National Assembly. The measure was defeated through the determined opposition of the Republicans.

The Republicans do not regard the Constitution as incapable of improvement; but they believe that, under the present circumstances, any change in it is more likely to prejudice than to benefit the Republic. In any case, they will not hear of revision until the electoral law of the 31st May, 1850, shall have been repealed. They maintain that an Assembly elected under the restrictions of that law will not have been legally elected; that all the acts of such an Assembly would be invalid; that the revision of the Constitution whose framers were elected by universal suffrage can be made only by an Assembly the result of universal suffrage.

August 23d. — We are here at a most interesting time. The magnitude of the consequences to Europe and to the world of what is about to take place in France gives to the controversies and discussions now going on here a solemn importance. The legal term of the present government is approaching. What is to succeed? This is the all-engrossing question, which each one answers according to his hopes or fears. All feel that what is before France is, in fact, a revolution, though perhaps a peaceful one. All agree that 1852 is to see a new order of things. Is it to see the liberation of the Republic? the restoration of the old Monarchy? the passage of a member of the house of Orleans through election to the Presidency, to election to the throne? Finally, is it to see the empire?

Of all the parties which are watching and working, each on its own account, the Republican, the most depressed at the present time, appears the most con-

fident of the future. The Republicans have the Constitution on their side; they believe that they have the majority of the people with them. Imperialists and Royalists must rely on the aid of exceptional measures; but the regular, legal course of things conducts the Republicans, so they believe, to certain triumph in the elections to which all are looking forward.

The first step towards this victory and its necessary condition is the repeal of the law of the 31st of May, 1850. This law, by which suffrage was restricted, and which has been, ever since its passage, a source of agitation and discontent throughout the country, they hope to see abrogated in the next session of the Assembly, which is to come together early in November.

When the people found themselves, in 1849, called upon for the second time to choose their legislators by universal suffrage, they thought that all was settled, their privileges secured beyond recall. Great pains had been taken to inspire them with distrust of the liberal leaders, whom they had been taught to regard as erratic, untrustworthy men; immoral, ambitious, mere self-seekers, who flattered them to delude them. In short, it had been instilled into them that the most dangerous enemies of the Republic were the Republicans. The Royalist candidates, meanwhile, themselves condescended to cajolery, and, when it served, were eloquent in praise of poverty and labor. The people chose as their representatives these men, whose names were familiar to them; men to whom they had been in the habit of looking up; men of education, talent, and position. It did not occur to them that such men could be false to a trust. It is to be feared that some of them accepted this trust only to be false to it. What is certain is, that the majority of this Assembly, chosen by universal suffrage, soon showed itself openly reactionist, and early in its second year presented the monstrous spectacle of a representative assembly disfranchising its constituents.

This law of the 31st May, 1850, by which, in violation of the Constitution, three millions of electors had their names struck from the electoral lists, was, by the President who proposed it, and by the majority of the Assembly which passed it, intended as the death-sentence of the Republic. He saw in it a means of the revision of the Constitution for his own advantage; they, a safe and easy way back to royalty.

But this measure, designed for the utter discomfiture of the Republicans, proved the instrument of their defence and vindication. It justified them before the people, who had been sedulously taught that the Republican chiefs were enemies of all law, all government, all rights; but who now saw in them the defenders of the law, the supporters of the true government, the maintainers of rights legally acquired and arbitrarily withdrawn.

This measure had not, even from those whom it did not personally affect, the approbation that was expected. Many who would have approved a restriction of suffrage legally accomplished, saw that if the Constitution could be thus violated in one of its most important provisions, the Constitution was a mere farce, and there was no security for any right held under it. There is a large class of people whom this law does not instantly affect, but who may easily, by a change of circumstances, be brought under its exclusions. These cannot be friends of the law or of its framers. As for the disfranchised millions themselves, it is not to be doubted that the first use they make of their recovered privileges will be to reward their champions of the Assembly and the press.

This law does not seem to have profited its contrivers. At least, it has not profited the reactionist majority of the Assembly. There are those who think that Napoleon entrapped them into this imprudent measure, and that it is among his designs to take the initiative in proposing its repeal, thus placing himself before the country in the attitude of the defender of popular

rights, and leaving to the Assembly the whole burden of their joint usurpation.

There is not now among the different parties of the Royalists the harmony there was, when in 1848 they united in Louis Napoleon to prevent the Republic from founding itself. The old Legitimists think it very audacious in the Orleanists to be setting up a candidate of their own, and are disdainful of the Legitimists of the new school, who see that, if royalty is to return, it must return republican.

The primitive Legitimists, and the Orleanists, however inimical on other points, are agreed in clinging to restricted suffrage.

Will the Royalist majority of the Assembly yield their ground on this question? They must desire their own reelection, and can hardly obtain it by universal suffrage. And then, in case no one of the candidates for the Presidency receives the number of votes required for election by the people, the choice falls to the Assembly. Such an occurrence would greatly change the face of affairs for the Royalists. And it is more likely to happen under restricted suffrage.

But it is hoped that, in view of the unpopularity of this law, and, above all, in view of the dangerous designs now freely imputed to the President, a sufficient number of the members of the Right will unite with the Republicans, to remove this cause of agitation and pretext for usurpation.

In the mean time, the Napoleonist cry is for "revision" and "prorogation"; for the elimination, that is to say, of the inconvenient article forty-five from the Constitution, and the extension of the Presidential term.

The President and his partisans are working zealously to influence the public mind in favor of these measures. Agents are sent into all the departments to win adherents, by whatever means. Efforts are made to obtain evidences of a popular demand for revision, in the form of resolutions of the councils of the arrondissements, and

of the councils general of the departments; as also in that of signatures to petitions industriously circulated.

Great account is made of the resolutions of councils favorable to revision; and no hint is given that these councils, whose business is simply to administer the affairs of their departments, are exceeding their province in volunteering an opinion upon national questions. But if a council happens to entertain views different from the President's, as the council of the arrondissement of Limoges, for example, mark what happens. This audacious council passed a resolution to the effect "*that the Constitution ought to receive its entire execution; and that the laws contrary to the Constitution ought to be repealed or modified.*" It instanced the laws concerning the freedom of the press, and the right to hold meetings.

The President of the Republic forthwith issues a decree declaring that "*such resolutions are illegal; that they are insulting to the great powers of the state, and an interference with the rights of the Legislative Assembly.*"

The effrontery of this government would be laughable, if it were not formidable.

Saturday, August 23d: Evening.—We took possession of our apartment this afternoon. At eight o'clock we were all in order and sent for the boys. They are enchanted to be at home, although they are now almost reconciled to the school. Alfred admits that it is a good school. He says that the eight hours' study are so divided that they do not seem more than five.

August 27th.—The Bonapartists are giving up all expectation of obtaining a revision of the Constitution from the National Assembly. There is no hope of a three-fourths vote in its favor. The opposition of the Republican minority is too determined. "The mountain," says *La Patrie*, a leading Napoleonist journal, "with its two hundred members perfectly disciplined and resolved, would suffice to prevent the revision of the Constitution."

What does this avowal say for the

"Mountain," for the Republican minority of the Assembly? In a time of corruption, of intrigue, of treasons, more or less plausibly varnished,—of unprincipled selfishness, in short,—this little band of two hundred stands firm for France. What would not Napoleon give to seduce ten or twenty of these men from their allegiance? What might not these leaders aspire to who must now see the places which are theirs by every right of character, of ability, of energy, of patriotism, vauntingly enjoyed by their revilers?

The hope of revision through a vote of the Assembly as at present constituted being thus abandoned by the Napoleonist party, new schemes arise to take its place. One truly Napoleonic is put forth by *La Patrie*.

The National Assembly is elected for three years. At least forty-five days before the expiration of its own term, it must fix the time of the new elections. If it should fail to do this, the electors have a right to assemble thirty days before the close of the session, and elect a new Assembly, which shall enter on its functions the day after those of the preceding one expire.

La Patrie asserts that, though the Constitution requires the Assembly to fix the time for the election of a new one at least forty-five days before its own dissolution, yet there is nothing to prevent it from fixing this time much earlier. "To obtain the object proposed," says that journal, "it is necessary that these new elections should take place early in December." "Doubtless," it proceeds to explain, "the Constitution has fixed at three years the duration of the legislative assemblies, but that is a right which is conferred, not a necessity imposed. They have the power, but not the obligation, of sitting three years."

But how can the party of order assure itself that the vote taken in December will be favorable to revision and to the prolongation of the powers of the actual President?

"*There is a very simple means,*"

says *La Patrie*, "of assuring to the electors complete security and the most entire liberty."

This means is a law which shall direct that the elections, instead of taking place on the same day, shall be held on different days in each of the departments composing a military division. "Each general might, therefore, send successively to the different points where an election was taking place the troops necessary to prevent the guilty excesses of the demagogical party."

Under these conditions, it is thought that the elections cannot fail to result favorably to revision and prorogation. Under similar conditions universal suffrage would not probably endanger the hopes of the empire.

Now, which of these parties feels itself strong with the people? The Napoleonists who know and own that they must rely for success on armed force; the Royalists, who have no hope, except in restricted suffrage; or the Republicans, who, without other means of control than logic and eloquence, ally their prospects with the free and universal vote of France?

That Napoleon does not feel himself well assured of his own popularity, is proved by the repressive measures which are found necessary. Day after day we hear of editors or writers fined or imprisoned for seditious articles. Day after day appear announcements of the removal or suspension of mayors of communes, suspected of "demagogical opinions." Here, a municipal council is dissolved; there, the National Guard disbanded. The village *fêtes* are, it seems, so many scenes of revolutionary demonstration. Not only political, but social meetings among the country people are becoming ille-

gal. The police listen under the windows to their songs; and, if they catch an objectionable word, such, perhaps, as *liberty* or *fraternity*, burst in. They command silence. The singers assert their right to sing Republican songs under a Republic. This persistence is a resistance to authority; then arrests, rescue, reinforcements to the gendarmerie; general disturbance; quiet at last, through free use of carabines and swords. The prefect arrives the next day, looks around; "his presence restores calm." Follow announcements in the papers of an attempt at insurrection in such a place, evidently a part of a general plan, baffled by the promptitude and zeal of the authorities. All meetings and fêtes of every kind are forbidden in that neighborhood until further orders. Nor is this the end. The authors of the disturbance—not the gendarmes, of course—are to be tried and punished. To have been wounded by a bullet or a sword-thrust is in itself a proof of guilt. A still more conclusive proof is any superiority of talent or education, if this is found in company with Republican principles. To be accused, on such a charge, is to be sentenced. And so these young men,—for it is commonly the younger men who thus compromise themselves,—these young men, a week before the hope of their humble homes, and full of their own happy hopes, are candidates for imprisonment; perhaps for that worst doom that a Frenchman can meet,—deportation. Wretchedness settles down on the cluster of villagers which had sent representatives to the annual fête. They are not probably converted to Napoleonism, or supposed to be so. They are fit subjects for the application of martial law on the first occasion.

M. L. P.

COUNTRY WINTER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

IT is worth staying or coming to see. There is nothing like it in cities; it should not have name in common with that black, blustering, dripping-from-eaves, knee-deep-in-slosh misery, which is all that New York or Boston associates with the word "winter."

It began a month ago, as gently and cautiously as if Nature were trying experiment, and did not know how the earth could bear it: first, snow on the distant mountains, to show us of what color it would be; glistening white like crystal, at noon; solid white like white rock, if the day grew cloudy; and deep pink at sunset, like pink topaz, or conch-shell pearls, or cinnamon roses; our eyes could not grow wonted to the splendor. Then came fine soft showers, a few moments long, sifting lustreless silver on every grass-blade and tree-twigg; in an hour or two no trace was left, on the fields or by the roadside; but going into the woods, one found fringes and patches of it on fallen logs, in hollows, and laps of mosses. It is pathetic to think how few people have heart (or chance) to go into woods after early snows begin. The hush of them is sweeter than their sound in summer; there are just as many colors, and all new; and as for shape, the first light outlining of snow is almost miraculous revelation of infinitesimal points, curves, peaks, jags, wreathings, and intertwinings of all things that grow. There is not a dark corner from beginning to end of the wood; there is not a single unilluminated moss stem; no, not one, in great spaces where moss and *Linnaea* and partridge-berry vines are so inextricably tangled, that lifting up any all the rest come with it, in mats two feet wide; no man could count the fallen beech and maple leaves in even so little room of ground as he might in five minutes tread full of steps; but every one of the leaves holds its own

diamond drop of water, or carven crystal of snow: they are curled into millions of shapes; an artist might come and draw from them alone, until next year interrupted him. "O, what *is* that?" said my friend yesterday, as I held up to her a scrolled cornucopia of amber brown, with a twisted stem two inches long. It looked like a fantastic goblet, cut out of something finer than wood, more shining than glass, and dyed as silk can be dyed. Over and round the rim, staid, solid, and still, what might have been frozen foam of the last toast drank. It was only a huge beech leaf; it had rolled itself up as it fell, and poised in a cleft of its own tree's root, so as to catch in open mouth all the snow it could hold.

The hardier ferns are as green as in summer; all the mosses are greener; and the lichens are but just beginning to show what scarlets and yellows they mix; and low-lying leaves, cornels, tiarellas, and a myriad more, which not to know is burning shame, are tinted wondrously with claret and purple and pink; gay, almost, as were the maple and ash leaves which made the upper air so brilliant a month ago. Only the firs and spruces seem unchanged; perhaps their dark glossiness is a little deepened; but they do not take much note of these sprinkling snows; they bide their time of beauty, which will be the first hour of storm; then, moment by moment, they will be transformed into a dazzling Gothic architecture, the like of which is not to be found on earth, unless perchance there may be arctic cathedrals built of ice in open polar fields, where no men go to worship.

The light snows gently went and came, until we grew aware of their promise and impatient of their delay. Had it been her first snowing, Nature could not better have won us to be ready for her spectacle. She was hon-

est too; for there were days of sleet; the windows froze down, and the roads were icy and horrible.

In these days a bustle of preparation was to be heard and seen in the village. Men who had for weeks spent most of their time in a miserable sort of waking trance, on tilted chairs around the stove of the village "store," were to be seen hard at work "banking up" their houses. The heaping and boarding of these flowerless flower-beds of earth around the lower stories of country houses is sensible, perhaps, but not artistic. The German peasantry keep out cold by a more picturesque method, piling their fire-wood compactly round and round their houses, leaving small loopholes at windows, till, finally, the whole structure is a combination of castle and log-cabin, by no means ugly to see.

In these days too, potatoes, if accurately quoted, in market phrase, might have been said to be "lively"; for they were being shovelled and tumbled by bushels into cellar windows all along the street.

The blacksmith's anvil had no rest from morning till late at night. His great red fire glared out like an angry watchful eye long after dark; much I fear the poor country horses fared ill in his numb and weary hands.

Builders' hammers, too, rang out more vigorously than ever. There are eleven new houses going up in this little town. Next summer's hospitality will have open doors enough, and nobody will turn away, as scores have done this year, for want of room.

In these days also came Elder MacNaughton the Baptist, crying "Prepare ye the way of the Lord"; and the Baptists prepared it after a bitter fashion; laying violent hands on a little meadow brook, and damming it up, till it made of itself a muddy pool, some six feet square. Down to this pool, on a Sunday noon, came six young women, one with her lover, to be baptized in the icy water; also there was "that sacred being," as good George MacDonald says, "a maid-child." The village peo-

ple came in silent, solemn groups to look on; some standing closely in row along the edge of the stream, others sitting and standing a few rods off on top of the high sloping bank. We felt almost as if we had come upon some gathering of old Covenanters, under the gray sky of a Scottish winter; the bare frozen fields, the black fir woods, the circling mountains, the rough rocks, the uncovered heads and awed faces, the low minor cadences of the psalm, and more than all the unutterable silences in intervals of the service,—all made up a scene which we shall not forget, and which will make that little meadow brook sing less merrily in our ears for many a summer to come.

But the days went on; and we being strangers in the land, having neither houses to build or bank, nor horses to be rough-shod, nor faith in Elder MacNaughton's preaching, grew almost weary of waiting for sight of grand, full winter.

Already the far-away Green Mountains were white, and their distant slopes seemed to lift and lie level along the horizon, as one could fancy ice-fields lying white and high among blue icebergs. Mounts Washington, Jefferson, and Adams were a snowy wall to the east; and glistening in the sun to the south lay the Franconias, gentle and gracious still under all their snows, as in summer's green; everything far and near, great and small, was silvered, or tufted, or mounded with snow. But not one smallest outline was lost or altered; we could still see on Strawberry Hill the maple branch on which the yellow-hammers had their nest; each seed-plume of golden-rods which we had spared in the lanes stood upright, and only more beautiful for being frosted over; stone walls and fences stretched out plainer than ever, being braided of black and white; and wheels still rattled in frozen ruts half filled and barely hid by snow. This was not winter. We waited for more.

At last it came, as I almost think it loves best to come, in the night; soft, complete, shining; small trace now of

any man's landmark, by wall or fence; no color but white and no shape but snow, to any shrub or tree or wood; looking out, we perceived that no man could any more tell us of Labrador, or Greenland: they cannot be more than the whole of winter; the whole of winter lay between the horizon and our doorstep. For a little there was not even road; if we had had our way, no human being should have taken step to make footprint between that sunrise and sunset; nor should there have been sound, save the slide of drifts from pine boughs in the forest, and the whirl of little snow-birds' wings. But we discovered that it is not possible to look out on such night's snow so early that it shall not be found printed here and there with the tiny star-shaped impress of feet so light that they barely jarred the crystals; also that the loud shouts of merry boys are no more discordant in such morning's air than the gentle noises snow-birds make when they fly.

In a few hours the village surveying and road-making were over, and work began and went on. Since then there has been no surprise, no change; ex-

cept that every day the mountains have some tint of purple, or blue, or gray, or red, which they have not had before, and the great dome of sky looks higher and higher. After living for months on such plateau as this, from which half the sky there is can be seen at once, it will seem like groping blindfolded to walk about city streets and see sky only by strips, through chinks; or more, perhaps, as if the great celestial umbrella had been suddenly shut down on our heads, and we were darkly fumbling among the wires and bones.

Each day as we walk up and down the soft roads, scattering the feathery flakes with our feet, craunching a few now and then, or rolling them up into balls and tossing them aimlessly, the good people of the village stare at us with mingled amazement and pity. We know they look upon us compassionately, thinking in their secret hearts that we must be banished by some sin or misfortune into this wintry exile. But we smile as we pass them, and say under our breath, "Yes, pity us; we are glad of your pity; we need it; for we must go away next week!"

H. H.

NEW DEPARTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

"MR. PRESIDENT," said Mr. Webster as he rose in the Senate of the United States to reply to Mr. Hayne of South Carolina, in what is still remembered as the great debate of 1830, "when the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glimpse of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him out of his course. Let us imitate his prudence, and before we float farther on the wave of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where

we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution before the Senate." Many have admired the oratorical skill of this opening sentence who have failed to detect the sincerity of the request, or the strict candor of the reflection as he added: "It will readily occur to any one that it is almost the only subject about which something has not been said in the speech running through two days," inasmuch as it is difficult to find that the orator himself adhered more closely to the resolution than did his eloquent antagonist. "It is not to be denied," said the same voice in the same place, twenty years later, in his equally memorable "7th of March

speech," "that we live in the midst of strong agitations, and are surrounded by very considerable dangers to our government. The imprisoned winds are let loose. The East, the North, and the stormy South combine to throw the whole sea into commotion, to toss the billows to the skies and disclose its profoundest depths." Continuing his nautical figure, which none knew better how to employ, he added: "I do not affect to regard myself, Mr. President, as holding, or fit to hold, the helm in the combat with the political elements; but I have a duty to perform, and I mean to perform it with fidelity, not without a sense of exciting dangers, but not without hope. I have a part to act, not for my own safety, for I am looking for no fragment on which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole and the preservation of all; and there is that which will keep me to my duty, during this struggle, whether the sun and stars shall appear or shall not appear for many days."

The drift and danger, so vividly portrayed and with so much tact referred to, though hardly borne out by existing facts, the professed desire to find the true position and the purpose to stand in the breach at whatever hazard, represent none too forcibly or eloquently the condition of affairs which has since obtained, and the wisdom and patriotism which have so signally marked the decade of the nation's history just closed. The storm of rebellion and war, of treason and its punishment, of the purpose to destroy, and "the uprising of a great people" to save the government, the struggle and strain required for that and for the reconstruction, now nearly accomplished, have more than realized what the orator only, or mainly, imagined. The nation has actually seen and felt the storm he painted. It has gone through the wild commotion produced by the loosened winds, as the East, the North, and the stormy South have stirred the sea of American thought and feeling, passion, prejudice, and purpose, tossing its bil-

lows to the skies and disclosing its profoundest depths. For four long years, with that hope deferred which makes the heart sick, the people waited, in weary vigils, for the war-clouds to disperse, so that the sun and stars might again appear. That fearful upheaving of everything political and pecuniary, social and religious, the fierce strifes of the field and of the forum, the unexpected though legitimate, results of a disturbance so deep and wide, the new under-currents in the popular mind and heart which have received motion and direction from those great events, have driven and drifted the ship of state from its former course, and rendered necessary new observations, new calculations, and a new departure.

Nor is this any the less true because it is deemed a subject of gratulation, because we feel that the storms have purified the atmosphere, and because the nation has been thus driven or drifted, without voluntary purpose of its own, into an open sea, and away from waters hitherto so full of peril. Dropping the figure: it is accepted as one of the grand compensations of the war, with its terrible cost of blood and treasure, of tears and personal demoralization, that the nation has been made better, and been brought into a condition and circumstances when new policies must be inaugurated, new principles adopted and made familiar, and the action of the people, individual and governmental, adapted to the changed posture of affairs, and to the new purposes and objects thus generated and made attainable. In an endeavor to form an estimate of future responsibilities, duties, and dangers, it may be well to note some of the leading facts and features of these changes, and of this new condition of affairs.

Prominent, of course, stand the great facts that slavery is no more, and that the slave power is dethroned, its sceptre broken, and its fearful capacity for mischief destroyed. That disturbing and demoralizing element has been expelled. No longer does it remain to debauch the public mind, corrupt the Church,

control the government, dictate its foreign and domestic policy, and make American history little more and better than a record of its machinations, its arrogant assumptions, its imperious and exacting demands, its frauds and feints, as through these long, dark years when it pursued its one fixed purpose to rule or ruin. Like the nightmare of the troubled dreamer, — only this was anything but a dream, — it passed away as the nation, awakening to a consciousness of her condition, cast off the terrible incubus which had been paralyzing her energies and putting in peril life itself. Who can over-estimate or exaggerate the magnitude or importance of such a revolution? Who can appreciate the changed condition of affairs, and estimate aright the full significance of such an overturn in the structure of American society and in the administration of the government of the nation. Better now than eight years ago, though hardly now can the people intelligently respond to the exultant words of Mr. Sumner in Faneuil Hall: "Thank God that I have lived to enjoy this day. The skies are brighter and the air is purer now that slavery is handed over to judgment."

Another change is found in the fact that for the first time since the adoption of the Constitution is the government of the United States consistent with its creed, or the nation a republic in anything but the name. There has always been the assumption that the government was republican, and the pretence has been made of deferring questions to the popular voice and vote. The people have appeared to deliberate, and express their convictions by their ballots. They have gone through the forms of the caucus, the convention, and the polls, as if they were in reality choosing their own rulers and making their own laws. But it has never been other than a semblance, a show of participation where there has been no participation, a show of authority when there has been no authority. In point of fact, indeed, from the adoption of the Constitution till the breaking out of the

Rebellion this government has been an absolute despotism, with only the forms of liberty; and the only option given to the people has been that of throwing away their votes, or choosing between two national parties, both of which were nearly alike obsequious to the Southern rule. Mr. Hale was accustomed to enliven and enforce his political addresses by instituting a search for the *locality* of the government. He used to tell his hearers that it was not where the popular idea located it, at Washington, Boston, or Concord, but among the people. He was, however, as wide of the mark as those he criticised. For till the Rebellion the government had never been practically in their hands. The slave power, wherever it was located, was the government, issuing its edicts, and finding Presidents, Congresses, parties, the army and the navy, its willing servitors.

Nor is this a recent discovery. John Quincy Adams thirty years ago declared that it was "the sectional division of parties, or, in other words, the conflict between freedom and slavery, which constituted the axle round which the administration of national government revolved. All its measures of foreign and domestic policy were but radiations from that centre." That this was not exceptional in his esteem, but the general feature of the government and its administration, appears from still stronger language employed elsewhere, when, referring to the principle of the "three-fifths" representation introduced into the Constitution, he declared that "its operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the people in the American Congress, and thereby to make the preservation, propagation, and perpetuation of slavery the vital and animating spirit of the national government." He spoke again of the Constitution as being "saturated with the infection of slavery which no fumigation could purify, no quarantine could extinguish"; by means of which he added, "a knot of slaveholders give the law and prescribe the policy of the country." Mr. Adams's position, age,

experience, profound learning, and studious disavowal of all sympathy and affiliation with abolitionists, invest this severe characterization of the government and its policy with a gravity not to be lightly esteemed or unreflectingly gainsaid. Nor is there need of farther asseveration from him or others. This sad feature of American history stands confessed before the world, and needs no further proof.

Now all this has passed away. The tyrant is not only dethroned, but dead. There can be neither resurrection nor restoration. There is now no secret star-chamber where the counsels and schemes of the slave oligarchy are concocted, and from which its edicts are promulgated. The Democratic party, too, which was ever its subservient ally, is demoralized and in disgrace.

The most important change, however, involving, as it does, consequences and responsibilities of such grave and practical importance, is the fact that the business of self-government is now in the hands of the people. This, though the theory, has never been the practice. But now the king is dead, and his sceptre is broken, who shall take his place? Some new usurper? Or will the people, learning wisdom from their past fearful history, reduce to practice the theory of self-government so long and so inconsistently held? It is easy to say they should. But government is no holiday affair, and republicanism is anything but a mere sentiment. It involves thought, knowledge, consideration, and self-control, which are far from being indigenous in human nature, besides the time and effort which are needful for the details of civil and political management. Except the few who, from personal or patriotic motives, are willing to perform the drudgery of a political canvass, the great mass pray to be excused from any such outlay of time, work, or money. There are too many here who merit the censure by Bismarck of the French people, that they were far more ready to claim their rights than to perform their duties. More are found to de-

claim vociferously against the wrongs of oppression than to perform soberly and sedulously such labors as are needful to resist and overcome its stealthy approaches or its violent assaults. And there are many who see, or think they see, evidences that large numbers are even now, through indolence or interest, preparing to transfer to money-aggregated capital the allegiance hitherto given to the slave power.

Indeed, there are those calculating on money as the lever by which the Democracy shall be lifted to power again. One writes: "Tammany with the 'almighty dollar' has secured and is sure of holding New York. Money conquers everything. The coalition of the Tammany ring with the Erie ring is irresistible in the State, and the Democratic managers here have only to put their heads together and make a joint-stock alliance of all the great railway and telegraph interests of the country in order to gain the White House." Another, speaking of the controlling influence which wealthy men acquire in the leading corporations, boards of directors becoming mere tools to register their edicts and do their bidding, remarks that "these men are becoming kaisers, and ere long the whole machinery of government will be under their manipulation. Their impress is seen and felt now in many States, and legislation is moulded according to the dictation of these railroad kings." By the side of these statements the following figures are significant. The Erie has not only 25,000 employees, over whom its master-spirit professes to have a controlling influence, but its stocks and bonds amount to \$101,935,000. The "marketable indebtedness" of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroads is said to be \$102,897,689. That of the Pennsylvania Central is nearly as large. These facts and many of like character, the votes at some recent elections, the evidence of the control which the money power has exerted over too many State legislatures, over too many judges on the bench, and the influence too marked in the councils of the nation,

are ominous, and fill the minds of the thoughtful with apprehensions of a bondage in store as grinding, if not as ignominious, as that which has just passed away.

Another great change is the enlarged basis of suffrage made by the Fifteenth Amendment. Just at the moment when the demand for intelligent voting was so greatly increased, when there seemed to be another chance for the people to reassert and reclaim the right of managing their affairs according to the theory of free government, — a right they had so fatally relinquished to the slave power, — and the hope was cherished that our flag should no longer be “a flaunting lie,” or wave over a people free only in name, then the exigencies of the situation, indeed, the very existence of the nation, made it necessary to adopt the principle of manhood suffrage. By the adoption of this amendment all men, without regard to race, color, or previous condition, religion, or education, are clothed with the regal authority of the ballot; so that now, in addition to the crowds that come pouring in from Europe with all the disqualifications of their early training, there have been made by the stroke of a pen more than three quarters of a million of voters out of those who, like their fathers, had been born and educated under the paralyzing and brutalizing influences of slavery. How can these growing millions, just emancipated, some from the fetters of chattelhood and a larger number from the political bondage of the slave power, hold the even balance of a wise determination between the conflicting claims that will be urged upon the voters of such a Republic as this? How shall they weigh with intelligence and candor the many questions that must be submitted to the arbitrament of a popular vote? How shall they be able to decide aright even the question, which every one, however ignorant and weak, must decide, as to the party he will join, and the leaders he will follow?

Now that “slavery has been handed over to judgment,” and something be-

sides the peculiar institution is to be cared for by the government, there will arise, as there have arisen, many grave questions to be argued before the popular tribunal and decided by a popular vote. How can such a pleading be anything but a farce, unless there be some culture and some intelligence concerning the points at issue? How can the decision of such a vote be any better than the “throw of a die”? Of course it is not claimed that every vote should comprehend all the recondite points of true statesmanship, the mysteries of finance and commerce, the principles of protection and free trade, though the theory of a republican government recognizes no other tribunal than that of the people; but it *is* expected, and should be provided for, that every one who casts his ballot should have some general opinions upon such subjects, enough at least to choose intelligently between the conflicting claims and their advocates presented for popular adoption and support. There will be found two serious difficulties in the way of a wise and intelligent exercise of the right of suffrage arising from other causes than ignorance and that controlling force which the slave power was accustomed to exert. Sectionalism and demands for special legislation will often prompt to segregated rather than united effort, preventing rather than promoting that harmony and union which alone are the earnest of true and permanent success. But the magnanimity and breadth of views, which can look beyond the present moment for reward, and, listening to the voice of humanity, justice, and a wise forethought, can see in the good of the whole more than a compensation for the sacrifice of selfish greed, can hardly be expected of the millions of the old or of the new made voters, exposed, as they will be, to the arts and pretensions of scheming adventurers and plotting politicians, unless there be comprehensive and well-directed efforts towards popular education, public instruction, and domestic and social culture. Without the school-house and the church there is but a

poor showing for a successful experiment of free government on so large a scale, with a continental empire for its theatre, with open doors towards the east and west inviting immigration from beyond the Atlantic and Pacific, and with a population so heterogeneous. It cannot be longer safe to "leave things at loose ends," and to trust to the chance influences of commerce, the arts, the general struggle for a livelihood and wealth, and those scattered efforts of individuals, churches, and voluntary associations for the public good, which have hitherto so grandly illustrated and adorned American history, and which have, through home missions, tract, Bible, and Sabbath-school associations, and aid to colleges and schools, done so much for civilization and republicanism on this continent.

For, however timely and beneficent may have been these voluntary interpositions, in a nation's behalf, of the humble and Christian toilers, — working noiselessly at the foundations, almost unobserved, and without reward other than the consciousness of doing good, and solving the social problems which each embryo city, village, and town presented, — and however much is due to them of our gigantic, Western growths, it is becoming apparent that the work is outgrowing the workers. With the sudden enlargement of the territory to be occupied, and the augmentation of the masses to be cared for, and the decay of the early enthusiasm which sent and supported so many of the pioneers in the work, it is becoming, in the minds of many, a question whether the government should not here recognize a responsibility of its own which it has heretofore left entirely to others; and certainly, with or without government aid, there is a most imperative demand for a policy similar to that which has already obtained, but far exceeding in extent and rigor any hitherto attempted. The two great necessities of the country, at the present time, are UNIFICATION and EDUCATION.

UNIFICATION. — That union is a necessity of the nation seems only a truism. From the first it has been one of the popular watchwords, as the people have thought and spoken of the dangers and duties involved in the attempt to maintain free institutions. As it was only by uniting their forces as colonists that the fathers could hope to resist the power of England, so, since they started on the race of national existence, attention has ever been directed by their wisest and ablest men to this as one of the cardinal public virtues. Washington dwelt especially upon its importance in his Farewell Address, expressing particular apprehension of sectional or "geographical discriminations, Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western." Nor were these teachings without effect; nor, indeed, were they always employed with a good design. For, from the first, slavery held it up as an argument *in terrorem*, and succeeded in making the large majority of the nation believe that anything done to its injury would weaken the ties that bound the Union together. Threats of disunion, and "Union-saving committees," were among the most potent agencies to repress the promptings of freedom, and to resist the demands of justice, humanity, and the laws of God.

Slavery, however, is no more; and its power for evil or good, — if good could ever be predicated of any influence it exerted, — can no longer be calculated upon in any estimate of forces required or to be apprehended, in the future motions and developments of society and the state. As now the national territory broadens, its millions increase, and its immigration becomes more various and mixed; as new tastes and opinions abound, intensified by the quickening energies of modern progress; and especially as the moral and social influences, emanating from New England and the Middle States are becoming *relatively* less, — there is manifestly need of other and more potent agencies and energies to prepare these heterogeneous and discordant ma-

terials for the new condition of affairs, for the new era on which the nation has entered. Those fragments from the crumbling systems of European and Asiatic civilizations, thrown into the crucible of American society, must be fused into some new consistence for their place and use in the "composite nationality" of the great Republic. Nor will it be safe to leave the character of the new amalgam to depend upon the chance or natural affinities developed by the fusion. Other elements must be thrown in to modify and give shape and fitness, as the necessities of the case require. What they shall be and how they shall be applied should be the study of the wisest and best. To this the social philosopher and divine, the statesman and the educator, should bring their most earnest and select efforts. On the altar of this momentous social and national problem should the Christian lay his prayers and alms, and the rich man his gifts. To make the people one in spirit and purpose, to remove anything that is calculated to engender and perpetuate strife or promote sectional animosities and interests, should be regarded, during the generation now entered upon, as the special work of the bravest philanthropy and of the purest and most enlarged statesmanship.

EDUCATION. — From the first, New England seemed to grasp the great idea that education was an essential element of social and civil prosperity. In the midst of their deep poverty its settlers founded Harvard College, and established for the first time the principle of supporting, at public expense, schools to which all were admitted, for the purpose, as they expressed it, of "nurturing" the rising generation in the elements of common intelligence and virtuous living. Recognizing the fundamental thought, that it is the people who "constitute the state" and make it what it is, they saw that self-protection, even the instinct of self-preservation, demanded that the material of which it was, and was to be, composed should be such as its nature and

constitution required. Nor has that idea ever been lost. One hundred and fifty years later, Washington counselled his countrymen to "promote as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge," on the ground that, "as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." There is, however, no need of argument. The theory of popular education, as an essential element of free government, is by general consent admitted.

The chief points of virtue and importance, in any practical discussion of the subject, pertain to the kind of education required, the best methods of its attainment, and some of the hindrances that lie in the way of that attainment. Here there is large room for inquiry and improvement. For, notwithstanding the admitted advancement of the cause of elementary education, there still remains a lamentable lack of men and women suitably educated for the various duties and dangers, responsibilities and emergencies, of actual life. Not only is there a signal failure in improving the privileges furnished at so much public and private cost, but wise observers find many who have enjoyed all the benefits of the schools, — even some who have become proficient in the various branches of study, — exhibiting grave defects in matters of practical experience. For with the advance of these public means of education there has been an increase of adverse influences from the many changes in the business and social habits of the people, so that what might have been fitted once for the necessities of the community and the times would fail now to meet them. The learning of books is, of course, essential; but that is not all which is requisite. There are practical lessons, not found in the arithmetic and algebra, the geography and grammar, which are to be learned now only outside of the school-room, but which should constitute an important part of the curriculum adopted within. Indeed, it is doubtless among the fea-

tures of "the good time coming," that the education insisted on and furnished by both the common school and college shall lose something of its present scholastic form, and partake more largely of the practical element; where the intercourse between teacher and pupil shall involve something less of adherence to forms and positive systems, more regard to the individuality of each, and more freedom in its exercise.

The education that is specially needed now embraces the whole of man's complex nature, and sends the individual forth into the community with the body and heart fitted for his work as well as the mind, with common sense to apply the abstract principles derived from text-books as well as the knowledge and discipline they are designed to afford. Of course much must be derived from the indirect influences exerted simultaneously and subsequently to the days of the school-room by home, its employments, associations, and pleasures, by society, its provisions and demands, the necessities of a livelihood and the calls of business. "A good home," says Leigh Richmond, "is the best of schools." But it must be "good," and much of its value consists in the care and effort necessary to make it thus *good*. The church, too, and the lecture-room, the caucus, convention, and town-meeting, the farmers' club and the trades-union, the newspaper, the magazine, the review, must all contribute their share to produce what should be the grandest product of the ages, the American citizen; one who, reaping what others have sown, and gathering up the spoils which the centuries have laid at his feet, is called upon to meet the grave responsibility of conserving the interests and of shaping the destinies of the mightiest republic of ancient or modern days.

Such substantially is the training and culture required by the exigencies of the present hour. Are the millions now clothed with the royal right of suffrage, and holding in their hands the sovereign power of this nation —

the great body of American citizens — thus educated? Do they answer in any good degree this description? Do even the educated men of the country seem fully alive to the exigencies of the case? What measures are now in progress which seem to comprehend the situation, or are based upon a correct estimate of the perils that environ and confront? In a word, are the omens propitious?

Napoleon said, fifty years ago, that the great want of France was *mothers*, which was his method of saying that the French people needed the education of homes. But France did not heed this saying; and her late Emperor attributes her present troubles to frivolity and lack of principle in the people. A recent letter-writer thus puts the matter on record: "Throughout France, in 1830, the working class had begun to lose its self-respect, and to degenerate into the condition of serfs; morals and manners were almost impossible. Home life received a shock from which it has never recovered." And now France lies humble and bleeding, fallen at once from the position of the leading nation of Europe to that at least of a second-rate power. Prussia saw that she needed an educated people to cope with surrounding powers, and she decreed that education should be not only compulsory, but military. The results are before the world.

But if France and Prussia, the empire and the kingdom, need education so much, and if its presence and absence have been productive of such dissimilar results, what must be the consequence of its culture or neglect in a country where the two policies of universal suffrage and unrestricted immigration at one and the same time prevail? More than twenty years ago, before the Rebellion, before Emancipation, before the Fifteenth Amendment, before the Pacific Railroad was built or hardly conceived of, when the vast central regions of North America, now dotted with States and Territories and rising cities, were inhabited by

the buffalo and savage, when were used with far less pertinence than they can be now the oft-quoted words,

"No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
For the whole boundless continent is yours,"

Horace Mann, who has left for his countrymen so many wise counsels and practical suggestions, thus discoursed upon the danger to the government of universal suffrage without universal education:—

"The human imagination can picture no semblance of the destructive potency of the ballot-box in the hands of an ignorant and corrupt people. The Roman cohorts were terrible; the Turkish janizaries were incarnate fiends: but each was powerless as a child for harm compared with universal suffrage without mental illumination and moral principle. The power of casting a vote is far more formidable than that of casting spear or javelin. On one of those oft-recurring days, when the fate of the State or the Union is to be decided at the polls, when all over the land the votes are falling thick as hail, and we seem to hear them rattle like the clangor of arms, it is enough to make the lover of his country turn pale to reflect upon the motives under which they may be given, and the consequences to which they may lead. . . . If they emanate from wise counsels and a loyalty to truth, they will descend like benedictions from Heaven to bless the land and fill it with song and gladness, such as never have been known on earth since the days of paradise; but if, on the other hand, these votes come from ignorance and crime, the fire and brimstone that were rained on Sodom and Gomorrah would be more tolerable."

If these be the words of truth and soberness, how little better than madness is that apathy pervading the public mind on the subject of educating these swelling millions that are now so rapidly covering this continental area of the great Republic! Will the nation awake to its peril before it is too late?

If not corroborative of these stirring words of the Massachusetts educator, strongly tending in the same direction have been some of the recent utterances from the same old Commonwealth, where were first planted and where have been so carefully nourished the institutions of popular education. In the year 1865 a commission was appointed by the Legislature of Massachusetts on the "hours of labor." There were several hearings before it, and the results, which seemed to have surprised its members, were embodied in a Report, with some suggestions not without significance in this connection. "The evidence," they say, "almost challenged belief. Certainly the committee were astonished that, in the midst of progress and prosperity unparalleled, advancement in the arts and sciences, development of machinery for the saving of labor, progress in inventions, and in the increase of wealth and material prosperity, yet MAN, the producer of all these, the first great cause of all, was the last of all and least understood. . . . It was painful to listen to the unanimous evidence, showing a steady demoralization of the men who are the bulwarks of our national life; painful to witness progress in that which is perishable, stagnation and decay in the imperishable and immortal man. The committee are constrained to say that, after patient and careful consideration of the subject, they are satisfied that, if we would avert national calamity and decay, loss of industrial science, and strength of execution, preserve the health, life, and virtue of the people, secure to ourselves and transmit to our posterity the priceless blessings of liberty and self-government, we must awake to the importance of this subject, and, if not in the spirit of philanthropy, at least of self-protection, do justice to it.

'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.'

The subject is of vast importance to the people of this Commonwealth. Important in any aspect in which it

may be viewed, it is paramount, in our opinion, to any other subject which claims the attention of thinking men, for upon its solution and settlement depend the best interests of the Church, the State, and the individual man. The times in which we live clothe this subject with a new and peculiar significance; while our institutions, their purity, preservation, and perpetuation, demand of us an immediate investigation and recognition of its claims to us as legislators and as men. . . . The State is composed of *men*, and the interests, progress, and advancement of man is the foundation upon which the State rests. If the foundation is firm and solid, the structure is strong and enduring. Hence the first duty of the State is to recognize this great principle of manhood. Laid upon that foundation, the State is enduring and immortal."

If five years ago this was sound and cogent reasoning for Massachusetts, and there were grounds for the apprehension and alarm thus expressed, in a State with such a record as hers and such bountiful appropriation for popular education as she can show, how much more pertinent and cogent are its suggestions for the nation at large in the new circumstances of its present condition. The report was written, indeed, with special reference to the "factory system" and its *operatives*; but there is much in common with all the poorer and dependent classes throughout the land: and much which may be predicated of the operatives of New England can be said with equal truth of the freedmen of the South and the emigrant everywhere. It makes but little difference whether men are in the factories of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, among the mines of Pennsylvania and Colorado, the prairies of Illinois and Iowa, or on the plantations of Georgia and Louisiana; if their external conditions are substantially alike, the results will substantially agree; while the nation as a whole is more dependent upon its constituent elements than are the individual States.

In 1869 the same Legislature, in pursuit of a similar object, created a Bureau of Statistics. From a recent report on the evils of overwork the following extract is taken: "Now it is beyond question that whatever affects the social, educational, and sanitary condition of so large a body of wealth-producers of the State, imperatively demands the most thoughtful consideration of the State herself. As a matter of mere financial economy, if she finds that they are overworked, and, consequently, that their productive energy is weakened, and so the products of that energy are diminished in quantity and quality, or both, and that her wealth suffers thereby, she is bound to protect them against such overwork that she may protect herself. As a matter of social right, justice, and humanity, if she finds that they are overworked, and that consequently they are in peril of social degradation, she is bound to protect them against such overwork, that she may not become herself socially degraded. If she finds that they are overworked, so that because of physical exhaustion they are unfitted and unable to give time and attention to the attainment of such mental education as shall secure for them the possibility, at least, of some degree of culture and refinement, she is bound to protect them against such overwork, that she herself may not lose her culture and refinement, and so fall from her proper rank as a true and not a pretentious Christian Commonwealth. And all this is true in relation to all her toiling thousands. The welfare of her children, in each and every avocation, is her own welfare. Never was mother more dependent upon her children, nor children more largely entitled to a mother's protection. Their interest, happiness, and greatness are intertwined beyond all power of separation. They and the State are one."

Enough, perhaps more than enough, has been said of the value and importance of education, and of the danger of its neglect; nor is it difficult to secure the general assent to what is

said. The real difficulty is to inspire the people with a practical purpose of promoting the cause of such education. The real question at issue is not, ought the present generation to be educated? but, shall it be educated? not, shall the next generation be educated? but shall this? not, shall the true idea of popular education be gradually worked into the American thought and purpose? but, shall it at once be accepted and reduced to practice? There are serious difficulties and hindrances that lie in the way of its practical adoption; shall these difficulties and hindrances be properly recognized and canvassed, and the necessary means adopted to remove or overcome them? These are the questions now in order before the American people.

Some of these more serious difficulties and hindrances are suggested by the condition and circumstances of the emigrant, the freedman, and the operative. While each has disadvantages peculiar to himself, there are some which the three have in common. Generally in moderate, oftener in straitened circumstances, they lack many of those appliances of domestic comfort and social improvement, from the possession of which have arisen many of the more desirable traits of New England and American character. Struggling to "keep the wolf from the door," they have too little time for the refinements of life. Even when within the reach of the common school, the tendency is often strong with them to neglect or very inadequately improve its privileges; and when there is attendance, there is so much which is uncongenial in the atmosphere of home, that, beyond the acquisition of the simplest elements of learning, there is little progress towards that completeness of culture which American citizenship requires. Even if the petty and grosser vices are wanting, as too often they are not, there is such an absence of thoughtfulness and considerate purpose, as to render the prospect of intelligent and virtuous manhood very faint. Instead of becoming men who know their du-

ties, and knowing dare fulfil, the danger is great of their becoming mere Hessians in the political market, to be bought, if not with money, at least with craft and party management. For added to the other infelicities of the situation, there is a lack of the social attractions and the benefits of staid society and permanent homes. Much of the glory of New England has arisen from the stimulus and restraints resulting from this more permanent segregation of individuals, blessed with churches and schools, prompting some to worthy courses they would not otherwise have adopted, and restraining others from vicious practices into which they would have fallen without such protection. To many of the emigrants, operatives, and freedmen such influences are wanting. Too generally not rooted in any particular locality, they never breathe a social atmosphere which has the vitalizing forces of one's native air.

To these considerations in behalf of the thorough and practical education of the people, and to some of the obstacles in the way of its attainment, I would invite the earnest and thoughtful attention of my countrymen. I do not assume the office of instructor; nor do I propose to indicate what is to be done, or how this grave exigency is to be met. I only bespeak here a careful study of this great social and national problem, thus suddenly forced upon the Republic. Fully believing that the nation has never witnessed an hour, not even in the darkest night of the Rebellion, when there were presented more pressing claims for special effort, or when there were demanded of the patriotic, philanthropic, and pious men of thought, more time, effort, and personal sacrifice, I present this matter as second to no question now before the country.

The world has hardly ceased to wonder at "the uprising of a great people, to save this nation in the hour of Rebellion. The appeals that then rang through the land, and the prompt and generous responses they invoked, still echo in the memory. All distinctions

of age, sex, and station seemed for the moment forgotten. Unprecedented, too, in the annals of warfare, is the American woman's proud record. She not only sent and bade God speed her loved ones, but she went herself to the bloody field of strife, and the soldier's arm was stronger and his courage was firmer because she was there. In the darkest days of 1863 a woman, more earnest than some, feeling that all were not suitably awake, thus appealed to her sisters through the pages of the Atlantic: "The women of to-day have not come up to the level of to-day. They do not stand abreast with its issues. They do not rise to the height of this great argument. . . . O my countrywomen! I long to see you stand under the time, and bear it up in your strong hearts, and not to be borne up through it." Alluding to the uprising of the people on the fall of Sumter, she asks: "Was that a childish outburst of excitement, or the glow of an overruling principle? Was it a puerile anger or a manly indignation? Did we spring up startled pygmies or girded giants?"

Hardly less now than then is there need of the same fiery questionings. Though there is not the need of the same bloody baptism, the same supreme sacrifice as when it led to the hardships and hazards of the camp, the march, and the battle-field, there is a demand for something of the same offering of personal interests on the altar of the public good. The nation needs no words less of grateful commendation for the brave men who went to the war, not a flower less to deck the soldiers' graves, nor a monument the less to commemorate the martyred dead; but it does need far less of that cheap patriotism which is content with words for the dead, but has nothing for the living, which extols the bravery of those who fought to save the nation, but will do nothing to complete the work so grandly begun, and rescue the land from foes less sanguinary and violent, but no less dangerous and destructive.

It is at this juncture that the Republican party is called upon to take its position and define its policy. After the storms of war and the foggy uncertainties of the reconstruction now so nearly completed, the sun and stars appear. Now comes the demand for new observations and calculations, that the party's latitude may be ascertained, and its course laid for a new departure. As there is much to gratify and be proud of in the first ten years of its administration of public affairs, so there is much to encourage and animate as the future beckons it to advance. Shall the same wisdom, forecast, patriotism, and earnestness which have marked the past shine with equal brilliancy in the future? Under its lead the Rebellion has been crushed, slavery destroyed, the States lately in rebellion reconstructed and restored, millions of the public debt paid, gold reduced to 110, and an election held which has given the administration "a vote of confidence," and secured for it congressional support till its close. Mr. Phillips admitted only the truth when he said in Music Hall: "It is a very good record. It is a very fine picture. It has green laurels, green laurels, worthy, glorious laurels on its brow." Will the party at the close of its next decade merit such an encomium from a political opponent? This is really the great American question of the hour. So closely identified is the Republican party with the nation, so nearly is it the nation itself, so unpatriotic and un-American has the Democratic party proved itself to be, that to keep the former in the path of duty has been, is now, and is evidently to be, the keeping of the nation there. To imperil its success is to put the nation in danger. What, then, is the present duty of this great national party?

Its first great duty is administration. Intrusted by the nation with the seals of office and sceptre of power, it is responsible for their faithful use. Having proclaimed its public policy and received the nation's emphatic indorsement, it must carry it out to a suc-

cessful issue, especially so much as is embodied in the constitutional amendments and their consequent legislation. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments must not be permitted to lie a dead letter in the Constitution. As the South, for two generations, made the most of the compromises in the interests of slavery, the Republicans should exhibit equal energy in using these guaranties of human rights in the interests of freedom.

On the financial measures such attention should be bestowed as the exigencies of the occasion and the progress of events require. Fortunately, however, there seems little need of other action than to leave the laws of trade and the legislation already secured to work out their legitimate results. Nor is the encouragement small to allow the matter to remain, as thus arranged, in the safe hands of the present head of the Treasury Department. For if, in spite of the present war in Europe and its complications, the national credit has continued to improve, if the currency has appreciated, until gold, at 131 when General Grant was inaugurated, is now at 110, it would seem the part of wisdom to continue the present policy, which has worked such beneficent results, and which must at no distant day make the greenback the equivalent of specie.

Concerning the tariff there is greater difficulty, as there is greater diversity of sentiment and interest. The questions involved, too, are intrinsically obscure; men, equally patriotic and wise, differ in judgment; the same men differ in opinion at different times, and some men are unable to reach a conclusion entirely satisfactory even to themselves. Different branches of business and different sections of the country find their interests — at least it is so assumed — demanding different lines of policy, some requiring protection and others clamoring for free trade. Entire agreement cannot, therefore, be expected in a national party, embracing within its limits the whole country, and representing so many con-

flicting interests. It should, therefore, if possible, cease to be a party measure, and some common ground should be found by the wise and patriotic men on which all can consistently and satisfactorily stand. Neither the Republican party nor the country can allow this question to destroy the integrity or imperil the ascendancy of an organization with such a record and such elements of power for good. Neither he who desires protection nor those who believe in free trade should demand or expect their extreme opinion to be adopted as the policy of the nation. Some common ground should be sought where existing burdens may be lightened and the great interests of the country may be cared for. Both should concede something, in view of the mighty interests involved. The present revenue laws were formed in time of war. The changed condition of affairs necessitates some modifications; and Congress should speedily address itself to the task of finding some mode of adjustment that may be both satisfactory and enduring. Now that the great disturber is removed, a moderate amount of wisdom and patriotism, it would seem, could find such ground, and agree upon some such mode of adjustment. So long as the interest on a national debt counted by billions is to be provided for, and absolute free trade is impracticable, it would seem that there need be no insurmountable difficulties in the way of adjusting the revenue that must be raised to the necessities of any reasonable protection. Nothing more than remembrance of the sacrifices which were required when, at the call of patriotism, as Whigs and Democrats Republicans left their respective parties to make the new organization, — which was formed and commissioned to save the country, — would seem to be necessary to induce the spirit of moderation and compromise now required, and thus remove this question either from the arena of politics or from the attitude of danger to the party or the nation.

To sustain and aid the President in

carrying out his pacific and philanthropic Indian policy, in adequate and persistent detail, is another service to which the Republican party is committed; nor is that policy safe in any other hands. The good name of the nation as well as the well-being of the Indians requires its continued ascendancy to perfect what has been so auspiciously begun.

To maintain the dignity and vindicate the honor of the nation in its relations and correspondence with other governments is another duty intrusted to Republican hands, which can be as safe in no other.

Reform in the civil service, by which the work of the government shall be more faithfully and thoroughly performed, and by which there shall be less corruption in the different departments of public employment and greater purity in elections, is another object which has received, and is destined to receive, more of the attention of the administration than has hitherto been customary.

To keep out of power the Democratic party and its semi-rebellious adherents, both North and South, has become a matter of supreme importance to the nation and to the cause of humanity itself. None who correctly gauged the issues of the Rebellion can fail to deprecate as a national calamity the return to power of the party which nurtured within its ranks the men who raised aloft the arm of treason, and came so near to rending asunder the Union itself,—the party that never gave the nation hearty support in its struggles with traitors, and has never concealed its sympathy with them when overthrown. Sadly chilled must be his patriotism, or his cause of complaint must be very grievous, who is willing, for public or private reasons, to affiliate with such a party and help it into power again. For does any one need be told that, with it restored to power, there can be no effective carrying out of those great measures of emancipation and reconstruction which the Republicans have placed on the statute-

book and so thoroughly inwrought into the history of the last ten years? Mr. Phillips accords to the Republican party as its "one idea" "to watch over the reconstruction policy of the war," and he admits that it is "a necessary duty, a great function"; and yet he says: "I don't care a chip whether John Quincy Adams or Governor Claflin is the next Governor of Massachusetts." Who is to "watch over the reconstruction policy of the war," if disaffected Republicans, uniting with the Democrats, elect Democratic governors and legislatures? If such a policy prevails, how can it be otherwise than that the present movement in behalf of human rights must be summarily checked, and the hopes of human amelioration, recently so sanguine, must be suddenly darkened? Unless the Republican party shall remain harmonious, and, inspired by its past and glorious achievements, shall carry forward its good work to completion, much of the fearful cost of the war will have been incurred in vain. Where, then, is the remedy? Nowhere but in the intelligence and right purposes of the public. The people must be fortified against the wiles and misrepresentations of designing men, who too often and too easily make them the tools of their ambition and revenge, mere counters in their game of politics.

It is the opinion of some that the nation has reached that stage when the fitting of the materials of which it is composed for the new epoch in its history is its great work. The new condition of things has practically changed the workings of political affairs. Relieved from the presence and pressure of slavery and the slave power, but threatened with another tyrant in the shape of capital, the country needs relief and safety, and there is no chance for either except as the people can be properly instructed and persuaded.

The strength of the Republican party has lain in its ideas, or rather in the fact that it has been a party of ideas. Lifted above the mere scramble for place and power, and the grovelling

ambition for personal and partisan triumphs, and appealing to the higher principles of thought and feeling, a love of country, a sense of justice, and regard for human rights, it embodies in itself something of the essential value and dignity of the objects for which it was formed and maintained. Born in the hour of the nation's peril, when slavery was stretching forth its hand to destroy what it had so long endamaged and disgraced, its watchwords have been loyalty and freedom, "liberty and union," for the first time "one and inseparable." Under the lead of sagacious leaders, — better said, under the guiding hand of Providence, — it has hitherto kept in advance even of the people who gave it power. President Lincoln, though accused of tardiness, was ahead of the party which elected him in his Proclamation of Emancipation. And the Republican Congresses, which have inaugurated and carried through the reconstruction measures, have led rather than followed the popular sentiment. But party leaders cannot with safety go far ahead of the public sentiment in legislation. Either the people must be brought up, or the party standard must be brought down; and in this fact is found another reason why the Republican party should accept as one of the living issues of the hour the proper education of the people. How shall it be attempted? By what methods shall it be taken from the mere abstraction of discussion or declamation, and made one of the issues of party purpose and effort? Briefly thus.

It should receive the moral support of a hearty indorsement in the party's national and State conventions. As during the war the party did not hesitate to make emphatic declaration of its purpose to save the Union by meeting the bloody issue tendered by the foe, so there should now be equal explicitness in proclaiming a purpose to complete in peace what was commenced in war; it should reveal its ability to detect dangers to the Republic, though they do not come in the

form of armed legions, and do not herald their approach by the roar of cannon and the "sulphurous canopy" of the battle-field. By so doing it will be only carrying out what it has again and again claimed for itself. In the Address of the Congressional Republican Committee on the eve of the recent election, it claimed, no one dissenting, that "it came into being as an organization of reform and progress, and should be ever ready to accept the living issues of the hour and march abreast with the spirit of the age." How can it more effectually do this than by making it one of its prominent and proclaimed purposes to unify and educate the people?

Aid should be invoked from every available source. The ripest scholars, men of the most profound sagacity, of the most undoubted philanthropy, and of the most fervid piety, should be invited to contribute their best thoughts and most practical suggestions. The Association of Social Science, and representative bodies of the great religious denominations, might worthily make the matter a subject of earnest investigation. The pulpit and press should become the vehicles of discussion, warning, and appeal, until the whole country is aroused, as in the days of the Rebellion, to an appreciative conviction of the matter at issue, and of the necessity of labors and sacrifices commensurate with its urgency and importance.

Appeals should be made to the wealthy men of the party and of the nation. They have at least a twofold interest in the subject, personal and pecuniary. Though a secondary, it is certainly a legitimate consideration, that the security and value of property lies very much in the stability of society, — a security and value which can be easily destroyed when the agrarian and anarchical tendencies of an ignorant or vicious population prevail. Among the threatening indications arising from accumulated wealth, already referred to, there is the cheering indication of a somewhat widely dif-

fused purpose of rich men to endow institutions of learning. Like the Harvards, Yales, and Browns of former days, the Cornells, the Vassars, the Willistons and Simmonses of to-day are linking their names and memories with well-endowed institutions for the education of those who can avail themselves of their liberal provisions. And it is well. But this does not reach the masses. Here is a wide and needy field ready for culture, with promise of most generous returns.

Mr. Peabody set an example by inaugurating a system or plan of operations which should have many followers or imitators. He not only became the almoner of his own bounty, the executor of his own estate, but the patron of able and sagacious men, who, gladly joining their talents and sagacity with his wealth, were willing to labor earnestly in this cause of philanthropy for the poor and lowly. In the present transition state at the South and Southwest, and in many portions of the West, there is a most inviting field for our millionnaires to combine an agency for material development, and for the mental and moral improvement of the masses now struggling, with straitened means, to make for themselves homes, and to become fitted for the privileges and duties of American citizenship. Mr. Stewart, of New York, has recently given but another example of his practical sagacity and public spirit, in purchasing and preparing for the market "Hampstead Plains," on Long Island. Employing the highest practical and engineering skill in laying out these plains into streets, squares, and parks, and throwing them open for sale, he will long identify his name with the purchase and place, and the merchant prince of New York will leave in it a monument more enduring than marble. Had he, however, invested a similar amount of money in Southern lands with the same sagacious employment of the necessary skill in preparing and bringing them into the market, and with proper inducements and means of securing emigration and skilled labor from Europe

and the North, affording an opportunity to the freedmen and all others who desire to purchase farms, of larger or smaller size, on terms of easy payment, — perhaps proffering some little aid in starting, — he would have accomplished a greater and more enduring good. Such an act would bring to light the material resources of a country never yet developed, and while making provision for schools and churches, would educate the people, not only in the learning of books, but in those practical lessons which the struggle for homes and a livelihood necessarily inculcate and incorporate with the current modes of thought and feeling.

Could a portion of the vast wealth represented by the Republican party, that of its millionnaires and men of smaller means, be devoted to this work, how it would help those needing help, unify and educate the nation, and inure to the advantage and permanence of the party itself! The South is impoverished, it needs capital; it has labor, but it is poor and greatly demoralized, unskilled, and discouraged; how would such a policy as this recommended set in motion the wheels of industry, exorcise the demons of ignorance and secession, restore the lately rebellious States to the Union "clothed and in their right mind," and cover that imperial land with the verdure and fruits of such a husbandry as it so much needs, but has never enjoyed! Is it not an object, a living issue, worthy even the party which can boast such a record as the Republicans proudly claim?

The party should commit itself to appropriate legislation. There can be no question of either the necessity or legitimacy of legislation that contemplates the unification and education of the people. At least they can have no scruples who have witnessed and shared in the benefits of the school laws in those States where the system of common schools has been established. Now that with the general rejection of the State rights heresy, State lines are becoming fainter, and State individuality is being more and more

absorbed into national unity, it is apparent that the educational policy of the States which have hitherto sustained free schools should be substantially adopted by the nation; at least, that no State should have the power to prevent the national prerogative from being exerted in that direction. A voice, too, from across the waters, echoed and re-echoed from the bloody battle-fields in the present Franco-Prussian war, is significant and to the point. A system of compulsory education, established for more than two centuries in portions of Germany, and for more than a century and a half in Prussia, has brought forth fruits which the world see. France, with a

fairer and more fertile country, with the prestige of a brilliant military record, but with a population ignorant, priest-ridden, and emasculated of their manhood, lies beaten on every field and helpless at the conqueror's feet. The lesson should not be lost on the American people, especially upon the Republican party. The Bureau of Education should be strengthened, and Mr. Hoar's bill for the establishment of a system of national education, or something tantamount thereto, should receive the immediate attention of Congress and the undivided support of Republicans. By so doing the party will add to its many claims on the gratitude and support of the nation.

Henry Wilson.

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I guess,
 Thirteen summers, or something less;
 Girlish bust, but womanly air,
 Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,
 Lips that lover has never kissed,
 Taper fingers and slender wrist,
 Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade, —
 So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
 Sits unmoving and broods serene.
 Hold up the canvas full in view —
 Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
 Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —
 That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
 Such is the tale the lady old
 Dorothy's daughter's daughter told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
 One whose best was not over well;
 Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
 Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;
 Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
 Dainty colors of red and white;
 And in her slender shape are seen
 Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eye of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born !
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name ;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy ! Dorothy Q. !
Strange is the gift that I owe to you ;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring, —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land ;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life !

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered NO
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill ?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another to nine tenths me ?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES ;
Not the light gossamer stirs with less ;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long !
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men !

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, — and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own, —
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago ! —
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive,
For the little whisper that bade me live ?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid !
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name ;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

I.

YOU ask me, my dear nephew, as we sit together in this favorable light, surrounded by the portraits of those I like to count my friends, to chat about the pictures, my companions, — on the wall, — and the men and women they represent. If I were to call the little collection in this diminutive house a *Gallery of Pictures*, in the usual sense of that title, you would smile and remind your poor old uncle of what Foote said with his characteristic sharpness of David Garrick, when he joined his brother Peter in the wine trade: "Davy lived with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine merchant." Spare your wit, Sir Nephew, and don't interrupt me.

You have often, my dear boy, heard me in my "garrulous old age" discourse of things past and gone, and you know what you bring down on your verdant head when you request me "to run over," as you call it, the faces looking out upon us from their plain unvarnished frames. But let us begin somewhere; for, as Dickens used to shout in his impressive manner, when the real business floundered in an interview appointed for a special purpose: "We are not getting on, sir, we are not getting on!"

Let us begin, then, with the little man of Twickenham, for that is his portrait which hangs over the front fireplace. An original portrait of Alexander Pope I certainly never expected to possess, and I must tell you how I came by it. Only a year ago I was strolling in my vagabond way up and down the London streets, and dropped in to see an old friend in his picture-shop, — a man so thoroughly up in his calling that it is always a pleasure to talk with him and examine his collection of valuables, albeit his treasures are of such preciousness as to make the humble purse of a commoner shrink into a still smaller

compass from sheer inability to respond when prices are named. At No. 6 Pall Mall, you will always find Mr. Graves "clipp'd round about" by first-rate canvases. When I dropped in upon him that summer morning, he had just returned from the sale of the Marquis of Hastings's effects. The Marquis, you will remember, went wrong and his debts swallowed up everything. It was a wretched stormy day when the pictures were sold, and Mr. Graves secured, at very moderate prices, five original portraits. All the paintings had suffered more or less decay, and some of them, with their frames, had fallen to the floor. One of the best preserved pictures inherited by the late Marquis was a portrait of Pope, painted from life by Richardson for the Earl of Huntington, and even that had been allowed to drop out of its oaken frame. Horace Walpole says, Jonathan Richardson was undoubtedly one of the best painters of a head that had appeared in England. He was pupil of the celebrated Riley, the master of Hudson, of whom Sir Joshua took lessons in his art. It was Richardson's "Treatise on Painting" which inflamed the mind of young Reynolds, and stimulated his ambition to become a great painter. Pope seems to have had a real affection for Richardson, and probably sat to him for this picture some time during the year 1732. In Pope's correspondence there is a letter addressed to Richardson, making an engagement with him for a several days' sitting, and it is quite probable that the portrait before you was finished at that time. You can imagine the painter and the poet sitting together day after day, in presence of that canvas. During the same year Pope's mother died, at the great age of ninety-three; and on the evening of June 10th, while she lay dead in the house, Pope sent off the following heart-touching letter from

Twickenham to his friend the painter:—

"As you know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead. I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it: It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening, as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this; I could not (at this time) have written at all. Adieu! May you die as happily!"

Several eminent artists of that day painted the likeness of Mr. Pope, Sir Godfrey Kneller and Jervas among them, but I like the expression of this one by Richardson best of all. The mouth, you will observe, is very sensitive and the eyes almost painfully so. It is told of Pope, that when he was a boy "there was great sweetness in his look," and that his face was plump and pretty, and that he had a very fresh complexion. Continual study ruined his constitution and changed his form, it is said. Richardson has skilfully kept out of sight the poor little decrepit figure, and gives us only the beautiful head of a man of genius. I scarcely know a head on canvas that expresses the poetical sense in a higher degree than this one. The likeness must be perfect, and I can imagine the delight of the Rev. Joseph Spence hobbling into his presence on the 4th of Septem-

ber, 1735, "when a ragged boy of an ostler came in with a little scrap of paper not half an inch broad, which contained the following words: 'Mr. Pope would be very glad to see Mr. Spence at the Cross Inn just now.'"

I dare say, my dear Jack, you have read, as yet, very little of Pope's poetry, for you have just been "through college," and consequently have had no time for useful knowledge. You may have *parsed* him on the road to college, as I did in my time on my way to business. You will come to him earnestly by and by, however. English literature is full of eulogistic mention of him. Thackeray is one of the last great authors, who has spoken golden words about the poet. "Let us always take into account," he says, "that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection, which pervaded and sanctified his life."

What pluck and dauntless courage possessed the gallant little cripple of Twickenham! When all the dunces of England were aiming their poisonous barbs at him, he said, "I had rather die at once, than live in fear of those rascals." A vast deal that has been written about Pope is untrue. No author has been more elaborately slandered on principle, or more studiously abused through envy. Slimy dullards went about for years, with an ever-ready microscope, hunting for flaws in his character that might be injuriously exposed; but to-day his defamers are in bad repute. Excellence in a fellow-mortal is to many men worse than death; and great suffering fell upon a host of mediocre writers when Pope uplifted his shining sceptre and sat supreme above them all.

Pope's latest champion is John Ruskin. Open his *Lectures on Art*, recently delivered before the University of Oxford (the book is lying on the table before you) and read passage number seventy. Let us read it together, as we sit here in the presence of the sensitive poet.

"I want you to think over the relation of expression to character in two great masters of the absolute art of lan-

guage, Virgil and Pope. You are perhaps surprised at the last name; and indeed you have in English much higher grasp and melody of language from more passionate minds, but you have nothing else, in its range, so perfect. I name, therefore, these two men, because they are the two most accomplished *artists*, merely as such, whom I know, in literature; and because I think you will be afterwards interested in investigating how the infinite grace in the words of the one, the severity in those of the other, and the precision in those of both, arise wholly out of the moral elements of their minds, — out of the deep tenderness in Virgil which enabled him to write the stories of Nisus and Lausus, and the serene and just benevolence which placed Pope, in his theology, two centuries in advance of his time, and enabled him to sum the law of noble life in two lines which, so far as I know, are the most complete, the most concise, and the most lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words: —

‘Never elated, while one man’s oppressed;
Never dejected, while another’s blessed.’

I wish you also to remember these lines of Pope, and to make yourselves entirely masters of his system of ethics; because, putting Shakespeare aside as rather the world’s than ours, I hold Pope to be the most perfect representative we have, since Chaucer, of the true English mind; and I think the *Dunciad* is the most absolutely chiselled and monumental work ‘exacted’ in our country. You will find, as you study Pope, that he has expressed for you, in the strictest language and within the briefest limits, every law of art, of criticism, of economy, of policy, and, finally, of a benevolence, humble, rational, and resigned, contented with its allotted share of life, and trusting the problem of its salvation to Him in whose hand lies that of the universe.”

Glance up at the tender eyes of the poet, who seems to have been eagerly listening while we have been reading Ruskin’s beautiful tribute. As he is so intent upon us, let me gratify still fur-

ther the honest pride of “the little nightingale,” as they used to call him when was he a child, and read to you from the “*Causeries du Lundi*” what that wise French critic, Sainte-Beuve, has written of his favorite English poet: —

“The natural history of Pope is very simple: delicate persons, it has been said, are unhappy, and he was doubly delicate, delicate of mind, delicate and infirm of body; he was doubly irritable. But what grace, what taste, what swiftness to feel, what justness and perfection in expressing his feeling! . . . His first masters were insignificant; he educated himself: at twelve years old he learned Latin and Greek together, and almost without a master; at fifteen he resolved to go to London, in order to learn French and Italian there, by reading the authors. His family, retired from trade, and Catholic, lived at this time upon an estate in the forest of Windsor. This desire of his was considered as an odd caprice, for his health from that time hardly permitted him to move about. He persisted, and accomplished his project; he learned nearly everything thus by himself, making his own choice among authors, getting the grammar quite alone, and his pleasure was to translate into verse the finest passages he met with among the Latin and Greek poets. When he was about sixteen years old, he said, his taste was formed as much as it was later. . . . If such a thing as literary temperament exist, it never discovered itself in a manner more clearly defined and more decided than with Pope. Men ordinarily become classic by means of the fact and discipline of education; he was so by vocation, so to speak, and by a natural originality. At the same time with the poets, he read the best among the critics, and prepared himself to speak after them.

“Pope had the characteristic sign of literary natures, the faithful worship of genius. . . . He said one day to a friend: ‘I have always been particularly struck with this passage of Homer

where he represents to us Priam transported with grief for the loss of Hector, on the point of breaking out into reproaches and invectives against the servants who surrounded him and against his sons. It would be impossible for me to read this passage without weeping over the disasters of the unfortunate old king.' And then he took the book, and tried to read aloud the passage, 'Go, wretches, curse of my life,' but he was interrupted by tears.

"No example could prove to us better than his to what degree the faculty of tender sensitive criticism is an active faculty. We do not feel, and cannot discern a difference in kind when there is nothing to express. This taste, this sensibility, so swift and alert, justly supposes imagination behind it. It is said that Shelley, the first time he heard the poem of 'Christabel' recited, at a certain magnificent and terrible passage, took fright and suddenly fainted. The whole poem of 'Alastor' was to be foreseen in that fainting. Pope, not less sensitive in his way, could not read through that passage of the Iliad without bursting into tears. To be critic to that degree, is to be a poet."

Thanks, eloquent and judicious scholar, so lately gone from the world of letters! A love of what is best in art was the habit of Sainte-Beuve's life, and so he too will always be remembered as one who has kept the best company in literature, — a man who always did homage to genius, wherever and whenever it might be found.

I intend to leave you as a legacy, my dear boy, an old faded book, which I hope you will always prize as it deserves. It is a well-worn, well-read volume, of no value whatever as an *edition*, — but *it belonged to Abraham Lincoln*. It is his copy of "The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope, Esq., to which is prefixed the life of the author by Dr. Johnson." It bears the imprint on the title-page of J. J. Woodward, Philadelphia, and was published in 1839. Our President wrote his own name in it, and

chronicles the fact that it was presented to him "by his friend N. W. Edwards." In January, 1861, Mr. Lincoln gave the book to a very dear friend of his, who honored me with it in January, 1867, as a New-Year's present. As long as I live it will remain among my books, and some day it will be yours. Treasure it as having been owned and read by one of the noblest and most sorely tried of men, a hero comparable with any of Plutarch's,

"The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Dear old Thackeray! — as everybody that knew him intimately calls him, now he is gone. That is his face, looking out upon us, next to Pope's. What a contrast in bodily appearance, those two English men of genius present. Thackeray's great burly figure, broad-chested and ample as the day, seems to overshadow and quite blot out of existence the author of "The Essay on Man." But what friends they would have been had they been contemporaries under Queen Anne or Queen Victoria! One can imagine the author of "Pendennis" gently lifting poor little Alexander out of his "chariot" into the club, and revelling in talk with him all night long. Pope's high-bred and gentlemanly manner, combined with his extraordinary sensibility and dread of ridicule, would have modified Thackeray's usual gigantic fun and sometimes boisterous sarcasm into a rich and strange adaptability to his little guest. We can imagine them talking together now, with even a nobler wisdom and ampler charity than were ever vouchsafed to them when they were busy amid the turmoils of their crowded literary lives.

As I know you, my dear nephew, to be a great reader and lover of all that Thackeray has written and published, I will tell you briefly something of his literary habits as I can recall them. It is now nearly twenty years since I first saw him and came to know him pretty familiarly in London. I was very much in earnest to have him come

to America, and read his series of lectures on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," and when I talked the matter over with some of his friends at the little Garrick Club, they all said he could never be induced to leave London long enough for such an expedition. Next morning, after this talk at the Garrick, the elderly damsel of all work announced to me, as I was taking breakfast at my lodgings, that Mr. *Sackville* had called to see me, and was then waiting below. Very soon I heard a heavy tread on the stairs, and enter a tall, white-haired stranger, who held out his hand, bowed profoundly, and with a most comical expression announced himself as Mr. *Sackville*. Recognizing at once the face from published portraits, I knew that my visitor was none other than Thackeray himself, who, having heard the servant give the wrong name, determined to assume it on this occasion. For years afterwards, when he would drop in unexpectedly, both at home and abroad, he delighted to call himself Mr. *Sackville*, until a certain Milesian waiter at the Tremont House addressed him as Mr. *Thackuary*, when he adopted that name in preference to the other.

Questions are frequently asked as to the habits of thought and composition of authors one has happened to know, as if an author's friends were commonly invited to observe the growth of works he was by and by to launch from the press. It is not customary for the doors of the writer's work-shop to be thrown open, and for this reason it is all the more interesting to notice, when it is possible, how an essay, a history, a novel, or a poem is conceived, grows up, and is corrected for publication. One would like very much to be informed how Shakespeare put together the scenes of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, whether the subtle thought accumulated easily on the page before him, or whether he struggled for it with anxiety and distrust. We know that Milton troubled himself very much about little matters of punctuation, and obliged the printer to take special note of his re-

quirements, scolding him roundly when he neglected his instructions. We also know that Melancthon was in his library hard at work by two or three o'clock in the morning both in summer and winter, and that Sir William Jones began his studies with the dawn.

The most popular female writer of America, whose great novel struck a chord of universal sympathy throughout the civilized world, has habits of composition peculiarly her own, and unlike those belonging to any author of whom we have record. She *croons*, so to speak, over her writings, and it makes very little difference to her whether there is a crowd of people about her or whether she is alone during the composition of her books. "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" was wholly prepared for the press in a little wooden house in Maine, from week to week, while the story was coming out in a Washington newspaper. Most of it was written by the evening lamp, on a pine table, about which the children of the family were gathered together conning their various lessons for the next day. Amid the busy hum of earnest voices, constantly asking questions of the mother, intent on her world-renowned task, Mrs. Stowe wove together those thrilling chapters which were destined to find readers in so many languages throughout the globe. No work of similar importance, so far as we know, was ever written amid so much that seemed hostile to literary composition.

I had the opportunity, both in England and America, for observing the literary habits of Thackeray, and it always seemed to me that he did his work with comparative ease, but was somewhat influenced by a custom of procrastination. Nearly all his stories were written in monthly instalments for magazines, with the press at his heels. He told me that when he began a novel, he rarely knew how many people were to figure in it, and, to use his own words, he was always very shaky about their moral conduct. He said that sometimes, especially if he

had been dining late and did not feel in remarkably good-humor next morning, he was inclined to make his characters villanously wicked; but if he rose serene with an unclouded brain, there was no end to the lovely actions he was willing to make his men and women perform. When he had written a passage that pleased him very much he could not resist clapping on his hat and rushing forth to find an acquaintance to whom he might instantly read his successful composition. Gilbert Wakefield, universally acknowledged to have been the best Greek scholar of his time, said he would have turned out a much better one, if he had begun earlier to study that language; but unfortunately he did not begin till he was fifteen years of age. Thackeray, in quoting to me this saying of Wakefield, remarked: "My English would have been very much better if I had read Fielding before I was ten." This observation was a valuable hint, on the part of Thackeray, as to whom he considered his master in art.

James Hannay paid Thackeray a beautiful compliment when he said: "If he had had his choice, he would rather have been famous as an artist than as a writer; but it was destined that he should paint in colors which will never crack and never need restoration." Thackeray's characters are, indeed, not so much *inventions* as *existences*, and we know them as we know our best friends or our most "intimate enemies."

When you asked me, the other day, which of his books I like best, I gave you the old answer to a similar question, "*The last one I read.*" If I could possess only *one* of his works, I think I should choose "Henry Esmond." To my thinking, it is a marvel in literature, and I have read it oftener than any of the other works. Perhaps the reason of my partiality lies somewhat in a little incident I will relate to you. One day, in the winter of 1852, I met Thackeray sturdily ploughing his way down Beacon Street with a copy of "Henry Esmond" (the Eng-

lish edition, then just issued) under his arm. Seeing me some way off, he held aloft the volumes and began to shout in great glee. When I came up to him, he cried out, "Here is the *very* best I can do, and I am carrying it to Prescott, as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book and am willing to leave it, when I go, as my card."

As he wrote from month to month, and liked to put off the inevitable chapters till the last moment, he was often in great tribulation. I happened to be one of a large company whom he had invited to a six-o'clock dinner at Greenwich one summer afternoon, several years ago. We were all to go down from London, assemble in a particular room in the hotel, where he was to meet us at six o'clock, *sharp*. Accordingly we took steamer and gathered ourselves together in the reception-room at the appointed time. When the clock struck six, our host had not fulfilled his part of the compact. His burly figure was yet wanting among the company assembled. As the guests were nearly all strangers to each other, and as there was no one present to introduce us, a profound silence fell upon the room, and we anxiously looked out of the windows, hoping every moment that Thackeray would arrive. This untoward state of things went on for one hour, still no Thackeray and no dinner. English reticence would not allow any remark as to the absence of our host. Everybody felt serious and a great gloom fell upon the assembled party. Still no Thackeray. The landlord, the butler, and the waiters rushed in and out the room, shrieking for the master of the feast, who as yet had not arrived. It was confidentially whispered by a fat gentleman, with a hungry look, that the dinner was utterly spoiled twenty minutes ago, when we heard a merry shout in the entry and Thackeray bounced into the room. He had not changed his morning dress, and ink was still visible upon his fingers. Clapping his hands and pirouetting

briskly on one leg, he cried out, "Thank Heaven, the last sheet of *The Virginians* has just gone to the printer." He made no apology for his late appearance, introduced nobody, shook hands heartily with everybody, and begged us all to be seated as quickly as possible. His exquisite delight at completing his book swept away every other feeling, and we all shared his pleasure, albeit the dinner was overdone throughout.

The most finished and elegant of all *lecturers*, Thackeray often made a very poor appearance, when he attempted to make a set speech to a public assembly. He almost always broke down after the first two or three sentences. He prepared what he intended to say with great exactness, and his favorite delusion was that he was about to astonish everybody with a remarkable effort. It never disturbed him that he commonly made a woful failure when he attempted speech-making, but he sat down with such cool serenity if he found that he could not recall what he wished to say, that his audience could not help joining in and smiling with him when he came to a stand-still. Once he asked me to travel with him from London to Manchester to hear a great speech he was going to make at the founding of the Free Library Institution in that city. All the way down he was discoursing of certain effects he intended to produce on the Manchester dons by his eloquent appeals to their pockets. This passage was to have great influence with the rich merchants, this one with the clergy, and so on. He said that although Dickens and Bulwer and Sir James Stephen, all eloquent speakers, were to precede him, he intended to beat each of them on this special occasion. He insisted that I should be seated directly in front of him, so that I should have the full force of his magic eloquence. The occasion was a most brilliant one; tickets had been in demand at unheard-of prices several weeks before the day appointed; the great hall, then opened for the

first time to the public, was filled by an audience such as is seldom convened, even in England. The three speeches which came before Thackeray was called upon were admirably suited to the occasion, and most eloquently spoken. Sir John Potter, who presided, then rose, and after some complimentary allusions to the author of "*Vanity Fair*," introduced him to the crowd, who welcomed him with ringing plaudits. As he rose, he gave me a half-wink from under his spectacles, as if to say: "Now for it; the others have done very well, but I will show 'em a grace beyond the reach of their art." He began in a clear and charming manner, and was absolutely perfect for three minutes. In the middle of a most earnest and elaborate sentence, he suddenly stopped, gave a look of comic despair at the ceiling, crammed both hands into his trousers' pockets, and deliberately sat down. Everybody seemed to understand that it was one of Thackeray's unfinished speeches, and there were no signs of surprise or discontent among his audience. He continued to sit on the platform in a perfectly composed manner; and when the meeting was over, he said to me, without a sign of discomfiture, "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator." And I never heard him mention the subject again.

Thackeray rarely took any exercise, thus living in striking contrast to the other celebrated novelist of our time, who was remarkable for the number of hours he daily spent in the open air. It seems to be almost certain now, from concurrent testimony, gathered from physicians and those who knew him best in England, that Thackeray's premature death was hastened by an utter disregard of the natural laws. His vigorous frame gave ample promise of longevity, but he drew too largely on his brain and not enough on his legs. *High living and high thinking*, he used

to say, was the correct reading of the proverb.

He was a man of the tenderest feelings, very apt to be cajoled into doing what the world calls foolish things, and constantly performing feats of unwisdom, which performances he was immoderately laughing at all the while in his books. No man has impaled snobbery with such a stinging rapier, but he always accused himself of being a snob, past all cure. This I make no doubt was one of his exaggerations, but there was a grain of truth in the remark, which so sharp an observer as himself could not fail to notice, even though the victim was so near home.

Thackeray announced to me by letter in the early autumn of 1852 that he had determined to visit America, and would sail for Boston by the Canada on the 30th of October. All the necessary arrangements for his lecturing tour had been made without troubling him with any of the details. He arrived on a frosty November evening, and went directly to the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. I remember his delight in getting off the sea, and the enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast. In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvellous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table, although I blush at the remembrance of it now, we apologized in our wicked waywardness to him for what we called the extreme *smallness* of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised, then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, "How shall I do it?" I de-

scribed to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half-dozen, and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a little baby." It was many years ago since we gathered about him on that occasion, but, if my memory serves me, we had what might be called a *pleasant evening*. Indeed, I remember much hilarity, and sounds as of men laughing and singing far into midnight. I could not deny, if called upon to testify in court, that we had a *good time* on that frosty November evening.

We had many happy days and nights together both in England and America, but I remember none happier than that evening we passed with him when the Punch people came to dine at his own table with the silver statuette of Mr. Punch in full dress looking down upon the hospitable board from the head of the table. This silver figure always stood in a conspicuous place when Tom Taylor, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and the rest of his jolly companions and life-long cronies were gathered together. If I were to tell you, my dear nephew, that there were any dull moments on *that* occasion, you would not be called upon strictly to believe me.

Thackeray's playfulness was a marked peculiarity; a great deal of the time he seemed like a school-boy, just released from his task. In the midst of the most serious topic under discussion he was fond of asking permission to sing a comic song, or he would beg to be allowed to enliven the occasion by the

instant introduction of a brief double-shuffle. Charles Lamb told Barry Cornwall, when they were once making up a dinner-party together, not to invite a certain lugubrious friend of theirs. "Because," said Charles, "he would cast a damper even over a funeral." I have often contrasted the habitual qualities of that gloomy friend of theirs with the astounding spirits of both Thackeray and Dickens. They always seemed to me to be standing in the sunshine, and to be constantly warning other people out of clouddland. During Thackeray's first visit to America his jollity knew no bounds, and it became necessary often to repress him when he was walking the streets. I well remember his uproarious shouting and dancing, when he was told that the tickets to his first course of readings were all sold, and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture hall he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders. An instance of his procrastination occurred the evening of his first public appearance in America. His lecture was advertised to take place at half past seven, and when he was informed of the hour, he said he would try and be ready at eight o'clock, but thought it very doubtful. Horrified at this assertion, I tried to impress upon him the importance of punctuality on this, the night of his first bow to an American audience. At quarter past seven I called for him, and found him not only unshaved and undressed for the evening, but rapturously absorbed in making a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a passage in Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*, for a lady, which illustration, — a charming one, by the way, for he was greatly skilled in drawing, — he vowed he would finish before he would budge an inch in the direction of the (I omit the adjective) *Melodeon*. A comical incident occurred just as he was about leaving the hall, after his first lecture in Boston. A shabby, ungainly looking man stepped briskly up to him in the anteroom, seized his hand

and announced himself as "proprietor of the Mammoth Rat," and proposed to exchange season tickets. Thackeray, with the utmost gravity, exchanged cards and promised to call on the wonderful quadruped next day.

Thackeray's motto was never to perform to-day what could be postponed till to-morrow. Although he received large sums for his writings, he managed without much difficulty to keep his expenditures fully abreast, and often in advance of, his receipts. His pecuniary object in visiting America the second time was to lay up, as he said, a "pot of money" for his two daughters, and he left the country with more than half his lecture engagements unfulfilled. He was to have visited various cities in the Middle and Western States; but he took up a newspaper, one night, in his hotel in New York, before retiring, saw a steamer advertised to sail the next morning for England, was seized with a sudden fit of home-sickness, rang the bell for his servant, who packed up his luggage that night, and the next day he sailed. The first intimation I had of his departure was a card which he sent by the pilot of the steamer, with these words upon it: "Good by and God bless everybody says W. M. T." Of course he did not avail himself of the opportunity afforded him for receiving a very large sum in America, and he afterwards told me in London, that if Mr. Astor had offered him half his fortune if he would allow that particular steamer to sail without him, he should have declined the well-intentioned but impossible favor, and gone on board.

No man has left behind him a tenderer regard for his genius and foibles among his friends than Thackeray. He had a natural love of good which nothing could wholly blur or destroy. He was a most generous critic of the writings of his contemporaries, and no one has printed or spoken warmer praise of Dickens, in one sense his great rival, than he.

Thackeray was not a voluminous correspondent, but what exquisite let-

ters he has left in the hands of many of his friends! Some day when we are alone together, my lad, I will read to you a few pages from that precious parcel in the small cabinet yonder, and you shall judge for yourself.

I cannot resist, however, while we are here to-day, reading to you a paragraph or two from this bunch of notes, which I always keep for a refreshment, like a bouquet, close beside me on the table. "Should any letters arrive," he says in a little missive from Philadelphia, "addressed to the care of J. T. F. for the ridiculous author of this, that, and the other, F. is requested to send them to Mercantile Library, Baltimore. My ghostly enemy will be delighted (or will gnash his teeth with rage) to hear that the lectures in the capital of Pa. have been very well attended. No less than 750 people paid at the door on Friday night, and though last night there was a storm of snow so furious that no reasonable mortal could face it, 500 (at least) amiable maniacs were in the lecture-room, and wept over the fate of the last king of these colonies."

Almost every day, while he was lecturing in America, he would send off little notes exquisitely written in point of penmanship, and sometimes embellished with characteristic pen drawings. Having attended an extemporaneous supper festival at "Porter's," he was never tired of "going again." Here is a scrap of paper holding these few words, written in 1852.

"Nine o'clock, P. M. Tremont.

"Arrangements have just been concluded for a meeting *somewhere* to-night, which we much desire you should attend. Are you equal to two nights running of good time?"

Then follows a pen portrait of a friend of his with a cloven foot and a devil's tail just visible under his cloak. Sometimes, to puzzle his correspondent, he would write in so small a hand that the note could not be read without the aid of a magnifying-glass. Caligraphy was to him one of the fine arts, and he once told Dr. John Brown

of Edinburgh, that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed (not the Athanasian) in the size of that coin. He greatly delighted in rhyming and lipping notes and billets. Here is one of them, dated from Baltimore without signature:—

"Dear F—th! The thanguinary fateth (I don't know what their anger meanth) brought me your letter of the eighth, yetherday only the fifteenth! What blunder cauthed by chill delay (thee Doctor Johnthon'th noble verthe) Thuth kept my longing thoul away, from all that motht I love on earth? Thankth for the happy contenth!—thothe, Dithpatched to J. G K. and Thonth, and that thmall letter you inclothe from Parith, from my dearetht oneth! I pray each month may tho increathe my thmall account with J. G. King, that all the thipth which croth the theath, good tidingth of my girth may bring!—that every blething fortune yieldth, I altho pray, may come to path on Mithter and Mrth. J. T. F—th, and all good friendth in Both-ton, Math!"

While he was staying at the Clarendon Hotel, in New York, every morning's mail brought a few lines, sometimes only one line, sometimes only two words, from him, reporting progress. One day he tells me: "Immense hawdience last night." Another day he says: "Our shares look very much up this morning." On the 29th of November, 1852, he writes: "I find I have a much bigger voice than I knew of, and am not afraid of anybody." At another time he writes: "I make no doubt you have seen that admirable paper, the New York Herald, and are aware of the excellent reception my lectures are having in this city. It was a lucky Friday when first I set foot in this country. I have nearly saved the fifty dollars you lent me in Boston." In a letter from Savannah, dated the 19th of March, 1853, in answer to one I had written to him, telling him that a charming epistle, which accompanied

the gift of a silver mug he had sent to me some time before, had been stolen from me, he says: "My dear fellow, I remember I asked you in that letter to accept a silver mug in token of our pleasant days together, and to drink a health sometimes in it to a sincere friend. . . . Smith and Elder write me word they have sent by a Cunard to Boston a packet of paper, stamped etc. in London. I want it to be taken from the Custom-House, dooties paid etc., and dispatched to Miss —, New York. Hold your tongue, and don't laugh, you rogue. Why should n't she have her paper, and I my pleasure, without your wicked, wicked sneers and impudence? I'm only a cipher in the young lady's estimation, and why should n't I sigh for her if I like. I hope I shall see you all at Boston before very long. I always consider Boston as my native place, you know."

I wish I could recall half the incidents connected with the dear, dear old Thackeray days, when I saw him so constantly and enjoyed him so hugely; but, alas! many of them are gone, with much more that is lovely and would have been of *good report*, could they be now remembered; — they are dead as — (Holmes always puts your simile quite right for you, Nephew), —

"Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile."

But while we sit here quietly together, and have no fear of any bad, unsympathizing listeners who might, if some other subject were up, frown upon our levity, let me walk through the dusty chambers of my memory and report to you what I find there, just as the records turn up, without regard to method.

I once made a pilgrimage with Thackeray (at my request, of course, the visits were planned) to the various houses where his books had been written; and I remember when we came to Young Street, Kensington, he said, with mock gravity, "Down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned! And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." He was al-

ways perfectly honest in his expressions about his own writings, and it was delightful to hear him praise them when he could depend on his listeners. A friend congratulated him once on that touch in "Vanity Fair" in which Becky "*admires*" her husband when he is giving Steyne the punishment which ruins *her* for life. "Well," he said, "when I wrote the sentence, I slapped my fist on the table and said, '*That* is a touch of genius!'"

He told me he was nearly forty years old before he was recognized in literature as belonging to a class of writers at all above the ordinary magazinists of his day. "I turned off far better things then than I do now," said he, "and I wanted money sadly, (my parents were rich but respectable, and I had spent my guineas in my youth,) but how little I got for my work! It makes me laugh," he continued, "at what The Times pays me now, when I think of the old days, and how much better I wrote for them then, and got a shilling where I now get ten."

One day he wanted a little service done for a friend, and I remember his very quizzical expression, as he said, "Please say the favor asked will greatly oblige a man of the name of Thackeray, whose only recommendation is, that he has seen Napoleon and Goethe, and is the owner of Schiller's sword."

I think he told me he and Tennyson were at one time intimate; but I distinctly remember a description he gave me of having heard the poet, when a young man, storming about in the first rapture of composing his poem of "Ulysses." One line of it he greatly revelled in, —

"And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

"He went through the streets," said Thackeray, "screaming about his great Achilles, whom we knew," as if we had all made the acquaintance of that gentleman, and were very proud of it.

One of the most comical and interesting occasions I remember, in connection with Thackeray, was going with him to a grand concert given fifteen or twenty years ago by Madame Sontag.

We sat near an entrance door in the hall, and every one who came in, male and female, Thackeray pretended to know, and gave each one a name and brief chronicle, as the presence flitted by. It was in Boston, and as he had been in town only a day or two, and knew only half a dozen people in it, the biographies were most convulsing. As I happened to know several people who passed by, it was droll enough to hear this great master of character give them their dues. Mr. Choate moved by in his regal, affluent manner. The large style of the man, so magnificent and yet so modest, at once arrested Thackeray's attention, and he forbore to place him in his extemporaneous catalogue. I remember a pallid, incisive-faced girl fluttering past, and how Thackeray exulted in the history of this "frail little bit of porcelain," as he called her. There was something in her manner that made him hate her, and he insisted she had murdered somebody on her way to the hall. Altogether this marvellous prelude to the concert made a deep impression on Thackeray's one listener, into whose ear he whispered his fatal insinuations. There is one man still living and moving about the streets I walk in occasionally, whom I never encounter without almost a shudder, remembering as I do the unerring shaft which Thackeray sent that night into the unknown man's character.

One day, many years ago, I saw him chaffing on the sidewalk in London, in front of the Athenæum Club, with a monstrous-sized cabman, "copiously ebriose," and I judged from the driver's ludicrously careful way of landing the coin deep down in his breeches-pocket, that Thackeray had given him a very unusual fare. "Who is your fat friend?" I asked, crossing over to shake hands with him. "O, that indomitable youth is an old crony of mine," he replied; and then, quoting Falstaff, "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage." It was the manner of saying this, then and there in

the London street, the cabman moving slowly off on his sorry vehicle, with one eye (an eye dewy with gin and water, and a tear of gratitude, perhaps) on Thackeray, and the great man himself so jovial and so full of kindness!

I wish you could have heard him, as I once did, discourse of Shakespeare's probable life in Stratford among his neighbors. He painted, as he alone could paint, the great man sauntering about the lanes without the slightest show of greatness, having a crack with the farmers, and in very earnest talk about the crops. "I don't believe," said Thackeray, "that these village cronies of his ever looked upon him as the mighty poet,

'Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air,'

but simply as a wholesome, good-natured citizen, with whom it was always very pleasant to have a chat. I can see him now," continued Thackeray, "leaning over a cottage gate, and tasting good Master Such-a-one's home-brewed, and inquiring with a real interest after the mistress and her children." Long before he put it into his lecture, I heard him say in words to the same effect: "I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoe-black, just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face." To have heard Thackeray depict, in his own charming manner, and at considerable length, the imaginary walks and talks of Shakespeare, when he would return to his home from occasional visits to London, pouring into the ready ears of his unsophisticated friends and neighbors the gossip from town which he thought would be likely to interest them, is something to remember, my dear boy, and your uncle is very proud to have heard it.

Every one remembers the enormous circulation achieved by the Cornhill Magazine, when it was first started with Thackeray for its editor in chief. The announcement by his publishers that a sale of a hundred and ten thousand of the first number had been

reached made the editor half delirious with joy, and he ran away to Paris to be rid of the excitement for a few days. I met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, and I found him wild with exultation and full of enthusiasm for excellent George Smith, his publisher. "London," he exclaimed, "is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence! Great heavens," said he, throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop! Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts. If the worst comes to the worst, New York, also, may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress!" Those days in Paris with him were simply tremendous. We dined at all possible and impossible places together. We walked round and round the glittering court of the Palais Royal, gazing in at the windows of the jewellers' shops, and all my efforts were necessary to restrain him from rushing in and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles," as he called them; "for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith allows me for editing the Cornhill, unless I begin instantly somewhere?" If he saw a group of three or four persons talking together in an excited way, after the manner of that then riant people, he would whisper to me with immense gesticulation: "There, there, you see the news has reached Paris, and perhaps the number has gone up since my last accounts from London." His spirits during those few days were colossal, and he told me that he found it impossible to sleep, "for counting up his subscribers."

I happened to know personally (and let me modestly add, with some degree of sympathy) what he suffered editorially, when he had the charge and responsibility of the magazine. With first-class contributors he got on very well, he said, but the extortioners and revilers bothered the very life out of him. He gave me some amusing ac-

counts of his misunderstandings with the "fair" (as he loved to call them), some of whom followed him up so closely with their poetical compositions, that his house (he was then living in Onslow Square) was never free of interruption. "The darlings demanded," said he, "that I should rewrite, if I could not understand their — nonsense and put their halting lines in proper form." "I was so appalled," said he, "when they set upon me with their 'ipics and their ipecacs,' that you might have knocked me down with a feather, sir. It was insupportable, and I fled away into France." As he went on, growing drolly furious at the recollection of various editorial scenes, I could not help remembering Mr. Yellowplush's recommendation, thus characteristically expressed: "Take my advise, honorable sir, — listen to a humble footmin: it's generally best in poetry to understand puffically what you mean yourself, and to igsspress your meaning clearly afterwards, — in the simpler words the better, p'r'aps."

He took very great delight in his young daughter's first contributions to the Cornhill, and I shall always remember how he made me get into a cab, one day in London, that I might hear, as we rode along, the joyful news he had to impart, that he had just been reading his daughter's first paper, which was entitled "Little Scholars." "When I read it," said he, "I blubbered like a child, it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

During his second visit to Boston I was asked to invite him to attend an evening meeting of a scientific club, which was to be held at the house of a distinguished member. I was very reluctant to ask him to be present, for I knew he could be easily bored, and I was fearful that a prosy essay or geological speech might ensue, and I knew he would be exasperated with me, even although I were the *innocent* cause of his affliction. My worst fears were realized. We had hardly got seated, before a dull, bilious-looking

old gentleman rose, and applied his auger with such pertinacity that we were all bored nearly to distraction. I dared not look at Thackeray, but I felt that his eye was upon me. Nephew, conceive my distress, when he got up quite deliberately from the prominent place where a chair had been set for him, and made his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom leading into the larger room, and in which no one was sitting. The small apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew *he* was there. Then commenced a series of pantomimic feats impossible to describe adequately. He threw an imaginary person (myself, of course) upon the floor, and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper-folder, which he caught up for the purpose. After disposing of his victim in this way, he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, and he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head. Still the droning speaker proceeded with his frozen subject (it was something about the Arctic regions, if I remember rightly), and now began the greatest pantomimic scene of all, namely, murder by poison, after the manner in which the player king is disposed of in Hamlet. Thackeray had found a small vial on the mantel-shelf, and out of that he proceeded to pour the imaginary "juice of cursed hebenon" into the imaginary porches of somebody's ears. The whole thing was inimitably done, and I hoped nobody saw it but myself; but years afterwards, a ponderous, fat-witted young man put the question squarely to me: "What *was* the matter with Mr. Thackeray, that night the club met at Mr. —'s house?"

Overhearing me say one morning something about the vast attractions of London to a greenhorn like myself, he broke in with, "Yes, but you have not seen the grandest one yet! Go with me to-day to St. Paul's and hear the charity children sing." So we went, and I saw the "head cynic of literature," the "hater of humanity," as a critical dunce in the Times once called him, hiding

his bowed face, wet with tears, while his whole frame shook with emotion, as the children of poverty rose to pour out their anthems of praise. Afterwards he wrote in one of his books this passage, which seems to me perfect in its feeling and tone:—

"And yet there is one day in the year when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world; when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosegays, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world,—coronations, Parisian splendors, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat soprani,—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's day. *Non Angli, sed angeli.* As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents: as the first note strikes: indeed one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing."

I parted with Thackeray for the last time a few months before his death, in the street, at midnight, in London. The Cornhill Magazine, under his editorship, having proved a very great success, grand dinners were given every month in honor of the new venture. We had been sitting late at one of these festivals, and, as it was getting toward morning, I thought it wise, as far as I was concerned, to be moving homeward before the sun rose. Seeing my intention to withdraw, he insisted on driving me in his own brougham to my lodgings. When we reached the outside door of our host, Thackeray's servant, seeing a stranger with his master, touched his hat and asked where he should drive us. It was then between one and two o'clock, time certainly for all decent diners-out to be at rest. Thackeray put on one of his most quizzical expressions, and said to John, in answer to his question, "I think we will make a morning call on the Lord Bishop of London." John knew his master's quips and

cranks too well to suppose he was in earnest, so I gave him my address, and we drove on. When we reached my lodgings, the clocks were striking two, and the early morning air was raw and piercing. Opposing all my entreaties for leave-taking in the carriage, he insisted upon getting out on the sidewalk and escorting me up to my door, saying, with a mock heroic protest to the heavens above us, "That it would be shameful for a full-blooded Britisher to leave an unprotected Yankee friend exposed to ruffians, who prowl about the streets with an eye to plunder." Then giving me a gigantic embrace, he sang a verse of which he knew me to be very fond; and so vanished out of my sight the great-hearted author of "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair." But I think of him still as moving, in his own stately way, up and down the crowded thoroughfares of London, dropping in at the Garrick, or sitting at the window of the Athenæum Club, and watching the stupendous tide of life that is ever moving past in that wonderful city.

Thackeray was a *master* in every sense, having as it were, in himself, a double quantity of being. Robust humor and lofty sentiment alternated so strangely in him, that sometimes he seemed like the natural son of Rabelais, and at others he rose up a very twin brother of the Stratford Seer. There was nothing in him amorphous and unconsidered. Whatever he chose to do was always perfectly done. There was a genuine Thackeray flavor in everything he was willing to say or to write. He detected with unflinching skill the good or the vile wherever it existed. He had an unerring eye, a firm understanding, and abounding truth. "Two of his great master powers," said the chairman at a dinner given to him many years ago in Edinburgh, "are *satire* and *sympathy*." George Brinley remarked, "That he could not have painted *Vanity Fair* as he has, unless Eden had been shining in his inner eye." He had, indeed, an awful insight, with a world of solemn

tenderness and simplicity, in his composition. You should have heard, my nephew, the same voice that withered the memory of King George the Fourth repeat "The spacious firmament on high"; and I have a kind of pity for you, my poor boy, that you were born so recently as not to have heard and understood Thackeray's Lectures. But you can read him, and I beg of you to try and appreciate the tenderer phase of his genius, as well as the sarcastic one. He teaches many lessons to young men like you, and here is one of them, which I quote *memoriter* from "Barry Lyndon": "Do you not, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?" My dear friend, John Brown, of Edinburgh (whom may God long preserve to both countries where he is so loved and honored), chronicles this touching incident. "We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when Thackeray was walking with two friends along the Dean Road, to the west of Edinburgh, — one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening; such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cow-slip color, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the granary below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, Thackeray gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice to what all

were feeling, in the word, 'CALVARY!' The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things, — of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation, expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour."

Thackeray, you remember, was found dead in his bed on Christmas morning, and he probably died without pain. His mother and his daughters were sleeping under the same roof when he passed away alone. Dickens told me that, looking on him as he lay in his coffin, he wondered that the figure he had known in life as one of such noble presence could seem so shrunken and wasted; but there had been years of sorrow, years of labor, years of pain, in that now exhausted life. It was his happiest Christmas morning when he

heard the Voice calling him homeward to unbroken rest.

Nephew, we have prattled on far into the afternoon. Would it were possible in these rambling talks to ignore the existence altogether of that obtrusive little horror, the letter I, and blot him out forever from our otherwise modest alphabet. "*We*" does not help the matter, and "*the speaker*" sounds formal and remote. So the straight-backed egotistical tyrant must be allowed to thrust himself forward, and be hated all the more that there will probably never be a substitute for him.

Let us go out now and stretch our legs over the Mill Dam straight on to Chestnut Hill, and find what virtue there is in exercise. Another time we will continue our gossip, if it please you, but our future sessions must not be so long.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Miriam and other Poems. By JOHN GREEN-LEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Fields, Os-
good, & Co.

IN these poems Mr. Whittier touches hardly any key that is not already familiar, and the book gives occasion for us to testify our love of his verse anew, rather than provokes a fresh examination of it. The "*Miriam*," the "*Norembega*," "*Nauhaught the Deacon*," "*My Triumph*," "*The Prayer-Seeker*," and the "*Hymn*" are all akin in their religious feeling, their lessons of toleration, faith, charity, self-question, and self-mistrust; in "*After Election*" and "*Howard at Atlanta*" there is the old political strain of the time when there was a soul in politics; "*In School Days*" is one of those sweet and touching personal poems every one of which endears this poet to his reader and makes each reader proud and tender of it as of a confidence. Altogether we like it the best in the book: it is the simplest, and it is perfect both in sentiment and form, and the slight pictures in it are surpassingly delicate and real.

Neither in essentials nor in non-essentials are some of the other poems so good as this; though, as our readers have had occasion to know, they have all of them in certain measure the peculiar charm of the poet's style and thought. "*Norembega*" is very impressive with the sense of wildness and loneliness, which Mr. Whittier understands so well how to impart in his descriptions of forest solitudes, and is a clear and exquisite setting for one of those legends which the romance of another race has bestowed upon our poor old matter-of-fact New England. A curious contrast to the æsthetics of this piece is afforded in "*Nauhaught the Deacon*," where there is no pretty veil of mediæval mysticism, but the hard modern interest of a man face to face with sore temptation and pitiless conscience. We suppose most readers will recur from him with pleasure to the Norman knight dying in the woods of Maine and beholding in the sunset heavens the undiscovered city of his search. Yet even this is too strongly moralized; and Mr. Whittier shows in nearly all his pieces a distrust of his reader's

power to make any application for himself of the poetical lesson. Here and there, as in "The Hive at Gettysburg," the meaning is enforced with an elaboration that mars the bloom and freshness of the poetry, and with a determination not daunted by the disparity of the things to be compared and equalized in the precept.

Of course the poems are not free from the poet's more than occasional indifference to the metrical proprieties; and in one place we have "proud for" doing arduous duty as a rhyme for "chowder," to say nothing of the pairing off of "water" and "assorter." Nothing but the excellence and delightfulness otherwise of the poem in which these rhymes occur could excuse them. It is "A Spiritual Manifestation" at the levee of the President of Brown University, when the ghost of Roger Williams rises and recalls the first days of the Providence Plantations. The thronging thither of the persecuted from all other parts of New England is described with a grim humor which, if reform and humor had been oftener friends, we might well believe the fact inspired in Williams:—

"I hear again the snuffled tones,
I see in dreary vision
Dyspeptic dreamers, spiritual bores,
And prophets with a mission.

"Scourged at one cart-tail, each denied
The hope of every other;
Each martyr shook his branded fist
At the conscience of his brother!"

The "Hymn for the Celebration of Emancipation at Newburyport," and the verses addressed to Lydia Maria Child, are beautiful and moving expressions of feeling for the sublimest phase which our political life has shown. Never in the history of the world were a people's politics so ennobled as ours were by the long solution of the slavery question, and such an abolitionist as our poet can cherish the memories of the cause and of the friendships formed in the common devotion to it as incomparably precious. Without giving his words we could not give a just idea of the perfect loveliness, simplicity, and beauty of the faith and hope uttered in the poem to Mrs. Child.

"Miriam" is a tale teaching—by the story of a Christian girl who wins from her Moslem lord, for those who have offended him, that mercy which he sees to be in all creeds and finds so little in any life—the plain old lesson of doing the good we discern and love. We take from it two pictures

of landscape, which strike us as peculiarly fine in contrast:—

EASTERN.

"The date-palms rustled not; the peepul laid
Its topmost boughs against the balustrade,
Motionless as the mimic leaves and vines
That, light and graceful as the shawl-designs
Of Delhi or Umritsir, twined in stone.

Below him Agra slept.

By the long light of sunset overswept:
The river flowing through a level land,
By mango-groves and banks of yellow sand,
Skirted with lime and orange, gay kiosks,
Fountains at play, tall minarets of mosques,
Fair pleasure-gardens, with their flowering trees
Relieved against the mournful cypresses;
And, air-poised lightly as the blown sea-foam,
The marble wonder of some holy dome
Hung a white moonrise over the still wood,
Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood."

WESTERN.

"Along the naked hillside cast
Our shadows as of giants vast.
We reached, at length, the topmost swell,
Whence, either way, the green turf fell
In terraces of nature down
To fruit-hung orchards, and the town
With white, pretenceless houses, tall
Church-steeple, and, o'ershadowing all,
Huge mills whose windows had the look
Of eager eyes that ill could brook
The Sabbath rest. We traced the track
Of the sea-seeking river back
Glistening for miles above its mouth,
Through the long valley to the south.
And, looking eastward, cool to view,
Stretched the illimitable blue
Of ocean, from its curved coast-line;
Sombred and still, the warm sunshine
Filled with pale gold-dust all the reach
Of slumberous woods from hill to beach,—

Touched the far-glancing sails, and showed
White lines of foam where long waves flowed
Dumb in the distance. In the north,
Dim through their misty hair, looked forth
The space-dwarfed mountains to the sea,
From mystery to mystery!"

Westward by Rail. A New Route to the West. By W. F. RAE. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

It is the correspondent of the London Daily News who tells of his American travels in a book dedicated to his American friends out of an affection for them that seems very abundant. Indeed, since real greatness, and knowledge of ourselves through knowledge of other nations, have made us the shrinkingly modest people we now are, there are very few Americans who would find it in their hearts to say all the kind things of themselves that Mr. Rae asks

them to believe, — and asks with an air of such moderation and candor that it seems almost a rudeness to doubt him. Is it possible, we question, before laying the flattering unction to our souls that our political system is not a bubble destined to burst as soon as the country is settled, that our steamboats do not similarly explode at short intervals, and are altogether decenter and pleasanter than English boats; that our railroad cars, as idealized by Mr. Pullman, are delightful to the civilized man; that we do not all live in hotels upon pickles, and that our hotels have some small comforts and conveniences peculiar to them; that Mr. Punch's American is not the real one; that our accent is not so bad, and that at any rate it is very little matter about accent; that our women are sometimes intelligent and lady-like; that the New York Herald is not the great organ of public opinion? Come, now, Mr. Rae (we feel like saying to this obliging tourist), do not allow a few personal friendships to sway you; be honest and own that you think we are politically and morally in a horribly bad way! You know that you saw spittoons in all genteel parlors in Boston, and found the pews in Grace Church whittled by the pen-knives of the worshippers. We shall forgive you; but you must acknowledge that in the United States the men all put their feet on the mantel-piece, and the women all swing their skirts in walking. No? Mr. Rae actually remains firm in his misperception of American facts; and English readers must turn to other authorities for the truth about us.

It is not through want of opportunities for forming a better estimate that Mr. Rae mistakes us. He has travelled from New York to San Francisco by rail, and has come back to Boston, visiting *en route* pretty nearly all the interesting things and places; though much the greater part of his book is given to telling what he saw in California and the far West. The material resources of these regions, and their great prospects, he gladly recognizes; but he believes that the Californians especially have still some trifling disparities to overcome before their promise and their performance are equalized. He tells them that their material greatness cannot long impress the world, and that the really surprising thing in their history is the early development of a spirited and excellent local literature, which he hints the typical Californians themselves do not know much

about or care much for; and, worse than all, he denies that the boasted hospitality of California exists in fact, or is much more than a half-Spanish flourish of phrases. He tells — with what we might call innocence in an American writer relating the like experience in England — how his San Francisco banker, who had placed all his worldly possessions at Mr. Rae's disposal, feigned not to know him when he supposed him come to claim his courtesy, but turned hospitable again as soon as it appeared that Mr. Rae merely wished to take leave.

After more talk of this sort, our author says: "A gentleman who was pointed out to me enjoyed immense popularity in San Francisco. He was very rich. His greatest merit, as far as I could learn, consisted in this, that he sometimes expended five hundred dollars a day in treating his friends to drinks. When, then, the Californians vaunt about their hospitality, they mean that they are the most liberal with their whiskey of any people on earth." But Mr. Rae owns that there is a silver lining to this cloud, and that the Californians have produced already something very admirable in art as well as literature; and he advises the California youth to look for their examples of success, not to the "pioneers" of 1849, who now form the ancient and hereditary nobility of their native State, but to the men who are giving her a name in civilization.

Mr. Rae has several chapters on Salt Lake City and the Mormons, which are all marked by a moderation, good sense, and good principle which we have hardly been taught to expect in English tourists, since Mr. Dixon set them his bad and vulgar example. Our author does not find the Saints either picturesque or comfortable. They are for the most part ignorant peasants without political rights, for the loss of which they are poorly compensated by their social license. They are very backward compared with other Americans, afraid of each other, and intolerant of the presence of other sects; and their women are not treated as "intellectual human beings, but as mere human toys." With these facts in view, he refuses to be enamored of Mormonism because the orchards of Utah "yield annually many thousand bushels of large ripe peaches and rosy-checked apples."

There is a chapter on Boston City and Harvard University, which is written with a very generous appreciation of the merits of both, and with an intelligence rare among

travellers of Mr. Rae's nation. The well-known local diffidence forbids us to quote from this chapter, though, as will have been seen, we were not slow to reproduce Mr. Rae's praises of San Francisco. His book is not a very profound judgment of America. Much of its observation must seem superficial and trivial to American readers; but it is probably interesting to Englishmen, and it is very amiable and good-natured to us, without being patronizing.

Tent Life in Siberia, and Adventures among the Koraks and other Tribes in Kamtchatka and Northern Asia. By GEORGE KENNAN. New York: G. P. Putman and Sons.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN was an employee of the Russo-American Telegraph Company, "or, as it was more properly called, the 'Western Union Extension,'" which was organized in the summer of 1864 for the purpose of building an overland telegraph line to Europe. The success of the Atlantic Cable, as is well known, caused the enterprise to be abandoned, and all the benefit that the world or the stockholders have reaped from the three million dollars engulfed in the gigantic attempt is such as has accrued to literature and science in the volumes of Messrs. Whympers and Dall, and now of Mr. Kennan. Whether we have in these books the money's worth of knowledge and amusement is a question which we do not feel called upon to decide. Mr. Kennan has certainly told us many new and interesting facts about the desolate steppes of Northern Asia, and about the half-savage tribes with which he had so much to do; and no one, except perhaps the heaviest holder of the company's stock, can fail to be amused by a greater part of the humor in which the present volume abounds.

Mr. Kennan sailed from San Francisco in a little brig, and after a long, desolate voyage he lands at Petropavloski, in Kamtchatka. Here he prepares for the two years of his wild, adventurous life in the snowy wildernesses. He does not start, however, until he has witnessed a most grotesque Cossack marriage. In the ceremony the bridegroom wears a dusty crown which is altogether too big for him, and slips down over his head like a candle-extinguisher, causing him to step on the bride's "furni-

ture-print" calico dress, and do many other ludicrous things. Further on in the volume another wedding ceremony is described, which is even stranger and more trying to him who is conventionally called "the happy man" on such occasions with us. It is among the Reindeer Koraks, a nomadic tribe of the vast steppes. There custom compels the bridegroom to work years for his betrothed, and then at last, in our civilized hour of champagne and congratulation, he is whipped and tripped up by a whole community of women, while in a steeplechase after his bride. If he does not catch her he has to work two years longer. Among those barbarous Northerners, indeed, it is evidently harder to get a wife than to support her afterward, which would seem just like our civilized life, as depicted in the modern novel.

Of the strange adventures which are so frankly told in Mr. Kennan's book we can give no idea in a summary. To learn what hardship the human frame is capable of enduring, and to take a just measure of the bounds of Yankee pluck and good-nature, one must read "Tent Life in Siberia" for himself. We must regret an occasional slip in grammar and redundancy and carelessness in style and statement, but we should be loath to part with a jot of the fresh human nature which might not have got into a book more carefully written. The author tells his story, not like a book-maker, but as a bright young man would tell it to his comrades. Even some of the descriptions which are most objectionable in a literary point of view have the merit of giving a vivid idea of phenomena scarcely ever before described at all.

The Origin of Civilization and Primitive Condition of Man. Mental and Social Condition of Savages. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Author of "Prehistoric Times." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THERE can be no doubt that it was in the author's mind to erect a great structure with the materials which he has here brought together, but, as with many another, the very magnitude of the resources he had accumulated seems to have deterred him from any effort to put them to the use for which they were originally intended. We question the propriety of parading so large a title on so small a book, but we must thank our

author for his discretion in avoiding an effort to do what that title would lead us to suppose he had done. Had he tried to give us a history of civilization, he would probably have left our world when his introduction was published, instead of giving us a very valuable body of facts.

The plan which is taken in his treatment of the subject is very simple. In his introductory chapter he shows that we can best understand the scattered elements of the history of our own race by a study of the existing customs among savages; for even though there are great differences between the details of the life of the savage of to-day and the life of our wild ancestors, the resemblances are greater than the differences. This study also enables us to understand the origin of many customs which have no relation to our present life, but which survive among our institutions as remains of an ancient social state. Moreover, the author thinks that, having traced the course of development of peoples in the habits and customs of existing savage tribes, we may be able "to penetrate some of the mist which separates the present from the future."

The fundamental difficulty in the study of savage races is much the same as that which besets the philosophical historian, namely, the obstacles which hinder our efforts to understand the state of mind of people at that stage of development. To consider the acts of the wild men of Borneo, who seem to have little more trace of civilization than can be found in a herd of monkeys, as if they were dictated by the impulses of their own race, is a sure road to error. Our author has clearly perceived this difficulty, and warned the reader of it. As instances of the extent to which the acts of savages may be without any better explanation than what we may term an instinct referring back to some habit the necessity for which has passed away and been forgotten, he shows the wide-spread character of several peculiar customs. The most curious of these is one which forbids a woman to speak to her son-in-law, and compels him to the same reserve. This habit is found along the shores of the Arctic Sea in North America, among the Omahaws, where the same custom extends to the father-in-law also. The same custom existed among the Florida Indians, among the Caribs, and in South America among the Arawacks. A custom of the same kind is found in Asia among the Calmucks and Mongols, and in China, where

the woman must not speak to her father-in-law. These peculiarities are probably in all cases explained by a pre-existing custom of acquiring possession of the wife after the fashion described in the account of the Roman treatment of the Sabine women. It is easy to understand that a woman would not naturally feel kind towards the abductor of her daughter, and that where forcible means were in fashion in the process of wooing the relations between the son-in-law and mother-in-law might be even more unamiable than they are reputed to be in our modern society.

The chapter on marriage relationship which follows in the order of the book contains a variety of curious information which has never before been put into a popular work. The author brings these into an arrangement apparently substantiating his propositions on this subject, which are essentially these: that this relationship was at first communal, every male in a community having equal right to every female, that only the women captured from other tribes could be held as individual property, and that to this pre-emption of the captor we owe the beginning of the institution of marriage rights. The author regards the peculiar position of public women among the Greeks, who showed to this class much consideration, as due to the fact that at an earlier stage the women held by the communal right, being of the same tribe, were naturally held in some esteem, while the captured wives would be looked upon as belonging to a lower estate.

This chapter is much to be recommended to the attention of those who conceive that the position of man is to be bettered by experiments with the marriage system. They will find that most of the panaceas have been tried and abandoned.

One third of the whole book is devoted to a summary of existing forms of religious beliefs and disbeliefs, for the fact is made very plain that many tribes are quite without religion.

The author takes great pains to show the want of conception, or at least of any high conception of Deity, among many of the lower races. The Bedouins who demanded to know where Allah was to be found, saying, if they "could but catch him, they would spear him on the spot; who but he lays waste their homes and kills their cattle and wives?" cannot be said to have profited by any conception of Deity.

The influence which the condition of the mind and body in dreams has had in developing the belief in the existence of a soul and the extent to which the existence of a shadow has fostered this belief in the savage mind, is an extremely curious question. Among the Feejee-Islanders "some speak of a man as having two spirits. His shadow is called his dark spirit, which they say goes to Hades. The other is his likeness reflected in water or a looking-glass, and is supposed to stay near the place in which the man dies. Probably this doctrine of shadows has to do with the notion of inanimate objects having spirits."

"I once placed a good-looking native suddenly before a mirror. He stood delighted. 'Now,' said he, softly, 'I can see into the world of spirits.'"

Our author gives us an abundant array of facts going to show the general absence of a moral sense among the savage peoples. This seems to have been an unwilling conclusion; for he says: "That there should have been any races of men so deficient in moral feeling was altogether opposed to the preconceived ideas with which I commenced the study of savage life, and I have arrived at the conviction by slow degrees and even with reluctance. I have, however, been forced to this conclusion, not only by the direct statements of travellers, but also by the general tenor of their remarks, and especially by the remarkable absence of repentance and remorse among the lower races of men."

In the chapter on the origin of language is little that is new, but much to interest the general reader. Probably the most entertaining part of it is that which describes the use of signs as an aid to language among various races; among some, as, for instance, the Bushmen, the language is not intelligible if it be too dark to see the gestures of the speaker.

The chapter on laws, which concludes the body of the book, brings out some peculiar features. The boasted freedom of the savage vanishes. "No savage," says our author, "is free; all over the world his daily life is regulated by a complicated and apparently most inconvenient set of customs (enforceable as laws), of quaint prohibitions and privileges; the prohibitions as a general rule applying to the women, the privileges to the men."

Our author sums up his work in the following conclusions:—

"That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors. That the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism. That from this condition several races have independently raised themselves."

As a whole, the work is a valuable contribution to the popular study of savage man. There is a want of critical ability shown in the treatment of the matter, authors little worthy of credit being quoted as confidently as those of the most trustworthy character. The social dance of the savages of Virginia, to which he has devoted a full-page plate, probably existed in the imagination alone of Lafitau, from whose *Mœurs des Sauvages* it is taken.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe. With Introductions and Biographical Notices. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. A New Edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S work on the Poets and Poetry of Europe was first published twenty-five years ago, and we have all had time to become acquainted with its plan, which here in this latest edition has not been changed, though its scope has been widened to include notice of whatever considerable things have been done, since former publications, in Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese poetry. It was natural that the volume should become the favorite it has always been with people of taste and cultivation, for with thorough honesty of research it unites very great simplicity of arrangement. Proceeding in the order we have given, Mr. Longfellow makes such an historical and critical sketch of each literature as enables the reader at once to form an intelligible idea of its characteristics and periods, and then there follows a selection from it, with more or less biographical and critical account of the poet quoted, giving the earliest authors first, and regularly approaching our own time. In all this there is great clearness and precision; the details dear to the student of a particular literature or literary epoch, but confusing to the average culture, are sacrificed to the fulness with which the principal and important features are brought out. Wherever it is possible the criticism is founded upon the opinions of each writer's countrymen, and in all cases

it appears to us that the best authorities are consulted; and one of the best is Mr. Longfellow himself, who speaks his own mind only too sparingly. His work is often merely that of an editor, but he does it with that taste, sympathy, and good sense which his whole literary life embodies in such degree that we feel anything else to be impossible with him, and gives it thus the finest value of original production. The labor involved in the preparation of such a volume as this will by no means appear to the general reader whom it delights, and to whom we venture to suggest grateful consideration of the vast acquaintance with authors and authorities, the tacit service of comparison and selection, implied by the abundance and the succinctness with which every topic is treated. We will not say that here is all the general reader need know of the poets and poetry of Europe, but we assure him that he cannot do better than possess himself of all the information here given, and that he could nowhere else find it so availably and so agreeably presented, and with so little that he need not know.

To this new edition Mr. Longfellow has added a supplement of a hundred and thirty-seven pages, devoted to such poets as have recently won distinction, and to the poets whom recent study has brought into notice anew. The poems in this supplement are marked by that greater fidelity and regard to the originals which no one has done half so much to urge upon translators as Mr. Longfellow himself in the high example of his "Dante." Here are his own exquisite translations from German, French, Italian, and Spanish; here is one version, most sympathetically tender and spirited, by Mr. Lowell; here is a part of Faust in Bayard Taylor's conscientious and admirable English; here are some songs from Heine by Leland; here are Mrs. Wister's charming pieces from De Musset; here are Bryant's specimens of modern Spanish poetry; here are Rossetti's beautiful versions from the earliest Italian poets; and here are abundant extracts from the latest. The supplement, in fact, lays before the reader the freshest and best poetry of all Europe, and worthily completes the work. It is not easy to give a just idea of its merits and graces; but those who already know it will not need a lecture from us upon it, and to those who do not we can but heartily commend it.

Why and How. Why the Chinese emigrate, and the Means they adopt for reaching America. With Sketches of Travel, Amusing Incidents, Social Customs, etc. By RUSSELL H. CONWELL. With Illustrations by Hammatt Billings. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

MR. CONWELL'S knowledge of China is drawn from his own experience, as well as the best recent authorities, and if it does not strike the reader as quite novel, this is because we have all been learning a good deal about China of late years, and have had access to the books which he quotes in confirmation and amplification of his statements. In some respects his views of the Chinese question *are* novel, or at least so little familiar as to strike us anew. He attributes the emigration from China to the hopelessly bad government at home, and not to the superabundance of population. "It may seem," he says, "almost a paradox to affirm that labor is scarce in China, yet all experience goes to prove it"; and he declares that at present vast tracts of land lie waste, because there are no laborers to reclaim them; for if the certainty of every sort of governmental extortion and oppression did not paralyze industry, the want of roads and markets would discourage it. So the peasant sells all, and even mortgages his family to get money to emigrate in violation of the laws; and when he lands in San Francisco, he finds himself, even with the welcome which our impulsive Irish masters give him, a comparatively happy and prosperous man.

Mr. Conwell is a friend of the late Taiping rebellion, and no admirer of the Imperial government, not even of its civil service and competitive examinations, which he tells us are a pecuniary and not a literary competition. In fact, as to the administration of the laws in China, he has nothing good and therefore nothing new to say. There are some interesting notices of the coolie trade, which may be described in like terms, and some similarly interesting notices of Chinese society and superstitions, — religion, Mr. Conwell thinks, the great mass of the Chinese have none.

His book is chiefly estimable because it contains in brief what we must elsewhere seek in many places and in much extended phrase, and because it is the work of a sincere, if enthusiastic observer, and of a man who can wish well to the Chinese and abhor

their oppressors, without being enamored of their faults. We think these such eminent merits in a writer about any foreign people, that we count a frequent lack of literary grace as nothing against them.

Margaret. A Tale of the Real and Ideal, of Blight and Bloom. By SYLVESTER JUDD. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE sense of novelty and freshness which this beautiful old romance gives the reader is a most useful witness of the fact that, to be always modern and always new, it is only necessary to be of no fashion, — neither the fashion of one's own day nor the fashion of a former day. This, to be sure, is nearly as difficult as simplicity, of which perhaps it is a phase. Here and there, in all the history of the world, but few men have achieved so great an end in literature: the author of "Margaret" is of these few.

We, who read the romance for the first time in this latest edition of it, must feel how vastly better it is, how much more recent it is, than the best new novel of our generation, and must peruse it with something of the contented wonder with which we should linger over "Wilhelm Meister" or a play of Shakespeare if they were as strange to us. The comparison is of kind, not of degree; but if "Margaret" were compared with any other romance of its own time, excepting the romances of Hawthorne, we should feel that there was no comparison for it save with the masterpieces. Like these it is epoch and fashion and method to itself. It is not nature, but the love of nature; it is not reality, but truth. It is very far indeed from artistic perfection; you may overfeast yourself in it, but you cannot famish.

Without more space than we can now give, any criticism of ours must fail to discover what the essence of such a book as

"Margaret" is. It is easy enough to say that the scene is laid in a backwoods settlement of New England, in the time just after the Revolution; that the life and manners of the place and period are painted very effectively, with a strong dash of caricature, and that there is such sympathy with the inarticulate life of nature that the reader cannot help sharing the author's rapture; that Margaret and nearly all the other personages are fantastic; that the fascination of the book is not in the plot. But all this is a dim and distorted reflex of the romance, and might be quite as true of a work done in a wholly different spirit and manner; the very heart of the matter is left untouched, and is scarcely approached. It does not help much to add that the romance is largely religious, and that where the religious purpose prevails over the artistic feeling the work suffers; or that the story seems always to run along the edge of a precipice, and you are liable to be dropped into limitless depths of airiness at any moment, though the author's poise is kept, and the reader carried safely to the end, — it must be owned he is considerably dizzied towards the last.

It is curious to find in English a romance that confides so much in the reader's sympathy: here we have long pauses for discussion and reflection as in German romances, yet the book is not otherwise German, but singularly American, with inexhaustible sweetness, quaintness, and tenderness, and most American in its fantasticality. It is marvellously, almost matchlessly frank in dealing with the rude life in which its scenes are laid, and no more moralizes that life or is ashamed of it than the sunshine would have been. It is with the reform of what civilization he finds that the author is concerned; and this is not the only point on which he shows himself generous and wise, and one of the truest and foremost of his nation.

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THE ORIGINS OF FOLK-LORE.

"La mythologie, cette science toute nouvelle, qui nous fait suivre les croyances de nos pères depuis le berceau du monde jusqu'aux superstitions de nos campagnes." — EDMOND SCHERER.

FEW mediæval heroes are so widely known as William Tell. His exploits have been celebrated by one of the greatest poets and one of the most delightful musicians of modern times. They are doubtless familiar to many who have never heard of Stauffacher or Winkelried, who are quite ignorant of the prowess of Roland, and to whom Arthur and Lancelot, nay, even Charlemagne, are but empty names.

Nevertheless, in spite of his vast reputation, it is probable that no such person as William Tell ever existed, and it is certain that the story of his shooting the apple from his son's head has no historical value whatever. In spite of the wrath of unlearned but patriotic Swiss, especially of those of the *cicerone* class, this conclusion is forced upon us as soon as we begin to study the legend in accordance with the canons of modern historical criticism. It is useless to point to Tell's lime-tree, standing to-day in the centre of the market-place at Altdorf, or to quote for our confusion his crossbow preserved

in the arsenal at Zurich, as unimpeachable witnesses to the truth of the story. It is in vain that we are told, "The bricks are alive to this day to testify to it; therefore, deny it not." These proofs are not more valid than the handkerchief of St. Veronica, or the fragments of the true cross. For if relics are to be received as evidence, we must needs admit the truth of every miracle narrated by the Bollandists.

The earliest work which makes any allusion to the adventures of William Tell is the chronicle of the younger Melchior Russ, written in 1482. As the shooting of the apple was supposed to have taken place in 1296, this leaves an interval of one hundred and eighty-six years, during which neither a Tell, nor a William, nor the apple, nor the cruelty of Gessler, received any mention. It may also be observed, parenthetically, that the charters of Küssenach, when examined, show that no man by the name of Gessler ever ruled there. The chroniclers of the fifteenth century, Faber and Hammerlin, who minutely de-

scribe the tyrannical acts by which the Duke of Austria goaded the Swiss to rebellion, do not once mention Tell's name, or betray the slightest acquaintance with his exploits or with his existence. In the Zurich chronicle of 1479 he is not alluded to. But we have still better negative evidence. John of Winterthür, one of the best chroniclers of the Middle Ages, was living at the time of the battle of Morgarten (1315), at which his father was present. He tells us how, on the evening of that dreadful day, he saw Duke Leopold himself in his flight from the fatal field, half dead with fear. He describes, with the loving minuteness of a contemporary, all the incidents of the Swiss revolution, but nowhere does he say a word about William Tell. This is sufficiently conclusive. These mediæval chroniclers, who never failed to go out of their way after a bit of the epigrammatic and marvellous, who thought far more of a pointed story than of historical credibility, would never have kept silent about the adventures of Tell, if they had known anything about them.

After this, it is not surprising to find that no two authors who describe the deeds of William Tell agree in the details of topography and chronology. Such discrepancies never fail to confront us when we leave the solid ground of history and begin to deal with floating legends. Yet, if the story be not historical, what could have been its origin? To answer this question we must considerably expand the discussion.

The first author of any celebrity who doubted the story of William Tell was Guillimann, in his work on Swiss Antiquities, published in 1598. He calls the story a pure fable, but, nevertheless, eating his words, concludes by proclaiming his belief in it, because the tale is so popular! Undoubtedly he acted a wise part; for, in 1660, as we are told, Uriel Freudenberger was condemned by the canton of Uri to be burnt alive, for publishing his opinion that the legend of Tell had a Danish origin.*

* See Delepierre, *Historical Difficulties*, p. 75.

The bold heretic was substantially right, however, like so many other heretics, earlier and later. The Danish account of Tell is given as follows, by Saxo Grammaticus:—

“A certain Palnatoki, for some time among King Harold's body-guard, had made his bravery odious to very many of his fellow-soldiers by the zeal with which he surpassed them in the discharge of his duty. This man once, when talking tipsily over his cups, had boasted that he was so skilled an archer that he could hit the smallest apple placed a long way off on a wand at the first shot; which talk, caught up at first by the ears of backbiters, soon came to the hearing of the king. Now, mark how the wickedness of the king turned the confidence of the sire to the peril of the son, by commanding that this dearest pledge of his life should be placed instead of the wand, with a threat that, unless the author of this promise could strike off the apple at the first flight of the arrow, he should pay the penalty of his empty boasting by the loss of his head. The king's command forced the soldier to perform more than he had promised, and what he *had* said, reported by the tongues of slanderers, bound him to accomplish what he had *not* said. Yet did not his sterling courage, though caught in the snare of slander, suffer him to lay aside his firmness of heart; nay, he accepted the trial the more readily because it was hard. So Palnatoki warned the boy urgently when he took his stand to await the coming of the hurtling arrow with calm ears and unbent head, lest, by a slight turn of his body, he should defeat the practised skill of the bowman; and, taking further counsel to prevent his fear, he turned away his face, lest he should be scared at the sight of the weapon. Then, taking three arrows from the quiver, he struck the mark given him with the first he fitted to the string. . . . But Palnatoki, when asked by the king why he had taken more arrows from the quiver, when it had been settled that he should only try the fortune of the bow *once*,

made answer, 'That I might avenge on thee the swerving of the first by the points of the rest, lest perchance my innocence might have been punished, while your violence escaped scot-free.' *"

This ruthless king is none other than the famous Harold Blue-tooth, and the occurrence is placed by Saxo in the year 950. But the story appears not only in Denmark, but in England, in Norway, in Finland and Russia, and in Persia, and there is some reason for supposing that it was known in India. In Norway we have the adventures of Pansa the Splay-footed, and of Hemingr, a vassal of Harold Hardrada, who invaded England in 1066. In Iceland there is the kindred legend of Egil, brother of Wayland Smith, the Norse Vulcan. In England there is the ballad of William of Cloudeslee, which supplied Scott with many details of the archery scene in "Ivanhoe." Here, says the dauntless bowman,

"I have a sonne seven years old ;
Hee is to me full deere ;
I will tye him to a stake —
All shall see him that bee here —
And lay an apple upon his head,
And goe six paces him froe,
And I myself with a broad arrowe
Shall cleave the apple in tow." "

In the *Malleus Maleficarum* a similar story is told of Puncher, a famous magician on the Upper Rhine. The great ethnologist Castrén dug up the same legend in Finland. It is common, as Dr. Dasent observes, to the Turks and Mongolians ; "and a legend of the wild Samoyeds, who never heard of Tell or saw a book in their lives, relates it, chapter and verse, of one of their marksmen." Finally, in the Persian poem of Farid-Uddin Attar, born in 1119, we read a story of a prince who shoots an apple from the head of a beloved page. In all these stories, names and motives of course differ ; but all contain the same essential incidents. It is always an unerring archer who, at the capricious command of a tyrant, shoots from the head of some one dear to him a small object, be it

an apple, a nut, or a piece of coin. The archer always provides himself with a second arrow, and, when questioned as to the use he intended to make of his extra weapon, the invariable reply is, "To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my son." Now, when a marvellous occurrence is said to have happened everywhere, we may feel sure that it never happened anywhere. Popular fancies propagate themselves indefinitely, but historical events, especially the striking and dramatic ones, are rarely repeated. The facts here collected lead inevitably to the conclusion that the Tell myth was known, in its general features, to our Aryan ancestors, before ever they left their primitive dwelling-place in Central Asia.

It may, indeed, be urged that some one of these wonderful marksmen may really have existed and have performed the feat recorded in the legend ; and that his true story, carried about by hearsay tradition from one country to another and from age to age, may have formed the theme for all the variations above mentioned, just as the fables of La Fontaine were patterned after those of Æsop and Phædrus, and just as many of Chaucer's tales were consciously adopted from Boccaccio. No doubt there has been a good deal of borrowing and lending among the legends of different peoples, as well as among the words of different languages ; and possibly even some picturesque fragment of early history may have now and then been carried about the world in this manner. But as the philologist can with almost unerring certainty distinguish between the native and the imported words in any Aryan language, by examining their phonetic peculiarities, so the student of popular traditions, though working with far less perfect instruments, can safely assert, with reference to a vast number of legends, that they cannot have been obtained by any process of conscious borrowing. The difficulties inseparable from any such hypothesis will become more and more apparent as we proceed to exam-

* Saxo Grammaticus, Bk. X. p. 166. Ed. Frankf.

ine a few other stories current in different portions of the Aryan domain.

As the Swiss must give up his Tell, so must the Welshman be deprived of his brave dog Gellert, over whose cruel fate I confess to having shed more tears than I should regard as well bestowed upon the misfortunes of many a human hero of romance. Every one knows how the dear old brute killed the wolf which had come to devour Llewellyn's child, and how the prince, returning home and finding the cradle upset and the dog's mouth dripping blood, hastily slew his benefactor, before the cry of the child from behind the cradle and the sight of the wolf's body had rectified his error. To this day the visitor to Snowdon is told the touching story, and shown the place, called Beth-Gellert,* where the dog's grave is still to be seen. Nevertheless, the story occurs in the fireside lore of nearly every Aryan people. Under the Gellert-form it started in the Panchatantra, a collection of Sanskrit fables; and it has even been discovered in a Chinese work which dates from A. D. 668. Usually the hero is a dog, but sometimes a falcon, an ichneumon, an insect, or even a man. In Egypt it takes the following comical shape: "A Wali once smashed a pot full of herbs which a cook had prepared. The exasperated cook thrashed the well-intentioned but unfortunate Wali within an inch of his life, and when he returned, exhausted with his efforts at belaboring the man, to examine the broken pot, he discovered amongst the herbs a poisonous snake."† Now this story of the Wali is as manifestly identical with the legend of Gellert as the English word *father* is with the Latin *pater*; but as no one would maintain that the word *father* is in any sense derived from *pater*, so it would be im-

possible to represent either the Welsh or the Egyptian legend as a copy of the other. Obviously the conclusion is forced upon us that the stories, like the words, are related collaterally, having descended from a common ancestral legend, or having been suggested by one and the same primeval idea.

Closely connected with the Gellert myth are the stories of Faithful John and of Rama and Luxman. In the German story, Faithful John accompanies the prince, his master, on a journey in quest of a beautiful maiden, whom he wishes to make his bride. As they are carrying her home across the seas, Faithful John hears some crows, whose language he understands, foretelling three dangers impending over the prince, from which his friend can save him only by sacrificing his own life. As soon as they land, a horse will spring toward the king, which, if he mounts it, will bear him away from his bride forever; but whoever shoots the horse, and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from toe to knee. Then, before the wedding a bridal garment will lie before the king, which, if he puts it on, will burn him like the Nessos-shirt of Herakles; but whoever throws the shirt into the fire and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from knee to heart. Finally, during the wedding-festivities, the queen will suddenly fall in a swoon, and "unless some one takes three drops of blood from her right breast she will die"; but whoever does so, and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from head to foot. Thus forewarned, Faithful John saves his master from all these dangers; but the king misinterprets his motive in bleeding his wife, and orders him to be hanged. On the scaffold he tells his story, and while the king humbles himself in an agony of remorse, his noble friend is turned into stone.

In the South Indian tale Luxman accompanies Rama, who is carrying home his bride. Luxman overhears two owls talking about the perils that await his

* According to Mr. Isaac Taylor, the name is really derived from "St. Celert, a Welsh saint of the fifth century, to whom the church of Llangeller is consecrated." (Words and Places, p. 339.)

† Compare Krilof's story of the Gnat and the Shepherd, in Mr. Ralston's excellent version, Krilof and his Fables, p. 170. Many parallel examples are cited by Mr. Baring-Gould, Curious Myths, Vol. I. pp. 126-136.

master and mistress. First he saves them from being crushed by the falling limb of a banyan-tree, and then he drags them away from an arch which immediately after gives way. By and by, as they rest under a tree, the king falls asleep. A cobra creeps up to the queen, and Luxman kills it with his sword; but, as the owls had foretold, a drop of the cobra's blood falls on the queen's forehead. As Luxman licks off the blood, the king starts up, and, thinking that his vizier is kissing his wife, upbraids him with his ingratitude, whereupon Luxman, through grief at this unkind interpretation of his conduct, is turned into stone.*

For further illustration we may refer to the Norse tale of the "Giant who had no Heart in his Body," as related by Dr. Dasent. This burly magician having turned six brothers with their wives into stone, the seventh brother — the crafty Boots or many-witted Odysseus of European folk-lore — sets out to obtain vengeance if not reparation for the evil done to his kith and kin. On the way he shows the kindness of his nature by rescuing from destruction a raven, a salmon, and a wolf. The grateful wolf carries him on his back to the giant's castle, where the lovely princess whom the monster keeps in irksome bondage promises to act, in behalf of Boots, the part of Delilah, and to find out, if possible, where her lord keeps his heart. The giant, like the Jewish hero, finally succumbs to feminine blandishments. "Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg; and in that egg there lies my heart, you darling." Boots, thus instructed, rides on the wolf's back to the island; the raven flies to the top of the steeple and gets the church-keys; the salmon dives to the bottom of the well, and brings up the egg from the place where the duck had dropped it; and so Boots becomes master of the situation. As he squeezes

the egg, the giant, in mortal terror, begs and prays for his life, which Boots promises to spare on condition that his brothers and their brides should be released from their enchantment. But when all has been duly effected, the treacherous youth squeezes the egg in two, and the giant instantly bursts.

The same story has lately been found in Southern India, and is published in Frere's remarkable collection of tales entitled "Old Deccan Days." In the Hindu version the seven daughters of a rajah, with their husbands, are transformed into stone by the great magician Punchkin, — all save the youngest daughter, whom Punchkin keeps shut up in a tower until by threats or coaxing he may prevail upon her to marry him. But the captive princess leaves a son at home in the cradle, who grows up to manhood unmolested, and finally undertakes the rescue of his family. After long and weary wanderings he finds his mother shut up in Punchkin's tower, and persuades her to play the part of the princess in the Norse legend. The trick is equally successful. "Hundreds of thousands of miles away there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm-trees, and in the centre of the circle stand six jars full of water, piled one above another; below the sixth jar is a small cage which contains a little green parrot; on the life of the parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die." The young prince finds the place guarded by a host of dragons, but some eaglets whom he has saved from a devouring serpent in the course of his journey take him on their crossed wings and carry him to the place where the jars are standing. He instantly overturns the jars, and seizing the parrot, obtains from the terrified magician full reparation. As soon as his own friends and a stately procession of other royal or noble victims have been set at liberty, he proceeds to pull the parrot to pieces. As the wings and legs come away, so tumble off the arms and legs of the

* See Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, Vol. I. pp. 145-149.

magician; and finally as the prince wrings the bird's neck, Punchkin twists his own head round and dies.

The story is also told in the highlands of Scotland, and some portions of it will be recognized by the reader as incidents in the Arabian tale of the Princess Parizade. The union of close correspondence in conception with manifest independence in the management of the details of these stories is striking enough, but it is a phenomenon with which we become quite familiar as we proceed in the study of Aryan popular literature. The legend of the Master Thief is no less remarkable than that of Punchkin. In the Scandinavian tale the Thief, wishing to get possession of a farmer's ox, carefully hangs himself to a tree by the roadside. The farmer, passing by with his ox, is indeed struck by the sight of the dangling body, but thinks it none of his business, and does not stop to interfere. No sooner has he passed than the Thief lets himself down, and running swiftly along a by-path, hangs himself with equal precaution to a second tree. This time the farmer is astonished and puzzled; but when for the third time he meets the same unwonted spectacle, thinking that three suicides in one morning are too much for easy credence, he leaves his ox and runs back to see whether the other two bodies are really where he thought he saw them. While he is framing hypotheses of witchcraft by which to explain the phenomenon, the Thief gets away with the ox. In the *Hitopadesa* the story receives a finer point. "A Brahman, who had vowed a sacrifice, went to the market to buy a goat. Three thieves saw him, and wanted to get hold of the goat. They stationed themselves at intervals on the high road. When the Brahman, who carried the goat on his back, approached the first thief, the thief said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' The Brahman replied, 'It is not a dog, it is a goat.' A little while after he was accosted by the second thief, who said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?'

The Brahman felt perplexed, put the goat down, examined it, and walked on. Soon after he was stopped by the third thief, who said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' Then the Brahman was frightened, threw down the goat, and walked home to perform his ablutions for having touched an unclean animal. The thieves took the goat and ate it." The adroitness of the Norse King in "The Three Princesses of Whiteland" shows but poorly in comparison with the keen psychological insight and cynical sarcasm of these Hindu sharpers. In the course of his travels this prince met three brothers fighting on a lonely moor. They had been fighting for a hundred years about the possession of a hat, a cloak, and a pair of boots, which would make the wearer invisible, and convey him instantly whithersoever he might wish to go. The King consents to act as umpire, provided he may once try the virtue of the magic garments; but once clothed in them, of course he disappears, leaving the combatants to sit down and suck their thumbs. Now in the "Sea of Streams of Story," written in the twelfth century by Somadeva of Cashmere, the Indian King Putraka, wandering in the Vindhya Mountains, similarly discomfits two brothers who are quarrelling over a pair of shoes, which are like the sandals of Hermes, and a bowl which has the same virtue as Aladdin's lamp. "Why don't you run a race for them?" suggests Putraka; and, as the two blockheads start furiously off, he quietly picks up the bowl, ties on the shoes, and flies away!

It is unnecessary to cite further illustrations. The tales here quoted are fair samples of the remarkable correspondence which holds good through all the various sections of Aryan folklore. The hypothesis of lateral diffusion, as we may call it, manifestly fails to explain coincidences which are maintained on such an immense scale. It is quite credible that one nation may have borrowed from another a solitary legend of an archer who performs the

feats of Tell and Palnatoki; but it is utterly incredible that ten thousand stories, constituting the entire mass of household mythology throughout a dozen separate nations, should have been handed from one to another in this way. No one would venture to suggest that the old grannies of Iceland and Norway, to whom we owe such stories as the Master Thief and the Princesses of Whiteland, had ever read Somadeva or heard of the treasures of Rhampsinitos. A large proportion of the tales with which we are dealing were utterly unknown to literature until they were taken down by Grimm and Frere and Castrén and Campbell, from the lips of ignorant peasants, nurses, or house-servants, in Germany and Hindustan, in Siberia and Scotland. Yet, as Mr. Cox observes, these old men and women, sitting by the chimney-corner and somewhat timidly recounting to the literary explorer the stories which they had learned in childhood from their own nurses and grandmas, "reproduce the most subtle turns of thought and expression, and an endless series of complicated narratives, in which the order of incidents and the words of the speakers are preserved with a fidelity nowhere paralleled in the oral tradition of historical events. It may safely be said that no series of stories introduced in the form of translations from other languages could ever thus have filtered down into the lowest strata of society, and thence have sprung up again, like Antaios, with greater energy and heightened beauty." There is indeed no alternative for us but to admit that these fireside tales have been handed down from parent to child for more than a hundred generations; that the primitive Aryan cottager, as he took his evening meal of *yava* and sipped his fermented mead, listened with his children to the stories of Boots and Cinderella and the Master Thief, in the days when the squat Laplander was master of Europe and the dark-skinned Sudra was as yet unmolested in the Punjab. Only such

community of origin can explain the community in character between the stories told by the Aryan's descendants, from the jungles of Ceylon to the highlands of Scotland.

This conclusion essentially modifies our view of the origin and growth of a legend like that of William Tell. The case of the Tell legend is radically different from the case of the blindness of Belisarius or the burning of the Alexandrian library by order of Omar. The latter are isolated stories or beliefs; the former is one of a family of stories or beliefs. The latter are untrustworthy traditions of doubtful events; but in dealing with the former, we are face to face with a *myth*.

What, then, is a myth? The theory of Euhemerus, which was so fashionable a century ago, in the days of the Abbé Banier, has long since been so utterly abandoned that to refute it now is but to slay the slain. The peculiarity of this theory was that it cut away all the extraordinary features of a given myth, wherein dwelt its inmost significance, and to the dull and useless residuum accorded the dignity of primeval history. In this way the myth was lost without compensation, and the student, in seeking good digestible bread, found but the hardest of pebbles. Considered merely as a pretty story, the legend of the golden fruit watched by the dragon in the garden of the Hesperides is not without its value. But what merit can there be in the gratuitous statement which, degrading the grand Doric hero to a level with any vulgar fruit-stealer, makes Herakles break a close with force and arms, and carry off a crop of oranges which had been guarded by mastiffs? It is still worse when we come to the more homely folk-lore with which the student of mythology now has to deal. The theories of Banier, which limped and stumbled awkwardly enough when it was only a question of Hermes and Minos and Odin, have fallen never to rise again since the problems of Punchkin and Cinderella and the Blue Belt have be-

gun to demand solution. The conclusion has been gradually forced upon the student, that the marvellous portion of these old stories is no illegitimate excrescence, but was rather the pith and centre of the whole,* in days when there was no supernatural, because it had not yet been discovered that there was such a thing as nature. The religious myths of antiquity and the fire-side legends of ancient and modern times have their common root in the mental habits of primeval humanity. They are the earliest recorded utterances of men concerning the visible phenomena of the world into which they were born.

That prosaic and coldly rational temper with which modern men are wont to regard natural phenomena was in early times unknown. We have come to regard all events as taking place regularly, in strict conformity to law: whatever our official theories may be, we instinctively take this view of things. But our primitive ancestors knew nothing about laws of nature, nothing about physical forces, nothing about the relations of cause and effect, nothing about the necessary regularity of things. There was a time in the history of mankind when these things had never been inquired into, and when no generalizations about them had been framed, tested, or established. There was no conception of an order of nature, and therefore no distinct conception of a supernatural order of things. There was no belief in miracles as infractions of natural laws, but there was a belief in the occurrence of wonderful events too mighty to have been brought about by ordinary means. There was an unlimited capacity for believing and fancying, because fancy and belief had not yet been checked and headed off in various directions by established rules of experience. Physical science is a very late acquisition of the human mind, but we are already sufficiently imbued with it to be almost completely disabled from comprehend-

ing the thoughts of our ancestors. "How Finn cosmogonists could have believed the earth and heaven to be made out of a severed egg, the upper concave shell representing heaven, the yolk being earth, and the crystal surrounding fluid the circumambient ocean, is to us incomprehensible; and yet it remains a fact that they did so regard them. How the Scandinavians could have supposed the mountains to be the mouldering bones of a mighty Jötun, and the earth to be his festering flesh, we cannot conceive; yet such a theory was solemnly taught and accepted. How the ancient Indians could regard the rain-clouds as cows with full udders milked by the winds of heaven is beyond our comprehension, and yet their Veda contains indisputable testimony to the fact that they were so regarded." We have only to read Mr. Baring-Gould's book of "Curious Myths," from which I have just quoted, or to dip into Mr. Thorpe's great treatise on "Northern Mythology," to realize how vast is the difference between our stand-point and that from which, in the later Middle Ages, our immediate forefathers regarded things. The frightful superstition of werewolves is a good instance. In those days it was firmly believed that men could be, and were in the habit of being, transformed into wolves. It was believed that women might bring forth snakes or poodle-dogs. It was believed that if a man had his side pierced in battle, you could cure him by nursing the sword which inflicted the wound. "As late as 1600 a German writer would illustrate a thunder-storm destroying a crop of corn by a picture of a dragon devouring the produce of the field with his flaming tongue and iron teeth."

Now if such was the condition of the human intellect only three centuries ago, what must it have been in that dark antiquity when not even the crudest generalizations of Greek or of Oriental science had been reached? The same mighty power of imagination which now, restrained and guided by scientific principles, leads us to discov-

* "Retrancher le merveilleux d'un mythe, c'est le supprimer." — Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, p. 50.

eries and inventions, must then have wildly run riot in mythologic fictions whereby to explain the phenomena of nature. Knowing nothing whatever of physical forces, of the blind steadiness with which a given effect invariably follows its cause, the men of primeval antiquity could interpret the actions of nature only after the analogy of their own actions. The only force they knew was the force of which they were directly conscious, — the force of will. Accordingly, they imagined all the outward world to be endowed with volition, and to be directed by it. They personified everything, — sky, clouds, thunder, sun, moon, ocean, earthquake, whirlwind.* The comparatively enlightened Athenians of the age of Pericles addressed the sky as a person, and prayed to it to rain upon their gardens. And for calling the moon a mass of dead matter, Anaxagoras came near losing his life. To the ancients the moon was not a lifeless ball of stones and clods: it was the horned huntress, Artemis, coursing through the upper ether, or bathing herself in the clear lake; or it was Aphrodite, protectress of lovers, born of the sea-foam in the East near Cyprus. The clouds were no bodies of vaporized water: they were cows with swelling udders, driven to the milking by Hermes, the summer wind; or great sheep with moist fleeces, slain by the unerring arrows of Bellerophon, the sun; or swan-maidens, flitting across the firmament, Valkyries hovering over the battle-field to receive the souls of falling heroes; or, again, they were mighty mountains piled one above another, in whose cavernous recesses the divining-wand of the storm-god Thor

revealed hidden treasures. The yellow-haired sun, Phoibos, drove westerly all day in his flaming chariot; or perhaps, as Meleagros, retired for a while in disgust from the sight of men; wedded at eventide the violet light (Oinone, Iole), which he had forsaken in the morning; sank, as Herakles, upon a blazing funeral-pyre, or, like Agamemnon, perished in a blood-stained bath; or, as the fish-god, Dagon, swam nightly through the subterranean waters, to appear eastward again at daybreak. Sometimes Phaëthon, his rash, inexperienced son, would take the reins and drive the solar chariot too near the earth, causing the fruits to perish, and the grass to wither, and the wells to dry up. Sometimes, too, the great all-seeing divinity, in his wrath at the impiety of men, would shoot down his scorching arrows, causing pestilence to spread over the land. Still other conceptions clustered around the sun. Now it was the wonderful treasure-house, into which no one could look and live; and again it was Ixion himself, bound on the fiery wheel in punishment for violence offered to Héré, the queen of the blue air.

This theory of ancient mythology is not only beautiful and plausible, it is, in its essential points, demonstrated. It stands on as firm a foundation as Grimm's law in philology, or the undulatory theory in molecular physics. It is philology which has here enabled us to read the primitive thoughts of mankind. A large number of the names of Greek gods and heroes have no meaning in the Greek language; but these names occur also in Sanskrit, with plain physical meanings. In the Veda we find Zeus or Jupiter (Dyaus-pitar) meaning the sky, and Sarameias or Hermes, meaning the breeze of a summer morning. We find Athene (Ahana), meaning the light of daybreak; and we are thus enabled to understand why the Greek described her as sprung from the forehead of Zeus. There too we find Helena (Sarama), the fickle twilight, whom the Panis, or night-demons, who serve as the prototypes of the

* "No distinction between the animate and inanimate is made in the languages of the Esquimaux, the Choctaws, the Muskoghee, and the Caddo. Only the Iroquois, Cherokee, and the Algonquin-Lenape have it, so far as is known, and with them it is partial." According to the Fijians, "vegetables and stones, nay, even tools and weapons, pots and canoes, have *souls* that are immortal, and that, like the souls of men, pass on at last to *Mbulu*, the abode of departed spirits." — M'Lennan, *The Worship of Animals and Plants*, Fortnightly Review, Vol. XII. p. 416.

Hellenic Paris, strive to seduce from her allegiance to the solar monarch. Even Achilleus (Aharyu) again confronts us, with his captive Briseis (Brisaya's offspring); and the fierce Kerberos (Carvara) barks on Vedic ground in strict conformity to the laws of phonetics. Now, when the Hindu talked about Father Dyaus, or the sleek kine of Siva, he thought of the personified sky and clouds; he had not outgrown the primitive mental habits of the race. But the Greek, in whose language these physical meanings were lost, had long before the Homeric epoch come to regard Zeus and Hermes, Athene, Helena, Paris, and Achilleus, as mere persons, and in most cases the originals of his myths were completely forgotten. In the Vedas the Trojan War is carried on in the sky, between the bright deities and the demons of night; but the Greek poet, influenced perhaps by some dim historical tradition, has located the contest on the shore of the Hellespont, and in his mind the actors, though superhuman, are still completely anthropomorphic. Of the true origin of his epic story he knew as little as Euhemeros, or Lord Bacon, or the Abbé Banier.

After these illustrations, we shall run no risk of being misunderstood when we define a *myth* as, in its origin, an explanation, by the uncivilized mind, of some natural phenomenon; not an allegory, not an esoteric symbol,—for the ingenuity is wasted which strives to detect in myths the remnants of a refined primeval science,—but an explanation. Primitive men had no profound science to perpetuate by means of allegory, nor were they such sorry pedants as to talk in riddles when plain language would serve their purpose. Their minds, we may be sure, worked like our own, and when they spoke of the far-darting sun-god, they meant just what they said, save that where we propound a scientific theorem, they constructed a myth.* A thing is said

to be explained when it is classified with other things with which we are already acquainted. That is the only kind of explanation of which the highest science is capable. We explain the origin, progress, and ending of a thunder-storm, when we classify the phenomena presented by it along with other more familiar phenomena of vaporization and condensation. But the primitive man explained the same thing to his own satisfaction when he had classified it along with the well-known phenomena of human volition, by constructing a theory of a great black dragon pierced by the unerring arrows of a heavenly archer. We consider the nature of the stars to a certain extent explained when they are classified as suns; but the Mohammedan compiler of the "*Mishkat-ul-Ma'sâbih*" was content to explain them as missiles useful for stoning the Devil! Now, as soon as the old Greek, forgetting the source of his conception, began to talk of a human Oidipous slaying a leonine Sphinx, and as soon as the Mussulman began, if he ever did, to tell his children how the Devil once got a good pelting with golden bullets, then both the one and the other were talking pure mythology.

We are justified, accordingly, in distinguishing between a myth and a legend. Though the words are etymologically parallel, and though in ordinary discourse we may use them interchangeably, yet when strict accuracy is required, it is well to keep them separate. And it is perhaps needless, save for the sake of completeness, to say that both are to be distinguished from stories which have been designedly fabricated. The distinction may occasionally be subtle, but is usually broad enough. Thus, the story that Philip II. murdered his wife Elizabeth, is a misrepresentation; but the story

nous présentent le phénomène de la plus riche mythologie à côté de la plus profonde métaphysique." "La conception de la multiplicité dans l'univers, c'est le polythéisme chez les peuples enfants; c'est la science chez les peuples arrivés à l'âge mûr." — Renan, *Hist. des Langues Sémitiques*, Tom. I. p. 9.

* "Les facultés qui engendrent la mythologie sont les mêmes que celles qui engendrent la philosophie, et ce n'est pas sans raison que l'Inde et la Grèce

that the same Elizabeth was culpably enamored of her step-son Don Carlos, is a legend. The story that Queen Eleanor saved the life of her husband, Edward I., by sucking a wound made in his arm by a poisoned arrow, is a legend; but the story that Hercules killed a great robber, Cacus, who had stolen his cattle, conceals a physical meaning, and is a myth. While a legend is usually confined to one or two localities, and is told of not more than one or two persons, it is characteristic of a myth that it is spread, in one form or another, over a large part of the earth, the leading incidents remaining constant, while the names and often the motives vary with each locality. This is partly due to the immense antiquity of myths, dating as they do from a period when many nations, now widely separated, had not yet ceased to form one people. Thus the myth of the Trojan War is found, in its main features, both in the *Iliad* and in the *Veda*; and the myth of St. George and the Dragon is found in all the Aryan nations. But we must not always infer that myths have a common descent, merely because they resemble each other. We must remember that the proceedings of the uncultivated mind are more or less alike in all latitudes, and that the same phenomenon might in various places independently give rise to similar stories. The myth of Jack and the Bean-Stalk is found not only among people of Aryan descent, but also among the Zulus of South Africa, and again among the American Indians. Whenever we can trace a story in this way from one end of the world to the other, or through a whole family of kindred nations, we are pretty safe in assuming that we are dealing with a true myth, and not with a mere legend.

Applying these considerations to the Tell myth, we at once obtain a valid explanation of its origin. The conception of infallible skill in archery, which underlies such a great variety of myths and popular fairy-tales, is originally derived from the inevitable victory of

the sun over his enemies, the demons of night, winter, and tempest. Arrows and spears which never miss their mark, swords from whose blow no armor can protect are invariably the weapons of solar divinities or heroes. The shafts of Bellerophon never fail to slay the black demon of the rain-cloud, and the bolt of Phoibos Chrysaor deals sure destruction to the serpent of winter. Odysseus, warring against the impious night-heroes, who have endeavored throughout ten long years or hours of darkness to seduce from her allegiance his twilight-bride, the weaver of the never-finished web of violet clouds,—Odysseus, stripped of his beggar's raiment and endowed with fresh youth and beauty by the dawn-goddess, Athene, engages in no doubtful conflict as he raises the bow which none but himself can bend. Nor is there less virtue in the spear of Achilles, in the swords of Perseus and Sigurd, in Roland's stout blade Durandal, or in the brand Excalibur, with which Sir Bedivere was so loath to part. All these are solar weapons, and so, too, are the arrows of Tell and Palnatoki, Egil and Hemingr, and William of Cloudeeslee, whose surname proclaims him an inhabitant of the Phaëkian land. William Tell, whether of Cloudland or of Altdorf, is the last reflection of the beneficent divinity of daytime and summer, constrained for a while to obey the caprice of the powers of cold and darkness, as Apollo served Laomedon, and Herakles did the bidding of Eurystheus. His solar character is well preserved, even in the sequel of the Swiss legend, in which he appears no less skilful as a steersman than as an archer, and in which, after traversing, like Dagon, the tempestuous sea of night, he leaps at daybreak in regained freedom upon the land, and strikes down the oppressor who has held him in bondage.

But the sun, though ever victorious in open contest with his enemies, is nevertheless not invulnerable. At times he succumbs to treachery, is bound by the frost-giants, or slain by the demons

of darkness. The poisoned shirt of the cloud-fiend Nessos is fatal even to the mighty Herakles, and the prowess of Siegfried at last fails to save him from the craft of Hagen. In Achilleus and Meleagros we see the unhappy solar hero doomed to toil for the profit of others, and to be cut off by an untimely death. The more fortunate Odysseus, who lives to a ripe old age, and triumphs again and again over all the powers of darkness, must nevertheless yield to the craving desire to visit new cities and look upon new works of strange men, until at last he is swallowed up in the western sea. That the unrivalled navigator of the celestial ocean should disappear beneath the western waves is as intelligible as it is that the horned Venus or Astarte should rise from the sea in the far east. It is perhaps less obvious that winter should be so frequently symbolized as a thorn or sharp instrument. Achilleus dies by an arrow-wound in the heel; the thigh of Adonis is pierced by the boar's tusk, while Odysseus escapes with an ugly scar, which afterwards secures his recognition by his old servant, the dawn-nymph Eurykleia; Sigurd is slain by a thorn, and Balder by a sharp sprig of mistletoe; and in the myth of the Sleeping Beauty, the earth-goddess sinks into her long winter sleep when pricked by the point of the spindle. In her cosmic palace, all is locked in icy repose, naught thriving save the ivy which defies the cold, until the kiss of the golden-haired sun-god reawakens life and activity.

The wintry sleep of nature is symbolized in innumerable stories of spell-bound maidens and fair-featured youths, saints, martyrs, and heroes. Sometimes it is the sun, sometimes the earth, that is supposed to slumber. Among the American Indians the sun-god Michabo is said to sleep through the winter months; and at the time of the falling leaves, by way of composing himself for his nap, he fills his great pipe and divinely smokes; the blue clouds, gently floating over the landscape, fill the air with the haze of

Indian summer. In the Greek myth the shepherd Endymion preserves his freshness in a perennial slumber. The German Siegfried, pierced by the thorn of winter, is sleeping until he shall be again called forth to fight. In Switzerland, by the Vierwaldstättersee, three Tells are awaiting the hour when their country shall again need to be delivered from the oppressor. Charlemagne is reposing in the Untersberg, sword in hand, waiting for the coming of Antichrist; Olger Danske similarly dreams away his time in Avallion; and in a lofty mountain in Thuringia, the great Emperor Frederic Barbarossa slumbers with his knights around him, until the time comes for him to sally forth and raise Germany to the first rank among the kingdoms of the world. The same story is told of Olaf Tryggvason, of Don Sebastian of Portugal, and of the Moorish King Boabdil. The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, having taken refuge in a cave from the persecutions of the heathen Decius, slept one hundred and sixty-four years, and awoke to find a Christian emperor on the throne. The monk of Hildesheim, in the legend so beautifully rendered by Longfellow, doubting how with God a thousand years ago could be as yesterday, listened three minutes entranced by the singing of a bird in the forest, and found, on waking from his reverie, that a thousand years had flown. To the same family of legends belong the notion that St. John is sleeping at Ephesus until the last days of the world; the myth of the enchanter Merlin, spell-bound by Vivien; the story of the Cretan philosopher Epimenides, who dozed away fifty-seven years in a cave; and Rip Van Winkle's nap in the Catskills.

We might go on almost indefinitely citing household tales of wonderful sleepers; but, on the principle of the association of opposites, we are here reminded of sundry cases of marvellous life and wakefulness, illustrated in the Wandering Jew; the dancers of Kolbeck; Joseph of Arimathea with the Holy Grail; the Wild Huntsman, who

to all eternity chases the red deer ; the Captain of the Phantom Ship ; the classic Tithonos ; and the Man in the Moon.

The lunar spots have afforded a rich subject for the play of human fancy. Plutarch wrote a treatise on them, but the myth-makers had been before him. "Every one," says Mr. Baring-Gould, "knows that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who has been exiled thither for many centuries, and who is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. He has once visited this earth, if the nursery rhyme is to be credited when it asserts that

'The Man in the Moon
Came down too soon
And asked his way to Norwich' ;

but whether he ever reached that city the same authority does not state." Dante calls him Cain ; Chaucer has him put up there as a punishment for theft, and gives him a thorn-bush to carry ; Shakespeare also loads him with the thorns, but by way of compensation gives him a dog for a companion. Ordinarily, however, his offence is stated to have been, not stealing, but Sabbath-breaking,—an idea derived from the Old Testament. Like the man mentioned in the Book of Numbers, he is caught gathering sticks on the Sabbath ; and, as an example to mankind, he is condemned to stand forever in the moon, with his bundle on his back. Instead of a dog, one German version places with him a woman, whose crime was churning butter on Sunday. She carries her butter-tub ; and this brings us to Mother Goose again :—

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

This may read like mere nonsense ; but there is a point of view from which it may be safely said that there is very little absolute nonsense in the world. The story of Jack and Jill is a venerable one. In Icelandic mythology we read that Jack and Jill were two children whom the moon once kidnapped and car-

ried up to heaven. They had been drawing water in a bucket, which they were carrying by means of a pole placed across their shoulders ; and in this attitude they have stood to the present day in the moon. Even now this explanation of the moon-spots is to be heard from the mouths of Swedish peasants. They fall away one after the other, as the moon wanes, and their water-pail symbolizes the supposed connection of the moon with rain-storms. Other forms of the myth occur in Sanskrit.

The moon-goddess, or Aphrodite, of the ancient Germans, was called Hörsel, or Ursula, who figures in Christian mediæval mythology as a persecuted saint, attended by a troop of eleven thousand virgins, who all suffer martyrdom as they journey from England to Cologne. The meaning of the myth is obvious. In German mythology, England is the Phaiakian land of clouds and phantoms ; the *succubus*, leaving her lover before daybreak, excuses herself on the plea that "her mother is calling her in England."* The companions of Ursula are the pure stars, who leave the cloudland and suffer martyrdom as they approach the regions of day. In the Christian tradition, Ursula is the pure Artemis ; but, in accordance with her ancient character, she is likewise the sensual Aphrodite, who haunts the Venusberg ; and this brings us to the story of Tannhäuser.

The Hörselberg, or mountain of Venus, lies in Thuringia, between Eisenach and Gotha. High up on its slope yawns a cavern, the Hörselloch, or cave of Venus, within which is heard a muffled roar, as of subterranean water. From this cave, in old times, the frightened inhabitants of the neighboring valley would hear at night wild moans and cries issuing, mingled with peals of demon-like laughter. Here it was believed that Venus held her court ; "and there were not a few who

* See Procopius, *De Bello Gothico*, IV. 20 ; Villemarqué, *Barzas Breiz*, I. 136. As a child I was instructed by an old nurse that Van Diemen's Land is the home of ghosts and departed spirits.

declared that they had seen fair forms of female beauty beckoning them from the mouth of the chasm." * Tannhäuser was a French knight, and a renowned troubadour, who, travelling at twilight past the Hörselberg, "saw a white glimmering figure of matchless beauty standing before him and beckoning him to her." Leaving his horse, he went up to meet her, whom he knew to be no other than Venus. He descended to her palace in the heart of the mountain, and there passed seven years in careless revelry. Then, stricken with remorse and yearning for another glimpse of the pure light of day, he called in agony upon the Virgin Mother, who took compassion on him and released him. He sought a village church, and to priest after priest confessed his sin, without obtaining absolution, until finally he had recourse to the Pope. But the holy father, horrified at the enormity of his misdoing, declared that guilt such as his could never be remitted: sooner should the staff in his hand grow green and blossom. "Then Tannhäuser, full of despair and with his soul darkened, went away, and returned to the only asylum open to him, the Venusberg. But lo! three days after he had gone, Pope Urban discovered that his pastoral staff had put forth buds and had burst into flower. Then he sent messengers after Tannhäuser, and they reached the Hörsel vale to hear that a wayworn man, with haggard brow and bowed head, had just entered the Hörselloch. Since then Tannhäuser has not been seen." (p. 201.)

As Mr. Baring-Gould rightly observes, this sad legend, in its Christianized form, is doubtless descriptive of the struggle between the new and the old faiths. The knightly Tannhäuser, satiated with pagan sensuality, turns to Christianity for relief, but, repelled by the hypocrisy, pride, and lack of sympathy of its ministers, gives up in despair, and returns to drown his anxieties in his old debauchery.

But this is not the primitive form of

the myth, which recurs in the folklore of every people of Aryan descent. Who, indeed, can read it without being at once reminded of Thomas of Erceldoune (or Hörsel-hill), entranced by the sorceress of the Eilden; of the nightly visits of Numa to the grove of the nymph Egeria; of Odysseus held captive by the Lady Kalypso; and, last but not least, of the delightful Arabian tale of Prince Ahmed and the Peri Banou? On his westward journey, Odysseus is ensnared and kept in temporary bondage by the amorous nymph of darkness, Kalypso (*καλύπτω*, to veil or cover). So the zone of the moon-goddess Aphrodite inveigles all-seeing Zeus to treacherous slumber on Mount Ida; and by a similar sorcery Tasso's great hero is lulled in unseemly idleness in Armida's golden paradise, at the western verge of the world. The disappearance of Tannhäuser behind the moonlit cliff, lured by Venus Ursula, the pale goddess of night, is a precisely parallel circumstance.

But solar and lunar phenomena are by no means the only sources of popular mythology. There is a quaint German picture, illustrating Goethe's ballad of the Erlking, in which the whole wild pathos of the story is compressed into one supreme moment; we see the fearful, half-gliding rush of the Erlking, his long, spectral arms outstretched to grasp the child, the frantic gallop of the horse, the alarmed father clasping his darling to his bosom in convulsive embrace, the siren-like elves hovering overhead, to lure the little soul with their weird harps. There can be no better illustration than is furnished by this terrible scene of the magic power of mythology to invest the simplest physical phenomena with the most intense human interest; for the true significance of the whole picture is contained in the father's address to his child,

"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In düren Blättern säuselt der Wind."

The story of the Piper of Hamelin, well known in the version of Robert Browning, leads to the same conclu-

* Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, Vol. I. p. 197.

sion. In 1284 the good people of Hamelin could obtain no rest, night or day, by reason of the direful host of rats which infested their town. One day came a strange man in a bunting-suit, and offered for five hundred guilders to rid the town of the vermin. The people agreed: whereupon the man took out a pipe and piped, and instantly all the rats in town, in an army which blackened the face of the earth, came forth from their haunts, and followed the piper until he piped them to the river Weser, where they all jumped in and were drowned. But as soon as the torment was gone, the townsfolk refused to pay the piper, on the ground that he was evidently a wizard. He went away, vowing vengeance, and on St. John's day reappeared, and putting his pipe to his mouth blew a different air. Whereat all the little, plump, rosy-cheeked, golden-haired children came merrily running after him, their parents standing aghast, not knowing what to do, while he led them up a hill in the neighborhood. A door opened in the mountain-side, through which he led them in, and they never were seen again; save one lame boy, who hobbled not fast enough to get in before the door shut, and who lamented for the rest of his life that he had not been able to share the rare luck of his comrades. In the street through which this procession passed no music was ever afterwards allowed to be played. For a long time the town dated its public documents from this fearful calamity, and many authorities have treated it as an historical event.* Similar stories are told of other towns in Germany, and, strange to say, in remote Abyssinia also. Wesleyan peasants in England believe that angels pipe to children who are about to die; and in Scandinavia, youths are said to have been enticed away by the songs of elf-maidens. In Greece, the sirens by their magic lay allured voyagers to destruction; and Orpheus caused the trees and dumb beasts to

follow him. Here we reach the explanation. For Orpheus is the wind sighing through untold acres of pine forest. "The piper is no other than the wind, and ancients held that in the wind were the souls of the dead." To this day, the English peasantry believe that they hear the wail of the spirits of unbaptized children, as the gale sweeps past their cottage doors. The Greek Hermes resulted from the fusion of two deities. He is the sun and also the wind; and in the latter capacity he bears away the souls of the dead. So the Norse Odin, who like Hermes fulfils a double function, is supposed to rush at night over the tree-tops, "accompanied by the scudding train of brave men's spirits." And readers of recent French literature cannot fail to remember Erckmann-Chatrian's terrible story of the wild huntsman Vittikab, and how he sped through the forest, carrying away a young girl's soul.

Thus, as Tannhäuser is the Northern Ulysses, so is Goethe's Erlking none other than the Piper of Hamelin. And the piper, in turn, is the classic Hermes or Orpheus, the counterpart of the Finnish Wainamoinen and the Sanskrit Gunadhya. His wonderful pipe is the horn of Oberon, the lyre of Apollo (who, like the piper, was a rat-killer), the harp stolen by Jack when he climbed the bean-stalk to the ogre's castle.* And the father, in Goethe's ballad, is no more than right when he assures his child that the siren voice which tempts him is but the rustle of the wind among the dried leaves; for from such a simple class of phenomena arose this entire family of charming legends.

But why does the piper, who is a leader of souls (*Psychopompos*), also draw rats after him? In answering this we shall have occasion to note that the ancients by no means shared that curious prejudice against the brute

* "And it reappears as the mysterious lyre of the Gaelic musician, who

"Could harp a fish out o' the water,
Or bluid out of a stane,
Or milk out of a maiden's breast,
That bairns had never nane."

* Hence the adage, "Always remember to pay the piper."

creation which is indulged in by modern anti-Darwinians. In many countries, rats and mice have been regarded as sacred animals; but in Germany they were thought to represent the human soul. One story out of a hundred must suffice to illustrate this. "In Thuringia, at Saalfeld, a servant-girl fell asleep whilst her companions were shelling nuts. They observed a little red mouse creep from her mouth and run out of the window. One of the fellows present shook the sleeper, but could not wake her, so he moved her to another place. Presently the mouse ran back to the former place and dashed about, seeking the girl; not finding her, it vanished; at the same moment the girl died."* This completes the explanation of the piper, and it also furnishes the key to the horrible story of Bishop Hatto.

This wicked prelate lived on the bank of the Rhine, in the middle of which stream he possessed a tower, now pointed out to travellers as the Mouse Tower. In the year 970 there was a dreadful famine, and people came from far and near craving sustenance out of the Bishop's ample and well-filled granaries. Well, he told them all to go into the barn, and when they had got in there, as many as could stand, he set fire to the barn and burnt them all up, and went home to eat a merry supper. But when he arose next morning, he heard that an army of rats had eaten all the corn in his granaries, and was now advancing to storm the palace. Looking from his window, he saw the roads and fields dark with them, as they came with fell purpose straight toward his mansion. In frenzied terror he took his boat and rowed out to the tower in the river. But it was of no use: down into the water marched the rats, and swam across, and scaled the walls, and gnawed through the stones, and came swarming in about the shrieking Bishop, and ate him up, flesh, bones, and all. Now, bearing in mind what was said above, there can be no doubt that these rats

were the souls of those whom the Bishop had murdered. There are many versions of the story in different Teutonic countries, and in some of them the avenging rats or mice issue directly, by a strange metamorphosis, from the corpses of the victims. St. Gertrude, moreover, the heathen Holda, was symbolized as a mouse, and was said to lead an army of mice; she was the receiver of children's souls. Odin, also, in his character of a Psychopomp, was followed by a host of rats.*

As the souls of the departed are symbolized as rats, so is the Psychopomp himself often figured as a dog. Sarameias, the Vedic counterpart of Hermes and Odin, sometimes appears invested with canine attributes; and countless other examples go to show that by the early Aryan mind the howling wind was conceived as a great dog or wolf. As the fearful beast was heard speeding by the windows or over the house-top, the inmates trembled, for none knew but his own soul might forthwith be required of him. Hence, to this day, among ignorant people, the howling of a dog under the window is supposed to portend a death in the family. It is the fleet greyhound of Hermes, come to escort the soul to the river Styx.†

But the wind-god is not always so terrible. Nothing can be more transparent than the phraseology of the Homeric Hymn, in which Hermes is described as acquiring the strength of a giant while yet a babe in the cradle, as sallying out and stealing the cattle (clouds) of Apollo, and driving them helter-skelter in various directions, then as crawling through the keyhole, and with a mocking laugh shrinking into his cradle. He is the Master Thief, who can steal the burgomaster's horse from under him and his wife's mantle from off her back, the proto-

* Perhaps we may trace back to this source the frantic terror which Irish servant-girls often manifest at sight of a mouse.

† In Persia a dog is brought to the bedside of the person who is dying, in order that the soul may be sure of a prompt escort. The same custom exists in India. Breal, *Hercule et Cacus*, p. 123.

type not only of the crafty architect of Rhampsinitos, but even of the ungrateful slave who robs Sancho of his mule in the Sierra Morena. He furnishes in part the conceptions of Boots and Reynard; he is the prototype of Paul Pry and peeping Tom of Coventry; and in virtue of his ability to contract or expand himself at pleasure, he is both the Devil in the Norse Tale,* whom the lad persuades to enter a walnut, and the Arabian Efreet, whom the fisherman releases from the bottle.

The very interesting series of myths and popular superstitions suggested

* The Devil, who is proverbially "active in a gale of wind," is none other than Hermes.

by the storm-cloud and the lightning must be reserved for a future occasion. When carefully examined, they will richly illustrate the conclusion which is the result of the present inquiry, that the marvellous tales and quaint superstitions current in every Aryan household have a common origin with the classic legends of gods and heroes, which formerly were alone thought worthy of the student's serious attention. These stories — some of them familiar to us in infancy, others the delight of our maturer years — constitute the *débris*, or alluvium, brought down by the stream of tradition from the distant highlands of ancient mythology.

TO FANNY.

(ALLEGRETTO CAPRICCIOSO.)

I.

FANNY, it's my belief
You're the work of a witch and a thief!

II.

Not such a witch as revealed his doom in the war
To the king, by the ghost, in the dwelling at hilled En Dor;
Or stalked in Thrace, wrinkled, austere, acerb,
With brazen sickle cropping the moonlit herb;
Nor she, against the abyss of the night descried,
Throned on the ragged rock on the mountain-side, —
The invoker of carnage, black, with fire-eyed glare,
Grand in the depths of the livid and trembling air.

III.

Not such a witch as dragged o'er the ridges of slain,
The corpse with her hook on the moaning Pharsalian plain,
And under the lateral jags of the gloomful yew,
By the hell-deep cave, its spirit from Acheron drew;
Nor the woman of Thessaly, crouched in the crumbling tomb,
Decrepit, leathern, red in the embers' bloom,
Wreathed with the coiling smoke of smouldering moly,
Hyssop, and vervain, mumbling spells unholy;
Nor Canidia, lit by the Colchian perfumes' flare,
The bristle of wild snakes stirring her terrible hair;
Nor fell Medea, that, borne by dragons of fire,
Fled through the air from the sword of the childless sire;

Nor the triad, withered and weird, that showed Macbeth,
 The sinister doubles of toil and trouble and death ;
 Nor the hag of the wood, disproportionate, tall as a lance,
 That, rancorous, duskily gnashing, with basilisk glance,
 And white mane stiffening, spired, in her rose-silk garb,
 O'er the steel-bright knight, aghast on his plunging barb.

IV.

Not like the camleted beldame, tittering low
 In the night-black hut by the brazier's sanguine glow,
 Roasting the waxen mannikin — gruesome thing ! —
 Whose wasting wasted the marrow and flesh of the king ;
 Nor with crooked stick and conical hat, the crone,
 Red-cloaked at dusk in the haunted dell alone ;
 Nor she that to Faust and malign Mephisto came
 Down the chimney yelling, scorched by the roaring flame ;
 Nor any that went into Mohra's lonely field,
 And shrill to Satan in stormy chorus pealed,
Come, antecessor, to Blockula bear thy load,
 And on goat or spit, to the revel of devils rode ;
 Nor any that raced to the Brocken's lurid brow,
 In tempest and streaming song on a howling sow ;
 Or scurried aloft on a broomstick, weaving ills,
 In the evil night o'er the dark New England hills.

V.

Not such as these : behold, they loom,
 Terraced in sullen lights on a Rembrandt gloom, —
 Phantoms of awful age and terror and pain and bane, —
 Vague and vast, a background of the night, —
 All for a point of glittering rosy light, —
 All to project my witch of delicatessen, —
 Sweet sylph shape of star-eyed prettiness,
 And beauty-teeming brain ! —
 All to relieve one little witch-queen of May, —
 A spirit of gay and gentle hours ;
 Next of blood to planets and flowers
 The odor and the ray.
 A witch, be it understood,
 Funny and fair and good,
 Tiny and pretty and jolly ;
 A love, a sweet, a prize, a pet,
 An airy, fairy dandizette,
 A maid of honor to Cupid god,
 A fairy girl of the period,
 A wee little lady of delicate breeding,
 Foreign to horror and melancholy,
 And guiltless of any uncanny proceeding.
 Fond, be sure, of the latest fashion ;
 Silks and laces and gems her passion ;
 Fond as well of the flower-bright lawn,
 Blue-bird, spring-time, star, and dawn.

Never clothed in the monstrous rags
 Or ponderous robes of the witches and hags ;
 Never a haunter of forest glooms,
 Moon-weird fields, or caves, or tombs,
 Or sharer in any Walpurgis revels
 On midnight mounts with the Devil or devils.
 Not addicted to such diversion ;
 And never, O never, on any excursion, —
 Never known to ride on a pig ; —
 Unless it was one that had not grown big :
 For a sweet little pig with a tendril tail,
 Smooth as satin and pinky-pale,
 Is a very different thing by far
 From the lumps of iniquity big pigs are ;
 And the queen of the fays herself might ride
 On a plump little pigling, justified.
 So might witchkin, — if she did,
 Not by me shall the truth be hid.
 But as for a broomstick, there you can trust her :
 My lady indeed, as it might be presumed,
 Would n't mount upon less than a peacock-plumed,
 Ivory-handled parlor duster !

VI.

That's the witch, — and as for the thief,
 His innocence glows in a like relief,
 Though a cleverer larcenist never was known
 From the earliest period down to our own.
 Take the thieves, — and whenever you will,
 Dream is better than constable ;
 Take the thieves, — you have but to dream,
 And they come in a higgledy-piggledy stream, —
 Look at them running ! — a multiform,
 Multitudinous, motley swarm.
 All converging with roaring hum ; —
 Slap them down as fast as they come,
 And toss them up in a tumult, —
 Autolycus ; oily Sisyphus ;
 The cannibal robber, Polyphemus ;
 Great kine-stealing Hercules ;
 The gods and demigods of Greece ;
 The bloody and hairy bugaboo,
 Cacus, whom Alcides slew ;
 The illustrious Thracian thief, the brander
 Of the glory of Alexander ;
 And the robber beyond description,
 (Apropos, although Egyptian,)
 Ptolemy, who from Greece and us,
 Stole the dramas of Æschylus ;
 Ionians, Dorians, Peloponnesians,
 And in a general way the Grecians ;
 O, the roaring ! O, the humming !

Faster and faster see them coming !
 The Romans lead like ocean surging,
 Juvenal them like tempest scourging ;
 The Jew floods in behind the Pagan, —
 Barabbas ; Jacob ; Achan ; Fagin ;
 All the money-changers sordid,
 Once that in the Temple hoarded ;
 Titus, Dumachus (ambushed they laid,
 And the Holy Family waylaid) ;
 Demas, Gestas (doomed to languish,
 Sharers they of Calvary's anguish) ;
 Wretched Judas, sire, of all men,
 To the old-clo'men and three-ball men ;
 Farragut, Charlemagne's Jew physician ;
 (He must have thieved in that position !)
 Shylock ; Rothschild hunkey-dory ;
 Massena ; Moses Montefiore ;
 Abaddon, — O the streaming, pouring,
 Bellowing mass ! — and over them roaring,
 Norman Rollo, sea-kings, vi-kings ;
 Danes and Swedes of property likings ;
 And all of the Front-de-Bœuf feudality,
 Knights and barons of high rascality ;
 And Italy's fine romantic fellows,
 Pale Rinaldinis and brown Brunellos,
 Intermixed with the rough banditti,
 The tavern-keepers of every city,
 And cardinals, popes, and men of standing,
 Made sublime by Dante's branding :
 And Avallaneda, who tried to plant his
 Villanous paw on the work of Cervantes,
 Ranked for that with the Ginesillos,
 Gil Blas robbers and Lazarillos,
 And long, tumultuous, swarthy train
 Of whiskerandoes belonging to Spain, —
 Chief of them all, as I deplore,
 Jew-plundering Cid Campeador.
 Up they pile on the tumulus growing,
 And after — hark to the cockerel crowing !
 The thieves of France, a wolfish flock, —
 Ganelon, Villon, Cartouche, Vidocq,
 Lamirande, Thenardier, Lacaenaire,
 Louis Napoleon and Robert Macaire ;
 These, and a duodecillion follow, —
 And in with a grunt of thunder wallow,
 The lager-beery, Rhiney-winy,
 Tobaccoey German robbers swiny ;
 Schinderhannes, their captain-boar ;
 Horsed upon him is Charles de Moor ;
 Close behind, as grand and big,
 As though he were anything else but a pig,
 Frederick comes, who stole Silesia,
 Worse than Philip of Macedon Grecia ;

And up to any mark, much less his mark,
 Schleswig-Holstein-stealing Bismarck,
 Cheek by jowl with red King William,
 Paris who tried to make like Ilium;
 Up, and let the tumulus swallow 'em!
 Decenter thieves, thank goodness! follow 'em,—
 The Rhoderick Dhus and bold Rob Roys,
 And droves of bare-legged Highland boys;
 Robin Hood of Sherwood green;
 The abbots and lords that matched him clean;
 Friar Tuck, with his oaken maul-staff;
 Pistol, Poins, Prince Hal, and Falstaff;
 William, who raked all England down;
 Blood, who tried for the English crown;
 Claude Duval, with light heels dancing;
 Turpin proud, on Black Bess prancing;
 Macheath; the British in Hindustan;
 (Thieves and robbers every man!)
 Sheppard; Barnwell and his charmer;
 Blueskin; Wild; the Golden Farmer;
 The horde of frowsy, greasy, jaily,
 Gallowsy rogues of the grim Old Bailey;
 The Forty Thieves in a knotted coil,
 Scorched with Morgiana's oil;
 The Hindu thieves who are oiled to steal,
 And slip your gripe like a conger eel;
 The Gypsies, swart as their Egypt eldern,
 Stealing horses, stealing children;
 All the Malays, Greeks, and Cretans,
 Algerines, Arabs, Otaheitans;
 The apple-stealers, Adam and Eve,
 Father and mother of all that thief;
 And all the sharpers, cozeners, rooks,
 Footpads, plagiarists of books,
 Gonophs, picaroons, William Walkers,
 Kansas red-legs and jay-hawkers,
 Divers, millers, cheats, freebooters,
 Setters, picklocks, burglars, looters,
 National-bankers, horse-thieves, slavers,
 Ten-per-cent-a-month note-shavers,
 Indian agents, money-is-king men,
 Erie, Wall Street, whiskey-ring men,
 Swindle-through-the-lobby oar-men,
 Pacific Railroad men-of-war men,
 Anti-laborer cheap-Chinese men
 (Alias tatter-and-starve-and-freeze men),
 Embezzlers, scampsmen, demi-lunesmen,
 Fakers, prigs, Diana's moonsmen,
 Shirks, pickpockets, stock-inflaters,
 And all the shoals of speculators
 In flour, in coal, in beef, in pork,
 And the Common Council of New York;—
 Pile them up and burden them down,

With the Common Council for a crown, —
 Pile them up in a tumulus tall,
 With Mercury, god of thieves, on all, —
 And over the wriggling mass of depravity,
 Raised by merit and moral gravity,
 Top of the heap entire and clean,
 Will the sweet little minikin thief be seen!
 He could steal with deft dexterity,
 The honey-bag from the rapiered bee,
 Quicker than you can say to me,
 Honorificabilitudinity!
 He could steal the lash from the eye of a star,
 Or the sparkle out of the heart of a spar;
 He could steal the fame from a conqueror's name,
 And shame and blame from a noble aim,
 Next to impossible feats, I claim.
 Naught you might guard with Solomon's seal,
 Or dog or police, but he could steal;
 Steal as surely as high desire,
 Eagle ambition and hope like fire,
 Beauty and health and the heart for strife,
 And the glory and perfume and grace of life,
 Are stolen, and vainly sought when gone,
 By a Government office in Washington.

VII.

This wondrous thief purveyed you, —
 This lovely bright witch made you, —
 And this is the way it was done.

VIII.

Into a grand conservatory,
 Lit by the moon of summer's glory,
 The thief stole deep in the midnight hours,
 And from a mass of camellias there,
 Plucked the splendid candid flowers, —
 Never a one did he spare;
 And lone in her aromatic saloon, —
 Where in the darks and lights of the moon,
 Slept shapes of parian, buhl, and pearl,
 And rich-hued ottoman and fauteuil; —
 Where wind-moved draperies' shadow-play
 Crossed and confused the sumptuous ray,
 And shadowy flames from tripods made
 Delicious shimmerings kin to shade; —
 A temple of bloom and dusk and gleam,
 An alabaster and velvet dream; —
 The bright witch, smiling and debonair,
 Sat, and charmed in the magic night,
 The petals into a lady white, —
 Glowing white and fair.
 Still they bloom, brilliant and fresh,
 In your camellia flesh;

They are the splendor and grace
Of your japonica face;
And the glossy camellia leaves are seen
In the dress you wear of silken green.

IX.

And the thief went off where night uncloses
Her sleeping wild white roses.
He left them slumbering on the stem,
But he stole the odor out of them,
And brought it all to the fay.
She was singing a melody sweet and gay
Of tender and dreamful sound;
And as she sang there breathed around
Some rich confusion, dim and strange;
And change that was and was not change,
Perplex the semblance of her hall
To a doubtful bowery garden tall;—
The columns and wavering tapestries
To indeterminate shapes of trees,
With darkling foliage swaying slow;
And checkering shadows strown below
On the pile enflowered of Persian looms,
Becoming vague parterres of blooms;
And glittering ormolu, green divan,
Fauteuil, and lounge, and ottoman,
Half merged, transfiguring yet thereto,
In forms of bushes gemmed with dew,
Shrubs blossomy-bright or freaked with gleams,
Dark banks and hillocks touched with beams;
With vase and statue here and there,
As in some ordered garden rare.
And what o'er all did stream and flee,
Lifted and dropt perpetually,—
Flame-shimmerings and the flooding ray,—
Half seemed the revel of sun and May.
A wilder life began to show;
A wilder air began to blow;
Subtly through all, like a soul,
The breath of the wild-rose stole;
But suddenly the song did swoon,
And the place was again a grand saloon,
With the small witch, smiling and debonair,
O'er the work she had wrought in secret there.
What was it? Where was the odor gone?—
O arch, gay face I am dreaming on,—
Sweet face that tenderly shows
In its delicate paly glows,
It was moulded from the perfume of the wild white rose,—
He who gazes sees, if he but will,
The dream of the roses on thee still!
The wild-rose fragrance haunts the face so fair,
And the witch's song is there.

X.

And meanwhile, back and forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 Hither and thither went the thief,
 Bringing morality to grief
 By his manifold picarooning.
 The man in the moon was nigh to swooning
 When he saw him climb, like a sailor the shrouds,
 Up the moonrays as high as the clouds,
 And steal the amber halo there, —
 Whereof the witch did weave your hair.
 Yea, and he stole the selfsame hour
 A vivid scarlet geranium flower,
 And a pomegranate fed by the Florida sun :
 The first was used for your upper lip,
 And the last for the pouting under one.
 Yea, and he stole ere break of day
 The man in the moon's best ivory ray :
 Laugh at this, that again I may see
 The splendid teeth in the scarlet mouth
 (Flower of the North, fruit of the South),
 Stolen from the moon-man's ivory !
 Laugh, and turn your eyes this way :
 A piece of the gold-lit dawn, I say,
 Made those eyes of shining gray.
 A famous chief of the Yankton Sioux
 Saw the theft and told the news,
 And out of the prompt, unanimous jaws
 Of the hollopin-gollop in braves and squaws,
 Has since been known as Hole-in-the-Day.

XI.

O girl of the eyes of golden gray,
 This was the way, this was the way !
 I tell not all, but how could I tell
 The half of the prodigies that befell? —
 For, O, as I see you standing there,
 With your soft spring-dawn and flower-like air ;
 Your willowy shape's perfection told
 In the silken cadence of fall and fold ;
 And all you wear and are, into one
 Delicate, elegant harmony run ;
 Your sparkling girdle of filigree
 And the red of your mouth, a euphony ;
 The late new fashion and hues of dress,
 As rhyme to your natural loveliness ; —
 With the warm and abundant glow of May
 Lighting your eyes of luminous gray,
 Your tender smiling, your festal mien,
 Your dainty laces, your robe of green,
 Your amber tresses in diadem
 With color and glitter of fillet and gem ;

And something about your form and face
 That tallies with essence and silk and lace;
 And something else that as well may suit
 With star and jewel and blossom and fruit;—
 Seeing you, O young Eve-dressed-well!
 Grace-diabolical! Peri-belle!
 A-la-mode-angel! Siren-child!
 Dandy-dryad!—enrapt, beguiled,
 I feel at the time of your origin,
 That the witch and the thief were themselves mixed in!

XII.

True?—Indeed it is utterly true:
 Look at the lovers bewitched by you!
 True?—Indeed it is truth, I say:
 Have n't you stolen their hearts away?
 So help me Cupid! I see you stand,
 With the smile on your lip and the fan in your hand,
 And in files on files they round you kneel,
 Like the radiate spokes from the hub of a wheel,
 Each of them under your sorceries' thrall,
 And the hearts gone out of the breasts of all!
 Ah! the rosy heaven decrees
 Recompense for deeds like these!
 This you'll know when the hour of doom
 Comes in music, balm, and bloom,—
 When, among that love-lorn crew,
 One in turn bewitches you,
 And another heart secures
 By completely stealing yours!

W. D. O'Connor.

THE FRIEND OF MY YOUTH.

MR. RALPH KEELER, in one of the episodes in his entertaining volume of "Vagabond Adventures," takes the reader with him on a professional tour in Dr. Spaulding's Floating Palace. This Floating Palace, a sort of Barnum's Museum with a keel, was designed for navigation in Southern and Western rivers, and carried a cargo of complex delights that must have much amazed the simple dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Here, on board of this dramatic Noah's ark, the reader finds himself on the pleasantest terms possible with negro minstrels, danseuses, apos-

tollic wax-works, moral acrobats, stuffed animals, vocalists, and a certain Governor Dorr.

It was with a thrill of honest pleasure that I came upon this picturesque outcast unexpectedly embalmed in the clear prose of my friend. There was a time when I was proud to know this Governor Dorr, when I hung upon the rotund music of his lips, listened to his marvellous stories of moving accidents by flood and field, and was melted to the very heart at those rare moments when, in a three-cornered room in the rear of Wall's Drug Store, he would favor me with some of the most lachry-

mose and sentimental poems that ever came of a despondent poet. At this epoch of my existence, Governor Dorr, with his sarcastic winks, his comic melancholy, his quotations from Shakespeare, and his fearful knowledge of the outside world, was in my eyes the personification of all that was learned, graceful, romantic, and daring. A little later my boyish admiration was somewhat shattered by the discovery that my Admirable Crichton was — well, it is of no use now to mince words — an adventurer and a gambler. With a kind of sigh that is at present a lost art to me, I put him aside with those dethroned idols and collapsed dreams which accumulate on one's hands as one advances in life, and of which I already had a promising collection when I was about twenty. I cast off Governor Dorr, I repeat; but, oddly enough, Governor Dorr never cast *me* off, but persisted in turning up at intervals of four or five years in the tender and pathetic character of "the friend of my youth."

As Governor Dorr is the only gentleman in his line of business who ever evinced any interest in me, I intend to make the most of him; and, indeed, among my reputable acquaintances there is none who deserves to fare better at my hands. My reputable acquaintances have sometimes bored me, and taught me nothing. Now Governor Dorr, in the ethereal shape of a reminiscence, has not only been a source of great entertainment to me at various times, but has taught me by his own atrocious example that whatever gifts a man may possess, if he have no moral principle he is a failure. Wanting the gift of honesty, Governor Dorr was a gambler and a sharper, and is dead.

I was a school-boy at Rivermouth when Governor Dorr swept like a brilliant comet into the narrow arc of my observation.* One day in the summer

* "Governor Dorr," I should explain, was a *sobriquet*, but when or how it attached itself to him I never knew; his real name I suppress for the sake of some that may bear it, if there are any so unfortunate.

of 18 — I was going home from school when I saw standing in front of Wall's Drug Store a showily dressed person, who seemed to me well advanced in years, that is to say, twenty-five or thirty; he was the centre of a little circle of idle fellows about town, who were drinking in with obvious relish one of those pre-Raphaelite narratives which I was afterwards destined to swallow with open-mouthed wonder. The genial twinkle of the man's blue eyes, the glow of his half-smoked cigar, and the blaze of the diamond on his little finger, all seemed the members of one radiant family. To this day I cannot disassociate a sort of glitter with the memory of my first glimpse of Governor Dorr. He had finished speaking as I joined the group, and I caught only the words, "and that was the last of gallant Jack Martinway," delivered in a particularly mellow barytone voice, when he turned abruptly and disappeared behind the orange and scarlet jars in Dr. Wall's shop-window.

Who is gallant Jack Martinway, I wondered, and who is this dazzling person that wears his best clothes on a week-day? I took him for some distinguished military hero, and with a fine feeling for anachronism immediately connected him with the portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh in Mitchell's Geography, — a work I was at that time neglecting with considerable perseverance.

The apparition of so bewildering a figure in our staid, slow-going little town was likely to cause a sensation. The next day in school I learned all about him. He was Governor Dorr; he had once been a boy in Rivermouth, like us, but had gone off years ago to seek his fortune, and now he had come back immensely wealthy from somewhere, — South America or the Chincha Islands, where he was governor, — and was going to settle down in his native town and buy the "Bilkins Mansion," — an estate which the heirs were too poor to keep and nobody else rich enough to purchase.

This was appetizing, and after school

I wandered down to Wall's Drug Store to take a look at my gilded townsman, of whom I was not a little proud.

I was so dazed at the time, that I do not recollect how it all came about; but Governor Dorr was in the shop holding a glass of soda-water in one hand and leaning elegantly on the Gothic fountain; I entered with the weak pretence of buying a slate pencil; the Governor spoke to me, and then — I can recall nothing except that, when I recovered from my embarrassment and confusion, I was drinking soda-water with the Great Mogul, strangling myself with the lively beverage, and eliciting from him the laughing advice that I should n't drink it while it was boiling.

I think it was an aggravated case of friendship at first sight. In less than a week my admiration for Governor Dorr was so pure, unselfish, and unquestioning, that it saddens me to remember it, knowing that the stock is exhausted. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon — our half-holidays — I hurried to Wall's Drug Store to meet my friend. Here were his headquarters, and a most profitable customer he must have been, for when he was not drinking soda-water he was smoking the Doctor's cigars.

In the rear of the shop was a small triangular room where Dr. Wall manufactured a patent eclectic cough sirup, and where he allowed us to sit rainy afternoons. Nothing about me as I write is so real as a vision of that musty, pennyroyal-smelling little room, with Governor Dorr sitting on a reversed mortar and accenting the spirited parts of some Homeric story with a circumflex flourish of the Doctor's iron pestle, on the end of which was always a thin crust of the prescription last put up. Rows of croupy square bottles filled with a dark-colored mixture and labelled "Cough Sirup" look down on me from their dingy shelves, and I am listening again as of old!

In pleasant weather we sauntered about town, or wandered off into those pretty lanes which make Rivermouth,

and rural places like Rivermouth, a paradise for lovers. In all these hours with Governor Dorr, I never knew him to let fall a word that a child should not hear. Perhaps my innocence and my unconcealed reverence for him touched and drew the better part of his heart to me, for it had a better part, — one uncontaminated little piece for children.

Our conversation turned chiefly on his travels, literature, literary men, and actors. His talk, I may remark, was very full on literary men; he knew them well, and was on astonishingly familiar personal terms with all the American authors quoted in my Third Reader, especially with Joel Barlow, who, I subsequently learned, had quit-
ted this planet about half a century previous to the advent of my friend. He called him "Joel," quite familiarly, and sometimes his "dear old friend Joe Barlow, the Hasty-Pudding Man!"

Shakespeare, however, was the weakness or the strength of Governor Dorr. I am glad he did not have the effrontery to claim *his* acquaintance in *propria persona*. I am afraid that would have shaken my faith and spoiled me for enjoying my comrade's constant quotations. I am not sure, though, for I trusted so implicitly in the superior knowledge of Governor Dorr that on one occasion he convinced me that Herrick was a contemporary American author, and not an old English poet as I had read somewhere. "Why, my dear boy," he exclaimed, "I know him well, he is a fellow of infinite jest, and his father edits the New York Sunday Atlas!" And the Governor drew forth a copy of the Atlas and showed me the name of ANSON HERRICK in large capitals at the head of the paper. After that I was quite adrift on what is called "the sea of English literature."

To return to the Bard of Avon, "the immortal Bill," as my friend called him in moments of enthusiasm. The daily talk of the Governor would have come to a dead-lock, if he had been debarred the privilege of drawing at sight

on his favorite poet. Take Shakespeare from Dorr, and naught remains. It was remarkable how the plays helped him out; now it was Hamlet, and now it was Touchstone, and now it was Prospero who flew to his assistance with words and phrases so pat that they seemed created for the occasion. His voice, at that time rich, strong, and varied as the lines themselves, made it a delight to hear him repeat a long passage. I was not often able to follow the sense of the text, but the music bore me on with it. I can hear him now, saying:—

“In such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

“In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.”

I never read the lines but I feel his hand laid suddenly upon my shoulder, and fancy myself standing on the old Mill-Dam Bridge at Rivermouth, with the water rushing through the sluices and the rest of the pond lying like a sheet of crinkled silver in the moonlight.

My intercourse with Governor Dorr was not carried on without the cognizance of my family. They raised no objections. The Governor was then in his best style, and by his good-nature and free-and-easy ways more or less won everybody. The leading men of the town touched their hats to him on the street, and chatted with him at the post-office. It must be confessed, though, that the Governor was a sore puzzle to those worthy people. His fluency of language and money was not a local characteristic. He had left the place about ten years before, a poor boy, and now he had dropped down from nobody knew where, like an aerolite, mysteriously gay and possibly valuable.

The fact is, he must have been merely a gambler at this period, and had not entered upon that more aggressive career which afterwards made him well known to the police of Boston

New York, and New Orleans. At all events, his fame had not reached Rivermouth; and though my family wondered what I saw in him or he in me to build a friendship on,—the disparity in our ages being so great,—they by no means objected to the intimacy, and it continued.

What impressed me most in Governor Dorr, next to his literary endowments, was his generous nature, his ready and practical sympathy for all sorts of unfortunate people. I have known him to go about the town half the morning with a blind man, selling his brooms for him at extortionate prices. I have seen the tears spring to his eyes at the recital of some story of suffering among the factory hands, many of whom were children. His love for these pale little men and women, as I think of it, is very touching; and it seems one of the finest things in the world to me now, and at the time it struck me as an epical exhibition of human sympathy, that he once purchased an expensive pair of skates for a little boy who had been born a cripple.

No doubt these facile sympathies were as superficial as letter-paper, as short-lived as those midges which are born and become great-grandfathers and die in the course of a single hour; but they endeared the Governor to me, and may be, when the final reckoning comes, all those good impulses will add up to something handsome; who can tell?

Nearly six months had passed since the beginning of our acquaintance, when one morning my noble friend and my copy of Shakespeare—an illegibly printed volume bound in seedy law-calf, but the most precious of my earthly treasures—disappeared from the town simultaneously. Governor Dorr had gone, as he had come, without a word of warning, leaving his “ancient,” as he was pleased to call me, the victim of abject despair.

What complicated events caused the abrupt departure of my friend and my calf-skin Shakespeare from River-

mouth never transpired. Perhaps he had spent all his money ; perhaps he was wanted by a pal in New York, for some fresh piece of deviltry ; or, what is more probable, the pastoral sweetness of life at Rivermouth had begun to cloy on his metropolitan palate.

It may have been five or it may have been ten months after his exodus that my late companion became known to the town in his true colors. He had been tripped up in some disreputable transaction or another, and had played a rather unenviable rôle in the New York police reports. I had been entertaining, not an angel, but a gambler unawares. My mortification was unassumed, and I banished the fascinating Governor Dorr from my affections forever.

A few years afterwards I left Rivermouth myself. The friend of my youth had become a faded memory. I had neither seen nor heard of him in the mean while ; and the summer when I planned to pass the whole of a long vacation at my boyhood's home, the Governor assumed but a subordinate part in the associations naturally evoked by the proposed visit.

In my first walk through the town after my arrival, it was with a sort of comical consternation that I beheld Governor Dorr standing in front of Wall's Drug Store, smoking the very same cigar it seemed, and skilfully catching the sunlight on the facets of that identical diamond ring.

The same, and not the same. He looked older, and was not so well groomed as he used to be ; his lower jaw had grown heavier and his figure not improved. There was a hard expression in his face, and that inexplicable something all over him which says as plainly as a whisper to the ear, "This is a Black Sheep."

At the crossing our eyes met. Would he recognize his quondam chum and dupe, after all these years ? The Governor gazed at me earnestly for ten seconds, then slowly drew back, and lifting his hat with a magnificent grand air quite his own, made me an obei-

sance so involved and elaborate that I should fail if I attempted to describe it.

The lady at my side gave my arm a little convulsive grasp, and whispered, "Who is that dreadful man ?"

"O, that ? — that is the friend of my youth !"

Though I made light of the meeting, I was by no means amused by it. I saw that if Governor Dorr insisted on presuming on his old acquaintance, he might render it very disagreeable for me ; I might have to snub him, perhaps quarrel with him. His presence was altogether annoying and depressing.

It appears that the man had been lying about Rivermouth for the last twelvemonth. When he was there before he had mystified the town, but now he terrified it. The people were afraid of him, and Governor Dorr knew it, and was having what he would have described as "a very soft thing." He touched his hat to all the pretty girls in the place, talked to everybody, and ministered to the spiritual part of his nature, now and then, by walking down the street familiarly with an eminent divine who did not deem it prudent to resent the impertinence. For it was noticed by careful observers, that when any person repelled Governor Dorr, that person's wood-house caught on fire mysteriously, or a successful raid was undertaken in the direction of that person's family plate.

These little mishaps could never be traced to the Governor's agency, but the remarkable precision with which a catastrophe followed any slight offered to him made the townspeople rather civil than otherwise to their lively guest.

The authorities, however, were on the alert, and one night, a week after my arrival, the Governor was caught *flagrante delicto*, and lodged by Sheriff Adams in the Stone Jail, to my great relief, be it said, for the dread of meeting the man in my walks to the post-office and the reading-room had given me the air of a person seeking to elude the vigilance of justice.

I forget which of the laws the Governor had offended, — he was quite impartial in his transgressions, by the way, — but it was one that insured him a stationary residence for several months, and I considered myself well rid of the gentleman. But I little knew the resources of Governor Dorr.

He had been in the habit of contributing poems and sketches of a lurid nature to one of the local newspapers, and now, finding the time to hang heavily on his hands in the solitude of his cell, — the window of which overlooked the main street of the town, — he began a series of letters to the editor of the journal in question.

These letters were dated from the *Hôtel d'Adams* (a graceful tribute to the sheriff of the county), and consisted of descriptions of what he saw from his cell window, with sharp, shrewd, and witty hits at the peculiarities of certain notable persons of the town, together with some attempts at fine writing not so successful. His observations on the townspeople were delicious. He had a neat humorous touch which, with training and under happier stars, might have won him reputation.

How I enjoyed those letters! How impatiently I awaited the semiweekly appearance of the dingy journal containing them; with what eager fingers I unfolded the damp sheet, until, alas! one luckless morning there came a letter devoted wholly to myself. The "Leaves from the Diary of a Gentleman of Elegant Leisure" no longer seemed witty to me. And in truth this leaf was not intended to be witty. It was in the Governor's best sentimental vein. He informed me that he had "from afar" watched over my budding career with the fondness of an elder brother, and that his heart, otherwise humble and unassuming, owned to a throb of honest pride and exultation when he remembered that it was he who had first guided my "nursling feet" over the flowery fields of English poesy, and bathed with me up to the chin in that "Pierian flood" which I had since made all my own. And so

on through a column of solid nonpareil type. Altogether he placed me in a more ridiculous light than any amount of abuse could have done. His sentiment was a thousand times more deadly than his satire.

Though my vacation was not at an end by several weeks, I quietly packed my valise that night, and fled from the friend of my youth.

I find that I am using the capital letter *I* rather freely in this sketch, — a reprehensible habit into which people who write autobiography are apt to fall; but really my intention is to give as little of myself and as much of my friend as possible.

In the two or three years that followed this ignominious flight from my native town, I frequently heard of Governor Dorr indirectly. He had become famous now in his modest way. I heard of him in New Orleans and in some of the Western cities. Once, at least, he reappeared in Rivermouth, where he got into some inscrutable difficulty with a number of noncombatant turkeys prepared for Thanksgiving, the result of which was that he spent that day of general festivity at the *Hôtel d'Adams*. But New York was, I believe, his favorite field of operations.

I cannot explain why the man, with his grotesqueness and his badnesses, so often came uppermost in my mind in those days; but I thought of him a great deal at intervals, and was thinking of him very particularly one dismal November afternoon in 1855, as I sat alone in the editorial room of the Saturday Press, where I had remained to write after the departure of my *confrères*.

It was a melancholy small room, up two flights of stairs, in the rear of a building used as a warehouse by a paper firm doing business in the basement. Though bounded on all sides by turbulent streams of traffic, this room was as secluded and remote as if it had stood in the middle of the Desert of Sahara. It would have made an admirable scenic background for a

noiseless midday murder in a melodrama. But it was an excellent place in which to write, in spite of the cob-webbed rafters overhead and the confirmed symptoms of scrofula in the plastering.

I did not settle down to work easily that afternoon; my fancy busied itself with everything except the matter in hand: I fell to thinking of old times and Rivermouth, and what comical things boys are with their hero-worship and their monkey-shines, and how I used to regard Governor Dorr as a cross between Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh, and what a pitiable, flimsy hero he was in reality, a king of shreds and patches. "Why were such men born?" I said to myself; "Nature in her severe economy creates nothing useless, unless it be the ruminative moth or the New Jersey mosquito: the human species alone is full of failures monstrous and inexplicable."

In the midst of this the door opened, and Governor Dorr stood before me. I have had pleasanter surprises.

There was a certain deprecating air about him as he raised his hat in a feeble attempt at his old-time manner, a tacit confession that he could n't do it. He was unshaven and pathetically shabby. With his closely cropped hair he looked like a prize-fighter retired from business. His features were out of drawing, and wore that peculiar retributive pallor which gin and water in unfair proportions are said to produce. The dye had faded from his heavy mustache, leaving it of a dark greenish tint not becoming to his style of beauty. His threadbare coat was buttoned unevenly across his chest close up to the throat, and was shiny at the cuffs and along the seams. His hat had a weed on it, which struck me as being strange, as I did not remember that anybody had been hanged recently. I afterwards formed a theory touching that weed, based on the supposition that the hat was somebody else's property. Altogether the Governor looked as if he had fallen upon evil days since our last meeting.

There was a hard, cold look in his eyes which, in spite of his half-apologetic attitude, was far from reassuring.

Given a choice in the matter, I should not have elected to have a private conference with him that dull November afternoon in that lonely room in the old barracks on Spruce Street.

The space occupied by the editorial tables was shut off from the rest of the room by a slight wooden rail extending across the apartment. In the centre of this rail was a gate, which my visitor, after a moment's hesitation, proceeded to open.

As I noted down all the circumstances of the interview while it was fresh in my mind, I am able to reproduce the Governor's words and manner pretty faithfully.

He closed the gate behind him with great deliberation, advanced a few steps, rested one hand upon the back of a chair, and fixed a pair of very fishy eyes upon me. If he intended to fascinate me, he failed; if he intended to make me feel extremely nervous, his success was complete.

"Telemachus," he said, at length, in a voice that had lost its old music and might be described as ropy,—"you know I used to call you Telemachus in those happy days when I was your 'guide, philosopher, and friend,'—you see before you a reformed man."

I suppose I was not entirely successful in concealing my inward conviction.

"So help me Bob!" exclaimed the Governor, "I am going to reform, and get some decent clothes," casting a look of unutterable scorn on his coat-sleeve.

The idea of connecting a reformatory measure with an increase of wardrobe struck me as neat, and I smiled.

"I am going to be honest," continued Governor Dorr, not heeding my unseemly levity; "'Honest Iago.' I am going to turn over a new leaf. I don't like the way things have been going. I was n't intended to be a low fellow. I ain't adapted to being an outcast from society. 'We know what we are, but

we don't know what we may be,' as the sublime Shakespeare remarks. Now, I know what I am, and I know what I'm going to be. I'm going to be another man. But I must get out of New York first. The boys would n't let me reform. I know too many people here and too many people know me. I am going to New Orleans. My old friend Kendall of the Picayune knows my literary qualifications, and would give me an engagement on his paper at sight; but I'm not proud, and if worst came to worst I could get advertisements or solicit subscribers, and work my way up. In the bright lexicon of a man who means what he says, there's no such word as 'fail.' He does n't know how to spell it."

The Governor paused and looked at me for a reply; but as I had nothing to say, I said it.

"I've been down to Rivermouth," he resumed, a trifle less spiritedly, "to see what my old chums would do towards paying my way to New Orleans. They gave me a good deal of good advice, especially Colonel B——; but I am out just twenty dollars, travelling expenses. Advice, however excellent, does n't pay a fellow's passage to New Orleans in the present disordered state of society. I have collected some money, but not enough by a few dollars; and presuming on the memory of those days—those Arcadian days—when we wandered hand in hand through the green pastures of American poesy, I have come to you for a temporary loan,—however small," he added hastily, "to help me in becoming an honest citizen and a useful member of society."

I listened attentively to the Governor's statement, and believed not a syllable of it, not so much as a hyphen. It had a fatally familiar jingle; I had helped to reform people before. Nevertheless, the man's misery was genuine, and I determined not to throw him over altogether. But I did not wish him to think me the victim of his cleverness; so I frankly told him that I did not believe a word about his reforming,

and that if I gave him a little pecuniary assistance, it was solely because I used to think kindly of him when I was a boy.

The Governor was so affected by this that he searched in several pockets for a handkerchief, but not finding one, he wiped away what I should call a very dry tear with the cuff of his sleeve.

With assumed hardness, I begged him not to think he was "doing" a verdant young man, unknowing in the ways of the world, but to bear in mind that I was well aware the few dollars I intended to give him would be staked at the nearest gambling-table or squandered over the counter of a neighboring bar.

Now the journal of which I was part proprietor had a weekly circulation of less than forty thousand copies, and at the end of the week, when we had paid a sordid printer and an unimaginative paper-maker, we were in a condition that entitled us to rank as objects of charity rather than as benefactors of the poor. A five-dollar bill was all my available assets that November afternoon, and out of this I purposed to reserve two dollars for my dinner at Mataran's. I stated the case plainly to the Governor, suggesting that I could get the note changed at the Tribune office.

He picked up the bill which I had spread out on the table between us, remarking that he thought he could change it. Whereupon he produced a portly pocket-book from the breast of his coat, and from the pocket-book so fat, a roll of bank-notes that I glowed with indignation to think he had the coolness to appropriate three fifths of my slender earnings.

"New Orleans, you know," he remarked, explanatorily.

The Governor was quite another man now, running dexterously over the bills with a moist forefinger in the gayest of spirits. He handed me my share of the five-dollar bill with the manner of a benevolent prince dispensing his bounties, accorded me the privilege of

grasping his manly hand, raised his hat with a good deal of his old quasi aristocratic flourish, and was gone.

There is this heavenly quality in a deed of even misplaced charity,—it makes the heart of the doer sit lightly in his bosom. I treated myself handsomely that afternoon at dinner. I went through the delicacies of M. Mataran's *cuisine* to the whole extent of my purse; but when I stepped to the desk to pay the reckoning, those two one-dollar bills rather awkwardly turned out to be counterfeits!

Well, I suppose I deserved it.

The frequency with which Governor Dorr's name figured in the local police reports during the ensuing twelve months leads me to infer that he did not depart for New Orleans as soon as he expected.

Time rolled on, and the Saturday Press, being loved by the gods, died early, and one fine morning in 1861 I found myself at liberty to undertake a long-deferred pilgrimage to Rivermouth.

On arriving at my destination, cramped with a night's ride in the cars, I resolved to get the kinks out of me by walking from the station. Turning into one of the less-frequented streets in order not to meet too many of my townfolk, I came abruptly upon a hearse jogging along quite pleasantly and followed at a little distance by a single hack. When all one's friends can be put into a single hack, perhaps

it is best that one should be buried expeditiously.

A malign boy stood on the corner whistling shrilly through his fingers, which he removed from his lips with an injured air long enough to answer my question. "Who's dead? Why, Guvner Dorr's dead. That's 'im," curving a calliopean thumb in the direction of the hearse. The pity of it! The forlornness of the thing touched me, and a feeling of gratitude went out from my bosom towards the two or three hacks which now made their appearance round the corner and joined the funeral train.

Broken down in his prime with careless living, Governor Dorr a few months previously had straggled back to the old place to die; and thus had chance—which sometimes displays a keen appreciation of dramatic effect—once more brought me in contact with the friend of my youth. Obeying the impulse, I turned and followed the procession until it came to the head of that long unbuilt street which, stretching in a curve from the yawning gate of the cemetery into the heart of the town, always seemed to me like a great siphon, draining the life from Rivermouth. Here I halted and watched the black carriages as they crawled down the road, growing smaller and smaller, until they appeared to resolve themselves into one tiny coach, which, lessening in the distance, finally vanished through a gateway that seemed about a foot high.

T. B. Aldrich.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

II.

HYPEROPIA, OR OVER-SIGHT.

THE condition termed hyperopia is the opposite of short-sightedness, and consists in abnormal flatness of the eyeball from before backwards, with, in some cases, a positive smallness of the globe in all its dimensions.

This malformation may be seen at the outer extremity of the orbit by separating the lids while the eye is turned towards the nose,—the eyeball having somewhat the shape of a turnip.

The antero-posterior axis of such eyes being too short, their refractive power is not sufficient to bring even

parallel rays to a focus upon the retina, but is adapted for convergent rays only. It is therefore evident that convex glasses, which by rendering parallel rays convergent compensate for this deficient refractive power, must be the only effectual means of relief. This condition is not to be confounded with old sight, where the refractive power is perfect and distant vision good.

Where the hyperopia is of moderate degree, the exercise of the accommodative function in aid of the refraction is sufficient to give clear vision of distant objects, and even for reading during childhood and youth; but glasses will be required for reading at an earlier age than they are needed by normal eyes, and in the mean time such eyes should be carefully used, and never employed for a long time upon small objects, especially in a feeble or artificial light. When the hyperopia is of greater amount, almost any continuous use of the eyes is painful, and convex glasses are indispensable, even sometimes from the age of six or seven years.

This imperfection of the eye is often undetected for a considerable time, during which a child thus affected experiences great annoyance and gets very little sympathy. The child is able, as a general rule, to see at a distance, and perhaps, by using nearly all his accommodative power, obtains even clear images of large objects. But if on a dark day, or when confused by the presence of strangers, he is asked to read a fine or blurred print, his sight soon becomes confused and he ceases to distinguish the words. He stammers and hesitates. His parent or teacher, knowing that he has read the same lesson well enough at other times, thinks him stupid or wilful, and reproaches or punishments are perhaps administered, which, by disturbing the nervous system, lessen yet more his power of accommodation and increase his visual inability. The child is himself at a loss to understand why he cannot then see what he knows he has seen.

It is perhaps accidentally noticed that such a child sees well with his grandmamma's spectacles; but this discovery is often only received with an outcry of astonishment, the glasses are snatched off, and he is denied this assistance, the only means which can be of real use to him.

Instances are now and then met with where glasses are even more necessary at six or eight years of age than they are to the majority of healthy eyes at sixty years. But this extreme hyperopia is less frequent than moderate degrees of this imperfection, occurring in youths and young adults. These have been able to use their eyes during childhood with little difficulty by making constant use of their accommodative power; but as this begins to lessen from the age of ten years, they at length observe symptoms of what is termed asthenopia, or weak sight, and feel pain in the eyes or above the brows after long-continued use.

As is well known, convex glasses have the property of bringing parallel rays to a focus at a distance from the glass corresponding to its degree of curvature. Thus they assist hyperopic eyes by rendering rays so far convergent before they enter, that even with its deficient refractive power the eye is able to form a distinct image on the retina without any further exercise of its accommodative faculty than is required in a normal eye. It is evident that such glasses are the only rational and efficient means of relief for hyperopic persons. They may be worn both for distant and near vision, enabling the eyes to refract parallel rays sufficiently while keeping the accommodative power in reserve, as in the normal eye, for the concentration of the divergent rays which proceed from small near objects.

The glasses should be such as afford the clearest and most comfortable vision; but it is often necessary to wear at first a weaker number than is subsequently needed, or than will entirely neutralize the hyperopia; because the eyes have been so long accustomed to

exert their accommodative power for all purposes, that it is difficult at once to relax this effort when looking at distant things, although the glasses supersede the necessity for it.

SQUINTING AS A CONSEQUENCE OF HYPEROPIA.

It was first shown by Professor Donders of Utrecht that nearly all the cases of squinting towards the nose, "cross eyes" as they are sometimes termed, are accompanied by, and result from, hyperopia. This convergent strabismus, or squint, is caused by excessive use of the muscles which turn the eyes inwards, in the endeavor, by increase of the accommodative effort, to obtain distinct vision.

It is very important that this defect should be remedied in early childhood, as, if allowed to continue, vision frequently becomes so much impaired in the eye which is most deviated that it is not regained after an operation performed at a later period. When occurring later in life, where glasses can be intelligently used to correct the hyperopia, the strabismus may be relieved by this means. Glasses are often required, after an operation, to increase and maintain its good results. But in matters so important, competent advice should be obtained, without heeding the counsel of friends who advise delay.

ASTIGMATISM.

Astigmatism usually depends on a difference of curvature in two meridians of the cornea, so that rays passing through one meridian are brought to a focus sooner than those passing through a plane at right angles to the first.

Persons having this defect of refraction sometimes observe that they see certain lines more clearly than others; vertical lines, for instance, will appear well defined, while those which are horizontal are indistinct, or *vice versa*. In many cases, however, their attention has not been directed to these phenomena, but they are only conscious that

they see with difficulty and pain if the eyes are much used. In some instances they have tried convex or concave glasses with little benefit. Frequently so much irritation and congestion of the eyes has been induced, that these symptoms are at first supposed to constitute the disease, the primary affection being overlooked.

Astigmatism may be present in an eye otherwise normal, or may coexist with hyperopia or myopia. Its degree or its meridians of greatest variation may be different in the two eyes, which should therefore be separately tested. It can only be relieved by glasses ground upon cylindrical instead of spherical surfaces, so as to refract rays passing through one meridian while those at right angles to it are unaffected. The glasses must be accurately fitted and their frames carefully adapted to the eyes, as any deviation of the axis of the cylindrical glass from its proper direction with regard to the faulty meridian of the cornea lessens or even nullifies its corrective power.

Immense relief is often found in wearing these glasses, and unbounded gratification is sometimes expressed by those who, after many fruitless endeavors, see by their aid for the first time with real distinctness.

Convex-cylindrical and concave-cylindrical glasses are now kept for sale by many opticians, and where other glasses fail to give relief the eyes should be tested with parallel vertical and horizontal lines. The selection of cylindrical glasses is, however, often a question involving nice adaptation to complicated conditions of refraction, and in the mixed and compound forms of astigmatism it is sometimes necessary to have glasses ground of different curvatures upon their two surfaces, to suit each case.

ACCOMMODATION OF THE EYE.

Thus far we have considered the eye as an organ possessing refractive powers only. But it has other capabilities as an optical instrument in its admirable power of self-regulation, by

which it is able to adapt itself spontaneously for seeing distant or near objects. This is termed the faculty of accommodation.

In looking at distant objects the normal eye is in a state of rest, and the parallel rays which enter it from such objects are brought to a focus so as to form a distinct image upon the retina, by the refractive power alone, without calling into play the accommodative function.

Rays proceeding from near objects are no longer parallel, but diverge from each other and require an increased focal power for their concentration to form a clear retinal image. This increased power is supplied by accommodation.

Accommodation of the eye for vision of near objects is obtained by two distinct but intimately associated muscular efforts. The eyeballs are turned towards each other, by the internal recti muscles, so that the diverging rays may enter each eye in the direction of its axis and not obliquely; and at the same time the ciliary muscle, within the eye, acts upon the crystalline lens and increases its convexity, augmenting in so doing its refractive power, and thus giving to the divergent rays the same direction towards the retina as if they had entered the eye as parallel rays.

The accommodative power may be weakened or lost from various causes.

OLD SIGHT.

To many persons the discovery that they do not see as well as they once did is the first intimation of receding youth. Infirmities, wrinkles, they may have none; but they suddenly become aware that they sometimes cannot thread a needle or read fine print without fatiguing effort.

At first such a person finds that he can still read any print by placing the book farther from his eyes, thus rendering the rays less divergent, or by holding it near a light, so as to obtain a better illumination of the page, and thus increase the number of luminous

rays which enter the eye. At length, however, he finds that neither holding the book at arm's length nor going nearer the light will give him his accustomed vision, especially in the evening or on a cloudy afternoon. Fine print appears blurred; and if read at all, it is slowly and with difficulty. If he writes in the evening, he perceives the next day that he has written larger than his ordinary hand.

Meanwhile, perception of distant objects is as clear as ever, and many an individual, puzzled to account for the loss of his former minute vision, struggles in vain to continue some of his favorite pursuits and to read his evening newspaper comfortably, until perhaps he tries on a convex glass, and his rejoicing eyes at once regain all their faculties.

One of the parts principally concerned in accommodation, the crystalline lens, gradually increases in hardness; and, in most eyes of previously normal accommodation, this hardness attains such a degree at about forty-five years of age that the ciliary muscle can no longer effect the change of form in the lens which is requisite for the concentration of divergent rays; or, if this can be done for a short time, the eye soon becomes conscious of a fatiguing effort and is forced to abandon it. This state of things is presbyopia, or old-sight.

It is evident from this explanation of the changes in the lens that a suitable convex glass, which lessens the divergence of the rays before they enter the eye, and thus calls for less effort of accommodation, must be the sole means of relief.

The advice often given to those who begin to experience symptoms of presbyopia, to put off the use of glasses as long as possible, is injudicious; and the assertion that persons who decline to use glasses for a certain time will be able always thereafter to dispense with them is wholly erroneous, so far as regards normal eyes. It is generally made by those who are themselves short-sighted, and for that reason are

able to see small objects without glasses at and after the age when others require their assistance.

But the use of convex glasses may be postponed for a while, without injury to the eyes, in deference to the reasonable wish of a lady to appear young as long as possible, or from any motives of convenience or preference; provided the eyes are used but sparingly for small objects, especially when the light is dim.

Such glasses should be chosen as render objects clear without much enlarging them. At first they may be needed only in the evening or on a cloudy day. But as each year lessens the accommodative ability of the eye, it follows that glasses will be more and more constantly required. After a time their focus must be increased because of the renewal of the original symptoms, the lens having undergone yet further hardening and become less capable of accommodative change.

LOSS OF ACCOMMODATION AFTER ILLNESS.

After certain diseases, among which diphtheria, measles, and scarlatina may be especially mentioned, the accommodative power is often partially or almost wholly lost. In diphtheria this loss of power in the nerves supplying the ciliary muscle is often associated with partial and temporary paralysis of some other nerves, particularly those of the throat. For the time being the person is more or less unable to see small objects, to continue reading, etc. But, although the recovery of these delicate nervous functions is often gradual, they may be restored by appropriate treatment as the system gains strength. Every care should be taken to avoid prostration of the nervous system, and the eyes must be sparingly used until they regain the ability to work without fatiguing effort.

INSUFFICIENCY OF THE INTERNAL RECTI MUSCLES.

Besides the change of form in the lens, we have also, in accommodation

for near objects, a convergence or turning of the eyes towards each other. This is effected by the action of the internal recti muscles, which turn the eyeballs inwards towards the nose. Rays from an object thus enter the two eyes in such a direction as to fall upon corresponding portions of their retinae and form there images which harmonize with each other. If these converging muscles act too feebly, although the accommodation may be good as regards either eye when used alone, the other eye being covered, there will be a want of harmony in the images formed in the two eyes when used together, so that a confused impression will be conveyed to the brain. The efforts made by the enfeebled muscles to maintain their accustomed action cause a feeling as of strain at the inner side of the eyeball near the insertion of the muscles, the discomfort often extending to the forehead above the eyes.

Continuous use of the eyes, when insufficiency is present, brings on a sensation similar to that experienced when any other muscle is kept too long upon the stretch, as, for instance, when the arm holds up a heavy weight. Frequent intervals of rest should therefore be allowed such eyes.

A disposition to turn outwards is often observed in very near-sighted eyes, but is then generally associated with serious internal changes which claim the first attention.

EYE-GLASSES.

The use of glasses becomes a necessity or convenience, at some time in their lives, to a large proportion of the people of civilized communities. If short-sighted, they require glasses in youth, as well as in age, for distant vision. If possessing normal eyes, they need assistance, with advancing years, for seeing near objects. The comfort and safety of the eyes often depends on a proper selection of these auxiliaries.

The glasses in most common use have their two surfaces ground of the

same curve, convex or concave upon each side. Periscopic glasses, in which the two surfaces are of different curvature, are sometimes worn, as giving rather more range of vision without turning the head; but their optical qualities are in some other respects less perfect than those of the usual form.

To avoid the trouble of changing from one pair of spectacles to another, two different foci are sometimes combined in the same glass, — the lower portion being ground to the focus adapted for reading, and the upper part to that suited for distant vision. The same result is also obtained by setting two halves of lenses of the two different foci in the same frame.

Cylindrical and prismatic glasses are intended only for certain special conditions of refraction, more common than was formerly supposed, and which when existing are but slightly relieved by the ordinary forms of convex and concave glasses.

Near-sighted persons should select the lowest number of glasses which make vision clear at a distance without rendering objects smaller and unnaturally brilliant. If any difficulty is met with in finding such glasses, the eye should be examined by some competent authority, to determine if any unusual combination of lenses is required, or ascertain the presence of disease if the difficulty in suiting the eyes arises from this source.

When convex glasses are required by hyperopic persons for distant vision, they should be of such power as to render everything distinct. Those used for reading should make print clear at the usual distance, without magnifying much. Persons who need glasses of different foci for near and distant sight should not wear their reading-glasses when looking at a distance, for if they do so they will find them less serviceable in reading or sewing, and soon require a higher power.

The frames of glasses may be round, oval, or of any form and of various

material, according to fashion or preference. As a rule, light materials and large glasses are best. If the nose is so shaped that eye-glasses can be kept in place without having too strong a spring, they may be worn if preferred rather than spectacles. But if the spring is too strong it often causes pain by its pressure on the nerves around the eyes. Cataract glasses should generally be mounted as spectacles, for they are worn almost continuously, and their weight makes it difficult to keep them upon the nose if framed as eye-glasses.

Whatever style of mounting is preferred, the frames should be adapted to the form of the bridge of the nose and to the distance between the eyes: so that, as a rule, the centres of the glasses shall be in front of the pupils. Men generally require frames with longer bridges than women, because of the greater space between their eyes. Silver frames are perhaps the most economical for the poor, since if bent or broken they can be repaired.

Pebbles, as they are called, are often praised as having qualities excelling those of ordinary glasses. But this is not the case to any considerable extent, even when they are made with care and at a much higher cost than other glasses.

Tinted glasses, or those having wire-gauze around their border, are often worn as protectors against light and dust. When used to defend sensitive eyes from light, a mild blue is generally more grateful than a neutral tint; but a neutral or French gray may be worn if more acceptable to the eye. Green glasses are to be avoided in most cases, as they do not absorb or neutralize the irritating rays in the spectrum of light as it passes through them. Inflamed eyes often find most relief from glasses surrounded by wire gauze, which exclude wind and dust as well as light; but these should not be worn so closely as to keep the eyes heated.

Very thick plate glasses, set in spectacle frames, are sometimes used as a safeguard by stone cutters, machinists,

etc., whose eyes when unprotected are often fatally injured by the penetration of particles of metal driven with great force into the interior of the eyeball.

THE OPHTHALMOSCOPE.

In looking into an eye, our unaided vision usually penetrates but a little way beyond the pupil; but by means of the ophthalmoscope, invented a few years since by Professor Helmholtz of Heidelberg, we are able to explore the depths of this organ and detect the smallest variations from a healthy condition.

The room being darkened, the rays from a light placed near the head of the person to be observed are reflected into his eye as if they came from the eye of the observer, and the latter, by looking through the central aperture in the instrument, can examine the illuminated interior of the eyeball, perceiving every detail of healthy structure or morbid change as accurately and clearly as we can see any part of the exterior of the body. All this is done without injury or discomfort to the eye looked at; and the diseases of its internal parts, heretofore hidden mysteries, can be studied and understood perhaps more perfectly than those of any other organ of the body.

The benefits derived from the ophthalmoscope are not limited to the better knowledge and earlier discovery of morbid affections of the eye itself. This means of observation also enables the physician to detect diseases of distant organs by the manifestations of their presence exhibited in secondary changes in the deep-seated tissues of the eye, and to avert impending mischief to the brain by timely discovery of its indications in the optic nerve and

retina, in season to counteract the subtle influences threatening life or reason.

DEFECTS OF SIGHT FROM MALFORMATION OR FROM CERTAIN STRUCTURAL CHANGES.

In a considerable number of cases where the eyes of children appear healthy upon an ordinary inspection, there is more or less want of acuteness in the sight, which is little if at all relieved by any glasses. Examination with the ophthalmoscope shows in some cases an imperfect development of the retina and choroid; in others there is commencing cataract; in others the cornea is slightly hazy from previous ulceration, or it is conical in its form.

A frequent symptom in these cases is a disposition to bring objects quite near the eyes; but even then they are but dimly seen, and not as they would be were the child merely near-sighted, with great clearness.

Such children should not be required or allowed to apply their eyes closely to small objects, and they should be carefully examined by a skilful professional man to determine the precise condition of the eye and its proper management.

Complete or partial blindness may occur during pregnancy or while nursing; but this should not cause too much alarm, as, if unaccompanied by permanent morbid changes, it may be expected to disappear, slowly, after termination of the causes which gave rise to it. But careful inquiry should be made as to the presence of any complicating circumstances, for if such exist the spontaneous recovery of sight cannot be so confidently hoped for.

Henry W. Williams, M. D.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER V.

THE news that the ship was on fire drove the McAlister affair as clean out of Mrs. Chester's head as a cannon-ball could have done.

That was Mrs. Chester; capable of emotions as fiery as ignited gunpowder, but capable of holding only one charge at a time. Moreover, there was a certain restricted sense in which this worldly and spunky woman was naturally religious. I do not say that she was satisfactorily devout; nor do I undertake to remember whether she was or was not a church communicant; my whole statement amounts to this, that she believed heartily in the other world, and was afraid of it. Not that she thought of it profitably or often; she only trembled at it when it seemed near. If she was possessed of a devil, as some of her enemies and some even of her relatives asserted, it must have been that devil who, when he was sick, a monk would be.

For the present the secret of the incognito was not divulged, and Tom Beaumont was not st'boyed at the foe of his family. In fact, not ten minutes had elapsed before Mrs. Chester, having flown to the captain for consolatory assurances, and got nothing which satisfied her, was looking up into the grave, calm, benignant face of Frank McAlister, and asking of it news of life or death.

"I believe," said the deep, mellow voice of the young man, "that the fire has been discovered in the hold; or, rather, it has been suspected there. Investigations are going on now which will let us know whether there is any real cause for alarm. If there is fire, it is in the cargo; probably a case of spontaneous combustion; badly stored chemicals, it may be."

"What a shame!" burst forth Mrs. Chester, trembling with anger as well

as fear. "Whoever put such things on board ought to be hung."

"They are not mine," he observed, in answer to her sudden glare of accusation. "Indeed, I don't know as yet that there is anything of the kind below. Only, it seems likely. Otherwise, how account for the fire?" added this investigator.

"I shall go and see what *is* there," she cried, making a rush in her dressing-gown towards the stairway.

"It is of no use, madam," ventured Mr. Wilkins, who had just come below. "Can't get near the place. They're taking out cargo, and the deck is all littered up; the Devil's own mess — beg pardon. Nothing to be seen but smoke coming out of the hatchway. I don't see, by Jehu, how those sailors can stand it down there. O, I s'pose it'll all come out right," he concluded, seeing the terror of Mrs. Chester.

At this moment Duffy arrived with an air of bringing a glass or two of grog along with him, inside his jacket.

"The Spouter!" he said, apparently continuing a conversation with Wilkins. "I say, Bill Wilkins, the Spouter'd cool her off in no time."

"What is the Spouter?" eagerly asked Mrs. Chester.

"Our fire-engine, Mrs. Chester. Hartland fire-engine. I'm cap'n of the comp'ny. 'Member, Mrs. Chester, how Hutch Holland's store got fire, 'n' we put the m'chine at it? Had the m'chine out 'n' on the spot in five minutes. Took up posish at the corner —"

Mrs. Chester, totally uninterested in the prowess of the Spouter, since it could not help her, turned her back impatiently on the somewhat tipsy Duffy, while Wilkins took him by the arm and led him to the other end of the cabin, saying, "Here, tell *me* about it."

Serious hours passed. Now and

then a man went on deck, crawled as near as he could to the lumbered hatchway, tried to peer through the boiling whirls of smoke, came back to the anxious ladies, and reported — nothing. Tom Beaumont, by this time as drunk as Duffy, and much more noisy in his liquor, was back and forth continually, talking unreportable nonsense.

"O, why can't you find out something, some of you?" was the cry of the angered and terrified Mrs. Chester. "Where is that Captain Brien? I want him to come here and tell me what is the matter. I want to give him a piece of my mind. How dare he load his ship with combustibles! He has n't heard the last of this. Not if he gets us ashore, he has n't heard the last of it. I'll follow him up. I'll ruin him."

"Cap'n Brien 'sh all right," declared Tom. "Cap'n Brien 'sh a gentleman. He's up there, workin' like a beaver. Don't y' hear him holler?" Here a ludicrous idea struck the young gentleman, and he repeated with an exasperating smile, "Nigger in a wood-pile, don't y' hear him holler?"

"Tom!" implored Kate Beaumont, who seemed even more moved by her brother's condition than by the common danger.

"O yes, — all right," laughed the youngster. "Got little too much aboard. Go on deck again 'n' cool off. All right pretty soon."

"O, what a miserable set!" gasped Mrs. Chester, stamping with impatience. "Is there no clergyman on board? I never will go to sea again without a clergyman on board. Is there nobody here who can pray? I would give all I'm worth for a prayer-meeting. I wish I had brought old Miriam. *She* could pray for us."

She glared around upon the men, angry that none of them could pray for her. Kate Beaumont turned away gravely, walked with bended head to her state-room and closed the door upon herself. Was it to lift a supplication to Heaven for deliverance, or for resignation? McAlister hoped so, be-

lieved so with inexpressible tenderness of spirit, and sent his soul after her.

"I think we had better make some preparations," he presently said to Mrs. Chester, as she paced the cabin with clasped hands and partially closed eyes. "The coast cannot be far off. We may reach it in boats, if it comes to that. May I advise you to make up a little package of such things as you must save, and to tell Miss Beaumont to do the same? I hope it will not be so bad as that. But we had best prepare."

Mrs. Chester gave him a stare, and then hurried to her room. The young man had decided that, as for himself, he was ready; he wanted nothing but his overcoat and the life-preserver which hung over his berth; it was folly to think of cumbering a boat with books and baggage. He now fell to pacing the cabin quietly; and in so doing he approached the group of Wilkins and Duffy.

"I *say*, sit down," called Duffy, looking up with a fixed, absurd smile, and striking his fist hospitably on the table in front of him. "Take seat, Mr. Mc — McAlister. Know you. Knew you ten days ago. Sit down over there. Talk about Hartland."

"O you drunken blatherskite!" growled the disgusted Wilkins, pushing away as if to rise from the table.

"Hold on, Bill Wilkins," called Duffy, grasping his friend tightly. "Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Mc — McAlister. Both Hartland men. Talking about Hartland."

"Beg your pardon, sir," muttered Wilkins, addressing McAlister. "He's always that way when he takes a spoonful. He has n't had but two glasses under him, and here he is higher than any other man would be on a quart."

"Only two glasses," declared Duffy, trying to look sober. "Not tight. Just trying to cheer the — the occasion. You see, Mr. McAlister —"

Wilkins squinted a look of apology towards the young gentleman.

"Never mind," muttered the latter. "Disguise is probably of no importance now. I had my reasons."

"Certainly," nodded Wilkins; while the eager and smiling Duffy, who had not noticed this aside, went on with his babble.

"You see — talking of Hartland — 'member the fire there four years ago? O, you was n't there, excuse me. Hutch Holland's store. 'Member *me* — Duffy — keep store there — right opposite Wilkins? Cap'n of the fire-engine. Spouter! Had her out in five minutes. Hose busted. Took out a length. Busted again. Took out 'nother length. Rammed her close up to the ole shanty. Let drive into the cellar — ten tons of cold water — cleaned cistern all out. Well, could n't stop the blasted thing. Why? Well, here 't is — petroleum afire — don't ye see? Filled the cellar full of water, 'n' histed the petroleum," slowly this 'time, resolved to pronounce it. "Went on blazing 'n' ripping 'n' roaring just the same. Floated — rose to the top, 'n' burnt like hell — did n't care how much water there was. More water the better. How should I know? Nobody said petroleum — petroleum, hang it! If I'd known 'bout petroleum, I'd 'a' pitched in sand, 'n' smothered it. But water! kept me slinging water on to petroleum. Would n't stay on it. Petroleum rose to the surface 'n' burnt right straight along. Caught the floor at last, 'n' sailed up like sky-rocket. That's the way the ole shanty went. None of my fault. Nobody said petroleum — petroleum."

He paused a moment; his friend Wilkins smirking slightly, notwithstanding a gloomy under-thought about the fire in the hold; and McAlister surveying him gravely, reflecting on what he had said, rather than noticing how he said it.

"Well, what was I driving at?" resumed Duffy. "What was it, Bill Wilkins? Did n't stop with Hutch Holland's burn-out. Told ye that before."

"I should think so," growled Wil-

kins. "Forty times. Full load every haul."

"O, I know — petroleum down there," continued Duffy, jerking his head toward the forward part of the ship. "That's the reason water won't catch hold. Want sand. Won't bring about anything till we get some sand. An' where's sand? Bottom of the ocean. Bound to bust — that's what's the matter — settled to bust — bet yer pile on 't. Let's have some more whiskey. I'll go 'n' hunt the steward."

As he rose, Wilkins caught him by the arm and jerked him down again, more effectually than tenderly.

"No, no, Duffy! *We* don't want any. And you're drunk enough for the whole ship's company."

"But Mr. McAlister wants whiskey," insisted Duffy. "Let go of me, Bill Wilkins."

"Nothing for me," objected McAlister, raising his voice a little, and awing the fuddled man into his seat.

"Well, all right, then," assented Duffy. "If you say so, that settles it. I only drink myself on these occasions. Wilkins here ought to take some. He's scared, Wilkins is. I say, Wilkins, ain't you scared?"

"Yes, by Jehu, I am," confessed Wilkins. "I wish to Heaven I was ashore."

"Want to live, don't you, Wilkins?" continued Duffy, still keeping up his fixed, silly smile. "Find it pleasant world, don't you, Wilkins? Like to catch 'nother hold on 't?"

"Yes, I'd take a contract to live five hundred years," said the frank Wilkins, not apparently a frightened man, either. "I like it. I've had a good time here. I don't feel sure that I shall ever be let into another world that'll be so pleasant to me. I'd take a contract for five hundred years, and after that I believe I'd be willing to take another."

"An' be shipwrecked?" asked Duffy, still simpering.

"Yes, and be shipwrecked."

"An' fail, Wilkins? Bust up 'n' fail, now 'n' then?"

"Yes, throw in as many failures as you like, and all sorts of other both-ers."

"Well, Wilkins," said Duffy, speaking with extreme gravity, as if he were really called on to decide something, — "well, Wilkins, don't know but I 'gree with you."

"Wilkins would n't like it in Heaven," he added, turning to McAlister. "Not a 'ligious man. Now, I 'm 'ligious; had advantages. But Wilkins, let him have his own way, 'n' Wilkins would n't go to Heaven, — not till all the other places was shut up."

At this moment Tom Beaumont slid like an avalanche into the cabin, got up with much rubbing of his back, cursed the brass edges of the stairs, and began to beat aft.

"Another of 'em!" muttered Wilkins. "By Jehu, here's what's a going. I can't stand so much blathering when I 'm sober myself."

Leaning forward, he whispered in Duffy's ear, "Shut up about that name, will you, now?"

"Name? O yes, McAlister. Keep shady. Secret of a gentleman, — word of a gentleman, I mean."

And as Tom approached the table, Wilkins and McAlister left it together, proceeding towards the deck.

"Those two fools!" muttered Wilkins. "They'll get water enough in their rum, by Jehu, if they're not looked after. They'll be so drunk they could n't get into a boat if it was as big as a continent. Hope you'll excuse Duffy, sir. He's not that way often. It only takes a thimbleful to capsize him. Good, peaceable, well-meaning fellow. Don't know a better intentioned man. I like him, though he is a doughhead, especially when he's tight."

Meeting the steward, he whispered hurriedly: "Look here. Close up your gin palace, and lose the key. Some people on board have crowded themselves too full already. Lose the key right square off."

"You don't seem to be alarmed out of your wits," said McAlister.

"O, I can stand this sort of thing so so. I've had adventures before now. Still, I was honest in what I said to Duffy; I don't mean to die as long as I can help it; don't want to die a particle. Hang me if I see anything gay in it."

On deck they perceived, by the light of the stars and a deck-lamp or two, that no more smoke was curdling up from the hatchway. The captain, too, instead of being forward superintending the struggle with the fire, was standing near the helmsman, looking now at a chart and now at the compass.

"All out, Captain?" asked McAlister, drawing a deep breath of relief. "Shall I tell the ladies?"

Raising his heavy-lidded eyes, red and watery from the effects of the smoke into which they had been peering, the skipper gave his two passengers a sullen, noncommittal stare.

"What! not out?" exclaimed Wilkins.

"D—n it, no!" in a growl of wrath and impatience.

"Captain," said McAlister, in his calmly authoritative way, "it seems to me that in such a state of things you had better tell the passengers plainly what to look for. It may save a panic when the crisis comes."

"Well, the case is just here," returned the captain, slowly and sadly. "We can't get at the fire. It's low down in the hold, and yet water won't flood it. Can't unload enough to reach the spot. No man can stay below a half-minute. I don't know what the devil is burning down there. It sends up a smoke that no human being can face. It's chemicals, or some kind of oil, and yet there's nothing of the sort on the freight bill. Well, if it's oil, water will only do harm; raise the stuff, you see, and set the deck afire; then we're gone. What I've done is to batten down the hatches, to keep out the air and smother the flame. If only the stuff will burn out without catching the ship! We're heading now for the nearest land."

"Shove her right along and run her

high and dry," assented Wilkins, cheerfully.

"That's all that can be done," groaned the captain.

"How far to land?" queried McAlister.

"About three hundred miles. The boat is going her very prettiest. If we can only keep in her twenty-four hours!"

"Had you not better say all this below?" insisted McAlister. "Passengers will take a captain's word for everything."

"I'll come down. But my God! is n't it horrible! First ship I ever lost, gentlemen; and I fifty-five! By heavens, I'd rather have died than seen this day. I hate to face those women. There's that girl. I had a daughter once. I hate to meet that girl."

And Captain Brien, all bluster and humbug swept out of him, wiped away honest tears of misery.

"By Jehu, yes, we must save that girl," struck in Wilkins, energetically.

"Yes!" said McAlister with solemnity.

A few minutes later, the dozen or so of passengers were gathered in silence about the captain in the cabin. He told his story, much as he had told it on deck, and then added, in a business-like way, as if he were issuing directions for an ordinary disembarkation: "Now for *your* duty. Make up your little packets for the boats. Get some ship-bread about you. And then keep cool and stand by. When I want you, I'll call for you. I'm very sorry, ladies and gentlemen. It's not my fault. I didn't stow the ship. That's all."

And, glad to get out of it, glad to escape from those blank faces which all seemed to reproach him, the captain slowly wheeled his short, solid body towards the stairway, to go on deck and resume his sleepless watch.

"O you wretch!" Mrs. Chester burst out in a tremulous scream. "O you worthless, villanous—"

"Hush, Aunt, hush!" begged Kate

Beaumont, seizing her elder relative around the waist, and trying to drag her towards her state-room.

"What's that? What's the row?" called Tom Beaumont, now half crazed with liquor. "Who's a fightin'? Who wants to fight? Let me in."

"Never mind," whispered Wilkins, hurrying the captain towards the stairs. "The woman's hysterical, and the boy's drunk. You get on deck, captain. It's all right."

Tom meanwhile has rushed up to Kate, his face full of maudlin affection, and his right hand under his coat skirt. "Anybody insulted you? say, sis?"

"No, Tom," cried the girl, full of shame and terror. "O, *do* try to be quiet!" And here she burst into tears.

Wilkins ran back, caught the young lunatic by the elbow, and walked him aft with a confidential air, whispering, "Tell you all about it. It's nothing but your aunt's got the hysterics."

"O, thah t's it?" drawled Tom, falling back from him to the length of his arm, and staring with head on one side. "Dammer!"

"Yes, that's it. But we must get to work. Make up our little bundles for the boats. There," pushing him coaxingly on to a settee; "you lie down out of the way, won't you? Let me strap up your duds. Want your overcoat?"

And so on, — the adroit and self-possessed Wilkins! — thoroughly accustomed to bummers! In three minutes the wretched youngster was asleep, leaving Wilkins at liberty to make his preparations for him, and then to go about his own.

All the crew were up all night getting ready to quit the ship at a moment's notice. There were men enough to manage four large boats, and these boats were sufficient to carry thrice as many passengers as there were, with stores sufficient for a fortnight's voyage; so that, barring accident or tempest, there was every probability of getting all hands safely to

land. Kegs of water, boxes of hard-bread, cases of preserved meats, etc., were ranged along the deck, ready for embarkation. Captain Brien's variegated face gleamed and reddened every few minutes in the light of the binnacle-lamp, or in the glow which poured out of the doors of the furnace-room. The firemen and the engines kept each other hard at work. So far as McAlister could judge (and he was not, of course, easy to please in the matter), everything was being done that could be done.

"How goes it?" he asked, meeting the skipper in one of his trottings back and forth between the engine-room and the wheel.

"Beautiful!" The captain was almost gay, his doomed boat was running so gamely. "That engine is charming. It's like a young lady dancing. Fourteen knots! Never saw the beat of it in a boat of this size. Is n't it too d—d hard!" he exclaimed, striking his clubs of fists together and stamping his fat feet, as short and broad as a bear's paws. "Here's this little angel of a boat gone to smash! And all for some blasted cargo—the Davy Jones knows what—that ought n't to have been shipped, would n't have been if I'd done the stowing. O—by—jiminy!"

And, lowering his head like an angry bull, the captain butted on toward the helmsman.

Going below and traversing the cabin, McAlister overheard Tom Beaumont snoring whole nightmares in his state-room, and Mrs. Chester either whimpering or scolding in hers. As he passed the door of the latter, Kate Beaumont came out and began walking backward and forwards, apparently without noticing him. He looked over his shoulder pitifully at the pallor of the girlish face.

"Miss Beaumont," he thought he might say, "may I walk with you?"

She took his arm mechanically, and presently she looked up at him, as if suddenly remembering who he was and what had passed between them. Well,

it was no time for family feuds; it was no occasion for nice delicacy in choosing one's companions; she continued to walk by his side and lean upon him.

"I trust and believe this will end well," he said, longing to cheer her.

"You are very kind," she replied. "I am afraid I have not treated you well, Mr.—Mr. McMaster. I don't know. If I have done wrong, I beg your pardon."

"You have done everything right. I shall always respect you."

There seemed to be some comfort in this; of course not comfort enough for the hour.

"You are bearing this bravely," he went on, admiring her even then.

"I could bear it, if I only had help." And the girl, only eighteen, remember, sobbed. "Mr. McAlister, I want to ask one thing of you. We two women will be cared for. But who will care for my brother? Will—will you?"

"I pledge myself to it."

"O, how good you are!" It was no time to reflect that she was placing herself under deep obligations to a man who had asked her hand in marriage. It is probable that, under the terrible circumstances of the crisis, she did not think of it. Standing on the verge of the other world, this world's entanglements were very vague.

"Could not you and I," he asked, "when we get home, put an end to this feud?"

"I don't know. It might be. I will try," she replied, with a feeling as if she were talking in a dream.

"Let us pledge ourselves here to try," he begged. "Will you do it?"

"Yes," she promised.

"And I," he added.

Then he insisted upon her lying down on one of the long settees of the cabin. "We may have a hard day to-morrow," he said, "and you must endeavor now to sleep. I will keep watch."

In such style passed the remainder of the night on board the slowly-consuming Mersey.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL next day the tame demon of fire and the wild demon of fire struggled for the Mersey. The engines never relaxed the vehement joy of their highest speed; and the conflagration below never ceased its muttering, lapping, and gnawing.

"We're running for land like a man that's snake-bit running for a whiskey-mill," observed Wilkins, squinting with half-closed, calculating eyes at the racing bubbles alongside.

"By George, I wish *I* could run for a whiskey-mill," softly grumbles Duffy, who, having got sober overnight, is now in sustained low spirits. "Pretty time to close bar. Now's just the chance to hand round something cheering."

"Lord bless you, man! you don't want to go off by spontaneous combustion, do you? You'll catch fire soon enough and stay alight long enough, without troubling yourself to kindle up."

Wilkins seems to be joking, but he is not; he has a way of saying his most serious things in this jester fashion; he is at this moment sincerely anxious to keep his friend from getting drunk and being drowned; nor is he at all unmindful of the gravity of his own danger.

"I don't want to get corned, no such thing," insists Duffy. "I was n't upset last night, though you thought I was. I can tell you everything I said."

"Lord! don't!" implores Wilkins. "Hutch Holland's store. Petroleum and sand. Know it all by heart."

"I'm going for that steward," resumes Duffy, after a minute more of dolorous meditation. "I can't stand this sort of thing without a drink."

"No use," says Wilkins. "They always lose the key of the spirit-room at such times. It's a thing that happens constant. He won't find it for you. O, come back! Look here, I've got a little drop myself; there, turn up that flask."

"There's water in it," declares Duffy, indignantly, after a long taste. "What the old boy did you go and put water in it for, Bill Wilkins?"

"Well, it was wrong, I know," grinned Wilkins, who had "thinned out" his whiskey of a set purpose and for Duffy's good. "Wrong as a general thing. Wrong in principle. But never mind. It won't be the water part of it that'll hurt you. There, that'll do; hand over."

Seeing Tom Beaumont come on deck, Wilkins snatched the flask from the sucking Duffy and hid it in his breast-pocket.

The youngster had slept all night, taken a late but hearty breakfast, and was now perfectly sober.

"How are you, gentlemen?" he nodded, in his free-and-easy, though graceful and not uncourteous way. "Not up all night, I hope. By Jove, I used my time; slept from one end to t'other."

"I think an eternity of sleep, yes, or an eternity of cat naps, would be right pleasant," said Wilkins.

"I'd go in for it," muttered Duffy, "under the circumstances."

"How are things?" asked Tom.

"Pretty hot amidships," was Duffy's bland reply. Feeling his whiskey a little, Duffy; not so scared as he had been a minute before.

"The Devil!" growled Tom. "I understood down below that we would make land, sure. Hot, is it? By Jove, if the thing breaks through, we've got, by Jove, to wade into the boats and make a long pull of it."

"That's so," assents Duffy, gathering courage every minute, as the liquor climbs higher in his tottlish head. "Two hundred miles to skip yet; take us about sixteen hours. That fetches us ashore somewhere near midnight. But, if we have to paddle, Davy Jones knows when we'll get there."

"H—ll!" is the compendious comment of Tom Beaumont, not frightened in the strict sense of the word, but realizing the situation.

In talk more or less like this, in occa-

sional investigations as to the growing heat of the deck, in inquiries concerning the working of the furnace and the speed of the ship, and in much impatient walking or gloomy smoking, these gentlemen pass the day. We must however add, to the credit of Tom Beaumont, that he runs below every hour or two, to say a word of cheer to his aunt or sister. The dissipated youngster is brave beyond question, and not altogether lacking in the finer emotions.

"I do hope, Tom," says Kate, taking him by the arms and looking him sadly in the eyes, — "I do hope you won't drink one drop to-day. You took altogether too much last night. You made me ashamed and frightened. I thought, what if you should die in that state! And what help could you have been to us?"

"By Jove, sis, don't!" begs Tom, trying to laugh, but wilting a little. "It was n't the correct thing; no, by Jove, it was n't; and I beg your pardon, do, indeed. You see I was surprised into it, this thing coming on so sudden. All right to-day; not the first drop. In fact, can't find it. Steward got his wits about him and lost the key. By Jove, I came near giving him a welt; but he's right, and I know it; gave him a dollar. Told him to hold on to his old key till I was ashore. If I'm to drown, it's more like a gentleman to drown sober. Going down drunk all very well for common sailors. But our sort can look the thing square in the face. O, don't *you* be anxious. You are not in danger. Every man on board is going to devote himself to saving you. I'll save you myself, by Jove, without any help. As for Aunt, there, that's different. I'm glad, by Jove, the old lady is getting a scare."

"O Tom!"

"Yes, I am. Hope it'll do her good about the region of the temper. What keeps her so still? Reading her Bible, hey? Time she did. 'Tain't often she makes eyes at the patriarchs. Reckon she must have forgotten where to look for them."

"Tom, stop! Our aunt is our aunt. You must not say such things about her, and I must not hear them."

"By Jove, sis, you'd go straight to heaven, would n't you?" exclaims the harum-scarum boy, staring at Kate in a kind of worshipping wonder.

A few minutes later the girl met Frank McAlister, and said to him hastily and with a touching shame: "I need not ask you to-day what I did last night. My brother is capable of taking care of himself. You must take care of yourself. I thank you."

"I shall still have an eye to you all," he replied. "I shall do what I can," he added soberly, remembering how little it might be.

"I don't know how I could have asked such a thing of you," she went on, her mind reverting to the feud between the families.

"In such times as this all human beings are brethren. Besides, I had placed myself at your disposal."

She did not answer this last phrase, nor did she even color over it. In her troubles she perhaps did not hear it, or had for the moment forgotten his offer of marriage. The consequence of her silence was that he believed he had done wrong in alluding to the offer; and the consequence of this was, that he wished to make reparation for his fault by thinking only of her comfort and safety.

"Have you made all your preparations?" he asked.

"I have a little packet. I believe there is nothing more to do."

"How admirably brave you are!" he said, as he had said once before.

"O no! I am very anxious. I would give — O, what would n't I give — to be ashore."

"And yet you govern yourself!" he observed, wanting to kneel down and kiss her hand. "But you need more rest. Let me beg you to try to sleep as much as possible this morning. The day is better than the night for that. We can see the extent of our danger best by day, and you can be got to the

boats the easier, if it should be necessary."

"I will lie down in the saloon," she replied, after having made one step toward her state-room. The twin room was occupied by Mrs. Chester; and that lady's voice could be heard steadily reading the Scriptures, for she was so frightened that she did not care if all the world knew it; resolved, at all events, that Heaven should know it.

Such was the life above and below on board the unlucky Mersey, as she made her desperate rush shoreward. All day a dreary watching and waiting; at times hope predominant, as if by infection, and every one expecting a safe deliverance; then again a sorrowful, paralyzing chill settling upon every spirit. The captain, who knew the situation best, and, like a wise officer, knew more than he told, chiefly dreaded two dangers. The fire might burn through the wooden sheathing, melt the copper, and let in a flood of water which would sink the steamer in a few minutes. Or the vessel, driving headlong toward a shore little frequented except by wrecks, and of which he knew nothing except by his charts, might strike some hidden rock or sandbar, and go to pieces far from land. No time for soundings; death, snarling and tearing below, was creeping nearer every moment; the hot breath of the imprisoned tiger was stealing thicker and thicker through the seams of the planking; the risk that there was in delay seemed greater than the risk that there was in speed.

Still, the bright morning passed safely; then a humid afternoon, full of sailing mists and shadows, came and went; and at last the Mersey was plunging over the sombre waters of a starless evening. All this while the wind was fair, balmy, and moderate, and the sea not too high for boats to be launched and to live.

Eight bells in the evening; there were already high hopes on board the vessel; the lookout aloft was straining his eyes to catch an outline or a light; the captain, wearied to death, but con-

stantly on deck, was rubbing his hands with a little air of cheeriness. At this moment there came a change; there was a different feeling under the feet; people thought, without saying so, "What is the matter?" At first insensibly, but in a very short time quite obviously, there was a diminution of elasticity and a slowing of speed. Some of the passengers below had a sensation as if the ship were in port and coming quietly to dock. Others, who were on deck and could see no cause for this singular change, thought with sudden terror of the calmness of death stealing upon the convulsions of a man in delirium.

"What's all this?" called Wilkins, as the captain ran by him towards the waist. The captain stumbled on without answering, and the passenger hurriedly followed him, suspecting, with an awful sinking of the heart, that the end had come. Amidships they were met by men — stokers and engineers — rushing up out of the engine-room, some uttering curses and others inarticulate cries of terror, while one, recognizing his officer, said sharply, "Water around the furnace!"

"Sure?" screamed the captain. Yes, there was no doubt of it; a strange hissing, a new noise on board the steamer, sent up its horrible confirmation; it was certain that the fire had let in the ocean, and that the two were fighting below for the mastery. It was a frightful struggle of the two giant elements as to which should destroy the creation of man's industry and exterminate the creator. The menagerie of natural forces had risen upon their tamer. The demons were in full and triumphant insurrection.

Meantime there were confused sounds of terror all over the dark decks; the panic reached below, too, and passengers ran up, shouting to know their fate.

"Sound the pumps," called the captain; and presently a voice answered, "Three feet in the hold, sir."

"Pump away, men," was the next order; and the thud and rattle of the

pumps commenced. Then pealed another voice, "Look out for an explosion," followed by a trampling of feet rushing toward the boats. The ultimate peril, long as it had been expected, had come at last, as death always comes, with paralyzing suddenness. Who could tell whether the now untended boiler would not explode? Who could tell how soon the water which was pouring in below would sink the vessel? Every one felt that there was no time to spare; nearly every one was wildly bent on saving himself.

Below decks the scene was different. The change in the vessel's movement had at first been imperceptible, and, even when noticed, did not for a minute or two create terror. Kate Beaumont went up to Frank McAlister with a face which expressed only a slight wonder, mingled perhaps with a little hope, and said, "What is it?"

"I beg pardon," he replied, starting up from a doze on one of the settees, "I did not observe anything."

"I — don't — know," she murmured, listening attentively between her words. "Something — singular."

Just then Mrs. Chester appeared, dropping her Bible at the door of the state-room, and running toward them joyfully.

"We are there!" she laughed. "O, I knew it. I knew we should be saved. This horrible voyage! this horrible, horrible voyage! over at last! O Kate, I am so happy!"

The gladness of supposed escape had made a child of her; she was laughing aloud, and ready to dance, with her groundless happiness.

"O, to think it is over!" she prattled. "What a horrible thing it would have been to drown at sea! Or to burn!" she added, with a shudder. "O, that was the worst. But it is all over. We are coming into port. How can we praise Captain Brien enough! The dear, good man! I could kiss him, black and blue and brown as he is. He has managed things so admirably! Really, if women might do such things, I am in a fit state to pro-

pose to him. — Not talk so, Kate? Why not? What a prim, cold little piece you are! Such escapes don't come once in a lifetime; no, thank Heaven! not once in a lifetime. I own it. I am half crazy with joy. What is *that*?"

The panic above had by this time broken out in a clamor which could not well be misunderstood. The startled woman turned short and stared anxiously at McAlister, who had delicately withdrawn from the two women to a little distance.

"Go on deck and see!" she ordered, forgetting who he was. "Go on deck and find out where we are. O my God, if I am mistaken!" she added, as he vanished. "It can't be. I won't have it. O, why don't they stop that horrible trampling and shouting? Let me alone, Kate. I *will* go up there. I *must* see."

McAlister returned, running down the cabin stairs, very grave and perhaps a little pale. Mrs. Chester extended her hands toward him with an agonized gesture of entreaty.

"Don't tell me!" she shivered. In the next breath, "O, *what* is the matter?"

"Get ready as quickly as possible," said the young man. "We must go ashore in the boats."

"The ship is sinking," screamed Mrs. Chester. "O my God, I feel it! That worthless, villanous captain!"

"Don't!" begged Kate. "Do be calm. O, what shall we do?"

McAlister took the girl under his arm and hurried her toward the stairway, following Mrs. Chester, who was already rushing thither. In the confusion and hurry of the crisis all the little packets, as well as the life-preservers, were forgotten in the state-rooms.

Meanwhile matters had been made nearly desperate on deck by the misbehavior of the crew. A portion, at least, of the sailors and firemen had, it seems, got at the spirit-room during the day and supplied themselves with whiskey. Several were more or less intoxicated; moreover, they could be

seen taking bottles out of their pockets and drinking ; it was to be feared that the alcoholic mischief had only begun to do its work. Already there was a gang of these fellows around each of the larger boats, throwing in provisions and kegs of water after a reckless fashion, running against each other, cursing, pushing, and even striking.

"Hold hard there!" shouted the captain, as he saw some of them grasping the tackle falls. "No one gets into the boats without orders. Passengers first. Ladies first."

But the men kept at their wild, hurrying, bungling work, without answering him, and perhaps without hearing.

"By Heavens!" groaned Brien. "It's a worse lot than I thought.—Steward! Mr. McMaster! Some one hurry up those ladies. Avast, men. Don't let that boat go. Come out of her, every one of you!"

Finding them ungovernable, he ran below after his pistols ; for he too had been caught unprepared by the sudden spring of the catastrophe. Coming back, he was caught on the stairway by Mrs. Chester, who clung to him in a sort of delirium of terror, at once reproaching and imploring, until he loosened himself by main force.

During this brief interval the crisis, aided by the drunkenness and panic of the men, had hurried along with the terrible swiftness which it had shown from the outset. One of the large midship boats had been let go by the run, and was dragging bottom-up and stove alongside, with two or three men drawing under it. Several planks in the waist had suddenly started and curled up, and the smouldering hell within the hull, finding vent at last, was sending up tongues of flame, licking at its prey like a boa. The motion forward had ceased, and the ship, settling in a manner sensible to every one, was wallowing with a sickly feeling among the waves. Its doom from the fire was imminent ; but its doom from the ocean was still more threatening. The panic-

mad sailors and stokers had gathered around the starboard boat and were preparing to send her down the side, some already crowding into her, and others loosening the falls. It was a lamentable and shameful exhibition of cowardice, selfishness, and cruelty. It would not be easy to cite a worse case.

"We can't go with those drunkards," cried the captain. "They would capsize us."

He was addressing McAlister and Tom Beaumont, who had brought up Mrs. Chester and Kate from below, and were taking them forward to the waist. Every one on deck, it must be understood, was now perfectly recognizable in the light of the hissing explosions of flame which shot up from the volcano below, only from time to time clouded by volumes of smoke.

"Come aft," ordered the captain. Next, raising his voice to a yell : "Every sober man aft ! Stand by to let go the quarter boats. But keep out of them. I'll shoot the first one who steps in without orders."

Then, levelling his pistol at a fellow who had laid hands on the fall tackle of one of the small boats, he shouted, "Stand back there ! My God, this is a mutiny."

CHAPTER VII.

THE Mersey burning and sinking at once ; a rabble of drunken, panic-stricken sailors and firemen tumbling into the large boats ; the few passengers, the ship's officers, and perhaps a dozen of the crew, huddled around the quarter-deck boats ; the captain stamping, threatening, pistol in hand, directing the embarkation ; — such was the disorderly and unpromising state of affairs.

The captain's pistol was not the only one flourished, for Tom Beaumont and Wilkins drew and cocked revolvers, and even the mild Duffy produced a derringer. Under the moral effect of

this artillery, the getting of things and people into the boats began to go on as it should aboard an Anglo-Saxon wreck. "Heave in those water breakers"; in they went with a "Yo-hee-oh." "Now the bread boxes"; and the bread boxes followed. "Here, you, sir, man the starboard boat; Mr. Wilson, take charge of the other one." Two trustworthy men were now in each little craft, ready to cast off tackles on touching the water, and to make fast towlines. "Let go, slowly; ease away, men, steady; there she floats."

"Now then, ladies," and the captain turned to his passengers, "Mrs. Chester first."

Mrs. Chester, far more eager to go first than the captain was to have her, went down a rope in the grasp of a stout sailor, clutching him as if she meant to tear and devour him.

"Now, Miss Beaumont," was the captain's next call. "Look alive, there below. Haul up under the counter. Some strong man here for Miss Beaumont."

"I!" shouted Tom, pushing a sailor aside. "I'll take care of my sister. Hold on to me, Kate."

"O Tom! be careful," was the girl's prayer as she threw her arms around the young fellow's neck.

"Hold hard!" screamed the captain. But it was too late; the boy had missed his hold or lost it; and both brother and sister went into the dark ocean. There was a general groan, a rush to the bulwarks, and a hesitation. Who could swim? It is a notorious fact that sailors are seldom good swimmers. Now came another splash; it was our tall McAlister, who had gone under with a header; and then there followed another suspense.

"Here's one," shouted a sailor in the boat, leaning over and dragging in some wet object. It was Tom Beaumont, no more able to swim than to fly, and saved by the merest accident, happening to rise in the right place. His first words were, "Where is she?"

He had scarcely strangled this out,

when there was a general cry of joy from all those staring men, standing as they were on a burning and sinking wreck. The light of the flames showed a head on the surface, twenty feet astern of the small boat, and under it, almost submerged by it, another head, this last being that of a man, while the first was that of a woman. It was McAlister, laden and almost borne under by the weight of the girl whom he was striving to save.

"Drop the boat astern," roared Captain Brien. "Give him a hand."

In another minute the two were drawn in board, the girl pale, cold, and nearly strangled still, the man breathless with his struggle under water. There was no time for changing of clothing; the steady sinking of the ship gave warning that the embarkation must hasten; and all that could be done for the wet ones was to bring them some blankets from the nearest state-room.

This was the only accident to the party on the quarter-deck. In twenty minutes or thereabouts from the springing of the leak every living soul had abandoned the vessel, and the crowded boats were pulling rapidly away to escape the flurry of her foundering. It was a gloomy and ill-promising voyage, that upon which they were now entering. The wreck, already low in the water, but blazing throughout its mids-ships and sending up superb piles of flame from its paddle-boxes, only made the darkness of ocean visible. A considerable sea was running, tossing the little craft uncomfortably, if not dangerously, and sending in splashes of spray which soon made all equally wet. In a few minutes every one was chilled through, notwithstanding that the temperature was mild and almost summer-like. McAlister and Tom Beaumont combined in wrapping all the blankets around Kate.

"It is useless," she smiled; "I shall only be the wetter for them."

Mrs. Chester, sunk in discomfort and despair too deep for words, gave no sign of existence, except groaning.

"This is ugly, ain't it, Wilkins?" muttered the shivering Duffy.

"This is a big lot better than going clean under," returned Wilkins, his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands. "By Jove, the more miserable I am, the more I want to live. It's always so."

"Sick, Wilkins?" presently inquired Duffy.

"No, I just don't like to look at it. Show me land, and I'll sit up straight enough."

"We are all right now," struck up the captain from the sternsheets, falling into his characteristic strain of bragging, and humbug, no doubt because he thought it would cheer the women. "It's only a little wetting. See land to-morrow, and tell our stories at home next day. In a month from now it will all be a good joke. We wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"Except me," he added to himself, remembering ruefully his damaged fame as a sailor, and his injured prospects as chief commander in the new line.

Baling almost constantly, the unfortunate powed due west, making what headway could be made. They had sailed for half an hour when of a sudden the broad flicker of light behind them vanished, and, looking backward, they could no longer see the Mersey.

"It seems like the death of a friend," murmured Kate. "I am sorry for the poor ship."

"That's so," answered Captain Brien, his heart warming more than ever towards the girl. "She was a beautiful boat, was n't she?"

"I'm glad the miserable thing is sunk," mumbled Mrs. Chester, who never quite forgave anybody or anything which had caused her trouble.

Presently Kate Beaumont said in a low voice to Frank McAlister: "It was you who saved me. Was it not?"

"I was so fortunate," he replied in a tone which was like an utterance of thanksgiving.

"I knew it. But I have been so

stupefied! I shall be indebted to you all my life."

"No," he said, and would perhaps have been tempted to try to press her hand, had it not been defended from him by wet blankets.

And so that conversation, meaning we will not undertake to say how much, came to an end.

But we must not prolong this voyage. It was an adventure which had nothing more to signalize it than what has been described. In the morning there was a cry of "Sail ho"; then came deliverance from danger and discomfort; then a short trip to Charleston, South Carolina. It was their destination. Yes, the Mersey was the first and only boat of the famous line which Charleston attempted to call into being for the sake of having direct trade with England and setting herself right before the world as the maritime rival of New York.

In Charleston the Southern hotel *par excellence*, the house where the great planter of those days stopped when he returned from Europe, or when he came to the city with his family to do shopping and attend the races, was the Charleston Hotel. It was in the huge front piazza of this house that Frank McAlister, refreshed, newly attired, brushed, and anointed, encountered that ancient friend of his family, Major John Lawson, the descendant (so said the Major) of the De Lauzuns.

"Why, my dear fellow! Why, my de-ar fel-low!" cried the Major, smiling up to his eyebrows and shaking hands for a minute together, though gently, tenderly, O how affectionately! "Why, is it possible! why, is it possible!" he went on, in a high, ecstatic soprano of wonder, somewhat as if he were talking to a child. "And so it is you, is it?" patting his shoulder. "Why, bless my body, so it is. I wouldn't have known you. What an amazing development!" and the Major fell back a yard to stare at the young giant with an air of playful, petting amazement. "Taller by three

inches than your grenadier of a father ! Why, if the old Frederick of Prussia had been alive, you would have been kidnapped for his regiment of giants. The Potsdam regiment," explained the Major, not a little proud of this bit of military history. "But no; you don't want to be told how you have grown; you have been at other and wiser business as well. Why, tell me all about it. Why, I could listen to you forever."

No words can describe the blandness and the unctuous flattery of the Major's manner. It was like warm olive-oil, poured over your head and flying all down your beard and vestments in an instant. No time allowed for resistance; before you could think, there was the Major still letting it on from his inexhaustible cruet. His utterance was soft and cajoling, running through a wide gamut of *affettuoso* tones, a favorite close being high soprano or falsetto. His face was prematurely wrinkled with smirking and grimacing. It was haunted with smiles which appeared and vanished like fire-flies. Now one shone out on his cheekbone; now another glimmered on his forehead; now a third capered along his wide mouth. Then again his whole countenance broke up into them, putting you in mind of the flashings of a shattered looking-glass, or the radiances of a breezy sheet of water in the sunshine. As for his thin, genteel figure, it was so lubricated with constant bowing and gesturing, that it was as supple as an eel.

Meanwhile there was a slyness in his gray eyes and humorous twinkling in the crow's-feet at their corners, which caused you to doubt whether he were not secretly laughing at you under his mask of flattery. The truth is, that the Major did amuse himself with the simplicity of human vanity. He complimented upon principle; he had made a formula for his guidance in this matter, and he stuck to it in practice; as Talleyrand (was it?) said, "Lie always, something will stick," so he said, "Flatter always, something will stick." But we must not consider

him as some straightforward, bitter persons did, a mere hypocrite. He was a good fellow; liked to make people feel comfortable; offered them compliments, because he had little else to spare.

McAlister gave the Major a brief and plain statement of his life abroad. Four years at Oxford, three years at Göttingen, one year in travel.

"You are a prodigy," grinned and fluted the Major, his voice quavering high into falsetto. "Why, you are a praw-di-gy. You must be a miracle of learning. There is n't another man in the State who has passed his life to such advantage. You have come home to lift us poor South-Carolinians out of the slough of our ignorance and conceit. And the son, too, of my excellent old friend Judge McAlister! I am delighted beyond measure."

"There is much for me to learn, no doubt, as well as something to teach," replied Frank, in his manly, plain way, so different from the frisky, supple graces of the Major. "I do believe, however, that I shall have something to tell you, that is, in a year or two."

"O, but you have something to tell us now." And the soft Lawson fingers patted the huge McAlister arm. "You must begin at once."

"I suspect," continued Frank, "that there is wealth in the State which we know little about. There are mines to be sunk yet in our up-country. And this shore region, if I am not much mistaken is crammed with phosphates."

Phosphates! The word was beyond the Major's tether. He did not know what phosphates might be, and did not believe he should care. He proceeded to smother the youngster's learning with appropriate compliment.

"Ah, there comes out the old canny Scotch blood," he smiled. "Or is it Scotch-Irish? Ah, Scotch! A most intelligent and industrious people. The best practical race that we have in the State. Brave, too; brave as lions; what a race! The *perfervidum Scotorum* is world-wide famous. By the way, have you letters from your

father? I have n't met him, bless my body! for months."

"Yes, I found letters here. My father, I thank you, is well. The whole family also."

"And you visit them soon, of course? Return to the paternal hearth? Do give my kindest regards, my most profound respects, to your father. Noble man! A pillar, sir! A pillar of society! And, by the way,—bless me, how could I forget it,—but what an escape! Saved from the sea and from fire! You must be a marked man, set apart for some wonderful fate. But the *Mersey* lost! Our steamer lost! *Our* steamer! What a calamity! *What,*" and here the Major's voice fairly whimpered, "a ca-lam-i-ty! And, by the way," descending to a confidential whisper, "you had Beaumonts aboard. Your old—enemies. I hope nothing disagreeable."

"Embarrassments," answered the young man, slightly shrugging his shoulders.

"Dear me! I am excessively grieved. But nothing that will lead to a—a—?" inquired the old gossip, imitating the motion of raising a pistol.

"O no. At least, I trust not. I sincerely hope not."

"Let us hope so," said the Major, in a tone which reminded one of the formula, "Let us pray." "Why, it would be infamous," he went on. "In view of your noble behavior, it would be in the highest degree unreasonable. Saved the young lady's life, I understand. Ah! I surprise you; you had no idea that your fame would find you out so soon. Modest,"—another patting here,—"*modest, mod-est!* But, you see, I met one of your Hartland business-men,—a nice sort of a commonplace fellow named Duffy, I believe,—and accidentally, quite accidentally, heard the story from him. And so you saved Miss Kate Beaumont's life? What a wonderful—providence, shall we call it? I told you truly, that you were a marked man, a man set apart for some extraordinary destiny. And Miss Beaumont? I have n't seen her

since she was a mere child. How did you like the young lady?"

"An admirable girl," said the brave McAlister, not without a slight blush. "What I saw of her led me to respect her profoundly."

The Major's small, cunning gray eyes twinkled with the joy of a veteran intriguer, not to say matchmaker.

"Why, my dear fellow! why, my d-e-a-r fel-low!" he whispered, snuggling up to the youngster, and fondling his mighty arm. "If this should end in a reconciliation between the families, what an event! South Carolina could afford to rejoice in the loss of the *Mersey*. What a romance! Why not? Romeo and Juliet in the South? Bless me, my dear young friend, why not? Stranger things have happened."

"You forget the fate of Romeo and Juliet," replied McAlister, with a gravity which revealed how seriously he was taking this matter.

But the Major would not hear of carrying out the parallel; he guessed like lightning at his young friend's state of mind, and he prophesied smooth things; indeed, when did he ever prophesy any other?

"O no!" he laughed, waving away the suggestion of a tragedy. "Nothing of the sort, my dear Mr. McAlister. We shall see, if you only wish it, a better ending than that. Why, bless you, man, the Beaumonts are not barbarians of the Middle Ages. They—I remember the old feud—I respect your natural prejudices—but they, you will excuse me for saying so, are South Carolina gentlemen. They have the polish and humanity—you will surely pardon me—of the nineteenth century."

"I am sure that I wish to think well of them. I will tell you, moreover, that I only wait an opportunity to show them that I feel kindly towards them."

"An opportunity!" smiled and fided the Major,—"*an opportunity!* It has come, and you have improved it. Improved it nobly, superbly, beautifully. Now it is their turn. You have saved the life of their daughter and

sister. They must thank you. They must call upon you. They will. We shall see. Then, Romeo and Juliet with a happy ending. Yes," closed the Major, fairly singing his hint for a pastoral, "Ro-me-o and Jul-iet in South Car-o-li-na!"

"They — the men, I mean — must call on me, of course, or the matter is ended," observed McAlister. He spoke slowly and gravely; he was sincerely anxious to receive that peacemaking visit; he did not care how plainly the Major should perceive his anxiety; indeed, he scarcely thought of him at the moment.

"Certainly. They must. If they don't they are — Well, let us be charitable. But I can't conceive that they should not call. It is Tom, I believe, who is with the ladies. Well, Tom is young; but Tom knows what chivalry demands; born of one of our own good families; a race of gentlemen, — excuse me. Of course Tom Beaumont will make his bow to you before he leaves Charleston."

And the Major, in his excellent, gossiping soul, meant to call on Tom and flatter him into doing what was handsome. It must be understood that this man was by instinct a matchmaker; he liked women, liked to pay court to them, liked to see others do the same; and now, guessing that Frank was smitten with Miss Beaumont, he wanted him to woo her and win her. Besides, what a charming history, what an inexhaustible theme of conversation with ladies, what a subject to decorate all over with flowers from Shakespeare, would be this healing of an old family feud by means of a love-match! For the Major was a *littérateur*, in the amateur sense; could quote eternally from standard authors, especially in verse; wrote also a kind of poetical prose, much admired by some of the women to whom he read it.

But Major Lawson had other strong points. He did love — as what South-Carolinian of those days did not love? — to talk about fighting. Wars, duels, adventures with robbers, putting down

of insurrections and even family feuds, were all pure honey to him. Groaned over them, to be sure; but his lamentation was simple humbug; it was the merest rose-water philanthropy; in his soul he feasted on them. Next to love-making, and far beyond politics, he revelled in talking of combats. "Not that he had ever had a fight; there was no man in the State more pacific. His title of Major did not signify war, nor even so much as service in the militia. He had been an aide-de-camp to a Governor; just an honorary aide-de-camp, with nothing to do; that was the whole sum of his martial life. His title, too, was really Captain, for he was only a Major by courtesy, familiar friends having breveted him at their dinner-tables.

Well, this peaceful, courteous creature must now turn to the old bloody feud between the Beaumonts and the McAlisters, and prattle of it with something like a licking of the chops.

"Terrible history!" he said, with the sorrow of a dog over a toothsome bone. "If we could only put an end to it! No less than four valuable lives have been sacrificed to this Moloch since I came to the age of manhood, — two McAlisters and two Beaumonts; not to mention the side difficulties which it has brought about between friends of the two houses, — the Montagues and Capulets," he poetically added. "I well remember the excitement, the *furor*, which was raised by the — the meeting between your excellent father and Randolph Beaumont, the elder brother of Peyton. The State fairly shuddered with anxiety. Fairly shud-dered!" And the Major shook himself in his black dress-coat. "Both men practised for months, — for months, sir! Each knew it must come. Prepared himself, sadly and sternly, like a gentleman. Randolph declared that he would spoil McAlister's handsome face for him. Your father was a remarkably fine-looking fellow; not like you, who resemble your mother, — but still handsome. Indeed, he is now; a king of men; a Saul!

Well, sir, Randolph practised at the head; had a figure set up for that purpose in his yard; used to hit the top of it with beautiful precision; really beautiful! Of your father's preparations I will say nothing. Perhaps the subject is unpleasant to you. But it was a stern necessity. He must take his precautions or he must forfeit his valuable life. Well, the day came; no preventing it. An admirable exhibition of courage. Two shots in quick succession. Randolph Beaumont sent a shot through McAlister's hair, and fell with a ball in his own heart. My God, what an excitement! The whole State shook, sir!"

McAlister had listened to this reminiscence with an amount of disrelish which surprised himself. It was not the first time that he had heard the story, and heretofore he had always heard it with interest. But childhood's ideas had more or less died out of him; during the last few years a passion for studies had dulled the combative instinct within him; and within the past week Miss Kate Beaumont had made him hate the family feud.

"I never heard my father allude to the tragedy but once," he said to the Major, rather coldly. "It was only a word, and I thought it was a word of regret."

The old gossip started. Had he made a mistake in chanting to the son the prowess of the father?

"O, of course!" he hurriedly assented. "Your father is a wise, practical, humane gentleman. Could n't look upon the matter otherwise than as a woful necessity, mere self-preservation. Certainly."

And so the Major suspended his raw-head and bloody-bones reminiscences. It was a disappointment to him, for there were still four or five nice joints to pick, and, dear me, how sweet they were! There, for instance, was the late duel between Robert McAlister, our Frank's senior brother, and the present eldest son of the house of Beaumont. No deaths, to be sure; only a shot through a leg and an-

other through an arm; but even so much was savory.

"Sad, sad business!" groaned the Major, bringing down the corners of his mouth decorously, as people will do at funerals and the like, even when they don't care a straw. "All politics, purely result of politics; not bitterness, I am glad to say. Simply a struggle between high-minded gentlemen, each of whom honestly and sadly believes the other mistaken. Opposition, as you are no doubt aware, between the supporters of the electoral system and the so-called parish representation. Your family, as original up-country gentlemen, naturally support the former. The Beaumonts, as original low-country people, are the extreme advance guard of the parishes."

"That is it, is it?" said Frank. "I never knew before what was the origin of the dispute. I was such a mere boy when I left home."

"That, and other things similar. Bless my soul!" and here the Major fluted his sweetest, "have I got to teach you the antiquities, the *fasti*, of your family? Why, the first McAlister of Hartland—your noble old grandfather—was one of the supporters of our grand old Horry—Marion's Horry—in his efforts to establish the common-school system in South Carolina. Naturally on the side of the people. A born Gracchus. And yet nature's gentleman, the truest of aristocrats."

"A supporter of education," said Frank. "Well, I thank him for that. I am of his party. Depend upon it, Major, that our State needs education, and that I shall do my poor best towards educating it."

"Amen!" pronounced the Major, solemnly, as if it were the thing that he had most at heart. "Well, my best wishes. Delighted to have seen you,—de-light-ed! Carry my respects to your family. And as for the Beaumonts," he added with a knowing, matchmaking, tender whisper; "they will call on you"; in a lower whisper; "they will," almost inaudible.

And so, nodding and smiling, and, one might almost say, kissing his fingers, Major Lawson ambled away.

Would the Beaumonts call? Would Tom Beaumont come to say a civil word to the man who had saved his sister's life? Or would he, remember-

ing only the ancient hostility of the two names, leave Charleston without a sign of friendship?

Such were the questions which chased each other through the brain of the young gentleman who paced alone the piazza of the Charleston Hotel.

J. W. DeForest.

A CHAPTER OF MODERN ASTROLOGY.

THE hero of the startling occurrences about to be narrated was the late Dr. Noah Stone of Guildford, Conn., father of David M. Stone, the editor and proprietor of the New York Journal of Commerce. The facts themselves, — which, by the way, need no embellishment, — are distinctly remembered by a few persons yet living, and may well make one pause before answering the question whether the astrologers of the Middle Ages were wholly empirical.

When Dr. Stone was in his twelfth year he obtained by chance some old volumes on astrology written by Alubater, Jason Pratensis, and Paracelsus; and, being a studious and somewhat reticent and pensive lad, he spent much of his time in poring over those works after the family had retired, frequently seeking his pillow only when the dawn had ushered in the morning. Nor was it long before he had become quite an adept in the "black art," having, among other things, discovered that his pensiveness had arisen from the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in Litra at the time of his birth; while his melancholy was occasioned by the meeting of Saturn and the moon in Scorpio. At this time, also, his little chamber was filled with various figures, imperfect and somewhat rudely drawn it is true, with phrases and scraps of writing such as, "Lord of the geniture," "The quartile aspects of Saturn and Mars," the one culminating, and the other in the fourth house, — "eclipses and earth-

quakes," — the present conjunction or opposition in Sagittary or Pisces, of the sun and moon, "if the moon be in conjunction or opposition, at the birth-time, with the Sun, Saturn, or Mars, many diseases follow," etc. In short, however few the pupil's years or limited the number of his books and his times and chances of study, it was quite apparent that the curious boy had been in good earnest looking upon the heavens "as a great book, whose letters are the stars, wherein are written many strange things for such as can read."

It happened about this time that a neighbor of his father, a very worthy man in humble circumstances, by the name of Crowfoot, had the misfortune to lose his cow, a remarkably fine animal, which, by a bountiful supply of milk, contributed largely toward the support of a numerous family of children. Having been turned out to graze upon the extensive common lands between the Tunxis and Simsbury mines, crummie had strayed away and disappeared, to the no small concern of the owner, and the still greater inconvenience of the dependent children. Isaac Crowfoot was himself as meek as Moses; but his wife was a sort of Job's comforter, and this circumstance had no tendency to mitigate the domestic calamity. Several days of fruitless search had been spent, and no tidings obtained of the cow, which had never before failed of coming home at sunset. And at each successive luckless return of the

husband he was fated to encounter the sharp reproof of the spouse for the faithlessness of his search after the absconding quadruped. One evening as Uncle Isaac—for thus he was familiarly called—was returning in a gloomy and desponding mood from a fruitless search, in passing the house of young Stone, the latter accosted him as follows:—

“Why, Uncle Isaac, have n’t you found old brindle yet?”

“No, I guess not,” replied Uncle Isaac. “I’ve bin a hunting all day, and haive walked afoot clean from here down to Poguonnuck, and then up to the Turkey Hills and back ag’in, and hain’t hearn nothing on the plaguy varmint.”

“Have you been up the river to Farmington, and over the mountain to West Hartford, Uncle Isaac?”

“Why, I calculate I haive. I went eenymost round the mountain on Thursday, and I reckon she’s bin stole. It’s a desput loss to a poor man like me, though if I was as rich as your daddy, I should n’t think nothing on’t, for’t I know. The old woman will take on so when she sees me to-night without the cow, for the children has bin crying their eyes out for milk ever sin’ Sabba’ day.”

Young Stone was a compassionate lad; and the reference of Uncle Isaac to the wants of his children instantly enlisted his sympathies in their behalf. Accordingly, as Uncle Isaac was departing from the gate, the boy caught his sleeve quickly, as though a thought had suddenly struck him, and said: “I say, Uncle Isaac, I’ll cast a figure to-night, and tell you where old brindle has been hiding herself, if you will come along this way in the morning.”

Uncle Isaac knew little of what was meant by “casting a figure,” yet he said he “should be terrible glad if he could find out where the darned critter was, for he’d be blamed if he had n’t tramped about until his shoes looked an awful sight worse, than those of them ’ere sinful Gibeonites, when they played such a cute trick upon Jin’ral

Joshua.” This was an unwonted attempt at pleantry on the part of Uncle Isaac, and he thereupon got himself to his own house.

It was remarked the next morning by the family, when young Stone came down to prayers, that his countenance was exceedingly pale; and he appeared like one who had been deprived of his sleep. His manner was disturbed and restless, and his mother, with much solicitude, made divers inquiries respecting his health, which he satisfied as best he could.

Shortly after breakfast Uncle Isaac appeared trudging up the road, and was met by the young seer with, “I’m afraid I have done something wrong, but I can tell you where old brindle is; that is, if I have worked it—I mean if I have guessed right.”

“You hain’t seen her, I conclude, have you?” replied Crowfoot, his features lighting up with joy.

“No,” replied the youth; “but if I can guess right, old brindle is seven miles off, about in the middle of the oak plains yonder. She has caught her horns in the bushes, close to the ledge of rocks on the west side of the round hill, and can’t get away; and what’s more, she is nearly starved.”

“Like enough,” said Uncle Isaac; “but I guess you’re a’most a witch to find all that out, if somebody hain’t tell’d ye on’t. I shall be awful glad an’ no mistake to find her ag’in. I’ll go straight off. Let’s see, the road up toward Newgate ’ll be the nighest, I reckon. I was plaguy ’feared that some of them ’ere fellows, jest out of the mines there, had stole her. The Guvner pardons tew many of them consarned rascals.”

“Now don’t be too certain,” responded the youth, as Uncle Isaac moved forward with renewed energy and confidence; “it’s guess-work, after all, and I shall be glad if it don’t come to pass,” he added, in an undertone; “I’d rather give him pa’s best cow than—but never mind; I don’t believe a word of it myself.”

Old Isaac, however, nothing doubt-

ing, pursued his way, and penetrated the thick underbrush of shrub-oaks, until he reached the place that had been indicated by the lad.

Sure enough crummie was there, entangled by the horns, and in the sorry, half-starved condition which the boy had foretold!

The youthful diviner awaited the return of Isaac with more anxiety than he had ever before felt; and a shuddering sensation crept over him when, toward evening, he saw the old brindled favorite, in an emaciated and pitiful plight, wending her way slowly homeward, followed by Crowfoot in person. Joining the poor man as quickly as possible, Stone learned all the circumstances of the finding, and at the end of their conference implored Uncle Isaac to say nothing about the matter, protesting that it was all guess-work, a mere accident, as he felt confident in his own mind it must be. But if the good man could have kept the secret, his spouse could do no such thing; and the incident was consequently noised abroad, greatly to the annoyance of the lad, and without being diminished by repetition, until shortly reports of no slight magnitude and equivocal complexion found their way to his parents.

The investigation that grew out of this incident brought to light his midnight vigils, in which the parents readily discovered the cause of their son's ill health; for by this time his constitution, never vigorous, had begun apparently to yield. His cheeks had become unusually pale, and his flesh seemed to be wasting by degrees away. Indeed, the lad admitted that, whether it was the want of sleep or that "virtue had gone out of him," he never passed a night in "casting a figure," without experiencing a prostration and loss of nervous force,—the same loss of vital force, undoubtedly, that modern trance-mediums feel after one of their *séances*. Accordingly, he was requested by his parents to discontinue his astrological studies; while, at the same time, in the hope that a change of air would be beneficial, he was sent to the

parish of Applebury, a beautiful country town on the Long Island coast, where he was to continue his classical studies under the direction of the late reverend and venerable Dr. Elliott, a clergyman distinguished alike for his scholarly attainments and his piety.

But the story of Isaac Crowfoot, and the singular finding of his truant cow, followed the lad to Applebury; and before he had reached his sixteenth year he had occasion to make additional trials of his skill, his extreme reluctance to do which was overcome only by the most persevering entreaties.

It happened that in the regular course of his business as a West India trader, Captain David Hoyt, an old friend and relative of the father of the writer, purchased a cargo of mules,—an animal formerly of extensive exportation from Connecticut to those islands,—and sailed, in a vessel of his own, bound to St. Domingo. A stepson of Captain Hoyt, of about the age of young Stone, accompanied him. He was the only son of his mother, and greatly beloved; and was, until his death a few years since, a respectable farmer in Applebury. The vessel was a long time absent, and no intelligence from her was received. A brig which sailed from Applebury in company with Captain Hoyt had made a prosperous voyage and returned; but no tidings of the other were brought back, nor had she arrived out at the time the brig sailed on her return. His friends, consequently, became exceedingly anxious respecting his fate; and the wife of the absent captain, greatly alarmed for the safety both of her husband and son, having heard the gossip touching the wonderful finding of the long-lost brindle cow, came to our young hero, beseeching him to inform her of the fate of the absent schooner and those on board. There was no affection in the youth, and he was really and truly reluctant to renew the experiment. But after much persuasion he consented to gratify the feelings of an anxious wife and mother as far as

lay in his power, although he admonished the good woman against reposing any confidence in his reputed skill. In sober honesty he had no confidence in it himself; for, in respect to the previous affair, he regarded it only in the light of one of those coincidences frequently occurring in the course of human events, but which are not exactly susceptible of explanation upon any known principles of mental philosophy.

Contrary, however, to his expectations and even to his own wishes, during a night of laborious application, the results of his figures enabled him to return a full answer on the following morning, the correctness of which would be tested in a few days. This answer was, that the absent schooner, after having parted company with the before-mentioned brig, had been for a long time becalmed. The captain and all hands were all well; but their provisions had become short, their provender and water exhausted, and the greater part of the mules had died of starvation. The vessel, according to the "figure," would to a certainty put back in distress, and arrive within Sandy Hook on the following Tuesday, after having, on the preceding day, thrown the last of the mules overboard, and would reach Applebury the next Thursday. It proved to be even so. On the Thursday following the prediction Captain Hoyt and his step-son arrived in Applebury from New York; and in relating the events of the disastrous voyage confirmed all that young Stone had divined, to the minutest particular, even to the hour at which they ran past the Sandy Hook lighthouse and entered the harbor of New York.

The fulfilment of the prediction, if such it might be called, was yet a matter of greater surprise to the young astrologer than in the former instance. He was conscious of having intentionally done or attempted nothing wrong on either occasion; but the success which had attended his calculations was a subject utterly inexplicable even to himself, and he was half induced to

believe that there must have been an evil superintending agency in the premises. He shuddered at the idea; for although not at that time a communing member of the Church, his mind was deeply imbued with religious feelings. From his earliest infancy, his young thoughts had been directed heavenward; the habits, and all the regulations of his father's household, were religious; the observance of all the outward forms of devotion were strict and unremitted on the part of the father; while all its sweetest and most attractive influences were beautifully illustrated in the quiet and unobtrusive, yet active examples of the mother. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him of the groundlessness of his apprehensions. In the exercise of his supposed power of divination, he had only followed rules laid down in printed books of, as he insisted on believing, *pretended* magic. Those books directed the construction of questions germane to the matter in hand, and then, by going through certain arithmetical problems in connection with the position of the heavenly bodies, the answer was to be read in the result, by affirmatives and negatives. His "art," as it seemed to him, had this extent and no more. In his juvenile days, he had looked into the books with curiosity; now, in the greater maturity of his youth, he had tried his skill as an interesting experiment only; and, as he supposed, any other person who would assume the labor, could play the magician in the same way. The fulfilment of his predictions he yet attributed to coincidences only; and, in any event, he was quite certain, for in this he could not be mistaken, that he had invoked the aid of no evil genius; and he had no reason to suppose that messengers of that character ever went abroad upon such errands uninvited or unbidden. He therefore allowed his mind to go to rest upon the subject, mentally resolving to avoid in future even the appearance of evil, and to essay no more experiments of the kind.

But the tears and importunities of women who can withstand? Hearts of sterner stuff than was that of our youthful hero, and of more experience, have often been subdued by such appeals; and that he should have been induced to swerve from his determination can therefore be no matter of surprise. In temporarily changing his residence from the valley of the Tunnix for the shades of Applebury, he had vainly imagined that the little unwelcome notoriety of his first achievement would have been left behind. But, mistaken in that supposition, he had, in consequence of his first experiment, been forced into a second, the fame of which was widely bruited about, to his still greater annoyance; and he was soon involved in a third trial, the result of which was still more astounding.

General Carlos Wilcox, a respectable merchant residing in a neighboring town, and a man of no inconsiderable importance in that community, had fitted out and freighted for the West India market a ship with a cargo of unusual value. The supercargo had instructions, in certain contingencies, to attempt sundry speculations, by trading from island to island over the wide American archipelago. In the lading of this vessel the owner had incurred heavy responsibilities, which her return from a prosperous voyage would alone enable him to discharge. But, although he had received early information of his ship's safe arrival, and of her departure from the first port of destination, yet for a long period there was no further intelligence from her. As time passed on, demands for heavy payments came upon him which he was unable to meet; and he was consequently obliged to entreat for delay. Still, there were no tidings from the ship, and his situation was daily becoming more critical, while his mind was full of embarrassment and perplexity.

While matters were in this situation, the merchant, almost driven to distraction by the difficulties accumulating in his path, was persuaded, against his

better judgment, to seek the assistance of the young student of Dr. Elliott at Applebury, now universally considered the smartest young man of those parts. It was believed he could solve almost any mystery, short of the origin of evil, and discover every hidden thing, excepting Kidd's money. Indeed, the latter was hardly an exception, since some of the knowing ones had begun to think of obtaining his assistance in searching for those numerous pots of treasure which the great freebooter was supposed to have imbedded in the island coves and along the indented coasts of the Sound. To the application of General Wilcox himself, however, the young student respectfully but firmly refused his assent, laboring *earnestly* to convince him that he had no particular skill of the description which a good-natured, though gossiping world had attributed to him, assuring him that the facts cited to disprove this avowal were merely circumstances of time and chance which happen to all.

The wife of the merchant, however, was not to be put off in this manner. The affairs of her husband were approaching a crisis, and the return of the ship could only save him from ruin. Should the vessel be already lost, they might as well yield at once to the importunities of their creditors, who were becoming more clamorous with every hour's delay; each being eager, in the event of bankruptcy, to be foremost in seizing upon the property of the insolvent. The lady, therefore, rode over to Applebury, and renewed the application with so much energy and such persuasive eloquence, as to wring a reluctant consent from the young astrologer that he would make another attempt to read what, if not exactly the future, was at least the unknown.

Accordingly, during the ensuing night, it being starlight, he resorted to his slate and his rules as before; and after laboring through a great number of "figures," the results enabled him to frame a history of the voyage, which promised golden returns to the harassed

owner. Punctual to her engagement, and eager for an answer, which she had the fullest belief would end her suspense, however painful might be their destiny, the lady returned to Applebury on the following morning. Our hero thereupon very reluctantly informed her of the result of his midnight vigil, but cautioned her at the same time not to place the least reliance upon the prediction. "Your ship," said he, "according to my poor figures, is perfectly safe, and now on her homeward voyage. She touched at several places among the West India Islands," (specifying their names), "prospered in all her speculations and in the exchange of her commodities. She there ran down upon the coast of the Spanish Main, and has been successfully engaged in trade, and is now returning with twenty-two thousand dollars in doubloons, besides other merchandise of great value. On Tuesday next, at two o'clock past meridian, the Killingworth will enter the harbor, whose name she bears, in safety. But the supercargo is dead of the yellow-fever, and two men will return fatally sick of the same disease." With this reply, which she believed would be fulfilled to the letter, the lady returned with feelings mingled with melancholy and gladness. The supercargo was a young man of enterprise and high promise, and her kinsman. But the fortunes of her husband would be restored.

The period intervening between the prediction and the time assigned for its fulfilment was one of intense anxiety, not only to the distressed and doubting merchant and his wife, but to young Stone. If the fortunes of the former hung upon the fate of the ship, the feelings of the latter were deeply interested in the result of this third and most important experiment; for he now felt a strong presentiment that his calculations would be realized; he began to doubt whether he had not been engaged in matters of unlawful and fearful import; and he reproached himself that feelings of shame and diffidence

had prevented him from taking counsel of his friend and guide, Dr. Elliott.

The day — for time under such circumstances of uncertainty and anxiety seems to fly with leaden wings — appeared long in coming; but it arrived at length, and was truly one of bright and sunny promise. The merchant was early at an upper window with his glass intently examining every sail that whitened the placid bosom of the Sound, and eagerly watching every additional vessel that could be descried heaving in sight. Soon after twelve o'clock at noon his heart bounded high as he perceived the well-known signal of his own proud ship, which was borne easily onward by a gentle breeze, until at length, exactly at the hour foretold, she entered the harbor, discharged a gun, and ran alongside of the wharf. The remaining part of the calculation, even to the minutest detail, was true to the letter. The whole voyage had been prosecuted as already described; the exact sum of specie was received; two of the seamen were ill of the yellow-fever, beyond hope of recovery; and the supercargo was no more, — the waters his winding-sheet, the ocean his grave!

The untoward aspect of the merchant's fortunes was, of course immediately changed, and the "decencies of grief" having been observed, joy once more beamed from the countenances which for weeks had been shaded by the gloom of despondency and anticipated ruin. Not so, however, with the young astrologer. On hearing the intelligence in the gray of the evening, he was astounded by the accurate verification of his calculations and greatly agitated at what he had done. On the two former occasions, as we have seen, he had attributed his success to fortuitous coincidences. But with this third, more complicated, and momentous trial, the results amazed him. From this moment it became his settled conviction that some evil agency had been exerted in those efforts which he had been persuading himself were very innocent calculations, though with-

al not a little interesting. The result was that he at once burned up his works on necromancy, and registered a solemn vow (ever afterward sacredly kept) never more to engage in such questionable experiments.

We attempt no explanation of the foregoing. The facts have been presented nakedly, and with no attempt at color. But, in view of them, it would seem as though the marvellous stories, which come down to us from the olden time, of the fulfilment of predictions made by the astrologers of the Middle Ages, — and, further back, the Chaldean soothsayers of the Babylonian Empire, — contained at least a few grains of truth. Of this nature was the prophecy

(which is well authenticated) made by the astrologer to Nell Gwynn in her days of mendicancy, that she should at a future day be possessed of wealth and be influential with a powerful monarch; not to mention the also well-authenticated predictions and fulfilments of the celebrated Dr. Dee, whose portraiture has been so vividly drawn by the great wizard novelist of Scotland. The Chaldean soothsayers could never have maintained their ascendancy for so long a period, had it not been that many of their predictions were fulfilled; some of which were so remarkable as to make it hard to explain them, on the ground of a superior knowledge of the sciences.

William L. Stone.

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS BOOK.

IT is now eighty years since the death of Dr. Franklin, and during this time his Autobiography has been more extensively read in this country than any other historical work. It was, perhaps, the earliest American book that acquired and sustained a great popularity. Other books may have had a greater local or temporary success, but to this one alone belonged a general and permanent reputation. There have been written many Lives of Washington, but none of them is to be compared in style and interest with the charming production of the great philosopher. Its history as a book has been so eventful, that it may be of sufficient interest to give some of its bibliographical details. The narrative was written at different times and places, and Franklin himself has given the circumstances under which he prepared it.

The first part, coming down to his marriage, in 1730, was written at Twyford, England, in 1771, while he was visiting the family of Dr. Jonathan Shepley, the Bishop of St. Asaph, with

whom he was on terms of close intimacy and friendship. Franklin, as it might be expected from his inquiring mind, took a deep interest in the genealogy of his family, and while in England made a journey with his son for the purpose of finding out the history of his ancestors. The result of this trip is given in this portion of the memoirs of his life. The room in which it was written was afterwards known as "Dr. Franklin's room." The sketch was begun for the gratification of his own family, and intended for them alone, but afterwards it took a wider scope, and was evidently meant for publication. It was not until 1784 that he resumed work upon it, and in the mean time it had been shown to some of his friends. Three of them in particular — Benjamin Vaughn, Abel James, and M. Le Veillard — made strong appeals to him to go on with it. Mr. Vaughn's letter urging him to do so is dated January 31, 1783, and had considerable influence on his taking up again the story of his life, which he did the next year.

The second part of his memoirs, written while he was living at Passy, near Paris, is short, and made up mainly of his ideas on the philosophy of life, rather than the recital of events.*

The third part was begun in August, 1788, while Franklin was at home in Philadelphia, and is brought down to 1757. This portion ends the Autobiography, as it is always printed, except in the edition of the Hon. John Bigelow, which we shall have occasion to notice before the close of this article. Franklin writes to Mr. Vaughn: "To shorten the work, as well as for other reasons, I omit all facts and transactions that may not have a tendency to benefit the young reader, by showing him, from my example, and my success in emerging from poverty and acquiring some degree of wealth, power, and reputation, the advantages of certain modes of conduct which I observed, and of avoiding the errors which were prejudicial to me."

At the end of Mr. Bigelow's edition is a fourth part, consisting of a few pages, written in 1789, and not to be found elsewhere in English. These are rather of a political character, and bring the memoirs down a year later, when they close. It was Franklin's intention, as may be inferred from his letters, to continue them further, and perhaps to the end of his life; but during his last few years he suffered acutely, and much of the time was hardly in a condition to write for recreation or pleasure, to say nothing of his preoccupation with the public duties which pressed heavily upon him.

Immediately after Dr. Franklin's death, in 1790, the first portion of the memoirs was published in French, at Paris. It is a singular fact that this work, which was destined to have so

great a popularity, should first see the light in a foreign land and in a foreign tongue. It has never been satisfactorily explained how or why this was so. It is not even certainly known who made the translation from the English into the French. It has been suggested that the translation might have been made from the copy which Franklin promised Mr. Vaughn, in a letter dated June 3, 1789. He there states that his grandson is copying the memoir for his old friend. If this copy was sent, as is probable, although its existence is now unknown, it should have contained the whole memoirs, and the French version would have been full and complete. It has been said that M. Le Veillard was the translator, but he distinctly denies the statement, and furthermore declares that he is utterly ignorant of the manner in which the translator procured the copy. It is known that M. Le Veillard's copy contained the whole Autobiography, which makes it almost certain by circumstantial evidence that this was not the one from which the translation was made. According to the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale* (Paris, 1858), it was translated by Dr. Jaques Gibelin, who is spoken of in this dictionary as "a physician, naturalist, and French translator." He was an experienced translator of English, and moreover it is said that he had had the original manuscript in his possession. If this be true, it is very probable that he was the person who made it, and he may have used a copy which was obtained surreptitiously, although we have no knowledge of such a one. At any rate, a copy might easily have been made at any time between 1771, when the first part was written, and 1784, when the second part was begun, for we know that the manuscript had been shown to different persons, and some of Franklin's friends had read it. The translator, whoever he was, states in the Preface that he had a copy of the original manuscript in his possession, though he should not give the details — of no importance to

* When Franklin began the second part at Passy, he says that he did not have with him what had already been written. It might have been left at his home in Philadelphia after his return from England in 1775. This supposition seems plausible, for he would not have mentioned the fact if the manuscript had been lent temporarily to some friend or neighbor at Passy.

his readers — how it came into his hands. This statement would rather imply either a slight irregularity in the manner of his obtaining it, which he did not wish to make known, or a complication of circumstances which it might not be easy to explain to his readers. He furthermore states that the portion in his possession only comprises the first part of Franklin's life, and this is all that was printed. The supposition seems fair that he made a copy, probably unknown to Franklin or perhaps forgotten by him. A note is added to the Preface of this French edition, requesting those who would like to read the Life of Franklin in English to send their names to the publisher, and that it would be put to press as soon as four hundred subscribers should be obtained. It is probable that this number was never secured, as the edition was never printed.

In 1793, two years after its publication in Paris, two separate and distinct translations of it were published in London, — the one by the Messrs. Robinson, and the other by Mr. J. Parsons. It seems a little strange that this should have been so, particularly as they appeared from the press about the same time. Perhaps a rivalry between two publishing firms, as sometimes happens in our days, was at the bottom of it. Probably the Robinsons' edition appeared first. Both were noticed in the Monthly Review for 1794 (Vol. XIII. p. 304). We are unable to give the names of the translators. The Robinsons' edition was edited with more care and is a better translation than the other. There is some slight reason for supposing that the editor had access to the original manuscript, possibly the one lent to Mr. Vaughn; though if this were so, it would be difficult to explain why he did not print the original draft, and the whole of it. Possibly the owner would not allow it. For instance, in the French version Franklin states that he sailed from Gravesend on the — day of July, 1726, and arrived in Philadelphia on the —

day of October following. These blanks are correctly filled up in the edition of the Robinsons, with dates that agree with those in the original manuscript, while in Parsons's edition they are left unfilled. From this it would seem not improbable that the translator of the former had seen an original copy.

A few slight inaccuracies are also corrected, such as Sooper's Creek for Cooper's Creek, near Philadelphia, where Franklin passed a night with his companions on his first visit to the city. The translator of Parsons's edition speaks of a "school of natation," which is an expression that an Anglo-Saxon would hardly use. He also makes a singular blunder in calling one of the ballads that Franklin wrote in his boyhood the "Tragedy of Pharaoh." None would recognize under this title the little song which was known as "The Lighthouse Tragedy." The explanation of this droll mistake is found in the fact that the word for "lighthouse" used in the French copy was *Phare*.

The Robinsons' edition has been republished many times in this country and in England, and was the only one in either country, till Franklin's grandson, William Temple Franklin, published his grandfather's Works in London, in 1818. Even since then it has passed through many editions, though it was in a great measure superseded by that work, which had the apparent stamp of authority, and was considered the genuine Autobiography. It is, in fact, an English translation from a French translation of the original English. It has never to our knowledge fallen to the lot of any book to pass through such a series of changes as happened to this, and yet with the drawback of these changes, it has been as charming as a novel to readers of all ages. Besides its fascination, it is full of that sound sense and practical wisdom which were so characteristic of its author.

Mr. Bigelow has fallen into a singular mistake, when he says that the Parsons edition is the one that has been republished, "not only in Europe,

but in America, under the impression that it is both genuine and complete"; on the contrary, it is the only one that has never been reprinted in either country.

After the death of Franklin, his papers and manuscripts, including the original text of the memoirs, came into the possession of William Temple Franklin, then in Philadelphia, who began to arrange them and to prepare for their publication. To this end he wrote to M. Le Veillard, a few weeks afterwards, announcing the fact and requesting him to allow nobody to see the copy then in his hands, unless it should be the person who was to give the eulogy before the French Academy. A few months later he went to London, and there kept up a correspondence with M. Le Veillard in regard to the preparation and publication of the memoirs. He was evidently apprehensive that an English edition would be published, as a French one and two English translations had already been, which would materially hurt the sale of the one on which he was engaged. From these letters to M. Le Veillard, it appears that there resulted a slight misunderstanding between them, which brought the correspondence to an end.

The preparation of the work which Franklin's grandson put forth in 1818 attracted the attention of the literary world, and when it finally appeared it was received with great favor. It is destined, however, to yield to Mr. Bigelow's edition, which gives the *ipsissima verba* of Franklin.

The history of the manuscript is full of interest, and can be traced very closely. It seems that a copy of the memoirs was made in 1789, for M. Le Veillard, by Benjamin Franklin Bache, a grandson of Franklin, at that time a young man of twenty years of age. The copy was made partly at the instigation of M. Le Veillard, and was of course highly prized by him. It remained in his family—for he lost his life on the scaffold during the Revolution, in 1794—during some years,

when it was exchanged with William Temple Franklin, at his request, for the original manuscript, as he thought it would make a cleaner copy for the printer. In this way the autograph passed from the grandson's possession into the hands of a daughter of M. Le Veillard, and after her death, in 1834, it came into the possession of her cousin, M. de Senarmont, "whose grandson delivered it, on the 26th January, 1867, to Mr. John Bigelow, late Minister of the United States at Paris." It will now be understood how the copy made by Benjamin Franklin Bache passed back into the Franklin family, and furnished the draft for the printers of the first authorized edition. On a careful collation with this *editio princeps*, Mr. Bigelow finds that there are more than twelve hundred variations from the autograph text. Some of these, it is true, are slight and unimportant, but others are very material ones. It is possible that Franklin may have suggested some of them himself, while supervising the copy made by his young grandson, but the probability is that they were prompted wholly or for the main part by the taste of William Temple Franklin. The language of the original consists of stronger expressions than the corrected copy, and in the greater use of colloquial terms. The statement of facts is also fuller,—entire phrases being sometimes left out of the copy, which might happen from the want of care in making it. But it is fair to put the burden of these changes on the shoulders of the editor of the work.

It is a fortunate circumstance for American literature that this valuable manuscript should have fallen into the hands of one who fully appreciated its value and importance, as Mr. Bigelow did. In 1868, the year after it was obtained, Mr. Bigelow published it, and this is the first and the only edition that has the stamp of authority. If one wishes to read the Autobiography of the philosopher in his own words, he must read this one. Mr. Bigelow has done his part of the work

with care and discrimination, and has added some notes which throw light on the text, besides giving an interesting account of its eventful history. He has sometimes slipped into inaccurate statements, and in one place makes a suggestion which the context does not justify. On Franklin's first visit to London, whither he had gone on the representations of Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, he had expected to take some letters of recommendation and a letter of credit for buying a press and types, but had been disappointed in receiving them either from the Governor in person or from his secretary. He was told that they should be put into the bag of letters that was to go on board of the ship. After reaching the English Channel, he got leave from the captain to search the bag for the desired documents, but without the expected result. He says: "I found *none* upon which my name was put as under my care. I picked out six or seven, that, by the handwriting, I thought might be the promised letters, especially as one of them was directed to Basket, the king's printer, and another to some stationer." In the first line of this quotation, Mr. Bigelow suggests that *some* was evidently intended instead of *none*, though there appears, as it seems to us, no reason for making the suggestion. Franklin undoubtedly meant what he wrote, and the sense is as complete as it would be with *some*. Moreover, the French edition of 1791 has given it as *none*: "Je n'en trouvai aucune sur laquelle mon nom fût écrit."

It is a curious fact in bibliographical history, that these memoirs should have been printed in English four different times, in four different texts, each one differing from the other in almost every line, thus making great and decided changes throughout the book. We give below the first two sentences of the Autobiography, as they appear in each of the four, though these are hardly fair specimens of the variations to be seen throughout the volumes, the differences often being greater: —

"My dear son, I have amused myself with some little anecdotes of my family. You may remember the inquiries I made, when you were with me in England, among such of my relatives as were then living; and the journey I undertook for that purpose." — *Robinsons' edition*, 1793.

"My dear son, I have lately amused myself with collecting some little anecdotes concerning our family. You must remember the inquiries that I made among such of my relations as remained alive, when you were with me in England, as well as the journey I undertook for that purpose." — *Parsons's edition*, 1793.

"Dear son, I have ever had a pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. You may remember the inquiries I made among the remains of my relations, when you were with me in England, and the journey I undertook for that purpose." — *Wm. T. Franklin's edition*, 1818.

"Dear son, I have ever had pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. You may remember the inquiries I made among the remains of my relations when you were with me in England, and the journey I undertook for that purpose." — *Mr. Bigelow's edition*, 1868.

It is also a curious fact in the history of this book, that there are no less than five editions in French, all distinct and different translations. The first one which has been spoken of appeared in 1791. This brought Franklin's life down to 1730, being that portion of the Autobiography which was written in 1771. The next edition was the one translated by Castéra, and published in 1798, with other papers of Franklin in two volumes. At the end of the second volume is given most of the second portion of the Autobiography. It seems singular that this was never printed in English until 1818. It was copied at Philadelphia from the manuscript which had been lent to Citizen Delessert. Perhaps the first portion of the Autobiography, about which there is so much

obscurity, was copied in the same way after it had been lent to some friend. The Robinsons' edition was evidently used in the translation. The third edition in French, published anonymously, was taken from the London edition of 1818, and appeared in the same year. This is attributed to Mr. Charles Malo. The fourth edition was that of M. Renouard, and was published in 1828. The translator had access to the original manuscript, then in the possession of the Le Veillard family, as he gives what we have called the fourth portion of the Autobiography, which appears in English only in Mr. Bigelow's edition. The fifth and last is the version of M. Laboulaye, which appeared in 1866, and followed

Mr. Sparks's edition. These five editions were all published in Paris.

M. Laboulaye speaks of still another that was printed in Paris in 1841, which was "a new translation from the last edition published in New York." We have never seen this edition.

Those who have not read the Autobiography since their childhood we should advise to read it anew. It will be found to have charms that few books possess, besides giving an insight into those causes that had so much influence in shaping Franklin's character and showing the motives that guided him through life. The book has passed through many editions among all civilized nations, and the demand for it still continues.

Samuel A. Green.

CASTILIAN DAYS.

II.

SPANISH LIVING AND DYING.

NOWHERE is the sentiment of home stronger than in Spain. Strangers, whose ideas of the Spanish character have been gained from romance and comedy, are apt to note with some surprise the strength and prevalence of the domestic affections. But a moment's reflection shows us that nothing is more natural. It is the result of all their history. The old Celtic population had scarcely any religion but that of the family. The Goths brought in the pure Teutonic regard for woman and marriage. The Moors were distinguished by the patriarchal structure of their society. The Spaniards have thus learned the lesson of home in the school of history and tradition. The intense feeling of individuality, which so strongly marks the Spanish character, and which in the political world is so fatal an element of strife and obstruction, favors this peculiar domesticity. The Castilian is sub-

missive to his king and his priest, haughty and inflexible with his equals. But his own house is a refuge from the contests of out of doors. The reflex of absolute authority is here observed, it is true. The Spanish father is absolute king and lord by his own hearthstone, but his sway is so mild and so readily acquiesced in that it is hardly felt. The evils of tyranny are rarely seen but by him who resists it, and the Spanish family seldom calls for the harsh exercise of parental authority.

This is the rule. I do not mean to say there are no exceptions. The pride and jealousy inherent in the race make family quarrels, when they do arise, the bitterest and the fiercest in the world. In every grade of life these vindictive feuds among kindred are seen from time to time. Twice at least the steps of the throne have been splashed with royal blood shed by a princely hand. Duels between noble

cousins and stabbing affrays between peasant brothers alike attest the unbending sense of personal dignity that still infects this people.

A light word between husbands and wives sometimes goes unexplained, and the rift between them widens through life. I know some houses, where the wife enters at one door and the husband at another; where if they meet on the stairs, they do not salute each other. Under the same roof they have lived for years and have not spoken. One word would heal all discord, and that word will never be spoken by either. They cannot be divorced, — the Church is inexorable. They will not incur the scandal of a public separation. So they pass lives of lonely isolation in adjoining apartments, both thinking rather better of each other and of themselves for this devilish persistence.

An infraction of parental discipline is never forgiven. I knew a general whose daughter fell in love with his adjutant, a clever and amiable young officer. He had positively no objection to the suitor, but was surprised that there should be any love-making in his house, without his previous suggestion. He refused his consent, and the young people were married without it. The father and son-in-law went off on a campaign, fought and were wounded in the same battle. The general was asked to recommend his son-in-law for promotion. "I have no son-in-law!" "I mean your daughter's husband." "I have no daughter." "I refer to Lieutenant Don Fulano de Tal. He is a good officer. He distinguished himself greatly in the recent affair." "Ah! otra cosa!" said the grim father-in-law. His hate could not overcome his sense of justice. The youth got his promotion, but his general will not recognize him at the Club.

It is in the middle and lower classes that the most perfect pictures of the true Spanish family are to be found. The aristocracy is more or less infected with the contagion of Continental manners and morals. You will find there

the usual proportion of wives who despise their husbands, and men who neglect their wives, and children who do not honor their parents. The smartness of American "pickles" has even made its appearance among the little countesses of Madrid. A lady was eating an ice one day, hungrily watched by the wide eyes of the infant heiress of the house. As the latter saw the last hope vanishing before the destroying spoon, she cried out, "Thou eatest all and givest me none, — *maldita sea tu alma!*" (accursed be thy soul.) This dreadful imprecation was greeted with roars of laughter from admiring friends, and the profane little innocent was smothered in kisses and cream.

Passing at noon by any of the squares or shady places of Madrid, you will see dozens of laboring people at their meals. They sit on the ground, around the steaming and savory *cocido* that forms the peasant Spaniard's unvaried dinner. The foundation is of *garbanzos*, the large chick pea of the country, brought originally to Europe by the Carthaginians, — the Roman *cicer*, which gave its name to the greatest of the Latin orators. All other available vegetables are thrown in; on days of high gala a piece of meat is added, and some forehanded housewives attain the climax of luxury by flavoring the compound with a link of sausage. The mother brings the dinner and her tawny brood of nestlings. A shady spot is selected for the feast. The father dips his wooden spoon first into the vapory bowl, and mother and babes follow with grave decorum. Idle loungers passing these patriarchal groups, on their way to a vapid French breakfast at a restaurant, catch the fragrance of the *olla* and the chatter of the family, and envy the dinner of herbs with love.

There is no people so frugal. We often wonder how a Washington clerk can live on twelve hundred dollars, but this would be luxury in expensive Madrid. It is one of the dearest capitals in Europe. Foreigners are never weary decrying its high prices for

poor fare; but Castilians live in good houses, dress well, receive their intimate friends, and hold their own with the best in the promenade, upon incomes that would seem penury to any country parson in America. There are few of the nobility who retain the great fortunes of former days. You can almost tell on your fingers the tale of the grandees in Madrid who can live without counting the cost. The army and navy are crowded with general officers whose political services have obliged their promotion. The state is too much impoverished to pay liberal salaries, and yet the rank of these officers requires the maintenance of a certain social position. Few of them are men of fortune. The result is that necessity has taught them to live well upon little. I knew widows who went everywhere in society, whose daughters were always charmingly dressed, who lived in a decent quarter of the town, and who had no resources whatever but their husband's pension.

The best proof the capacity of Spaniards to spread a little gold over as much space as a gold-beater could, is the enormous competition for public employment. Half the young men in Spain are candidates for places under government ranging from \$250 to \$1,000. Places of \$1,500 to \$2,000 are considered objects of legitimate ambition even to deputies and leading politicians. Expressed in reals these sums have a large and satisfying sound. Fifty dollars seems little enough for a month's work, but a thousand reals has the look of a most respectable salary. In Portugal, however, you can have all the delightful sensations of prodigality at a contemptible cost. You can pay, without serious damage to your purse, five thousand reis for your breakfast.

It is the smallness of incomes and the necessity of looking sharply to the means of life that makes the young people of Madrid so prudent in their love-affairs. I know of no place where ugly heiresses are such belles, and where young men with handsome incomes are so universally esteemed by all who

know them. The stars on the sleeves of young officers are more regarded than their dancing, and the red belt of a field officer is as winning in the eyes of beauty as a cestus of Venus. A subaltern offered his hand and heart to a black-eyed girl of Castile. She said kindly but firmly that the night was too cloudy. "What," said the stupefied lover, "the sky is full of stars." "I see but one," said the prudent beauty, her fine eyes resting pensively upon his cuff, where one lone luminary indicated his rank.

This spirit is really one of forethought, and not avarice. People who have enough for two almost always marry from inclination, and frequently take partners for life without a penny.

If men were never henpecked except by learned wives, Spain would be the place of all others for timid men to marry in. The girls are bright, vivacious, and naturally very clever, but they have scarcely any education whatever. They never know the difference between *b* and *v*. They throw themselves in orthography entirely upon your benevolence. They know a little music and a little French, but they have never crossed, even in a school-day excursion, the border line of the ologies. They do not even read novels. They are regarded as injurious, and cannot be trusted to the daughters until mamma has read them. Mamma never has time to read them, and so they are condemned by default. Fernan Caballero, in one of her sleepy little romances, refers to this illiterate character of the Spanish ladies, and says it is their chief charm,—that a Christian woman, in good society, ought not to know anything beyond her cookery-book and her missal. There is an old proverb which coarsely conveys this idea: A mule that whinnies and a woman that talks Latin never come to any good. There is a contented acquiescence in this moral servitude among the fair Spaniards which would madden our agitattresses. (See what will become of the language when male words are crowded out of the dictionary!)

It must be the innocence which springs from ignorance that induces an occasional coarseness of expression which surprises you in the conversation of those lovely young girls. They will speak with perfect freedom of the *état-civil* of a young unmarried mother. A maiden of fifteen said to me: "I must go to a party this evening *decolletée*, and I hate it. Benigno is getting old enough to marry, and he wants to see all the girls in low neck before he makes up his mind." They all swear like troopers, without a thought of profanity. Their mildest expression of surprise is *Jesus Maria!* They change their oaths with the season. At the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the favorite oath is *Maria Purissima*. This is a time of especial interest to young girls. It is a period of compulsory confession, — conscience-cleaning, as they call it. They are all very pious in their way. They attend to their religious duties with the same interest which they displayed a few years before in dressing and undressing their dolls, and will display a few years later in putting the lessons they learned with their dolls to a more practical use.

The visible concrete symbols and observances of religion have great influence with them. They are fond of making vows in tight places and faithfully observing them afterwards. In an hour's walk in the streets of Madrid you will see a dozen ladies with a leather strap buckled about their slender waists and hanging nearly to the ground. Others wear a knotted cord and tassels. These are worn as the fulfilment of vows, or penances. I am afraid they give rise to much worldly conjecture on the part of idle youth as to what amiable sins these pretty penitents can have been guilty of. It is not prudent to ask an explanation of the peculiar mercy, or remorse, which this purgatorial strap commemorates. You will probably not enlarge your stock of knowledge further than to learn that the lady in question considers you a great nuisance.

The graceful lady who, in ascending

the throne of France, has not ceased to be a thorough Spaniard, still preserves these pretty weaknesses of her youth. She vowed a chapel to her patron-saint if her first-born was a man-child, and paid it. She has hung a vestal lamp in the Church of *Nôtre Dame des Victoires*, in pursuance of a vow she keeps rigidly secret. She is a firm believer in relics also, and keeps a choice assortment on hand in the *Tuileries* for sudden emergencies. When old *Baciocchi* lay near his death, worn out by a horrible nervous disorder which would not let him sleep, the Empress told the doctors, with great mystery, that she would cure him. After a few preliminary masses, she came into his room and hung on his bedpost a little gold-embroidered sachet containing (if the evidence of holy men is to be believed) a few threads of the swaddling-clothes of John the Baptist. Her simple childlike faith wrung the last grim smile from the tortured lips of the dying courtier.

The very names of the Spanish women are a constant reminder of their worship. They are all named out of the calendar of saints and virgin martyrs. A large majority are christened Mary; but as this sacred name by much use has lost all distinctive meaning, some attribute, some especial invocation of the Virgin, is always coupled with it. The names of *Dolores*, *Mercedes*, *Milagros*, recall Our Lady of the Sorrows, of the Gifts, of the Miracles. I knew a hoydenish little gypsy who bore the tearful name of *Lagrimas*. The most appropriate name I heard for these large-eyed, soft-voiced beauties was *Peligros*, Our Lady of Dangers. Who could resist the comforting assurance of "Consuelo?" "Blessed," says my Lord Lytton, "is woman who consoles." What an image of maiden purity goes with the name of *Nieves*, the Virgin of the Snows! From a single cotillon of Castilian girls you can construct the whole history of Our Lady. Conception, Annunciation, Sorrows, Solitude, Assumption. As young ladies are never called by their family names, but

always by their baptismal appellations, you cannot pass an evening in a Spanish *tertulia* without being reminded of every stage in the life of the Immaculate Mother, from Bethlehem to Calvary and beyond.

The common use of sacred words is universal in Catholic countries, but nowhere so striking as in Spain. There is a little solemnity in the French *adieu*. But the Spaniard says *adios* instead of "good morning." No letter closes without the prayer, "God guard your Grace many years!" They say a judge announces to a murderer his sentence of death with the sacramental wish of length of days. There is something a little shocking to a Yankee mind in the label of *Lachryma Christi*; but in La Mancha they call fritters the Grace of God.

The piety of the Spanish women does not prevent them from seeing some things clearly enough with their bright eyes. One of the most bigoted women in Spain recently said: "I hesitate to let my child go to confession. The priests ask young girls such infamous questions, that my cheeks burn when I think of them, after all these years." I stood one Christmas eve in the cold midnight wind, waiting for the church doors to open for the night mass, the famous *misa del gallo*. On the steps beside me sat a decent old woman with her two daughters. At last she rose and said, "Girls, it is no use waiting any longer. The priests won't leave their housekeepers this cold night to save anybody's soul." In these two cases, taken from the two extremes of the Catholic society, there was no disrespect for the Church or for religion. Both these women believed with a blind faith. But they could not help seeing how unclean were the hands that dispensed the bread of life.

The respect shown to the priesthood as a body is marvellous, in view of the profligate lives of many. The general progress of the age has forced most of the dissolute priests into hypocrisy. But their cynical immorality is still the bane of many families. And it needs

but a glance at the vile manual of confession, called the Golden Key, the author of which is the too well known Padre Claret, Confessor to the Queen, to see the systematic moral poisoning the minds of Spanish women must undergo, who pay due attention to what is called their religious duties. If a confessor obeys the injunctions of this high ecclesiastical authority, his fair penitents will have nothing to learn from a diligent perusal of Faublas or Casanova. It would, however, be unjust to the priesthood to consider them all as corrupt as royal chaplains. It requires a combination of convent and palace life to produce these finished specimens of mitred infamy.

It is to be regretted that the Spanish women are kept in such systematic ignorance. They have a quicker and more active intelligence than the men. With a fair degree of education, much might be hoped from them in the intellectual development of the country. In society, you will at once be struck with the superiority of the women to their husbands and brothers in cleverness and appreciation. Among small tradesmen, the wife always comes to the rescue of her slow spouse, when she sees him befogged in a bargain. In the fields, you ask a peasant some question about your journey. He will hesitate, and stammer, and end with, "*Quien sabe?*" but his wife will answer with glib completeness all you want to know. I can imagine no cause for this, unless it be that the men cloud their brains all day with the fumes of tobacco, and the women do not.

The personality of the woman is not so entirely merged in that of the husband as among us. She retains her own baptismal and family name through life. If Miss Matilda Smith marries Mr. Jonathan Jones, all vestige of the former gentle being vanishes at once from the earth, and Mrs. Jonathan Jones alone remains. But in Spain she would become Mrs. Matilda Smith de Jones, and her eldest-born would be called Don Juan Jones y Smith. You ask the name of a married lady in soci-

ety, and you hear as often her own name as that of her husband.

Even among titled people, the family name seems more highly valued than the titular designation. Everybody knows Narvaez, but how few have heard of the Duke of Valencia! The Regent Serrano has a name known and honored over the world, but most people must think twice before they remember the Duke de la Torre. Juan Prim is better known than the Marquis de los Castillejos ever will be. It is perhaps due to the prodigality with which titles have been scattered in late years, that the older titles are more regarded than the new, although of inferior grade. Thus Prim calls himself almost invariably the Conde de Reus, though his grandeeship came with his investiture as Marquis.

There is something quite noticeable about this easy way of treating one's name. We are accustomed to think a man can have but one name, and can sign it but in one way. Lord Derby can no more call himself Mr. Stanley than President Grant can sign a bill as U. Simpson. Yet both these signatures would be perfectly valid according to Spanish analogy. The Marquis of Santa Marta signs himself Guzman; the Marquis of Albaida uses no signature but Orense; both of these gentlemen being Republican deputies. I have seen General Prim's name signed officially, Conde de Reus, Marques de los Castillejos, Prim, J. Prim, Juan Prim, and Jean Prim, changing the style as often as the humor strikes him.

Their forms of courtesy are, however, invariable. You can never visit a Spaniard without his informing you that you are in your own house. If, walking with him, you pass his residence, he asks you to enter your house and unfatigue yourself a moment. If you happen upon any Spaniard, of whatever class, at the hour of repast, he always offers you his dinner; if you decline, it must be with polite wishes for his digestion. With the Spaniards, no news is good news; it is therefore civil to ask a Spaniard if his lady-wife

goes on without novelty, and to express your profound gratification on being assured that she does. Their forms of hospitality are evidently Moorish, derived from the genuine open hand and open tent of the children of the desert; now nothing is left of them but grave and decorous words. In the old times, one who would have refused such offers would have been held a churl; now one who would accept them would be regarded as a boor.

There is still something primitive about the Spanish servants. A flavor of the old romances and the old comedy still hangs about them. They are chatty and confidential to a degree that appalls a stiff and formal Englishman of the upper middle class. The British servant is a chilly and statuesque image of propriety. The French is an intelligent and sympathizing friend. You can make of him what you like. But the Italian, and still more the Spaniard, is as gay as a child, and as incapable of intentional disrespect. The Castilian grandee does not regard his dignity as in danger from a moment's chat with a waiter. He has no conception of that ferocious decorum we Anglo-Saxons require from our man-servants and our maid-servants. The Spanish servant seems to regard it as part of his duty to keep your spirits gently excited while you dine by the gossip of the day. He joins also in your discussions, whether they touch lightly on the politics of the hour or plunge profoundly into the depths of philosophic research. He laughs at your wit, and swings his napkin with convulsions of mirth at your good stories. He tells you the history of his life while you are breaking your egg, and lays the story of his loves before you with your coffee. Yet he is not intrusive. He will chatter on without waiting for a reply, and when you are tired of him you can shut him off with a word. There are few Spanish servants so uninteresting but that you can find in them from time to time some sparks of that ineffable light which shines forever in Sancho and Figaro.

The traditions of subordination, which are the result of long centuries of tyranny, have prevented the development of that feeling of independence among the lower orders, which in a freer race finds its expression in ill manners and discourtesy to superiors. I know a gentleman in the West whose circumstances had forced him to become a waiter in a backwoods restaurant. He bore a deadly grudge at the profession that kept him from starving, and asserted his unconquered nobility of soul by scowling at his customers and swearing at the viands he dispensed. I remember the deep sense of wrong with which he would growl, "Two buckwheats, begawd!" You see nothing of this defiant spirit in Spanish servants. They are heartily glad to find employment, and ask no higher good-fortune than to serve acceptably. As to drawing comparisons between themselves and their masters, they never seem to think they belong to the same race. I saw a pretty grisette once stop to look at a show-window where there was a lay-figure completely covered with all manner of trusses. She gazed at it long and earnestly, evidently thinking it was some new fashion just introduced into the gay world. At last she tripped away with all the grace of her unfettered limbs, saying, "If the fine ladies have to wear all those machines, I am glad I am not made like them."

Whether it be from their more regular and active lives, or from their being unable to pay for medical attendance, the poorer classes suffer less from sickness than their betters. An ordinary Spaniard is sick but once in his life, and that once is enough, — 't will serve. The traditions of the old satires which represented the doctor and death as always hunting in couples still survive in Spain. It is taken as so entirely a matter of course that a patient must die, that the law of the land imposed a heavy fine upon physicians who did not bring a priest on their second visit. His labor of exhortation and confession was rarely wasted. There were few sufferers who

recovered from the shock of that ghastly mummery in their chambers. Medical science still labors in Spain under the ban of ostracism, imposed in the days when all research was impiety. The Inquisition clamored for the blood of Vesalius, who had committed the crime of a demonstration in anatomy. He was forced into a pilgrimage of expiation, and died on the way to Palestine. The Church has always looked with a jealous eye upon the inquirers, the innovators. Why these probes, these lancets, these multifarious drugs, when the object in view could be so much more easily obtained by the judicious application of masses and prayers?

So it has come about that the doctor is a Pariah, and miracles flourish in the Peninsula. At every considerable shrine you will see the walls covered with waxen models of feet, legs, hands, and arms cured by the miraculous interposition of the *genius loci*, and scores of little crutches attesting the marvellous hour when they became useless. Each shrine, like a mineral spring, has its own especial virtue. A Santiago medal was better than quinine for ague. St. Veronica's handkerchief is sovereign for sore eyes. A bone of St. Magin supersedes the use of mercury. A finger-nail of San Frutos cured at Segovia a case of congenital idiocy. The Virgin of Oña acted as a vermifuge on royal infantas, and her girdle at Tortosa smooths their passage into this world. In this age of unfaith relics have lost much of their power. They turn out their score or so of miracles every feast day, it is true, but are no longer capable of the *tours de force* of earlier days. Cardinal de Retz saw with his eyes a man whose wooden legs were turned to capering flesh and blood by the image of the Pillar of Saragossa. But this was in the good old times before newspapers and telegraphs had come to dispel the twilight of belief.

Now, it is excessively probable that neither doctor nor priest can do much if the patient is hit in earnest. He soon succumbs, and is laid out in his

best clothes in an improvised chapel and duly sped on his way. The custom of burying the dead in the gown and cowl of monks has greatly passed into disuse. The mortal relics are treated with growing contempt, as the superstitions of the people gradually lose their concrete character. The soul is the important matter which the Church now looks to. So the cold clay is carted off to the cemetery with small ceremony. Even the coffins of the rich are jammed away into receptacles too small for them, and hastily plastered out of sight. The poor are carried off on trestles and huddled into their nameless graves, without following or blessing. Children are buried with some regard to the old Oriental customs. The coffin is of some gay and cheerful color, pink or blue, and is carried open to the grave by four of the dead child's young companions, a fifth walking behind with the ribboned coffin-lid. I have often seen these touching little parties moving through the bustling streets, the peaceful little face asleep under the open sky, decked with the fading roses and withering lilies.

In all well-to-do families the house of death is deserted immediately after the funeral. The stricken ones retire to some other habitation, and there pass eight days in strict and inviolable seclusion. On the ninth day the great masses for the repose of the soul of the departed are said in the parish church, and all the friends of the family are expected to be present. These masses are the most important and expensive incident of the funeral. They cost from two hundred to one thousand dollars, according to the strength and fervor of the orisons employed. They are repeated several years on the anniversary of the decease, and afford a most sure and flourishing revenue to the Church. They are founded upon those feelings inseparable from every human heart, vanity and affection. Our dead friends must be as well prayed for as those of others, and who knows but that they may be in

deadly need of prayers! To shorten their fiery penance by one hour, who would not fast for a week? On these anniversaries a black-bordered advertisement appears in the newspapers, headed by the sign of the cross and the *Requiescat in Pace*, announcing that on this day twelve months Don Fulano de Tal passed from earth garnished with the holy sacraments, that all the masses this day celebrated in such and such churches will be applied to the benefit of his spirit's repose, and that all Christian friends are hereby requested to commend his soul this day unto God. These united efforts at stated times are regarded as very efficacious.

A luxury of grief, in those who can afford it, consists in shutting up the house where a death has taken place and never suffering it to be opened again. I once saw a beautiful house and wide garden thus abandoned in one of the most fashionable streets of Madrid. I inquired about it and found it was formerly the residence of the Duke of —. His wife had died there many years before, and since that day not a door nor a window had been opened. The garden gates were red and rough with rust. Grass grew tall and rank in the gravelled walks. A thick lush undergrowth had overrun the flower-beds and the lawns. The blinds were rotting over the darkened windows. Luxuriant vines clambered over all the mossy doors. The stucco was peeling from the walls in great unwholesome blotches. Wild birds sang all day in the safe solitude. There was something impressive in this spot of mould and silence, lying there so green and implacable in the very heart of a great and noisy city. The Duke lived in Paris, leading the rattling life of a man of the world. He never would sell or let that Madrid house. Perhaps in his heart also, that battered thoroughfare worn by the patterning boots of *Maillage* and the Bois, and the *Quartier Bréda*, there was a green spot sacred to memory and silence, where no footfall should ever

light, where no living voice should ever be heard, shut out from the world and its cares and its pleasures, where through the gloom of dead days he could catch a glimpse of a white hand, a flash of a dark eye, the rustle of a

trailing robe, and feel sweeping over him the old magic of love's young dream, softening his fancy to tender regret and his eyes to a happy mist,

"Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain."

John Hay.

KITTERY ANNIE'S DREAM.

"WHAT ponder you, Kittery Annie,
That idle you sit in the sun,
Rocking the chair before you,
While your work lies all undone?"

Little Annie turned to her mistress.

"I think of my dream," she said;

"It lies on my mind the livelong day,
A weight as heavy as lead."

"What dreamed you, Kittery Annie?

Come tell your dream to me."

"O, I thought I could not hear your voice,
For the thundering of the sea.

"From east and west and north and south

It gathered fierce and fast,

And raged about the quiet house

And reached the door at last.

"And just as if it raised a hand

And struck an angry blow,

A great wave beat against the door,—

Then silence seemed to grow."

"Did no one answer, Annie,

That awful knock at the door?"

"No; waves were still, and winds were still,

And I heard nothing more."

The mother thought of her bonny sons,

And there crept to her heart a chill,

And ever she thought of the ravening sea,

And the dream that boded ill.

"O, is it my bonny boys it seeks,

Lashing the house around?

Or is it their comrade, tried and true,

Must in his prime be drowned?"

With his clear gray eyes and golden beard,
 Like a strong young king of the sea,
 The younger came, and, "Mother!" he said,
 "O mother! listen to me."

She answered him with a sudden cry:
 "Our friend is gone!" he said,
 "O mother, our comrade, tried and true,
 At the foot of the rock lies dead."

"The breaker cuffed his shining head
 And struck him from the light;
 And with a hundred arms the waves
 Swift drew him out of sight."

"O, darkened are his kind blue eyes,
 That were so fair to see,
 And still and cold the ready hands
 That worked so faithfully."

Sore mourned the younger brother,
 But the elder did not speak;
 He bowed his head upon his breast,
 With the salt tears on his cheek.

And no voice had the mother
 For her heart that beat so wild,
 But wistfully her eager eyes
 Embraced each sorrowing child;

And as she saw from the windows
 The breakers flash and gleam,
 She shuddered afresh at the warning
 In Kittery Annie's dream.

Celia Thaxter.

THE RED HAND.

THERE lives to-day in a wider world than this a certain man who was to me while here the most perfect specimen of our species I have ever seen. He was with me that day I emerged into a more actual existence from the shell of the Institution — no better institutions than that same in all the land — in which I had been preparing for my life's work. Laying his hand upon my head he said to me:

"The first thing for you to do is to go West. Here is an invitation for you from the very wildest part of all that region. Go; apart from any good you may do, where good is most needed to be done, it is the best of all schools in which to be taught for your work!"

It seems to me like yesterday, that morning I obeyed, and left for that then westernmost West. I recall that my horse was a good deal too hand-

some, and my saddle and like equipment vastly more striking in finish than was at all necessary, judicious even, for such a mission. That, however, was the fault of the giver, an instance of his one weakness. But it is not of this I wish to speak now, nor of any other of my manifold experiences while being trained—I wish it had turned out a worthier graduate—at the exceedingly severe Oxford or Cambridge in question. Through all the web of my life in the West, like a scarlet thread, there ran—murder, cold-blooded murder! Allow me to record some of the instances of this, merely asking the reader to be so kind as to do his own moralizing as we go along.

In strict justice to the West, let me say that my earliest experience dates from a time before I started thither. I have but to close my eyes, and this moment there floats before their inner vision a certain face which I cannot forget forever. I have no memory of the place in which I first saw it, or the name of the person to whom it belonged, not even of the rest of the body. Only a face! It is a large, honest, unbearded, very white, and exceedingly sorrowful face. It is struck into my memory like a medallion; if I had the least skill with pencil or brush, I could place it before you, never to be forgotten again by you either. It is the countenance of a young man, say of sixteen, struck, while in full health and youthful enjoyment, with sudden anguish and old age; a rose as it opened smitten forever with a frost which petrified while it killed! As was the case with every one upon first seeing it, that Medusa-like face arrested my attention and terrified me. No absence of either mind or heart from it; both intensified rather and brought to an unusual degree to the surface and congealed there. The impossibility of the owner thereof ever smiling again, that was the impression made upon every eye, which was the fact also; and I knew the reason even before I asked and found my supposi-

tion right. The details I have wholly forgotten, but the youth had killed some dearest friend, killed him or her instantly, terribly,—intentionally or accidentally, I do not recall. Even if the former, no one could look upon the murderer without utter pity; a child could see that within the jail of that face the miserable man lay doomed to solitary imprisonment for life!

As I put this face away from my very eyes with an effort almost physical, Dr. Harrington rises in its place. We are across the Mississippi River now; for the Doctor, handsome, thoroughly educated, exceedingly refined, almost effeminate in tone and manner, was the exceedingly popular physician of a community there, which was to him as the quartz to the gold held in its gritty grasp. Dr. Harrington had, I recall, that reputation as a consummate surgeon which is possessed in singular degree by practitioners of a slight, lithe, womanly frame and temperament; peculiar frailty, as of a permanent hurt or ill health, though not the case with Dr. Harrington, seeming to impart that combination of exceeding delicacy and iron determination essential to a surgeon, as to any artist,—specially essential, perhaps, to one whose tools are applied to human flesh, with its tangle of muscles, veins, and nerves. I remember the Doctor also as a sincere Christian, an officer in the church, the beloved superintendent of the Sabbath school, the sweetest singer of all the congregation. I ask myself, was it a touch of dandyism which caused the Doctor, always dressed with the utmost care, to carry that gold-headed cane?

Why make a long story of it? Any satisfactory information as to the name or cause of anger of the bully who attacked the Doctor that day in the public square I do not possess. How well I recall the ferocious face of the black-guard,—bearded, bloated, his mustaches bristling like those of a cat, as, after long and loud abuse, he suddenly whipped out an eighteen-inch bowie-knife and rushed upon his foe as a

butcher would upon a sheep,—if you could but imagine a butcher enraged against the sheep. Up to that moment the Doctor had done his utmost in low and almost beseeching tones to deprecate the wrath of his assailant, wholly free from all fault himself, as every one knew then and afterward, and without the need of explanation. Every gesture was one of deprecation, his left hand holding his cane behind him. When the bully sprang upon him with drawn knife and the yell of a savage, almost before the rapidly assembling crowd realized that nothing could prevent the instant death of the quiet victim, there flashed before the eyes of the would-be assassin the long, slight sword which the Doctor had drawn with the instinct of self-preservation from his cane. It seemed like a silver wire, glittering here and there, no defence at all to the downward slashing of the great knife in the hand of the desperado determined to slay!

We all remember that exquisite bas-relief on the pediment of the Parthenon, the chariot race, the victor therein,

"With calm, uneager face,
The foremost in the race!"

Even then the Doctor's face, in profile to me where I stood, brought that Phidian face to my mind, so unhurried, so statue-like in repose at the moment existence hung upon eye and hand.

Allow me to say just here that it is very easy for you, respected reader, to ask,—indignantly, too,—why I stood, why everybody on such occasions always does stand, so inactive while precious life was in peril? Will "It was all so sudden" do for an answer? This then, "It was so evidently somebody *else's* business to stop the murder." Justly and deeply outraged, that somebody else did not act. As for myself, it is, somehow, not *my* matter at all. I only happened along here from the post-office. I might get killed! That is the last analysis of the whole matter. And you would have reasoned in exactly the same way. I see before me at this moment the whole scene! The

ring of spectators extemporizing a Roman amphitheatre for these gladiators, the horror of the Christianity assembled there, not without a flavor, too, of the heathenish delight in mortal combat of two thousand years ago; the bloodthirsty bully on the one side with blazing face, quick breathings, incessant curses; the calmness of the Doctor on the other side, his face pale, his breathings as those of a sleeping babe, now and then a word of quiet entreaty as he warded off with the ease of a master of fence the desperate slashings of his foe; it was the struggle of two civilizations, a lower and a higher. Although spoken in low tones, in that silence broken only by the ring of the bowie-knife upon the slight sword, the entreaty of Dr. Harrington in the intervals of his assailant's oaths could be distinctly heard.

"I don't want to kill you.—For God's sake, stop.—You are not fit to die.—Must I kill you?—Will no one stop this madman?—You are utterly mistaken.—Will I *have* to kill you?—You are not *prepared* for death!"

With every cut and thrust of the great butcher-knife the crowd winced and shuddered; *that* must kill the Doctor! Yet every time the knife was turned aside by the steady eye, quick hand, miraculous wire of steel. It was even beautiful. But it could not last forever, the little sword must sooner or later be smitten in two by those heavy downward cuts. It was plain the Doctor knew it.

"For the last time, stop!" he said, in imploring accents. "I will *certainly* kill you! Lord, what else? I *must* do it," he said, as if in the tones of prayer. Merely a slight turn of the wrist, a little thrust forward of the glittering wire, a quick withdrawal in the same instant, a stepping of the Doctor to the left as the desperado fell dead to the earth,—for the Doctor was the most skilful of surgeons, too, and his sword had gone through the very heart. No man in all that community but knew that Dr. Harrington could not, with due regard to his own family,

to say nothing of his own life, have done otherwise than he did, yet no man viewing, as soon as the deed was done, the slayer and the slain, but felt that the former was the ghastlier object of the two.

"O God, how could I do it!" was his one exclamation in lowest tones, as I laid my hand upon his shoulder. I do not think he was conscious of his holding the point of his sword against the earth and pressing his foot upon it until it snapped as he spoke, dropping the gold-headed haft upon the earth at the same moment; and so he went, with crowds of friends, to the office of the justice of the peace to give himself up, while I hastened to break the tidings as I best could to his household.

It was an easy matter the speedy release of Dr. Harrington, so far as the law was concerned. No citizen, acquainted personally with him or not, but manifested the universal sentiment by special respect of manner in every chance encounter. I doubt, however, whether he was even conscious of it. At least, I know that no assurances or reasonings of his most intimate friends had the least power to diminish the deep melancholy into which he fell. Never again did he act as officer of the church or superintendent of the Sabbath school. He was never known to be present, even, at church upon communion occasions, much less to unite in singing, although fully restored to church membership after a period of suspension. I know he continued his family worship, for his wife told me his supplications were almost too pitiful to hear. But, weak as I agree with you it was in him, from that hour Dr. Harrington was a ruined man; that any one could see in his neglected dress and profound sadness. He still, as if mechanically, practised his profession, but soon fell into a decline and died. "Better the other way, better the other way!" he was often heard to repeat in answer to all reasonings with him.

I was about passing to Isagger

Clumb, as the next of the crowd of cases of the Red Hand which are pressing upon the gates of my memory for outlet as I write, when I paused to listen again to that sharp stab-like "What!" of Mrs. Harrington that day I broke the news to her, hastening down to her parlor in morning-wrapper to meet me. What lovely children they had! I recall how my left hand holding the rose-leaf palm of little Lily, my right lay upon the fair hair of Zoozoo,—a diminutive for Susan, I think,—all the more beautiful for its uncombed tangles at that unseasonable hour. But they were not truly mated,—the parents I mean; had the Doctor been less feminine or the wife more masculine, the circle made up of the two would have been truer and stronger. I fear that "What!" of Mrs. Harrington never lost its razor-like edge in all her after conversation and influence with her husband in regard to this killing. I do not know but we all had an unspoken idea that she could have saved her husband from that conscience of his, as wirelike, alert, and deadly of thrust as his own sword, if she had pursued a course less coincident with his own in the matter. As it was, I remember, that day of the funeral of the Doctor, I said in thought to the bully of the fight, whose name I wish I could recall but cannot, as if he stood in ugly spirit on the other side of our dead, "Be satisfied, you have killed him at last!"

But, Isagger Clumb? Yes, you are next, though we must step as off a precipice to get to *your* level. I suppose the man was named Hezekiah when a babe, but he was one of those persons who degrade everything they come in contact with, fouling, for all decent uses forever after, the very name they bear. What good does it do to say that this animal was very low and thick-set, a big head sunk deep between his shoulders, a face neither bearded nor shaven, manner a compound of strut and shamle? You would have to know the man,—five minutes with him sufficient for that,

—before you can loathe him aright. *Filthy* is the label nature itself applies to a man like Isagger; nor could all the barbers and tailors in the world have cleansed him, had he come into a fortune, from this, his pre-eminent characteristic; it was in blood and marrow.

To this hour I have a twinge of conscience when I recall how I married this satyr to as pleasing a girl for her class as you could easily see. She was an orphan without a cent, who had lived, a violet growing upon a dung-hill, for years in the log-cabin home of which Isagger was the only other member beside the parents. If she knew how to read and write, it was the utmost of her accomplishments. Never had her foot trodden a carpet, nor her ear heard a piano, I suppose, in her life. Washing the coarse clothing, sweeping the puncheon floor, cooking the corn-bread, greens, and fat pork of the household, stitching together in rudest fashion the raiment of the family, made up her life; a rare wedding somewhere in "the bottom" her only amusement, her only instruction derived from the "meeting" once a month held by the "circuit preacher," the blessed, because sole agent of civilization and Christianity over vast regions of our Republic.

I was very slow in performing that marriage ceremony. There was that in her bearing as she stood by his side, so gracefully erect in contrast with his *stocky* form, so beautiful in face as of a forest flower, and he so full of all poisonous ugliness like a swamp weed, such transparent purity to be given legally and utterly over to his loathsome foulness. Then, such certainty of her becoming the loveliest of her sex if she but had the opportunity, such equal certainty of her being dragged down into the foulest of hags, in the end, chained to Isagger. And I knew — every soul there was perfectly aware of the fact — that, with heartiest aversion to the man, she married him simply because, poor wretch, there was nothing else left in all the world for her

to do. The old people had died, she could not live in the cabin with the man not married to him, there was no possible place for her elsewhere. I have known young girls actually hedged up to marrying — not for money, mind, but solely that they might continue to exist — very old men whom they utterly detested. Poor things, refusing the withered hand over and over again, writing desperate letters in every conceivable direction, making all attempts to escape they knew how, weeping all night, — all in vain; the poor palpitating partridge netted at last till unable to move, only the miserable heart throbbing in its imperishable aversion! No minister who reads these lines but has officiated as the executioner over many just such a Lady Jane Grey, and understood, as perfectly as if it were all spoken out, that last dying speech and confession of the victim, "Yes; but because I have no escape whatever from it!" Nothing more inscrutable than such providence as that.

But, Isagger Clumb! Somewhat like a thief taken in the act, I have to say. It is useless to deny the thing. Yes, I married them, and there was a boastful air about the man, an open expression even in words of his doing a very generous thing indeed in marrying the shrinking beauty, which added bewilderment to pain. A month after, a ponderous backwoods friend of mine, red-bearded, stoop-shouldered, said — and he had to take off his slouched hat, although we were in the front porch of his house and the weather was quite cold as he said it: —

"I tell you, sir, I could n't stand it, there in that store by the river this morning! O, I've known Isagger years now. Everybody knows *Isagger*. An' I've heard him before. He always talks that way, you know. But to-day I could n't stand it. About his own wife he was talkin', too. It was awful. I vally my life's much as any man, but it was *so* bad I broke out on him an' made him dry up. *Such* talk!"

You may better understand why my friend hesitated to rebuke Isagger,

when I tell you what happened three days after. I was standing upon the river-bank, watching the rolling off of the barrels of whiskey and flour, ten of the first to one of the latter, when I observed one of the deck hands of the steamer which was discharging its freight. Nothing in him called for a second look as he walked down the bank toward me, beyond a large frame surmounted by a rough face in an aureole of black hair and whiskers. He had been only a moment from his work "to get a drink" at a doggery on the bank, and was wiping his mouth as he hurried back. In the same instant of seeing him I saw Isagger Clumb ten steps behind him aim with his revolver at the man and fire. With the shot the man fell dead at my very feet, his hair touching my boots as I stood. I recall the very attitude of Isagger, holding his revolver ready in his hand for another shot, the only expression in his face being a waiting to see if his first shot had been sufficient. There was a momentary move as if to replace his weapon, satisfied; then a careless step or two forward and another shot, this time through the back of the dead man's head as he lay. Then a turning away, as from game certainly killed but not worth the picking up, and a leisurely walking up the bank and into town again.

I remember the unanimous reasoning of all the deck hands as they carried the body aboard, that it was the sole and exclusive duty of the victim's "mate" to avenge his death; which they all rested certain said "mate" would promptly do. Whether this "mate" was absent or unarmed or a coward was never known; but when he was wholly ready to do so, Isagger in a leisurely manner mounted his piebald mare and rode in a walk out of town and homeward. Why there were no officers of the law in reach to arrest him I do not know, but I do believe, had there been one man there fully vested in his own mind with the personal business of taking the murderer, he would have done so, or been killed in

the effort. When the proper officers did go to Isagger's house the next morning, of course the man had fled the country. I wish I could add that his wife was thus forever rid of him. Alas! I too well remember being told that he had afterward written to her to come to him in some remoter West, and that she had gone.

It is unpleasant to have to allude to myself, especially in such company, but this I must add. A few moments after Isagger left, I mounted my horse and rode homeward by the same road. Moving at more rapid pace, in a mile or two I came in sight of the man, in the dusky twilight. As soon as he heard me coming he halted, turned in his saddle to see what I wanted. When I had got so near as to be recognized he gave an exclamation expressive of a contempt most hearty for me and my entire class, and rode off at a gallop. The last I heard of him, as he disappeared in the darkness, was a yell followed up by a peal of peculiar laughter; of which I was singularly reminded lately in a bar or two of the scoff of the demons in Schubert's *Manfred*.

I am given to understand — I think John Keats is my informant — that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Certainly such an object as Isagger has been to me a sorrow from the moment I was introduced to him, just before I married him that day, when his inherent ugliness was made preposterous by an enormous collar of white "domestic," the half on one side of his face turned down, the other half standing up.

"You see, I made a compromise," his "best man" said to me after the ceremony, as we rode "a piece" together homeward. "Isagger, you see, he said the fashion was for first-class gentlemen to wear their collars turned down. Now, you see, I'd only just got back from sellin' my cotton at New Orleans, an' I *knew* the fashion was to have the collar stand up. No arguin' with him, you see, an' of course I could n't give in; so in givin' him, you see, the last touch before he stood up,

I just com-pro-mised, as they say in Congress, — left one side turned down, turned t'other up!" And my friend almost rolled off his horse as he told the joke. I would have laughed with him more heartily, if I had not begun to fear that the same sense of humor would cause him to keep a certain fee for marrying the couple, which I happened to see Isagger give him on the front porch, at mounting, for that purpose. I was correct in the end, but am sincerely glad now that no money was paid me in connection with that transaction.

But I recall the words of John Keats, to say what a solid joy and satisfaction to me, that evening Isagger rode away from me after the murder into the gathering night, was a certain painting which I had seen somewhere, and which then rose vividly to mind. In the background thereof lay a murdered man, dead, face upward to the stars. In the foreground the murderer fleeing for his life, his right hand still holding the dripping knife, his left held over his eyes, peering eagerly, as he ran, into the distance. Immediately over his head, bent forward as he fled, hovered in the air, erect, calm, forever just above his unconscious head, the Angel of Vengeance, the right hand holding the sword, the left free to seize upon the miserable man at the appointed time. Then, but not before; the serene repose and divine certainty expressed in face and attitude, — that was the charm and inexpressible consolation of the whole. In no gods did even the heathen believe more thoroughly than in Nemesis and the Eumenides; and I saw this cold-blooded slayer escape that evening into the darkness, deriving my only, yet sufficient, satisfaction from knowing, so much more certainly than did any poet of them all, who it was accompanied Isagger in his flight.

Even had I not known this then, I would have been dull indeed not to have learned the same from my experiences of General Bernard. No Isagger Clumb in this instance. If Darwin

dared plead Isagger in proof of an ancestral gorilla, you could have silenced him on the spot with the exclamation, "But General Bernard!"

I ask myself in vain, What did the General lack? Family? None in all the South of better family. Person? My own knowledge supplies me with no one of more perfect beauty, even of the Greek conception of symmetrical and agile form, regular features, clustering locks, alert and soulful eyes. Certainly, no man had higher reputation for talent, the General having graduated at his college with an *éclat* remembered there still.

"Genius!" the Professor of Mathematics of this institution remarked to certain of us students in conversation in the library one Saturday, — "genius! I have had plenty of talent in my classes, but, so far, I have known but two instances of genius. One is, as you all know, that poor fellow Delavan, who rolls and shrieks half his time upon the floor of his room, with spinal disease, like Robert Hall of England; the other was —" He paused on purpose for us to say for him, and in chorus, "General Bernard!" And every student there, in saying it, had the same absurd pain deep down, "And so, I am not a genius!"

No man was more popular in all his region than the General, when the disaster of his life took place. He had easily stepped from the Legislature into Congress. As to the Presidency, that, in the opinion of many, was purely a question of time. Because, — and it was very remarkable, — the General, although so talented and popular, neither drank nor gambled.

Both memory, time, and space are lacking to record in detail his duel with young St. Clair. I recall, however, that it was the general remark, "St. Clair was so very young; the only child, too, of his widowed mother!" There was something, also, of the General having taken unintended offence, pressing the matter to a duel, when friends could easily have made it up demanding still more shots after sev

eral had already been had. The result was, that the General persisted until he had shot St. Clair through the heart; and he must have known that day, as almost the entire city rolled under his window in the funeral procession, that he was as thoroughly ruined for life as a man could possibly be.

Who can say how much his ruin, social, political, pecuniary, had to do with his after-wretchedness? Nothing was left but for him to remove with his family — his wife blighted to the soul, yet clinging to him with woman's love — to that farthest West, in which I was then at work. It must have been a terrible fall for them, from the culture and excess, even, of refinement of their former lives to their new home, beyond the Mississippi, where, as a lawyer and editor of a political paper of intense partisan spirit, he spent the rest of his life.

For many months, unknown to the General, he was to me a study of singular interest. Though still young, his head was whitened and bowed like that of an old man, his face wrinkled, and his form shrunken past all recognition. Everybody knew that, when away from home upon his circuits, he never slept in a room alone; even then the light must burn all night, which, on account of drawing the mosquitoes, made the nights with him a martyrdom to his friends, not to be endured without a good deal of after-comment. I never knew whether there was any ground for the many reports of his talking in his sleep and leaping out of the soundest slumber with a yell. One summer night, in crossing the Gulf of Mexico, a man sleeping upon the crowded deck of the steamer beside me sprang at midnight, and from profound sleep, to his feet with a scream which brought to their feet every other sleeper on board; but of *his* history I know nothing.

But what struck every one most in reference to the General was his unceasing, almost frantic activity. From morning till night he so ordered it as

to be in company always. Even while reading the exchanges in his very dirty office, or writing his editorials or law papers, he continued a conversation with those around which seemed never to know a pause. On the streets, beside the hotel bar, riding in stage or on horseback, before breakfast, during the sleepy heats of the day, so long as he could induce any one to remain with him, he was talking, talking, unceasingly talking. No one ever knew him to drink or gamble. All were specially careful of their conduct in his presence, or of remark in regard to him behind his back, it being so well known how gladly he would welcome an opportunity of losing his life. But that was his peculiarity, his unwillingness to be alone, or to cease from that incessant conversation which kept him from himself. The topic of conversation was perfectly indifferent to him, he allowing it to be turned in any direction any one pleased, so only he continued to absorb it himself, — politics, poetry, planting, love, theology, finance, adventure, anecdote, anything, everything. And his sense of humor rose even into the domain of wit, with this singular fact, that he never laughed nor even smiled himself. I have stood aside and watched him closely as, the centre of a delighted crowd, the conversation having taken that direction, he was relating anecdote after anecdote, real or imaginary, of the most amusing nature; no smile upon his face; through all the bursts of laughter his sole purpose seemed to be to keep steadily on; going, still talking, to dinner at the sound of the hotel bell, talking during all the meal, coming back from the table still talking.

There are many who read these lines who will recall to mind the man I mean. Some of them will know better than myself the circumstances of his death, during an absence from home attending court. I only remember that his brilliant conversation, which even a Dr. Johnson or a Coleridge might have envied, continued to the last to delight, amaze, and exhaust his hearers. From

sources of observation, reading, experience, imagination, ever fresh and inexhaustible, came the same fast, almost fierce flow, people being drawn to, yet wondering at, him as at a mountain torrent, — with all respect, too, for everybody echoed the sentiment that the General was a perfect gentleman. All I know of his death is, that after keeping up that day till long after midnight an hotel crowd, he went to his bed to be seen no more alive on earth. Who was his room companion that night, if any, whether traces of poison were indeed found, as was stated in the papers, I do not know. This I do know, from closest observation of his case for months, that he passed out of this life, his wonderful powers in a full career of unceasing and apparently exhaustless activity, his most intense activity being directed to keeping as completely and continuously away from himself as possible, this one set effort of the man becoming but the more frenzied as the perishable part crumbled from about him. What are his opportunities for the same across the line is a pressing question worth, surely, the soberest study. This I assert from knowledge as certain as a man can have in reference to any object lying immediately before him: up to the moment of his death there was nothing, in either world which General Bernard dreaded as much as he did — General Bernard.

It may be said that there is singular similarity of result herein between Dr. Harrington and General Bernard: the first named being a sincere and consistent believer, the last an avowed and sarcastic unbeliever as was never denied. Certainly, there was this unlikeness between the two men, that the lawyer was a man of faculties larger and more vigorous by far than those of the physician. Whatever power lay therein for the grappling with his sorrow, which was himself, differentiated the former from the latter. But just here lay the radical unlikeness of case between these men. The entire thought of General Bernard before, during, af-

ter his killing of St. Clair had been, and exclusively, in reference to himself; himself as affected thereby in politics, property, friends, and in conscience worst of all. The exact reverse was the case with Dr. Harrington. His entire religion, at home and abroad, lay largely in subordinating himself to others. To others whom he respected and loved alone? By no means. The entire history and meaning of his affray during and after the killing of his antagonist consisted in his having main reference, not to himself, but to that worthless foe. General Bernard's consuming distress was in the one unceasing thought, "How my foe has damaged me!" No other thought preyed upon the vitals of Dr. Harrington but this, "How I have ruined him, my assailant, body and soul, and forever." Even that assailant could see that Dr. Harrington has the centre of his orbit without himself; while no one would deny but that General Bernard has within himself the centre of all his movement. The General is herein like all other men, like the Doctor himself previous to the piety which so characterized him; but the Christ finds for himself a Bethlehem in the heart of this last, and, with omnipotent hands, shifts the centre of the man back to its original point, — God! Accepting and gladly yielding himself to this new force, the Doctor subordinates himself to men, too, even to the man who kills him in the end, as the Christ before him did to men and to his foes.

With my own eyes I studied for many months the unrest of General Bernard. Surely it is impossible to imagine an unrest more thoroughly identified with the man himself than his; in the same moment loving and loathing himself supremely; in the same act and with all his energies seeking and shunning himself. I add only this in regard to Dr. Harrington, loving and beloved of all men; he fell asleep at last resting his wearied self upon the unmoving centre of his soul. In the case of General Bernard, we

cover our eyes from the rending of himself, as with his own hands, asunder. And it is no more in my power to imagine an unrest more absolute than that of General Bernard up to the instant of leaving us, than it is to conceive of a peace more perfect than that of Dr. Harrington when, on a midnight hour made midday to me forever, he reached out to me a trembling hand and, with a serene smile upon his face, bade me a happy good by.

You may think it strange, but I do not consider it the descent you would suppose to pass from the instance of Dr. Harrington to that of black Tom, the negro who killed the Dutchman. Doubtless I could group these several cases more artistically, so as better to harmonize their shades of color, but I prefer mentioning them in their actual order of occurrence; and then, in the order in which the details of each come to my mind.

I very well knew, when I went to see Tom in jail, that I had already somewhat impaired my standing in the community by that public prayer of mine for Judge Jones's Bob. I do not remember how it was, but Bob, a negro-man belonging to the Judge, had killed somebody, and was being borne by the church door that Sunday morning just as my congregation arose for prayer. As the mob hurried by to a convenient tree whereat to obey the mandate of Judge Lynch in reference to Bob, I could not forbear a petition, brief but earnest, that the departing wretch might, somehow, be fitted for his change of worlds. More liberal and warm-hearted people exist nowhere than those who shook their heads not wholly satisfied in their own minds as to the right or the wrong of such an act.

Now, the Tom of whom I am speaking had heard that a certain Dutchman had money laid up from the produce of his garden. As the Dutchman lived alone in a cabin on the edge of his garden, which was in the outskirts of the town, nothing could be easier than his murder.

"As I came to town," Tom himself told me, "one evenin', from cuttin' wood, I jest went into his cabin to get his money. He was settin' by the fire smokin' his pipe, an' I asked him for a coal to light mine. I had my axe, an' when he stooped down over the harth to get a coal, I hit him on the head an' killed him. Never got but thirty-seven an' a half cents at last."

Very speedily was Tom in the hands of Judge Lynch. His owner, however, was on a dry-goods box under the tree before the crowd got there with their criminal. His appeal to them was brief but conclusive:—

"If you hang him, gentlemen, it's my loss, dead loss. If you let him alone a few days till the law tries and hangs him, the State pays me by statute his appraised value. You all see he's a likely boy, twelve hundred dollars at the lowest, and I am a poor man and can't afford to lose it. That's the only objection I've got to your hanging him right away."

During all my visits to Tom lying in jail, after being duly tried by law and condemned to death, there was that which interested me in Paul Smith, his jailer, almost as much as in Tom. An honest, vigorous, good-natured ex-stage-driver was Paul, whose one purpose in life just then it was to hold Tom in safety till the appointed moment came when he should hang him. It was with the utmost difficulty Paul could be persuaded, on my first visit to the jail, that I intended to visit Tom with a hope of preparing him for death. Perplexity and amusement at such an idea, vague respect and downright contempt for the man attempting such a thing, struggled for mastery among the tangles of Paul's hair and beard then and upon every after-visit.

"And so you want to talk to Tom? Boy, you mean, that killed that Dutchman? To *Tom*! What earthly good can you do *him*? Killed that Dutchman with his axe. O, of course," Paul Smith always added, going before me with the keys, "but—*Tom*! Most redickerlous thing I ever heard of in

my life. Tom!" And it looked as if the good-humored jailer was right, when, after unlocking several tremendous doors, he remarked, as he left me in the innermost dungeon, locking the door after me as he withdrew, "Wait till your eyes get used to the dark and you'll see him. He's chained to that far corner. If you keep here by the door, he can't hurt you! I'll be back in half an hour. Do *him* any good. Tom!" in a tone expressing the extreme reverse of possibility.

Now, I have no intention of recording my efforts toward the sullen lump of what might be styled, in reference to the surrounding gloom from which it slowly emerged in dim outline, the organic darkness there. Save that Tom understood English, the difference was very small between him and his great-grandfather, years before, in Africa. It came out from our after-conversation, too, that this Caliban had thrown his lariat about a German girl out upon the prairie, who had, however, been mercifully and promptly rescued from his power; and this may give some hint of the nature of the meditations from which, as he himself afterward told me, he found it so hard to separate himself, even in view of immediate death! A more thoroughly degraded and hopeless creature, who could imagine! "And so you've come *again*!" Paul would say to me upon each visit, perfectly good-natured and greatly amused. "To see Tom, — *Tom*!" If I had been visiting Tom to give him lessons in Syriac, my absurd course would not have seemed more useless! Yet here were the undeniable facts which I kept repeating over to myself like statements of the multiplication-table: "Tom is, in spite of all, a human being. Tom leaves us in a few days to live somewhere else for ever and ever. Christ came into the world and died to save even the worst. In the very agony of his own death, Christ made an amazing assurance to a felon dying beside him, in virtue of a singular change effected by him then and

there in that felon! My religion is all a sham, hollow, and despicable, which I had better renounce and be done with, if it is not just this hearty belief: That same Christ is equally in this cell to save Tom, too!"

Let but this be added here: so far as all outer evidence could testify to it, before he died this brutal savage arose from where he had lain in his filth, darkness, chains, and stood erect, an humble and sincere Christian. I dare assert nothing beyond this: Tom *seemed* to be! What I demand is, philosophical explanation as to what produced that seeming, so wholly unlike all in the man going before! At any rate, I noticed that the amused look on the face of the jailer, whenever Tom and myself were together, had turned into one of wonder at the bearing of Tom, and at the very few words he spoke that day on the gallows.

This also I remember. An excellent friend, who accompanied me to the place of execution, through the rush and roar and dust of the vast crowd, heartily agreed with me in disgust at the eagerness of the people to look upon the killing of the criminal. He only went to go and return with me.

"To feast your eyes upon the death-struggles of a human being!" he said with indignation of the hurrying throng: "it is loathsome, it is horrible!"

We stood beside each other on the ground, the murderer standing upon his coffin in a wagon, the rope securely fastened to a beam overhead and adjusted to his neck. With the Amen which closed my prayer, I turned upon my heel and walked rapidly away, never looking back to see the end! I recall this instant the eager eyes, especially of the women present, strained, as I shouldered my way through the multitude, upon the spectacle I was hurrying from! It never occurred to me, until I was quite away from the press and speeding along the deserted streets homeward, that my friend, also, had remained where I had left him, himself as eager to see as any!

Wm. M. Baker.

II.—AMERICAN LIFE IN FRANCE.

1851.

MONDAY, *September 1st.*—Yesterday we went to the English church. The clergyman read the service in a serious and impressive manner, but the sermon was a thoroughly doctrinal one. When the children understand French without effort, we mean to take them to a French church. I have an impression that the French preachers have more fervor than the English clergy. But we do not wish to take them to church for a lesson in French.

The children have been into the garden. I had not before permitted them to take advantage of M. de Rochejacquelein's invitation to go there when they pleased; but as he was walking there yesterday morning he saw them on the balcony and asked them to come down. Willie was delighted with the birds, of which there is a beautiful collection in the little aviary.

I think Willie will speak French very soon, he is of such a social disposition. We were very much amused, when we were in England, at the facility with which he made friends with everybody. In the railway carriages, whenever he wanted to ask a question, he applied to any one who looked as if he might be able to give him an answer; but so courteously and so simply, that the most inexpressive faces expanded into graciousness, and the information he wanted was given in the spirit in which it was asked. I saw him once sitting beside a very English-looking elderly gentleman, who was giving him some explanation with an amused smile, while Willie looked up to him with such a respectful, confiding air, as if taking it for granted that, wherever they met, it was the part of age to teach and of youth to listen.

We have had no disappointment in our apartment. There was no drawback to discover, and it is as cheerful

and homelike as possible. The lady who has the charge of letting it, and with whom all the business matters are transacted, is very kind and attentive. She has provided us with a cook, and is always ready to give me advice as to household arrangements. She is so evidently desirous to aid me, that I do not scruple to apply to her when I am in any little dilemma. The French, so far as we have seen anything of them yet, show themselves very kind, obliging, and reasonable.

Our house fronts towards a street which formerly bore the name of Rue Neuve de Berry; but in the last revolution, when all the streets whose names awakened unpopular associations were republicanized, it assumed, in deference to the feeling of the time, that of Rue de la Fraternité. This pleasant appellation is the legal one. In the directories and on the plans of Paris the street is known by no other; yet the change is ignored by the conservative part of the community; with them it remains Rue Neuve de Berry still. I have learned to guess at the political opinions of the tradespeople from whom I order goods by the direction which they put on their parcels. According to the contract for the lease of our apartment, we are living in Rue Neuve de Berry. The address on our newspapers and on the letters sent from the bankers supposes us to be in Rue de la Fraternité. You are at liberty to regard us as inhabitants of either of these streets, as your sympathies may incline. For myself, if republicanism had been in the ascendant here, my respect for the past would perhaps have led me to cherish the older name; but since it is at this moment the proscribed and suffering cause, I adhere firmly to that which the Revolution of 1848 bestowed.

The French journals are very inter-

esting. The leading organs of the different parties are ably edited; with great vigor and earnestness these, with great dexterity those. The writers in French journals are obliged to sign their articles. This I cannot think a hardship. Every man ought to be willing to take the responsibility of his words. And the public has a right to know who is addressing it.

The condition of the press seems an anomaly in this arbitrary time. Not that it is absolutely untrammelled; there is the drawback of danger. A writer may be punished for his article; the editor of the journal in which it has appeared may be punished; but, at all events, it has appeared. The Constitution forbids censorship of the press, and requires that trials for offences of the press shall take place before a jury. These privileges remain standing in the midst of so many wrecks of the fabric of 1848. They are the stronghold of the liberal party. It has eloquent speakers and able writers, whose words go through France, even adverse journals being often obliged to reproduce them; for their readers must know what is said and done in the world, and even in the republican world. The manifesto put forth by the Mountain at the time of the adjournment of the Assembly must have done a great work of instruction. It is not too long to be easily read. It gives a clear statement of the position of affairs from the republican point of view, relating the wrongs and sufferings of the Republic, but claiming the future, and the near future, for the liberal party, which is, it asserts, with the defeat of revision, entering upon a series of successes.

It is a surprising and a mournful thing to see the majority of the National Assembly uniting with the President in subversive and repressive measures. Doubtless they believe they are acting in the interests of royalty; they affirm that they are acting in conformity with the wishes of France.

France is royalist, they say. If France is royalist, why not let France say so herself? Why must she be

bound and gagged, if her hands would only applaud a restoration, and her free voice cry *Vive le roi*?

I hear the same things said here that I have heard at home: "The French cannot have a republic. They are not fit to govern themselves." These things of a country which holds the place in the industry of the world that France does! If the intelligent people of France are not fit to govern themselves, what does it say for the education which the monarchy has given them? It is surely time to try some other system.

The more closely I look at the history of the present time, the greater is my respect for the French people and the stronger my confidence in their future. Even in their mistakes, the result of inexperience, they are often to be respected, the motives of their conduct are so honorable.

I do not suppose that, if the Republic should succeed in establishing itself, all will at once go smoothly. Everything that is worth having costs trouble both in the winning and the keeping. Was our Republic founded without trouble, organized without trouble? To speak only of that particular kind of trouble with which we reproach the French and with which they reproach themselves, is there not, even in the history of our order-loving State of Massachusetts, a passage which has come down to us under the name of Shays's Insurrection?

Can it be pretended that monarchy, even the most prudent, offers any greater assurance of tranquillity? One of the leading Orleanist journals said of Louis Philippe, just after his death, that he who had just died in a foreign land "had secured to his country the calmest and the most prosperous eighteen years of its history." And yet what disturbed, disastrous years were many of these!

The natural instincts of justice and order will always keep the majority of men in the right path, if they are left free to take it; and these will restrain the hostile minority, whether the high

or the low, more effectually than any outward force can restrain it.

"But France does not want a republic. The people do not wish to manage their own affairs. They prefer to have all that done for them." Does the reaction itself believe that the people of France do not want a republic? What did M. Baroche, for example, think in 1848?—M. Baroche, who, as Minister of the Interior, proposed to the Assembly, on the part of the President, this ill-omened law of the 31st May, which struck a third of the voters of France from the lists. He may well represent the reaction.

M. Baroche, after the Revolution of February, proposed himself to the electors of the department of Charente-Inférieure as a candidate for election to the Assembly.

He recommended himself to them, first, on the ground that, under the *régime* which had just passed away, he had "constantly associated himself by energetic votes to the most advanced members of the opposition"; that he "was one of ninety-six deputies who had accepted the invitation to the banquet of the twelfth arrondissement"; that he "was one of those, anticipating by some hours the justice of the people, had proposed the impeachment of an odious and guilty Ministry."

These were the claims of his past; those of the actual time were not less emphatic:—

"I am a Republican by reason, by sentiment, by conviction. I adopt the Republic as the only form of government which can assure the greatness and the prosperity of France."

"I am convinced that royalty has had its time in France; that it has no more roots, no more foundation in the country."

"It is to the Republic that all good citizens should rally without reserve, considering as culpable every attempt at monarchical restoration."

"The Republic alone can give the laborious classes of city and country the well-being and the political liberty to which all citizens have a right."

M. Baroche must have thought the Republic was in favor with the people of Charente-Inférieure; and he was not mistaken. They elected him.

M. Baroche was not the only member of what is now the reaction who used such language in 1848, and used it successfully. Has the number of Republicans decreased since then? In certain classes, possibly. But, with the whole people, according to the testimony of both foes and friends of the Republic, republican principles and feelings have gained ground and are constantly gaining it.

M. Baroche, in introducing the electoral law of May, 1850, showed no belief that it would be received with favor by the people. He desired to have it acted on speedily, in order that the agitation which the mere mention of this law produced in the country might as soon as possible run its course and subside, in presence of an established fact.

M. de Falloux, in the debate on revision, arguing forcibly for this measure, in the interests of monarchy, warns those of his own party of the rapid progress of the doctrines, which, as he says, "we do not hesitate to call anarchical." He begs them not to overlook the fact, that it is not among the poor and miserable that these doctrines find their converts; but chiefly in the respectable class of working people, those who earn a comfortable subsistence.

M. de Falloux began his argument in favor of revision, by citing with approbation a passage which Louis XIV. had "written with his own hand" in his memoirs. It contained a warning against hope: "Hope, the deceiver, makes us speak ill and act ill. Beware of hope, a bad guide." Let the reaction by all means lay down its backward longings, but let it leave to the nation its generous, onward impulse. What leaders for it are these who are ready to renounce hope, and to take for their motto this weak outburst of royal despondency?

September 3d.—The organization of

the Republicans is understood to be very complete. They have labored and labor indefatigably to carry on the political education of the people. News of whatever transpires in the domain of public affairs is immediately communicated to men in the different departments, who pass it on, with the necessary comments and explanations, to others, who are again disseminators in their appointed districts. Once all this was an unknown world to the peasant; but now his intelligence exercises itself keenly on the questions of the day. Imagine the enlightenment poured into the mind becoming eager for enlightenment through the reading, or the hearing read, debates in the Assembly in which Michel (de Bourges) or Crémieux or Jules Favre takes part. Not less instructive are the speeches of the reactionist members. The people have, through these, an opportunity of learning how they are spoken of by their best friends, when supposed to be out of hearing.

To break up this machinery, or to disturb its perfect working, is of course a great object with the government. But men cannot yet be brought to trial for reading or lending in the departments newspapers freely published in Paris, or for relating and discussing occurrences which have perhaps been noticed even in the official journals. The republican propagandists strive to keep within the limits of the law, narrow as those limits are, and endeavor to avoid furnishing pretexts for accusation. But a government like this cannot long want pretexts. A very effective means of sending a saving fear into the respectable mind, and a guilty terror into the heart conscious of republicanism, has been found in the discovery of plots against the safety of the state.

A trial for conspiracy against the safety of the state has recently been going on at Lyons. It has been a failure as far as establishing the guilt of the accused is concerned, but a success in so far as it has joined associations of criminal charges and conviction with the re-

publican name, and inasmuch as it has given republican propagandists new and severe warning of the dangers attendant upon political zeal.

The passage of the electoral law of May 31st occasioned a great agitation throughout the country, and especially through the southern and southeastern departments. The people in many places thought it was their duty to rise in defence of the Constitution and of their own violated rights. They were restrained and calmed as before on more than one occasion by their Republican leaders, who prevailed upon them to wait until the elections of 1852 should afford the Republic a peaceful triumph. But the men who could control an insurrection by their simple word were too powerful with the people not to be dangerous to the government.

Of the prisoners who have just been undergoing trial and sentence, M. Gent, an ex-member of the Constituent Assembly, was regarded as the principal criminal, the contriver and head of the pretended conspiracy. Next in importance was M. Thourel, a distinguished advocate. With them were tried more than thirty others of various professions and occupations. They were arrested a year ago, and have been carried from prison to prison. The republican journals have continually demanded that the accused should be brought to trial. This demand was at last answered, but in a way to disappoint hope of exculpation, if any had been entertained. The trial took place before a military tribunal.

There was no evidence of criminal conspiracy which could deceive any but those who wished to be deceived; but the testimony offered furnished abundant proof of a state of things far more alarming to the real plotters against the Republic. It furnished proof that the people, instead of being ignorant, obtuse, and indifferent to public affairs, were perfectly capable of comprehending and discussing constitutional and legal questions; that, so far from being turbulent and volatile, they were intel-

ligent and devoted observers and upholders of constitution and law.

It was made clear that the restriction of suffrage by the National Assembly had sent a profound accusation through the country. The prosecution used the general excitement occasioned by this law to give probability to the charge of conspiracy; while the accused defended themselves by maintaining that they had intended to work for its repeal by legal means through a legal organization. The accused, while they denied having planned insurrection, admitted that they had talked of insurrection, and that it had been talked of widely with reference to a certain case, — the case of an insurrection against the Republic, on the part of the government.

The commissaries of police, who, with some miserable creatures, evidently their agents, were the principal witnesses against the accused, spoke of *the law of the 31st of May* as the cause of the agitation which prevailed in the country and of the insurrectionary symptoms which here and there manifested themselves in 1850.

The public prosecutor questioned one of the accused as to a certain dinner at Mâcon, at which it was pretended the Republicans had met to conspire. The prisoner said that nothing objectionable had passed at that dinner. "Did not," asked the public prosecutor, "one of the principal guests rise and say that the result of the conference was that *the law of the 31st May ought to be repealed?*" One of the accused, M. Sauve, an advocate of Digne, who had once held the office of sub-prefect of Forcalquier, admitted, in answer to interrogatories by the prosecution, that he had *circulated petitions for the repeal of the electoral law of the 31st May*. He stated that he had spoken of the necessity of *defending the Republic if it were attacked*, though he had never talked or thought of attacking it. There had been no question of insurrection, except in reference to the case of "*a coup d'état attempted in the governmental regions.*"

Another of the accused, Paul Maistre, clerk to a notary, stated that the question had been discussed among the Republicans, what was to be done in two supposed cases, — *that of a coup d'état by the President without the co-operation of the Assembly, and that of a coup d'état by the President in conjunction with the Assembly*. It was only in reference to these events that armed resistance had been spoken of. Maistre admitted that he was the writer of a paper found in his house, in which armed resistance to an attack upon the Republic was justified. He said that this paper, which had never been sent to any one, was written at a time when "*there were rumors of a coup d'état being imminent.*" One of the witnesses, a hair-dresser of Marseilles, testified that there had been a good deal of talk about an insurrection in the southern departments; that "the Whites were very much excited by fear of one; but that it was understood that a rising was to take place *only in case of a coup d'état.*"

Highly respectable witnesses testified to the earnest and courageous exertions used by some of the principal accused in maintaining tranquillity in times of excitement. M. Courant, of Aix, an ex-procureur-general, testified that the conduct of M. Gent, on one such occasion, had been "admirable." The same witness testified in regard to M. Thourel, that he had once prevented an *émeute* at Marseilles by his personal influence, energetically and devotedly employed. M. Courant spoke very warmly of M. Thourel: "In his own home M. Thourel was a real child, for gayety and sweetness. At the bar and in his office he was a great advocate. In learning he was a living library. The more I knew M. Thourel the more I loved him. As for his political opinions, I am proud to share them. We were both of us of opinion that the salvation of the Republic depended on the maintenance of calm. What his intentions were in going to Lyons I do not know, but very certainly they were good."

M. Talon, an attorney of Aix, testified that he knew M. Thourel and esteemed him highly. "He was made uneasy, as many others were," said M. Talon, "by the agitation caused by this law of the 31st May, which they talk of abrogating."

"We must speak respectfully of this law since it has been voted by the Assembly," interrupted the President of the Court; "abstain from all reflections."

M. Talon proceeded: "M. Thourel told me that he went to Lyons to consult with an influential person in order to prevent any disturbances. On his return he told me that he had a perfect understanding with M. Gent, and that all disturbances were to be prevented." M. Cote, an advocate of Digne, bore testimony to the high character of M. Thourel, speaking especially of his disinterestedness and goodness of heart. He expressed emphatically his belief that M. Thourel was not a man to be concerned in a conspiracy.

M. Crémieux, a member of the provisional government of 1848, appeared as a witness for one of the accused, M. Bouvier. His testimony was to the same effect as that of M. Courant in regard to the intentions of the Republicans and their desire to prevent disturbances. He had seen M. Bouvier several times in the summer of 1850, at Crest, in the department of Drôme. There was a good deal of agitation in the department at that time, caused by the electoral law of the 31st May. Bouvier was of the same opinion with himself, that it was necessary to maintain quiet and wait for 1852. "I saw Bouvier," said M. Crémieux, "after his return from Mâcon. These are his exact words: 'Nothing unconstitutional will be done. No one thinks of an insurrection. Everybody wishes to wait for 1852.' Bouvier is a Republican," said M. Crémieux, "I do not deny it."

The President of the court felt himself touched by the form of this statement, and reproved the witness accordingly: "The accused is not here for

being a Republican, but for plotting against the Republic."

The President was sensitive on this point. M. Longomazino, one of the accused, said that he had established his journal to defend republican principles: "The principles," he added, "for which I am here."

"Longomazino," said the President, "express yourself more clearly. You are not here for holding republican principles; but, on the contrary, under the inculpation of plotting to destroy the republican government."

When the first and principal witness for the prosecution, a commissary of police, had told a long story, one of the counsel for the defence asked him how he had obtained his information. Whereupon the President of the court indignantly: "You must understand that a commissary of police cannot name the agents he employs. If they wore a label, indicating their functions, the police would not be possible. You know that as well as I do."

Among the advocates for the defence was M. Michel (de Bourges). He drew from one of the witnesses, evidently a police agent, an admission that he had been condemned to fourteen months' imprisonment for robbery. The public prosecutor administered a reproof to the advocate, reminding him that this man was a witness, not one of the accused, and that he was not obliged to answer any question unconnected with the case. M. Michel, in the next sitting of the court, asked that an investigation might be made into the character of the witnesses, as he had evidence to present of the discreditable character of some of them. The court retired to deliberate, and returned to announce that "the investigation proposed by M. Michel (de Bourges) was not of a nature to aid in the demonstration of truth."

While the witnesses were thus carefully protected, the prosecution did not fail to employ against the prisoners the usual method of weakening public sympathy in their behalf by defaming them. More than one was cruelly treated in

this way, without redress. A commissary of police, employed to collect evidence in regard to the character of M. Gent, brought against him various accusations, not connected with the actual case; prefacing his statements with "they say," or "it is well known," etc.

M. Gent appealed to the court for protection.

"Could you say from whom you had your information?" asks the President of the witness.

"I cannot. Such confidences are received, so to speak, under the seal of an oath."

The court sustained the witness in his refusal: "I told you the other day the agents of the police are not to be ticketed."

"But these are not police agents. He said that they were conscientious men," urged poor Gent, and, turning to the witness, — "Give their names."

"I know what my duty requires of me," replies the virtuous commissary, "and nothing shall turn me from it."

M. Michel (de Bourges) came to the aid of his client, and required the names of the informants, that they might be cited.

The witness persisted in his silence, and the court sustained him in it.

M. Michel and three other of the advocates united in a demand that the witness, Portenart, should be compelled to give the names of his informants, or that his statements should be regarded as calumnious, and he himself arrested as a false witness.

M. Michel appealed to the code, which he affirmed was on the side of his client. "No man's honor is safe," he continued, "if the police are not obliged to produce authority for their statements. If this is not done in the present case, a great crime will be committed against justice; the sacred rights of defence will be shamefully violated."

The court retired to deliberate. It returned to confirm its first decision: "There is no propriety in the measure demanded by Gent and his advocate."

In the end, so plain was the inutility

of any attempt to obtain justice, that the accused, through their counsel, who gave their approbation to this decision, declined to offer any defence.

The prisoners being asked if they had anything to say before sentence was pronounced, Thourel addressed a few words to their judges.

"We commit our cause to the court, trusting that men independent and free, whose consciences are not under martial law, will remember that they are to render justice in the name of God and the Republic."

When the prisoners were together in the court-room for the last time, waiting for their sentence, they addressed a letter to their counsel, thanking them for the zeal and devotion displayed during the trial; expressing a sense of the entire harmony of principle, feeling, and purpose which existed between themselves and their defenders, and a hope that the same harmony might unite the whole republican party. The letter concludes: "Your friendship and the sympathy of the people for whom we suffer will heighten the joy of those who are to obtain release, and to those of us who are to be condemned will supply inexhaustible consolations under temporary tortures."

A certain number of the accused were acquitted. The others were condemned, some to deportation; others to detention or imprisonment for periods varying from fifteen years to one year; the minor punishments being, however, augmented by fines and by deprivation of civic rights for a longer or shorter term.

Twenty-one of the condemned prisoners have appealed from the decision of the military court.

September 4th. — It is very interesting to find that those parts of France which are now distinguished by their fidelity to principle are the same which have been distinguished by it from early time.

The prosecuting officer and some of the witnesses against the accused of the Lyons plot, stigmatized fifteen departments, eleven in the south, four in the

east, as especially united in a republican bond.

The soil of every one of these departments is holy ground. It has been drenched again and again with the blood of the martyrs of liberty. These people have been persecuted as Albigenes, persecuted as Waldenses ; persecuted as Huguenots, who are now persecuted as Republicans.

We do not at once recognize under their departmental disguises the names so sacred to every descendant of the Puritans. But the proscribed departments of the South represent Provence, Languedoc, Franche-Comté, Dauphiné, Venaissin, Avignon, Vivarais. To each of these names the past has joined associations of sorrow and of heroism, which do not obliterate or dim their other titles to glory, but which are yet their greatest.

These people of the South of France have among their ancestors the men and women who, when deprived of everything, when tracked and hunted down like wild beasts, could still say : "Our least care is for life and goods ; our greatest is to keep entire our faith in our Lord Jesus Christ and in his word."

Many times their enemies have believed the race exterminated ; but its spirit is inextinguishable. The descendants even of those who suffered a violent or — stolen in their childhood — a treacherous conversion, have inherited the cast of intellect and tone of character which makes investigators, protesters, and reformers.

These people are of our own kindred. Their blood flows, intermingled with our English blood, through every State of our Union. But in the Christian world there are no French and no English. Geographical limits do not make distinctions between men and men. Differences of race, such slight differences as exist between the peoples of France and England, do not make a distinction. The only true division is between the servants of God and the slaves of the Prince of this World. The Huguenots of France and the

Puritans of England are of one lineage.

September 5th. — An article has recently appeared in the *Constitutionnel* by Dr. Véron, one of the most unhesitating of the partisans of Napoleon. In this article he sounds the alarm, after the usual fashion, in regard to the ferocious designs of the socialists, and reproaches society with its apathy in the presence of such frightful dangers. "The perils of the country are extreme," he says. "This fatal rencounter of 1852 is to-morrow ; and yet, to look only at appearances, society is calm, tranquil, confident." He admits, after his own manner, that the republican leaders exert themselves to maintain peace and order : "The chiefs of demagoguery and of socialism employ all their efforts to keep in check the gross appetites, eager for disorder and pillage, and to suppress any inopportune outbreak." The inference of course is, that in 1852 outbreak will be opportune, and that disorder and pillage will no longer be kept in check. And what is the remedy proposed by Dr. Véron ? Simply that the President shall take the initiative, in the repeal of the law of the 31st May. "Let the President of the Republic address to the National Assembly, to the country, on this subject, those spirited and loyal words with which his patriotism knows how to inspire him. . . . Give way to the just demand for universal suffrage, and the fate of arms will not blindly decide our future destinies."

Instincts of disorder and plunder controlled by the repeal of an unconstitutional law !

This article is thought to foreshadow the future policy of the President. There is no hope of obtaining revision from the present Assembly ; he cannot, it is thought, rely on the army to sustain him in the so-long-talked-of *coup d'état*. An appeal to the "national sovereignty" is now the cry. That is, since neither Constitution nor Assembly can be made to give way to his pretensions, he will appeal from Constitution and Assembly to the peo-

ple, as to the original source of power. But the people have learned something since 1848.

It is cheering to see what an independent and resolute spirit the Republicans maintain, notwithstanding the dangers that a profession of their faith brings with it. Here is a voice from Côte d'Or. This is not one of the fifteen departments stigmatized at the Lyons trial as ultra-republican; but it has one of them — Saone-et-Loire — for its southern boundary. The mayor of the city of Beaune, in the southern part of this department, lately presided at a distribution of prizes in the college of that city. The address which he made to the students concludes thus:—

“In a time of meanness and servility, when the adorers of power abjure liberty and calumniate its martyrs, it is for the new generation, the young and devoted hearts, to rescue the future, and bear witness to the immortality of progress.

“For sixty years, — ever since our illustrious date of '89, — whenever a usurpation has attacked the sovereignty of the people, — this power incontestably legitimate, this property not less sacred than any other, — whenever liberty could be served only by a struggle, the youth of our schools have always risen with the people to respond to aggression. It is on you that those count, as upon themselves, who devote their life to the realization of this imperishable programme: Freedom, Equality, Brotherhood; Democracy beneficent and progressive.

“Children of our city, wholly republican, where the love of order and the love of liberty are inseparable, may you make fruitful the happy future which we foresee. We shall bless Heaven if we can leave you such an inheritance, even if we are to perish in clearing your way to it.”

The same paper which gives this bold address contains the announcement of the suspension, by the prefect, of the Mayor of Beaune.

A committee appointed by the republican members of the Assembly, called the Committee of Surveillance, holds meetings from time to time while the Assembly is not in session, and reports upon the condition of the country. This committee is probably intended to correspond to the Permanent Committee of the Assembly, which, of course, represents the majority.

The Committee of Surveillance has recently published a note, expressing great satisfaction with the aspect of things: “The calm which reigns in Paris and in the departments must give confidence. The attitude of the people is in admirable contrast with all the violent and unconstitutional expectations of a portion of the press of the great party of order.”

The Republicans have made mistakes in their time, of course, though not all the mistakes were theirs which have been ascribed to them. Their greatest fault, their want of union, the tenacity with which each separate set clung to its own particular theories or plans of action, they have recognized and amended. We do not now find the more moderate Republicans reproaching the ardent with their zeal, or guarding themselves from all appearance of being infected by it. They endeavor to restrain, indeed, but with sympathy. Nor does this change appear to be mere political compromise. The different parties of Republicans understand each other better, and respect each other's sincerity. Patriotism is now the common bond. They tacitly agree to rescue the Republic, and let other questions wait for their solution until this great one, justly decided, leaves a free field for their open discussion and equitable adjustment.

M. L. P.

WANTED: AN HEIR.

HAVE you ever observed, after a storm on the sea-coast, what a dismal array of black and water-worn fragments are left on the beach, brought — the waves alone know — whence? Nothing tells of their first estate. You would never know that they were once gay bits of painted ships, or of other shipwrecked treasures which the storm had stolen from the capacious pocket of the ocean.

I have often thought that the war stranded just such a forlorn collection of human drift, and I have in my memory more than one nondescript who came ashore on our own retired coast.

I smile, even now, to remember the sort of mild despotism which was established over their patients by the women who occupied themselves in the care of the war's wounded and sick. They were perhaps sovereign simply through the courteous consent of these invalided warriors; but, by whatever tenure they held their office, it yielded them, for a brief time, the dear opportunity of exercising those yet untried administrative powers in which woman unquestionably delights, and for which she so publicly pines.

Here was a creature who had carried a dangerous musket and had even stood and faced a volley, without dodging, lying quite helpless, surrendered unconditionally to feminine authority! What profound ignorance these heroic children exhibited on subjects which any woman's instinct could master! They had, for instance, so little money and so much less idea of its proper use: what could be of more value than a little feminine advice on the point? I, for one, was half melancholy when our last sick man recovered, or rebelled and went home to the legally appointed domestic authorities, to be scolded and coddled. I felt like Napoleon on

St. Helena, and for a time almost regretted that there was no further supply of semi-detached soldiers to manage.

It is true that there remained at the close of the war, and still exists, a queer precipitate of disabled men, who either would not or could not recover, and who preferred a peripatetic career to a less exciting but more respectable existence in a National Asylum. They made starring tours through the provinces, which proved highly remunerative; for although we all know that it seems at least a century ago that these heroes fought and bled, they still find, here and there, a remote shrine where a little patriotic fire smoulders, not yet dead in its white ashes. Of a drama whose chief actor belonged to this wandering race, and whose several acts were performed within my own observation, I propose to sketch the plot.

How Pat Diamond ever happened to be enlisted is a mystery which must forever remain unsolved. Drafted he must of necessity have been; yet as it was his wont to remain very brief periods in one habitation, the problem still continues obscure. He was probably caught on the wing — if even poetic license dare suggest in such terms thy slow and meditative motion, O Patrick! — by some nimble enrolling officer.

After the summer of 1865 care for the bodies of our disabled *protégés* resolved itself into solicitude for their pecuniary welfare, and fostering attention to their interests in the account between themselves and their employer, Uncle Sam. Consequently, even before shutters were put up over the windows of the Soldiers' Homes and dreary invitations to purchasers adorned their doors, the Sanitary Commission offices were some of them turned into impro-

vised claims-agencies, and the world of discharged soldiers, who could muster faith in services for which they paid nothing, were invited to appear and register their claims upon the government.

They came: a few — alas their number was small! — because they really believed it the best way to secure their dues; others because having already settled the whole matter satisfactorily with another agent, it could do no harm to repeat the process; others, again, who preferred to save the customary fees in any legitimate manner.

Pat Diamond applied at an early period in the history of our own agency to engage its services in securing his pension. He was a person who at once appealed to the sympathy of every respectable breast. Let me make a pen-and-ink sketch of him, as he first appeared to us: A thin, meagre man of unknown age, with drooping head and uncertain gait, red, uncombed hair, and lustreless eyes which sought yours with so plaintive and humble a look, that your last cent was instantly magnetized from the pocket's depths profound. Then was that gaze enforced by the tattered blue army coat which hung in festoons from his arms, and waved banners of distress from every quarter; and overboard went your last remaining scruple.

Occasionally our feminine corps had been taken in — I grieve to write it — by men as deficient in worth as in worldly goods, but on this occasion we said unanimously: "Pat is certainly fearfully dirty, ragged, and forlorn. We must clothe and feed him."

The inner man of our client was speedily refreshed, but without, it must be owned, producing visible improvement in its external representative. We also bought him a warm great-coat and a pair of stout shoes, and, as his individual responsibility in his claim was fully discharged, we dismissed him to his home, *pro tem.*, in a country village some thirty miles distant, where he proposed to await action upon his case.

"When we require further proof we will send for you," we said, "and, of course, we will write you as soon as your pension is granted."

Away he went, but only a short time elapsed before one morning found him again standing near the door of our small office, silent, ragged, melancholy.

"Well, Pat, what do you want now?" with slight surprise.

"Nothing, ma'am. Only to get my money."

"Already! Why, man, your claim is just sent on. Don't you know, we told you it might take a long time to settle it? There are thousands of other men who want pensions, and you'll have to take your turn."

"Very well, ma'am," turning away and shuffling through the door.

"Pat!" After a glance at the streaming tatters: "Have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"Where are you going to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"What have you done with your new coat?"

"Here it is, ma'am." And drawing aside the blue rags, he displayed his recently acquired garment concealed carefully beneath.

We still had an expansive, ever-ready Soldiers' Home, and Pat was soon ambling thitherward, armed with an order for food, lodging, and a railroad pass to his home, for use on the following day.

The superintendent reported the conduct of Patrick Diamond, while he remained in the Home, as quite unexceptionable, save in one point, to which he directed our attention. Patrick refused to remove his overcoat before retiring, and, displaying unexpected firmness on the point, proceeded to get into the neat white cot assigned to him in full military array. There

"he lay, like a warrior taking his rest, With his martial cloak around him."

Should the superintendent enforce the rules of the establishment and con-

sider such eccentricity as a breach of good order on future occasions?

We, his superior officers, decided that this defender of his country should be permitted to enjoy his slumbers in the manner most congenial to his feelings. Besides, how extremely improbable was it that we should again be called upon to extend hospitality to Pat Diamond! Vain hope! Delusive dream!

The nature of Pat's disability was of the vaguest description, and shone with an *ignis fatuus* gleam upon our comprehensions. It was as difficult to define as the boundaries of the new States to one whose geographical principles were acquired twenty years ago. To put your legal finger upon one disability was to discover another, and so general was the collapse that the difficulty in his case seemed almost to consist in the question whether anything mortal to be pensioned remained. I very much fear his military record was inglorious, for even the most easy-conscienced of his regimental officers declined to testify that the service was responsible for his present dilapidated condition, and even failed to remember him at all.

Meanwhile time rolled on. One officer after another was solicited to testify that Patrick Diamond, age forty years, hair red, eyes blue, height five feet six, native of Ireland, did incur his disability in the service of the United States and in the line of duty. Again and again did their refusals thus to perjure themselves arrive by return mail. Not one of them either could or would remember said Patrick Diamond, or believe him to have been a member of any given regiment.

Our hearts bled for Pat, so humble, so needy, so upright, and so unjustly ignored! Indeed, as to the fact of his enlistment there was no doubt, nor was there any doubt that he was discharged from the service for disability. Yet the case looked dark, and the Pension Office, which through many printed forms had requested explanation of va-

rious discrepancies, remained unsatisfied.

Is it asked where, meanwhile, was the client? I answer, in constant progression from one extreme of his orbit to the other. Did Fortune and a passing train favor him, we saw him at frequent intervals; did conductors frown, he walked the whole weary distance and appeared, with much of the thirty miles' mud and clay upon his garments and the old refrain on his lips, "Can I get my money?"

If I asserted that his agents were entirely free from spasms of momentary impatience, under these repeated aggravations, I should not be a reliable historian, which is my laudable aim. I can say, however, that the feeling was most evanescent, and that a glance at the pitiful, pleading face and dismal figure alone was necessary to translate the anger into unclouded compassion. Time would fail me were I to recount the breakfasts, the dinners, the suppers that slipped down that melancholy being's throat at our expense. Nor could I undertake to record the free excursions in which he indulged through the long-suffering of the railroad company. But to all things there is a limit. One fatal day we received the following message from the conductor of a train which Diamond habitually patronized: "Never send me that man again."

Thereafter Pat walked sixty miles instead of thirty, to inquire weekly into the progress of his claim.

That the case was finally adjusted was, I persist in thinking, due to a little exercise of mother-wit. We had finally discovered a former officer of Pat's own company, whose military glory had long lain concealed under the disguise of a civil occupation. Pat, happening singularly enough to be in town at the time, was sent, personally, to recall the facts of the case to his former commander, and presto! the thing was done. Not long afterwards Patrick Diamond was duly sworn to be a victim of the late war, over the signature of — — —, late Captain or

Lieutenant ——— V. I. The name of Diamond had sunk into oblivion, but its owner's face preserved the history.

I remember how eagerly we anticipated Pat's face of joy when the favorable decision upon his case should be made known to him. We imagined how great would be the pleasure of giving him the crisp new certificate, and prayed that we might none of us be absent when the day of his triumph arrived. We secretly resolved to have a finger in the pie, as regarded the spending of that money.

The intelligent reader may perhaps divine what we actually experienced. Pat showed no emotion whatever, no gladness, no relief, no surprise, only a sort of feverish eagerness, which flushed his sunken cheeks and sent an additional tremor through his thin hands. As he sat at the desk, endeavoring with much labor of lips and fingers to fashion the hieroglyphics, which represented Patrick to himself, he looked more shrivelled and hopeless than ever before. At a sudden noise behind him he started violently, and with a quick, convulsive movement drew his tattered coat hastily together and looked around him with wild eyes. At that significant gesture a revelation was made to one, at least, of his audience, which subsequent events fully justified.

One more effort should be made in the interests of civilization.

"Pat, you have two or three hundred dollars now. You *must* promise to go at once and buy yourself a suit of new clothes."

"I can't, ma'am, I can't; I owe it all to a man in my place."

"You are quite right to wish to pay your honest debts," we said with mild dignity, "but the most hard-hearted creditor could not object to your having a little something to wear."

"I can't. O, I can't! I owe it."

"But you are not properly protected from the weather. Look at your sleeve!" pointing to the coat which could no longer even be called threadbare, that stage of genteel poverty hav-

ing passed into actual absence of thread in many places.

It was all useless. His distress at being thus urged was evident, and it must be confessed there were no signs of yielding in the plaintive meekness of his refusal. We said no more; and pocketing his precious papers, he collected his rags, gave a duck of the head by way of farewell, and went away.

There was a flutter of familiar blue through the door, a little hacking cough on the stairs, and Pat Diamond we never saw again.

All this was four years ago. Our clients have turned into respectable, but less interesting civilians, and all the dear old army blue has been cut down and has disappeared in little boy's trousers and jackets. The heroes of Pittsburg Landing and Stone River, of Mission Ridge and Nashville, are orderly citizens and pine not for another war. I should be glad to know if Fortune has smiled upon many an honest fellow who looked so well in military dress and so commonplace when he came, in checked pantaloons and striped necktie, to bid us and the war a joyful farewell. I have, it is true, some friends who will not consider this cruel war over; but I can't lift my hat to the uniform in conjunction with a hand-organ, and I remonstrate, while I drop my pennies into the plate.

Occasional stray scraps of information about old acquaintances I glean in the letters from country towns which fill up our city newspapers so conveniently, in times of advertising dearth. Here I have perhaps the melancholy pleasure of reading that a certain one-armed soldier has been thrown from a carriage and seriously injured, or that another ex-warrior has been nominated for justice of the peace. It was only a short time since that, my eye being attracted by a familiar name, I accidentally learned the conclusion of Pat Diamond's strange history.

Let me give the exact words of our interesting correspondent from ——— County:—

"On the 9th of March, about sundown, a ragged, repulsive, filthy creature, carrying a bundle of rags and leaning wearily upon a rude staff, applied at the house of Eli Hutsen, about a mile east of Edinburg, for food and lodging for the night. Mr. Hutsen kindly let him in, gave him a supper, and would have given him a bed, but he declined, preferring the floor. He tossed about during the night, and only became quiet towards morning. At six o'clock Mr. Hutsen arose and proceeded to call up his peculiar guest. Once, twice, and even thrice he called, and still the moaning sleeper slumbered on. At last, however, he was awakened and proceeded to arise. After getting upon his feet he fell to the floor, gasped, and died. A coroner's jury was summoned, and a *post mortem* examination showed that the cause of the death was disease of the heart. Proceeding to an examination of the clothing of the deceased, to the surprise and wonder of all, concealed in an inner garment, sewed up in three different parcels, was found money, — fifty-dollar notes, twenty-dollar notes, ten-dollar notes, and the smaller denominations, the whole amount found thus secreted being one thousand dollars and eighty-one cents. From papers on the deceased it was found that he was a native of Ireland, his name Patrick Diamond, his age forty-five years, his stature five feet six inches. He was a soldier in the Union Army, having enlisted in the — — V. I., from which he was honorably discharged, on account of a tubercular affection of the

lungs. Further than this, there was no clew to the personal history or social relations of the man. A respectable suit of clothes was procured, a burial-case obtained, and then this 'poor pauper whom nobody owned' was interred in a Christian manner. Reserving from the amount of money the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars to pay burial expenses, Justice Sanford deposited the remainder in the First National Bank, to await future development and legal claimants, if such there be."

I put the paper down, and sighed, yet half smiled as I thought of this queer wandering creature, true to his instincts to the last, and of his sad and pitiful death. Need I say that I also exclaimed, "We were right"?

Here was the secret and the end of all the starving, the pinching want, the cold, the foot-sore wanderings, the homeless life, year after year!

A coroner's inquest, a grave in an obscure country burial-place, and Patrick Diamond's name on a tombstone! It is strange and incongruous, and I cannot drive from my mind the image of that dismal figure, plodding down one long country road after another, this bitter winter, preserved only through the charity of kindly souls from death by cold and hunger, and yet hugging to his breast the charm which could give him warmth, comfort, luxury.

And now, who is to claim this dearly bought gold? For whom has Pat Diamond saved and died? Again I write, "Wanted: an Heir."

E. F. Terry.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

II.

THE last time, my dear nephew, we sat together in this small apartment I talked with you about Pope and Thackeray, the portraits of whom are still looking at us from the wall. To-day we will sit opposite the likeness of the rarest genius America has given to literature, — a man who lately sojourned in this busy world of ours, but during many years of his life

“Wandered lonely as a cloud,” —

a man who had, so to speak, a physical affinity with solitude. I hope you have read and enjoyed, as I have done, the writings of this author, who has never soiled the public mind with one unlovely image. His men and women have a magic of their own, and we shall wait a long time before another arises among us to take his place. Indeed, it is highly probable no one will ever walk precisely the same round of fiction which he traversed with so free and firm a step.

The portrait we are looking at was made by Rowse (an exquisite drawing, as you perceive), and is a very truthful representation of the head of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was several times painted and photographed, but it was impossible for art to give the light and beauty of his wonderful eyes. I remember to have heard, in the literary circles of London, that, since Burns, no author had appeared there with so fine a face as Hawthorne. Old Mrs. Basil Montagu told me, many years ago, that she sat next to Burns at dinner, when he appeared in society in the first flush of his fame, after the Edinburgh edition of his poems had been published. She said, among other things, that, although the company consisted of some of the best bred men of England, Burns seemed to her the most perfect gentleman among them. She noticed, particularly, his genuine grace and deferential manner toward women,

and I was interested to hear Mrs. Montagu's brilliant daughter, when speaking of Hawthorne's advent in English society, describe him in almost the same terms as I had heard her mother, years before, describe the Scottish poet. I happened to be in London with Hawthorne during his consular residence in England, and I was always greatly delighted at the rustle of admiration his personal appearance excited when he entered a room. His bearing was modestly grand, and his voice touched the ear like a melody. You can see, from the face before you, that its impression among strangers would be no common one.

Here is a golden curl which adorned the head of Nathaniel Hawthorne when he lay a little child in his cradle. It was given to me many years ago by one near and dear to him. I have two other similar “blossoms,” which I keep pressed in the same book of remembrance. One is from the head of John Keats, and was given to me by Charles Cowden Clarke, and the other graced the head of Mary Mitford, and was sent to me after her death by her friendly physician, who watched over her in her last hours. Leigh Hunt says,

“There seems a love in hair, though it be dead.
It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread
Of our frail plant, — a blossom from the tree
Surviving the proud trunk; — as though it said,
Patience and Gentleness is Power. In me
Behold affectionate eternity.”

There is a charming old lady, now living two doors from me, who dwelt in Salem when Hawthorne was born, and, being his mother's neighbor at that time (Mrs. Hawthorne then lived in Union Street), there came a message to her intimating that the baby could be seen by calling. So my friend tells me she went in, and saw the little winking thing in its mother's arms. She is very clear as to the beauty of the in-

fant, even when only a week old, and remembers that "he was a pleasant child, quite handsome, with golden curls." She also tells me that Hawthorne's mother was a beautiful woman, with remarkable eyes, full of sensibility and expression, and that she was a person of singular purity of mind. Hawthorne's father, whom my friend knew well, she describes as a warm-hearted and kindly man, very fond of children. He was somewhat inclined to melancholy, and of a reticent disposition. He was a great reader, employing all his leisure time at sea over books.

Hawthorne's father died when Nathaniel was four years old, and from that time his uncle Robert Manning took charge of his education, sending him to the best schools and afterwards to college. When the lad was about nine years old, while playing bat and ball at school, he lamed his foot so badly that he used two crutches for more than a year. His foot ceased to grow like the other, and the doctors of the town were called in to examine the little lame boy. He was not perfectly restored till he was twelve years old. His kind-hearted schoolmaster, Joseph Worcester, the author of the Dictionary, came every day to the house to hear the boy's lessons, so that he did not fall behind in his studies. He used to lie flat upon the carpet, and read and study the long days through. Some time after he recovered from this lameness he had an illness causing him to lose the use of his limbs, and he was obliged to seek again the aid of his old crutches, which were then pieced out at the ends to make them longer. While a little child, and as soon almost as he began to read, the authors he most affected were Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Thomson. The "Castle of Indolence" was an especial favorite with him during boyhood. The first book he bought with his own money was a copy of Spenser's "Faery Queen."

One who watched him during his childhood tells me, that "when he was

six years old his favorite book was Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'; and that whenever he went to visit his Grandmother Hawthorne, he used to take the old family copy to a large chair in a corner of the room near a window, and read it by the hour, without once speaking. No one ever thought of asking how much of it he understood. I think it one of the happiest circumstances of his training, that nothing was ever explained to him, and that there was no professedly intellectual person in the family to usurp the place of Providence and supplement its shortcomings, in order to make him what he was never intended to be. His mind developed itself; intentional cultivation might have spoiled it. . . . He used to invent long stories, wild and fanciful, and tell where he was going when he grew up, and of the wonderful adventures he was to meet with, always ending with, 'And I'm never coming back again,' in quite a solemn tone, that enjoined upon us the advice to value him the more while he stayed with us."

When he could scarcely speak plain, it is recalled by members of the family that the little fellow would go about the house, repeating with vehement emphasis and gestures certain stagy lines from Shakespeare's Richard III., which he had overheard from older persons about him. One line, in particular, made a great impression upon him, and he would start up on the most unexpected occasions and fire off in his loudest tone,

"Stand back, my Lord, and let the coffin pass."

When Hawthorne was a little more than twelve, the family moved to Raymond in the State of Maine; here his out-of-door life did him great service, for he grew tall and strong, and became a good shot and an excellent fisherman. Here also his imagination was first stimulated, the wild scenery and the primitive manners of the people contributing greatly to awaken his thought. At seventeen he entered Bowdoin College, and after his graduation

returned again to live in Salem. During his youth he had an impression that he would die before the age of twenty-five; but the Mannings, his ever-watchful and kind relations, did everything possible for the care of his health, and he was tided safely over the period when he was most delicate.

When a youth he made a journey into New Hampshire with one of his relatives. They travelled by wagon, and met with many adventures which the young man chronicled in his letters home. Some of the touches in these epistles were very characteristic and amusing, and they showed in those early years his quick observation and descriptive power. The travellers "put up" at Farmington, in order to rest over Sunday. Hawthorne writes to a member of the family in Salem: "As we were wearied with rapid travelling, we found it impossible to attend divine service, which was, of course, very grievous to us both. In the evening, however, I went to a Bible class, with a very polite and agreeable gentleman, whom I afterwards discovered to be a strolling tailor, of very questionable habits."

When the travellers arrived in the Shaker village of Canterbury, Hawthorne at once made the acquaintance of the Community there, and the account which he sent home was to the effect that the brothers and sisters lead a good and comfortable life, and he wrote: "If it were not for the ridiculous ceremonies, a man might do a worse thing than to join them." Indeed, he spoke to them about becoming a member of the Society, and was evidently much impressed with the thrift and peace of the establishment.

This visit in early life to the Shakers is interesting as suggesting to Hawthorne his beautiful story of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," which you will find in his volume of "The Snow-Image, and other Twice-Told Tales."

A lady of my acquaintance (the identical "Little Annie" of the "Ramble" in "Twice-Told Tales") recalls the young man "when he returned home

after his collegiate studies." "He was even then," she says, "a most noticeable person, never going into society, and deeply engaged in reading everything he could lay his hands on. It was said in those days that he had read every book in the Athenæum Library in Salem." This lady remembers that when she was a child, and before Hawthorne had printed any of his stories, she used to sit on his knee and lean her head on his shoulder, while by the hour he would fascinate her with delightful legends, much more wonderful and beautiful than any she has ever read since in printed books.

The traits of the Hawthorne character were stern probity and truthfulness. Hawthorne's mother had many characteristics in common with her distinguished son, she also being a reserved and thoughtful person. Those who knew the family describe the son's affection for her as of the deepest and tenderest nature, and they remember that when she died his grief was almost insupportable. The anguish he suffered from her loss is distinctly recalled by many persons still living, who visited the family at that time in Salem.

I first saw Hawthorne when he was about thirty-five years old. He had then published a collection of his sketches, the now famous "Twice-Told Tales." Longfellow, ever alert for what is excellent, and eager to do a brother author opportune and substantial service, at once came before the public with a generous estimate of the work in the *North American Review*; but the choice little volume, the most promising addition to American literature that had appeared for many years, made little impression on the public mind. Discerning readers, however, recognized the supreme beauty in this new writer, and they never afterwards lost sight of him.

In 1832 Hawthorne published a short anonymous romance called *Fanshawe*. I once asked him about this disowned publication, and he spoke of it with great disgust. and afterwards he thus

referred to the subject in a letter written to me in 1851: "You make an inquiry about some supposed former publication of mine. I cannot be sworn to make correct answers as to all the literary or other follies of my nonage; and I earnestly recommend you not to brush away the dust that may have gathered over them. Whatever might do me credit you may be pretty sure I should be ready enough to bring forward. Anything else it is our mutual interest to conceal; and so far from assisting your researches in that direction, I especially enjoin it on you, my dear friend, not to read any unacknowledged page that you may suppose to be mine."

When Mr. George Bancroft, then Collector of the Port of Boston, appointed Hawthorne weigher and gauger in the custom-house, he did a wise thing, for no public officer ever performed his disagreeable duties better than our romancer. Here is a tattered little official document signed by Hawthorne when he was watching over the interests of the country: it certifies his attendance at the unlading of a brig, then lying at Long Wharf in Boston. I keep this precious relic side by side with one of a similar custom-house character, signed *Robert Burns*.

I came to know Hawthorne very intimately after the Whigs displaced the Democratic romancer from office. In my ardent desire to have him retained in the public service, his salary at that time being his sole dependence, — not foreseeing that his withdrawal from that sort of employment would be the best thing for American letters that could possibly happen, — I called, in his behalf, on several influential politicians of the day, and I well remember the rebuffs I received in my enthusiasm for the author of the "Twice-Told Tales." One pompous little gentleman in authority, after hearing my appeal, quite astounded me by his ignorance of the claims of a literary man on his country. "Yes, yes," he sarcastically croaked down his public turtle-fed throat, "I see through it all, I see through it; this Hawthorne is one of

them 'ere visionists, and we don't want no such a man as him round." So the "visionist" was not allowed to remain in office, and the country was better served by him in another way. In the winter of 1849, after he had been ejected from the custom-house, I went down to Salem to see him and inquire after his health, for we heard he had been suffering from illness. He was then living in a modest wooden house in Oliver Street, if I remember rightly the location. I found him alone in a chamber over the sitting-room of the dwelling; and as the day was cold, he was hovering near a stove. We fell into talk about his future prospects, and he was, as I feared I should find him, in a very desponding mood. "Now," said I, "is the time for you to publish, for I know during these years in Salem you must have got something ready for the press." "Nonsense," said he; "what heart had I to write anything, when my publishers (M. and Company) have been so many years trying to sell a small edition of the 'Twice-Told Tales'?" I still pressed upon him the good chances he would have now with something new. "Who would risk publishing a book for *me*, the most unpopular writer in America?" "I would," said I, "and would start with an edition of two thousand copies of anything you write." "What madness!" he exclaimed; "your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment. No, no," he continued; "I have no money to indemnify a publisher's losses on my account." I looked at my watch and found that the train would soon be starting for Boston, and I knew there was not much time to lose in trying to discover what had been his literary work during these last few years in Salem. I remember that I pressed him to reveal to me what he had been writing. He shook his head and gave me to understand he had produced nothing. At that moment I caught sight of a bureau or set of drawers near where we were sitting; and immediately it occurred to me that hidden away somewhere in that article of furniture was a

story or stories by the author of the "Twice-Told Tales," and I became so positive of it that I charged him vehemently with the fact. He seemed surprised, I thought, but shook his head again; and I rose to take my leave, begging him not to come into the cold entry, saying I would come back and see him again in a few days. I was hurrying down the stairs when he called after me from the chamber, asking me to stop a moment. Then quickly stepping into the entry with a roll of manuscript in his hands he said: "How in Heaven's name did you know this thing was there? As you have found me out, take what I have written, and tell me, after you get home and have time to read it, if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad,—I don't know which." On my way up to Boston I read the germ of "The Scarlet Letter"; before I slept that night I wrote him a note all aglow with admiration of the marvellous story he had put into my hands, and telling him that I would come again to Salem the next day and arrange for its publication. I went on in such an amazing state of excitement when we met again in the little house, that he would not believe I was really in earnest. He seemed to think I was beside myself, and laughed sadly at my enthusiasm. However, we soon arranged for his again appearing before the public in the shape of a book.

This quarto volume—handle it carefully, my dear lad—contains numerous letters, written to me by him from 1850 down to the month of his death. The first one refers to "The Scarlet Letter," and is dated in January, 1850. At my suggestion he had altered the plan of that story. It was his intention to make "The Scarlet Letter" one of several short stories, all to be included in one volume, and to be called

OLD-TIME LEGENDS:

TOGETHER WITH SKETCHES,

EXPERIMENTAL AND IDEAL.

His first design was to make "The Scarlet Letter" occupy about two hun-

dred pages in his new book; but I persuaded him, after reading the first chapters of the story, to elaborate it, and publish it as a separate work. After it was settled that "The Scarlet Letter" should be enlarged and printed by itself in a volume he wrote to me:—

"I am truly glad that you like the Introduction, for I was rather afraid that it might appear absurd and impertinent to be talking about myself, when nobody, that I know of, has requested any information on that subject.

"As regards the size of the book, I have been thinking a good deal about it. Considered merely as a matter of taste and beauty, the form of publication which you recommend seems to me much preferable to that of the 'Mosses.'

"In the present case, however, I have some doubts of the expediency, because, if the book is made up entirely of 'The Scarlet Letter,' it will be too sombre. I found it impossible to relieve the shadows of the story with so much light as I would gladly have thrown in. Keeping so close to its point as the tale does, and diversified no otherwise than by turning different sides of the same dark idea to the reader's eye, it will weary very many people and disgust some. Is it safe, then, to stake the fate of the book entirely on this one chance? A hunter loads his gun with a bullet and several buckshot; and, following his sagacious example, it was my purpose to conjoin the one long story with half a dozen shorter ones, so that, failing to kill the public outright with my biggest and heaviest lump of lead, I might have other chances with the smaller bits, individually and in the aggregate. However, I am willing to leave these considerations to your judgment, and should not be sorry to have you decide for the separate publication.

"In this latter event it appears to me that the only proper title for the book would be 'The Scarlet Letter,' for 'The Custom-House' is merely introductory,—an entrance-hall to the magnificent edifice which I throw open

to my guests. It would be funny if, seeing the further passages so dark and dismal, they should all choose to stop there! If 'The Scarlet Letter' is to be the title, would it not be well to print it on the title-page in red ink? I am not quite sure about the good taste of so doing, but it would certainly be piquant and appropriate, and, I think, attractive to the great gull whom we are endeavoring to circumvent."

One beautiful summer day, twenty years ago, I found Hawthorne in his little red cottage at Lenox, surrounded by his happy young family. His boy and girl were swinging on the gate as we drove up to his door, and with their sunny curls formed a beautiful feature in the landscape. As the afternoon was cool and delightful, we proposed a drive over to Pittsfield to see Holmes, who was then living on his ancestral farm. Hawthorne was in a cheerful condition and seemed to enjoy the beauty of the day to the utmost. Next morning we were all invited by Mr. Dudley Field, then living at Stockbridge, to ascend Monument Mountain. Holmes, Hawthorne, Duyckinck, Herman Melville, Headley, Sedgwick, Matthews, and several ladies, were of the party. We scrambled to the top with great spirit, and when we arrived, Melville, I remember, bestrode a peaked rock, which ran out like a bowsprit, and pulled and hauled imaginary ropes for our delectation. Then we all assembled in a shady spot, and one of the party read to us Bryant's beautiful poem commemorating Monument Mountain. Then we lunched among the rocks, and somebody proposed Bryant's health, and "long life to the dear old poet." This was the most popular toast of the day, and it took, I remember, a considerable quantity of Heidsieck to do it justice. In the afternoon, pioneered by Headley, we made our way, with merry shouts and laughter, through the Ice-Glen. Hawthorne was among the most enterprising of the merry-makers; and being in the dark much of the time, he ventured to call

out lustily, and pretend that certain destruction was inevitable to all of us. After this extemporaneous jollity, we all dined together at Mr. Dudley Field's in Stockbridge, and Hawthorne rayed out in a sparkling and unwonted manner. I remember the conversation at table chiefly ran on the physical differences between the present American and English men, Hawthorne stoutly taking part in favor of the American. This 5th of August was a happy day throughout, and I never saw Hawthorne in better spirits.

Often and often I have seen him sitting in the chair you are now occupying by the window, looking out into the twilight. He liked to watch the vessels dropping down the stream, and nothing pleased him more than to go on board a newly arrived bark from Down East, as she was just moored at the wharf. One night we made the acquaintance of a cabin-boy on board a brig, whom we found off duty and reading a large subscription volume, which proved, on inquiry, to be a Commentary on the Bible. When Hawthorne questioned him why he was reading, then and there, that particular book, he replied with a knowing wink at both of us, "There's consider'ble her'sy in our place, and I'm a studying up for 'em."

He liked on Sunday to mouse about among the books, and there are few volumes in this room that he has not handled or read. He knew he could have unmolested habitation here, whenever he chose to come, and he was never allowed to be annoyed by intrusion of any kind. He always slept in the same room, — the one looking on the water; and many a night I have heard his solemn footsteps over my head, long after the rest of the house had gone to sleep. Like many other nervous men of genius, he was a light sleeper, and he liked to be up and about early; but it was only for a ramble among the books again. One summer morning I found him as early as four o'clock reading a favorite poem, Grainger's "Ode on Solitude," a piece

he very much admired. That morning I shall not soon forget, for he was in the vein for autobiographical talk, and he gave me a most interesting account of his father, the sea-captain, who died of the yellow-fever in Havana, and of his beautiful mother, who dwelt a secluded mourner ever after the death of her husband. Then he drew a picture of his college life, and of his one sole intimate, Franklin Pierce, whom he loved devotedly his life long.

In the early period of our acquaintance he much affected the old Exchange Coffee-House in Devonshire Street, and once I remember to have found him shut up there before a blazing coal-fire, in the "tumultuous privacy" of a great snow-storm, reading with apparent interest an obsolete copy of the "Old Farmer's Almanac," which he had picked up about the house. He also delighted in the Old Province House, at that time an inn, kept by one Thomas Waite, whom he has immortalized. After he was chosen a member of the Saturday Club he came frequently to dinner with Felton, Longfellow, Holmes, and the rest of his friends, who assembled once a month to dine together. At the table, on these occasions, he was rather reticent than conversational, but when he chose to talk it was observed that the best things said that day came from him.

As I turn over his letters, the old days, delightful to recall, come back again with added interest. "I sha'n't have the new story," he says in one of them, dated from Lenox on the 1st of October, 1850, "ready by November, for I am never good for anything in the literary way till after the first autumnal frost, which has somewhat such an effect on my imagination that it does on the foliage here about me,—multiplying and brightening its hues; though they are likely to be sober and shabby enough after all."

"I am beginning to puzzle myself about a title for the book. The scene of it is in one of those old projecting-storied houses, familiar to my eye in Salem; and the story, horrible to say,

is a little less than two hundred years long; though all but thirty or forty pages of it refer to the present time. I think of such titles as 'The House of the Seven Gables,' there being that number of gable-ends to the old shanty; or 'The Seven-Gabled House'; or simply, 'The Seven Gables.' Tell me how these strike you. It appears to me that the latter is rather the best, and has the great advantage that it would puzzle the Devil to tell what it means."

A month afterwards he writes further with regard to "The House of the Seven Gables," concerning the title to which he was still in a quandary:—

"'The Old Pyncheon House: A Romance'; 'The Old Pyncheon Family; or the House of the Seven Gables: A Romance';—choose between them. I have rather a distaste to a double title; otherwise, I think I should prefer the second. Is it any matter under which title it is announced? If a better should occur hereafter, we can substitute. Of these two, on the whole, I judge the first to be the better."

"I write diligently, but not so rapidly as I had hoped. I find the book requires more care and thought than 'The Scarlet Letter'; also, I have to wait oftener for a mood. 'The Scarlet Letter' being all in one tone, I had only to get my pitch, and could then go on interminably. Many passages of this book ought to be finished with the minuteness of a Dutch picture, in order to give them their proper effect. Sometimes, when tired of it, it strikes me that the whole is an absurdity, from beginning to end; but the fact is, in writing a romance, a man is always, or always ought to be, careering on the utmost verge of a precipitous absurdity, and the skill lies in coming as close as possible, without actually tumbling over. My prevailing idea is, that the book ought to succeed better than 'The Scarlet Letter,' though I have no idea that it will."

On the 9th of December he was still at work on the new romance and writes: "My desire and prayer is to

get through with the business in hand. I have been in a Slough of Despond for some days past, having written so fiercely that I came to a stand-still. There are points where a writer gets bewildered and cannot form any judgment of what he has done, or tell what to do next. In these cases it is best to keep quiet."

On the 12th of January, 1851, he is still busy over his new book, and writes: "My 'House of the Seven Gables' is, so to speak, finished; only I am hammering away a little on the roof, and doing up a few odd jobs, that were left incomplete." At the end of the month the manuscript of his second great romance was put into the hands of the expressman at Lenox, by Hawthorne himself, to be delivered to me. On the 27th he writes: "If you do not soon receive it, you may conclude that it has miscarried; in which case, I shall not consent to the universe existing a moment longer. I have no copy of it, except the wildest scribble of a first draught, so that it could never be restored."

"It has met with extraordinary success from that portion of the public to whose judgment it has been submitted, viz. from my wife. I likewise prefer it to 'The Scarlet Letter'; but an author's opinion of his book just after completing it is worth little or nothing, he being then in the hot or cold fit of a fever, and certain to rate it too high or too low."

"It has undoubtedly one disadvantage in being brought so close to the present time; whereby its romantic improbabilities become more glaring."

"I deem it indispensable that the proof-sheets should be sent me for correction. It will cause some delay, no doubt, but probably not much more than if I lived in Salem. At all events, I don't see how it can be helped. My autography is sometimes villanously blind; and it is odd enough that whenever the printers do mistake a word, it is just the very jewel of a word, worth all the rest of the dictionary."

I well remember with what anxiety

I awaited the arrival of the expressman with the precious parcel, and with what keen delight I read every word of the new story before I slept. Here is the original manuscript, just as it came that day, twenty years ago, fresh from the author's hand. The printers carefully preserved it for me; and Hawthorne once made a formal presentation of it, with great mock solemnity, in this very room where we are now sitting.

After the book came out he wrote: "I have by no means an inconvenient multitude of friends; but if they ever do appear a little too numerous, it is when I am making a list of those to whom presentation copies are to be sent. Please send one to General Pierce, Horatio Bridge, R. W. Emerson, W. E. Channing, Longfellow, Hillard, Sumner, Holmes, Lowell, and Thompson the artist. You will yourself give one to Whipple, whereby I shall make a saving. I presume you won't put the portrait into the book. It appears to me an improper accompaniment to a new work. Nevertheless, if it be ready, I should be glad to have each of these presentation copies accompanied by a copy of the engraving put loosely between the leaves. Good by. I must now trudge two miles to the village, through rain and mud knee-deep, after that accursed proof-sheet. The book reads very well in proofs, but I don't believe it will take like the former one. The preliminary chapter was what gave 'The Scarlet Letter' its vogue."

The engraving he refers to in this letter was made from a portrait by Mr. C. G. Thompson, and at that time, 1851, was an admirable likeness. On the 6th of March he writes: "The package, with my five heads, arrived yesterday afternoon, and we are truly obliged to you for putting so many at our disposal. They are admirably done. The children recognized their venerable sire with great delight. My wife complains somewhat of a want of cheerfulness in the face; and, to say the truth, it does appear to be afflicted with a bedevilled melancholy; but it

will do all the better for the author of 'The Scarlet Letter.' In the expression there is a singular resemblance (which I do not remember in Thompson's picture) to a miniature of my father."

His letters to me, during the summer of 1851, were frequent and sometimes quite long. "The House of the Seven Gables" was warmly welcomed both at home and abroad. On the 23d of May he writes:—

"Whipple's notices have done more than pleased me, for they have helped me to see my book. Much of the censure I recognize as just; I wish I could feel the praise to be so fully deserved. Being better (which I insist it is) than 'The Scarlet Letter,' I have never expected it to be so popular (this steel pen makes me write awfully). ——— Esq., of Boston, has written to me, complaining that I have made his grandfather infamous! It seems there was actually a Pyncheon (or Pynchon, as he spells it) family resident in Salem, and that their representative, at the period of the Revolution, was a certain Judge Pynchon, a Tory and a refugee. This was Mr. ———'s grandfather, and (at least, so he dutifully describes him) the most exemplary old gentleman in the world. There are several touches in my account of the Pyncheons which, he says, make it probable that I had this actual family in my eye, and he considers himself infinitely wronged and aggrieved, and thinks it monstrous that the 'virtuous dead' cannot be suffered to rest quietly in their graves. He further complains that I speak disrespectfully of the ———'s in Grandfather's Chair. He writes more in sorrow than in anger, though there is quite enough of the latter quality to give piquancy to his epistle. The joke of the matter is, that I never heard of his grandfather, nor knew that any Pyncheons had ever lived in Salem, but took the name because it suited the tone of my book, and was as much my property, for fictitious purposes, as that of Smith. I have pacified him by a very polite and gentlemanly letter,

and if ever you publish any more of the Seven Gables, I should like to write a brief preface, expressive of my anguish for this unintentional wrong, and making the best reparation possible; else these wretched old Pyncheons will have no peace in the other world, nor in this. Furthermore, there is a Rev. Mr. ———, resident within four miles of me, and a cousin of Mr. ———, who states that he likewise is highly indignant. Who would have dreamed of claimants starting up for such an inheritance as the House of the Seven Gables!

"I mean to write, within six weeks or two months next ensuing, a book of stories made up of classical myths. The subjects are: The Story of Midas, with his Golden Touch, Pandora's Box, The Adventure of Hercules in quest of the Golden Apples, Bellerophon and the Chimera, Baucis and Philemon, Perseus and Medusa; these, I think, will be enough to make up a volume. As a framework, I shall have a young college student telling these stories to his cousins and brothers and sisters, during his vacations, sometimes at the fireside, sometimes in the woods and dells. Unless I greatly mistake, these old fictions will work up admirably for the purpose; and I shall aim at substituting a tone in some degree Gothic or romantic, or any such tone as may best please myself, instead of the classic coldness, which is as repellant as the touch of marble.

"I give you these hints of my plan, because you will perhaps think it advisable to employ Billings to prepare some illustrations. There is a good scope in the above subjects for fanciful designs. Bellerophon and the Chimera, for instance: the Chimera a fantastic monster with three heads, and Bellerophon fighting him, mounted on Pegasus; Pandora opening the box; Hercules talking with Atlas, an enormous giant who holds the sky on his shoulders, or, sailing across the sea in an immense bowl; Perseus transforming a king and all his subjects to stone, by exhibiting the Gorgon's head. No particular accuracy in costume need be

aimed at. My stories will bear out the artist in any liberties he may be inclined to take. Billings would do these things well enough, though his characteristics are grace and delicacy rather than wildness of fancy. The book, if it comes out of my mind as I see it now, ought to have pretty wide success amongst young people; and, of course, I shall purge out all the old heathen wickedness, and put in a moral wherever practicable. For a title how would this do: 'A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys'; or, 'The Wonder-Book of Old Stories'? I prefer the former. Or, 'Myths Modernized for my Children'; that won't do.

"I need a little change of scene, and meant to have come to Boston and elsewhere before writing this book; but I cannot leave home at present."

Throughout the summer Hawthorne was worried almost out of existence by people who insisted that they, or their families in the present or past generations, had been deeply wronged in "The House of the Seven Gables." In a note, received from him on the 5th of June, he says:—

"I have just received a letter from still another claimant of the Pyncheon estate. I wonder if ever, and how soon, I shall get a just estimate of how many jackasses there are in this ridiculous world. My correspondent, by the way, estimates the number of these Pyncheon jackasses at about twenty; I am doubtless to be remonstrated with by each individual. After exchanging shots with all of them, I shall get you to publish the whole correspondence, in a style to match that of my other works, and I anticipate a great run for the volume.

"P. S. My last correspondent demands that another name be substituted, instead of that of the family; to which I assent, in case the publishers can be prevailed on to cancel the stereotype plates. Of course you will consent! Pray do!"

Praise now poured in upon him from all quarters. Hosts of critics, both in England and America, gallantly came

forward to do him service, and his fame was assured. On the 15th of July he sends me a jubilant letter from Lenox, from which I will read to you several passages:—

"Mrs. Kemble writes very good accounts from London of the reception my two romances have met with there. She says they have made a greater sensation than any book since 'Jane Eyre'; but probably she is a little or a good deal too emphatic in her representation of the matter. At any rate, she advises that the sheets of any future book be sent to Moxon, and such an arrangement made that a copyright may be secured in England as well as here. Could this be done with the Wonder Book? And do you think it would be worth while? I must see the proof-sheets of this book. It is a cursed bore; for I want to be done with it from this moment. Can't you arrange it so that two or three or more sheets may be sent at once, on stated days, and so my journeys to the village be fewer?"

"That review which you sent me is a remarkable production. There is praise enough to satisfy a greedier author than myself. I set it aside, as not being able to estimate how far it is deserved. I can better judge of the censure, much of which is undoubtedly just; and I shall profit by it if I can. But, after all, there would be no great use in attempting it. There are weeds enough in my mind, to be sure, and I might pluck them up by the handful; but in so doing I should root up the few flowers along with them. It is also to be considered, that what one man calls weeds another classifies among the choicest flowers in the garden. But this reviewer is certainly a man of sense, and sometimes tickles me under the fifth rib. I beg you to observe, however, that I do not acknowledge his justice in cutting and slashing among the characters of the two books, at the rate he does; sparing nobody, I think, except Pearl and Phoebe. Yet I think he is right as to my tendency as respects individual character.

"I am going to begin to enjoy the summer now, and to read foolish novels, if I can get any, and smoke cigars, and think of nothing at all; which is equivalent to thinking of all manner of things."

The composition of the "Tanglewood Tales" gave him great pleasure, and all his letters, during the period he was writing them, overflow with evidences of his felicitous mood. He requests that Billings should pay especial attention to the drawings, and is very anxious that the porch of Tanglewood should be "well supplied with shrubbery." He seemed greatly pleased that Mary Russell Mitford had fallen in with his books and had written to me about them. "Her sketches," he said, "long ago as I read them, are as sweet in my memory as the scent of new hay." On the 18th of August he writes:—

"You are going to publish another thousand of the Seven Gables. I promised those Pyncheons a preface. What if you insert the following?

"(The author is pained to learn that, in selecting a name for the fictitious inhabitants of a castle in the air, he has wounded the feelings of more than one respectable descendant of an old Pyncheon family. He begs leave to say that he intended no reference to any individual of the name, now or heretofore extant; and further, that, at the time of writing his book, he was wholly unaware of the existence of such a family in New England for two hundred years back, and that whatever he may have since learned of them is altogether to their credit.)

"Insert it or not, as you like. I have done with the matter."

I advised him to let the Pyncheons rest as they were, and omit any addition, either as note or preface, to the romance.

Near the close of 1851 his health seemed unsettled, and he asked me to look over certain proofs "carefully," for he did not feel well enough to manage them himself. In one of his notes, written from Lenox at that time, he says:—

"Please God, I mean to look you

in the face towards the end of next week; at all events, within ten days. I have stayed here too long and too constantly. To tell you a secret, I am sick to death of Berkshire, and hate to think of spending another winter here. But I must. The air and climate do not agree with my health at all; and, for the first time since I was a boy, I have felt languid and dispirited during almost my whole residence here. O that Providence would build me the merest little shanty, and mark me out a rood or two of garden-ground, near the sea-coast. I thank you for the two volumes of De Quincey. If it were not for your kindness in supplying me with books now and then, I should quite forget how to read."

Hawthorne was a great devourer of books, and in certain moods of mind it made very little difference to him what the volume before him happened to be. An old play or an old newspaper sometimes gave him wondrous great content, and he would ponder the sleepy, uninteresting sentences as if they contained immortal mental aliment. He once told me he found such delight in old advertisements in the newspaper files at the Boston Athenæum, that he had passed delicious hours among them. At other times he was very fastidious, and threw aside book after book until he found the right one. De Quincey was a special favorite with him, and the Sermons of Laurence Sterne he once commended to me as the best sermons ever written. In his library was an old copy of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," which had floated down to him from a remote ancestry, and which he had read so industriously for forty years that it was nearly worn out of its thick leathern cover. Hearing him say once that the old English State Trials were enchanting reading, and knowing that he did not possess a copy of those heavy old folios, I picked up a set at a book-stall and sent them to him. He often told me that he spent more hours over them and got more delectation out of them than tongue could tell, and he said,

if five lives were vouchsafed to him, he could employ them all in writing stories out of those books. He had sketched, in his mind, several romances founded on the remarkable trials reported in the old volumes; and one day, I remember, he made my blood tingle by relating some of the situations he intended, if his life was spared, to weave into future romances. Sir Walter Scott's novels he continued almost to worship, and was accustomed to read them aloud in his family. The novels of G. P. R. James, both the early and the later ones, he insisted were admirable stories, admirably told, and he had high praise to bestow on the novels of Anthony Trollope. "Have you ever read these novels?" he wrote to me in a letter from England, some time before Trollope began to be much known in America. "They precisely suit my taste; solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were made a show of. And these books are as English as a beefsteak. Have they ever been tried in America? It needs an English residence to make them thoroughly comprehensible; but still I should think that the human nature in them would give them success anywhere."

But I fear I am tiring you with this long talk about the man I knew and loved so well. You ask me if all his moods were sombre, and if he was never jolly sometimes like other people. Indeed he was; and although the humorous side of Hawthorne was not easily or often discoverable, yet have I seen him marvellously moved to fun, and no man laughed more heartily in his way over a good story. Wise and witty H——, in whom wisdom and wit are so ingrained that age only increases his subtle spirit, and only enhances the power of his cheerful temperament,

always had the talismanic faculty of breaking up that thoughtfully sad face into mirthful waves; and I remember how Hawthorne writhed with hilarious delight over Professor L——'s account of a butcher who remarked that, "Idees had got afloat in the public mind with respect to sassingers." I once told him of a young woman who brought in a manuscript, and said, as she placed it in my hands, "I don't know what to do with myself sometimes, I'm so filled with *mammoth thoughts*." A series of convulsive efforts to suppress explosive laughter followed, which I remember to this day.

He had an inexhaustible store of amusing anecdotes to relate of people and things he had observed on the road. One day he described to us, in his inimitable and quietly ludicrous manner, being *watched*, while on a visit to a distant city, by a friend who called, and thought he needed a protector, his health being at that time not so good as usual. "He stuck by me," said Hawthorne, "as if he were afraid to leave me alone; he stayed past the dinner-hour, and when I began to wonder if he never took meals himself, he departed and set another man to *watch* me till he should return. That man *watched* me so, in his unwearying kindness, that when I left the house I forgot half my luggage, and left behind, among other things, a beautiful pair of slippers. They *watched* me so, among them, I swear to you I forgot nearly everything I owned."

I see you are still interested, my dear boy, in this remarkable author; and, if you desire it, I will continue my reminiscences of him when we meet again. I could go on in this desultory conversational way a long time if I were as sure of my audience as I am of the genius of my subject. So *you* must decide if we shall continue our Hawthorne talk next month, or if you are to move your uncle's chair opposite some other portrait, of which there are many more in the room.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Faust: A Tragedy by JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. The First Part. Translated, in the original Metres, by BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

WE need not enter upon the question, which Mr. Taylor considers somewhat in his Preface, whether he had a real vocation to the present work, since Mr. Hayward had already done it acceptably in one form and Mr. Brooks in another. Translation is a labor that almost in the nature of things must be renewed from time to time; and the fact that we had no English version by a man of so much poetical repute as himself would to our thinking justify Mr. Taylor's attempt. He warmly acknowledges the fidelity and conscientiousness of Mr. Brooks's translation, which he says he could not but follow "in all essential particulars," and of which it seemed to him the only deficiencies were "a lack of the lyrical fire and fluency of the original in some passages, and an occasional lowering of the tone through the use of the words which are literal but not equivalent."

Mr. Taylor translates "Faust" in the original metres, with the rhymes, monosyllabic and dissyllabic, almost invariably as they are in the German, and also with a very remarkable degree of literalness, though not with so great literalness as we could have desired. There is always a question in translation of what shall perish, and each translator must decide for himself. For our part—and we say this at once that we may be able to do justice to Mr. Taylor—we think that, for the sake of fidelity, the rhyme had better go, as being the least of the admirable qualities of poetry. For example, he has done very beautifully that song of the "Spirits" in the third scene:—

"Vanish, ye darkling
Arches above him!
Loveliest weather,
Born of blue ether,
Break from the sky!
O that the darkling
Clouds had departed!
Starlight is sparkling,
Tranquiller-hearted
Suns are on high," etc.

We believe it scarcely possible to make a better version than this, and keep the

rhyme and rhythm; but we think it would have been better to have made a rhymeless translation, keeping only the original movement, and the dissyllabic line-endings.* The translator would then have been able to reproduce the poet more truthfully, and need not, perhaps, have obliged him to say "tranquiller-hearted suns" and "loveliest weather born of blue ether," instead of what he did say:—

"Schwindet ihr dunkeln
Wölbungen droben!
Reizender schaue
Freundlicher blaue
Aether herein!
Wären die dunkeln
Wolken zerronnen!
Sternelein funkeln,
Mildere Sonnen
Scheinen darein."

We state these objections as the key to the criticism which we should have generally to make upon Mr. Taylor's version. His translation of the rhyme and metre of the original—which he also forsakes at times—is a wonderful *tour de force*; but sometimes it prevents his rendering the German exactly; sometimes it obliges him to invent epithets, and very often it forces him to the use of inversions which discord with the light colloquial tone of a great part of the play.

For this last reason the most successful passages of his translation are the loftier and tenderer ones, in which the poet's diction is further removed from every-day parlance. He appears to admirable effect, for instance, in that soliloquy of Faust's when he enters Margaret's chamber:—

"FAUST (*looking around*).

"O welcome, twilight soft and sweet,
That breathes throughout this hallowed shrine!
Sweet pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet
The heart that on the dew of hope must pine!
How all around a sense impresses
Of quiet, order, and content!
This poverty what bounty blesses!
What bliss within this narrow den is pent!

* In justice to the translator we must quote what he says in his note upon this passage: "The rhythmical translation of this song—which, without the original rhythm and rhyme, would lose nearly all its value—is a head and heart breaking task. I can only say that, after returning to it again and again, during a period of six years, I can offer nothing better."

(He throws himself into a leathern arm-chair near the bed.)

Receive me, thou, that in thine open arms
Departed joy and pain wert wont to gather !
How oft the children, with their ruddy charms,
Hung here, around this throne, where sat the father !
Perchance my love, amid the childish band,
Grateful for gifts the Holy Christmas gave her,
Here meekly kissed the grandsire's withered hand.
I feel, O maid ! thy very soul
Of order and content around me whisper, —
Which leads thee with its motherly control,
The cloth upon thy board bids smoothly thee un-
roll,
The sand beneath thy feet makes whiter, crisper.
O dearest hand, to thee 't is given
To change this hut into a lower heaven !
And here !

(He lifts one of the bed-curtains.)

"What sweetest thrill is in my blood !
Here could I spend whole hours, delaying :
Here Nature shaped, as if in sportive playing,
The angel blossom from the bud.

"Here lay the child, with Life's warm essence
The tender bosom filled and fair,
And here was wrought, through holier, purer pres-
ence,
The form diviner beings wear !

"And I ? What drew me here with power ?
How deeply am I moved, this hour !
What seek I ? Why so full my heart, and sore ?
Miserable Faust ! I know thee now no more."

This is very finely and faithfully done, with all the remorseful passion, the self-pitying tenderness of the man for the helplessness he is to ruin, and the feeling of the sweet domestic charm of Margaret's character transferred to the English. This sweetness and simple domesticity, so lovely in the German, is given again with great success in the version of Margaret's own pretty and trustful speeches : —

"A nice estate was left us by my father,
A house, a little garden near the town.
But now my days have less of noise and hurry ;
My brother is a soldier,
My little sister 's dead.
True, with the child a troubled life I led,
Yet I would take again, and willing, all the worry,
So very dear was she.

FAUST.

An angel, if like thee !

MARGARET.

I brought it up, and it was fond of me.
Father had died before it saw the light,
And mother's case seemed hopeless quite,
So weak and miserable she lay ;
And she recovered, then, so slowly, day by day.
She could not think, herself, of giving
The poor wee thing its natural living ;
And so I nursed it all alone
With milk and water : 't was my own.
Lulled in my lap with many a song,
It smiled, and tumbled, and grew strong.

FAUST.

The purest bliss was surely then thy dower.

MARGARET.

But surely, also, many a weary hour.
I kept the baby's cradle near
My bed at night ; if 't even stirred, I 'd guess it,
And waking, hear,
And I must nurse it, warm beside me press it,
And oft, to quiet it, my bed forsake,
And dandling back and forth the restless creature
take,
Then at the wash-tub stand, at morning's break ;
And then the marketing and kitchen-tending,
Day after day, the same thing, never-ending."

Now and then a precious phrase is lost ; but on the whole the translation is so good that if the reader does not recur to the German he will certainly not know from poverty of the English that he has suffered any deprivation. Here, as elsewhere in Mr. Taylor's rendering, those who read the verse aloud will perceive how he has filled himself with the music of Goethe, and how perfectly he echoes it. In nothing is his success more notable than in this particular, and yet we will not be sure that the best done of all the lyrical passages is not that only one in which Mr. Taylor permits himself so far to depart from the original as to leave unrhymed the first and third lines, which Goethe rhymed. Each reader of the German might object to a word here or there, but all can see the extraordinary closeness of the version, and all must allow its melody and beauty : —

"There was a King in Thule,
Was faithful till the grave, —
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

"Naught was to him more precious ;
He drained it at every bout :
His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

"When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

"He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers
In the Castle by the Sea.

"There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow ;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

"He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea :
Then fell his eyelids forever,
And never more drank he !"

Among the parts of the poem that seem to us remarkably well done is the "Prelude on the Stage," which is at once very literal and very easy, — excellent Goethean and excellent English. We like also, but with more reserve, the "Dedication," and it seems to us that the last scene, in which Faust and Mephistopheles appear to rescue Margaret from prison, is as a whole good almost in proportion to the difficulties of its management. We cannot always see the reason Mr. Taylor has for lengthening certain lines by a foot or more, when a faithfuller version would apparently have retained the original measure, but we are ready to believe that a more careful examination of the poem than we have been able to give it would show this. At least, we feel that without study in some sort comparable to this translator's, self-distrust is safety for his critic.

In the immensely difficult work which Mr. Taylor proposed to himself, it would be surprising if he had perfectly succeeded, or if he could always have adhered to his own plan. He has been obliged to swerve from it at times, now to sacrifice the rhyme that he may keep the measure, now to vary the measure that he may have the rhyme, and now to make free with his author's expressions, that he may retain his graces. But these deflections are not characteristic of the work, which preserves in a very wonderful degree the meaning, the movement, the music of the German.

Translation has limitations as inexorable as mortality, and is like the body to the soul. At the very best, it can only allow the soul to shine through, and often must obscure it. Let us never expect too much of it; rather, let the exacting critic attempt to improve any faulty passage for himself, and then he will recognize its difficulties and the narrowness of its province. Above all, it should be remembered that it is not for those who can read the original, but for those who cannot, and to whom the form and the sense are more precious than the exquisite expression, the irretainable aroma.

"Faust" presents singular difficulties to the translator. We do not generally understand that much of it is purposely common to commonplaceness, though redeemed by the vastness and grandeur of the whole design. Against this prepossession the translator sets his face with danger, and if he is true to the poet he runs the grave risk of being blamed with his diffuseness

and mistiness. Add to this essential trouble the great and capricious variety of the metres which Mr. Taylor proposed to keep, and the dissyllabic rhymes which he reproduces in a language not rich in them, and some idea may be formed of the labor he has performed. The spirit in which he has performed it is one of perfect humility and devotion to the original and of the most patient art; so that where the translation seems least successful, his regret is almost sensible to the sympathetic reader, who cannot help rejoicing in his success.

Following the poem is a very interesting, full, and satisfactory mass of notes for the elucidation of the text, and the discussion of the various versions, — evidently the fruit of careful study and thorough knowledge of Faust-lore; and there ~~are~~ ^{more} are valuable appendices giving the legend of Faust, and the chronology of Goethe's play.

The work appears in the sumptuous style of Mr. Longfellow's Dante and Mr. Bryant's Homer, and adds another to those American translations which, while they appeal to the national pride, may be read without an effort of patriotism. Let us not forget to speak of the graceful German poem which the translator addresses to Goethe, and of which the closing lines so well describe the intention, largely fulfilled, of his labor: —

"Lass Deinen Geist in meiner Stimme klingen,
Und was Du sangst, lass mich es Dir nachsingen!"

The English Governess at the Siamese Court: being Recollections of Six Years in the Royal Palace at Bangkok. By ANNA HENRIETTA LEONOWENS. With Illustrations from Photographs presented to the Author by the King of Siam. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

SOME passages of this unique narrative of Mrs. Leonowens we have already had the pleasure of offering our readers, who can hardly have forgotten them. They characterize very fairly the whole book, which is a description of things as remote from our conventional ideas of an Eastern court as from any experience of our Western lives. The author's six years' service as instructress of the wives and children of the Siamese king in the English language enabled her to see intimately the life of that grotesque and cruel, yet most amusing despot, and the life of the slaves of high and low degree that trembled about him, and op-

pressed and wronged each other, as he oppressed and wronged them all. The spectacle presented is one of the most tragical, varied by touches of fantasticality and absurdity as extraordinary as the features of terror and violence. The king was a man of the sublimest morals in theory, of tender affections in many ways, of a literary and scientific ambition, of aspirations for something like European culture and civilization, but bound down by the traditions of his race and the love of power to the practise of wanton and repulsive tyrannies, and steeped in the sensuality of the East. He bewails with affecting sorrow the loss of one daughter, and causes the mother of another to be scourged in her sight. His palace is a prison for the multitudes of his wives and concubines, any of whom may pass in a moment from his embrace to the whip of the executioner, if it is the caprice of his lawless temper. Under him is the wretched shadow of royalty called the Second King, who miserably exists in the fear of the Supreme King's fear of him; and the scale descends with illimitable oppression everywhere, from the various ministers and judges to the abject populace, who still have slaves of their own. Yet there is one grand check upon this monstrous system: the prosperity of European commerce with Siam. This is so important that consuls are empowered to give any desired protection to foreign residents, and the despotism ceases with the Asiatics. A quiet gentleman of the civil service of England, France, or the United States suffices to stay this tyrant in the full tide of his fury; and there is an English paper published at Bangkok, in which the relations of the king to his own subjects is sharply and wholesomely criticised; so that the late king, who was very proud of his English, had the advantage of a free press as concerned himself. Thanks to the residence of a British Consul in the city, Mrs. Leonowens was enabled to maintain the independent bearing in the king's service which alone made it endurable, to oppose his fantastic will, and somewhat to soften the rigors of the pedantic despot—a kind of Siamese James I.—towards others. Her position was a very strange one, and by no means pleasant, in most things: the potentate who respected her as an Englishwoman despised her as a woman, and his divided mind was shared by all the despots under him. Yet after being received with insolent neglect by the king's minister, and

with various arbitrary proceedings (duly resisted) by the king himself, she made herself a place in his strange regard, and when her six years' service came to an end she quitted his employ, with of course the lamentations of all the helpless women and children, and also with this quaint compliment in English from royalty itself: "Mam! you are much beloved by our common people, and all inhabitants of palace and royal children. Every one is in affliction of your departure. It shall be because you must be a good and true lady. I am often angry on you, and lose my temper, though I have large respect for you. But nevertheless you ought to know you are difficult woman, and more difficult than generality. But you will forget and come back to my service, for I have more confidence on you every day. Good by."

The book alone can convey a just idea of the life that the author saw in palace and city, and we leave it, with hearty commendation, to do so to all readers. But there is one glimpse of the grotesqueness of the national mind which we cannot forbear giving, because it seems fairly to express in a little the whole amusing invertedness of the East. "One cannot but be struck," wrote a member of the Siamese embassy after his return from London, "with the aspect of the august queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and above all her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant."

The Children's Crusade. An Episode of the Thirteenth Century. By GEORGE ZABRISKIE GRAY. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

THE fact that in the thirteenth century fifty thousand French and German children, in separate crusades, left their homes and set out, under the leadership of two of their number, to achieve the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre, after so many armies had failed, is as little known as it is picturesque and surprising. It was in the time of Innocent the Great, and the children caught from him the fervor for crusading before which their elders and rulers remained cold. Two shepherd lads, who had been inflamed with so much zeal by the priests as to believe themselves divinely appointed to preach and

lead the children's crusade, gradually drew a vast following after them, the enthusiasm of which the little ones could nowhere resist. Boys and girls alike left their homes, in hut and hall, against the entreaties and commands of their parents and the decrees of their princes. A rabble of fanatical priests accompanied them, and the vile and lewd of either sex and all ages joined their march, and preyed upon them. The Rhenish barons supplied themselves abundantly with serfs from the helpless hosts of the German children, who, with immense losses by pestilence and violence and famine, crossed the Alps into Italy, where their blamelessness was made to feel the hatred for the German race kindled by the imperial invasions. The sea was to open before them and to give them a path to Asia, and they wandered from port to port for this miracle in vain. At last they appeared before Innocent in Rome, and he sent the miserable remnant back to their homes. The French children reached Marseilles in full force, and found the Mediterranean as insensible to prophecy there as it had shown itself in Italy. But two merchants, Hugo Ferreus and William Porcus, offered the little ones passage in their ships to the Holy Land. Part of them perished by shipwreck, and the rest were carried, as the merchants had plotted, to the Moslem coasts, and sold into slavery, from which they were never redeemed.

This is that most tragical story which Mr. Gray has with great patience drawn from the chronicles of the period, and given for the first time completeness and coherence. He has written with the interest which such an uncommon theme must inspire, and has not been betrayed into greater fancifulness and conjecture, perhaps, than could well be avoided, considering the strangeness of the material and the obscurity of the time. We cannot help feeling, however, that he has just failed to make one of the most beautiful children's books that could have been written, while his narration lacks a satisfactory historical strength and philosophy. A few touches, bestowed here and there, would still put the children in possession of a work which might profitably supplant nine tenths of the books lately written for them, while their elders would be no less charmed with it, and would not then be troubled by a sense of the defects we have hinted at. But as it stands we accept it very gratefully, and own to a sad pleasure in its perusal. Certainly, in the history of

the world, there never were events more wonderful and touching, and we heartily commend the book, which fathers and mothers may read aloud to their little ones, and may easily make intelligible to them, while they themselves will not fail to enjoy it.

The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, K. G., G. C. B., etc., with Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence. By the RIGHT HONORABLE SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER, G. C. B., M. P. Vols. I. and II. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.

THE man who has held successively the offices of Secretary at War, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Home Secretary, and Prime Minister of Great Britain for forty-six years, in that eventful period between 1809 and 1865, may well be regarded as a great public character, whose life, especially when written by one who possesses such peculiar qualifications for the work as Sir H. L. Bulwer, could hardly fail to be interesting. The two volumes now published do not extend beyond the fall of the Whig Ministry in 1841, leaving the most important part of the official life yet to be written.

Bulwer's method will not be altogether satisfactory to those who look to the daily papers to do their thinking. The reader is left to form his own opinion upon most events, from the private and public letters and extracts from diaries, which are presented very fully. That the biographer has not pursued this course from want of sympathy with his subject is evident from the brief Preface to the work and his occasional comments, in which he leaves no doubt of his sincere and hearty admiration of Palmerston's character and political course. If the work has been performed conscientiously, that is, if there has been no improper discrimination in the selections from private correspondence, nothing omitted which would tend to develop the real character of the man, the plan is unobjectionable, — indeed the best possible, — as it brings the man himself very near to the reader.

The matter contained in these volumes, especially the first volume, which includes many letters from Lord Palmerston to his brothers and sisters, designed to show the sentiments which actuated him upon his entrance into public life, will go far to modify

the general opinion of him in this country. Most Englishmen are pleased to regard him as a good representative of their nation, — plucky, straightforward, believing in English superiority, and ready, if necessary, to fight for it as an idea. The American public, looking at him from another standpoint, have heretofore regarded him as a good representative of the governing class in England, — egotistical, snobbish, saying more than he was willing to stand by, selfish, and somewhat unscrupulous, in his foreign policy. We do not mean to say that all Americans or the most intelligent have so regarded him, but that the public has put that estimate upon him. And the reason is obvious. The people of our country see only a few prominent points in the policy of a statesman of another country. To us Palmerston was the opponent of Cobden, Bright, and Mill, the liberals, and the head of the British government during the late civil war. To most Americans those two facts were sufficient to destroy all claims to statesmanship or fair dealing.

As we have already said, the most important part of the official life is yet to come. What we have now does not so much touch Palmerston's character as a statesman as his character as a man. "There was," says Bulwer, "nothing mean, shifty, underhand, or vacillating in his course. Whatever line he took, he pursued it openly, straightforwardly, and firmly." This view is certainly borne out in the correspondence, so far as given. He must have had a genius for office; otherwise, with his decided will, and in such troublous times, — radical changes going on in all the governments of Europe, great statesmen being thrust aside never to reappear on the political stage, — he never could have held office so uninterruptedly; dying at the age of eighty-one, while still grasping with a firm hand the helm of state. We cannot give here more than a very brief outline of the prominent events in the life of the subject of this work.

Henry John Temple was born on the 20th October, 1784. He descended directly from a younger brother of that famous Sir William Temple, "who had William III. for his friend and Swift for his dependant." His father was a peer of Ireland; his mother, the daughter of a respectable tradesman of Dublin, who, though not aristocratic, was handsome and accomplished. On the death of his father, in 1802, he succeeded to the title of Viscount, and was

thereafter known as Lord Palmerston. He was educated at Harrow until sixteen years of age, when he went to Edinburgh and lived with Dugald Stewart, attending the lectures at the University. In 1803 he went to St. John's, Cambridge. Just as he became of age, in 1806, Mr. Pitt died, and the University had to choose a new member for Parliament to fill the vacancy. Although Palmerston had not taken his degree, he acted upon the advice of friends and stood as a candidate, but was defeated. In 1806 he stood again for Horsham, but was again defeated. In the following year Parliament was dissolved, and Palmerston again became a candidate for Cambridge, and would have been elected, had he not, with remarkable political honesty, adhered to an agreement to give another candidate the second votes of all his disposable plumpers. Soon after he was returned for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight. Just previous to this he was appointed by the Duke of Portland to be one of the junior Lords of the Admiralty.

The capture of Copenhagen and the Danish fleet, which occurred in September, 1807, furnished the subject of his first speech in the beginning of the session of 1808. For a first effort it was highly commended. In 1809 a quarrel between Castlereagh and Canning led to a change of Ministry, and Percival became the head of the government. The peculiar condition of parties necessitated the selection of young men for the Cabinet. Percival sent for Palmerston, then twenty-five years of age, and offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. It was a tempting offer, and one which few young men possessing the ambition and sanguine temperament of Palmerston could have had the courage to refuse. He did refuse, however, after consulting Malmesbury and others, but soon after accepted the position of Secretary at War. There was at that time a Secretary *for* War, who had charge of the general war policy, and who was usually Minister of the Colonies, or some other department. There was also a Commander-in-Chief of the army, who had entire control of the discipline, recruiting, and promotions. The Secretary *at* War controlled the finances of the War Department. Palmerston continued in this office for nineteen years, through Liverpool's, Canning's, Goderich's, and part of Wellington's administrations. When Grattan brought up the question of Catholic eman-

cipation, in 1813, Palmerston made an able speech in support of it. On all questions, except the reduction of the military establishment, he appears to have taken a more liberal view at this time than most of his Tory friends. "He spoke no word in favor of the six acts. He took no public share in the attempts to cramp the liberty of the press. His name was never identified with the attempts to increase the severity of the laws against so-called sedition and libel." Upon the dissolution of the Parliament in 1826 Palmerston found himself opposed, in the canvass for the University, by Eldon and others, on account of his action on the Catholic question, although it had been understood that that question was to be an open one. The Whigs came to his support, and he was elected. "This," he says, "was the first decided step towards a breach with the Tories, and they were the aggressors."

The wisdom of the course pursued by Palmerston was seen in the following year, when Lord Liverpool died, and Canning was called upon to form a new government. Wellington, the fossilized Eldon, Peel, — all the Tories, — retired. The "Protestant party," as it was called, — that is, the party which regarded the Catholics as having no rights which a Protestant was bound to respect, — was broken. Canning offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Palmerston, who was now prepared to accept it. But the king, the first gentleman in Europe, had not been consulted, and for some unexplained reason he disliked Palmerston. To harmonize matters, Canning was obliged to unite the two offices of First Lord and Chancellor in his own person as Prime Minister. The Governorship of Jamaica was offered to Palmerston. He laughed at it. The Governor-Generalship of India — the most lucrative in the gift of the government — was then proposed. He thanked the Minister kindly, but said the climate would not agree with his health. When the Wellington administration was formed, in the early part of 1828, Huskisson, Palmerston, and others, representing what was called the Canningite party, were taken in to secure their support. There was little sympathy between these men and the Great Duke. Huskisson soon resigned, or was forced out, and all the others followed. This was in May, 1828, and Palmerston did not enter the government again until November, 1830, when he became Secretary for Foreign Affairs, under Lord Grey.

From that time until his death he played an important part in European politics, — more important, perhaps, than that of any other man. He had hardly become settled in his new office before he had an opportunity to show his qualities as a diplomatist. The Belgian Revolution broke out, and resulted in the separation of Belgium from Holland, and its establishment as an independent power. Sebastiani was at the head of foreign affairs in the French government, and Talleyrand was Minister at London, both experienced, wily, and unscrupulous. They considered the opportunity a good one for accomplishing several things, such as putting a Frenchman, or a creature of France, on the Belgian throne, "rectifying" their Rhine frontier, and reconstructing some of the small states in that vicinity. Palmerston was shrewd enough to see that his only course was to be honest and firm. Here is a paragraph from one of his letters to Granville, British Minister at Paris: "The French continually come upon us with the argument, Do only consider our difficulties and how we are pressed, and so consent to do some little thing unreasonable, unjust, dishonest, against treaties and principles, in order to enable us to say that we have carried some one point, at least. In reply, I would say, Choose some point to be carried which is consistent with treaties and engagements and justice, and probably you will be able to carry it. Why should we wish to help you to maintain yourselves? Why, in order that you may maintain your engagements and abide by your treaties; but if the way to maintain you is to allow you to break these engagements, we are sacrificing the end to obtain the means."

In another letter he says: "I wish the French government would make up their minds to act with good faith about Belgium, and we should settle the matter in three weeks; but the men in power cannot make up their minds to be honest with stoutness, or to play the rogue with boldness."

Out of this contest of diplomacy Palmerston came with honor, having carried all his points. We should say that Bulwer, who had a hand in this matter, and who is full of it, has entered rather too largely into details, and has stated them in the hard, uninteresting blue-book style.

In 1834 Grey retired, and Melbourne took his place, forming a government, as it was said at the time, out of the dregs of the previous administration. Palmerston was

retained in the Foreign Office. But in November of that year Wellington came in and hustled them all off the stage. Wellington stood it only a month; and was followed by Sir Robert Peel, who in turn gave way to Melbourne again in April, 1835. Palmerston then returned to the Foreign Office, and held it until the Whig Ministry fell, in 1841. We have not space to enter into any discussion of his foreign policy during this period; and can barely allude to one question of *domestic* policy, the famous bedchamber question, which fairly shook the British throne. In 1839 the Tories, being called upon by the young queen to form a government, insisted on the removal of the Ladies of the Bedchamber. Here is Palmerston's account of it: "The queen declared she would not submit to it; that it would be too painful and affronting to her; that those ladies have no seats in Parliament; that the object in view in dismissing them was to separate her from everybody in whom she could trust, and to surround her with political spies, if not with personal enemies. They came three times to the charge. First, Peel made the demand simply; then he brought to his aid the Duke of Wellington; and again he came back with the unanimous opinion of his Cabinet that was to be. The queen, alone and unadvised, stood firm against all these assaults, showed a presence of mind, a firmness, a discrimination far beyond her years, and had much the best of it in her discussion with Peel and the Duke. She sent Peel this morning her final refusal to comply with this condition, and Peel thereupon resigned his commission to form a government. We shall of course stand by the queen, and support her against this offensive condition which the Tories wanted to impose upon her, and which her youth and isolated position ought to have protected her from."

The correspondence yet to be published will undoubtedly contain some important historical information concerning the Napoleonic *coup d'état* and the extent of the aid and comfort furnished by the British Secretary. It will also be interesting to know how far Palmerston was responsible for the policy of the English Cabinet which led to the invasion of the Crimea.

In conclusion, and for the satisfaction of members of Congress, here is an account of a scene in the House of Commons, in the year 1810:—

"We had last night a most extraordinary display of folly, coarseness, and vulgarity from Fuller, who, because Sir John Anstruther, chairman of the committee, would not take notice of him when he several times attempted to rise, in order to put some very gross and absurd questions to Lord Chatham, flew into such a passion, and swore, and abused the chairman and the House to such a degree, that it became at last necessary to commit him to custody. As he went out he shook his fist at the Speaker, and said he was a d—d insignificant little puppy, and, snapping his fingers at him, said he did not care *that* for him or the House either."

The Houses of Parliament must have rocked on their foundations at such an exhibition of disrespect.

Tausend Seelen. Roman in vier Theilen von ALEXIS PISEMSKI. Aus dem Russischen übertragen von DR. L. KAYSSLER. [A Thousand Souls. A Romance in Four Parts by Alexis Pisemski. Translated from the Russian by Dr. L. Kayssler.] Berlin. 1870.

To many readers of fiction the Russian novelists may be still unfamiliar; but now that the siege of Paris is depriving us of French books, it may be a suitable time to mention another source of amusement to those who weary of the dull monotony or vulgar excitement of many English novels.

It may seem as if Russia offered an even more barren field to the novelist than our own country, to which, by the way, it bears some likeness, with its long winters, hot summers, wooden houses, and more especially in the provincial relation the country holds to the rest of Europe in regard to all intellectual matters. But the reader who has once accustomed himself to the unusual and to us uncouth names, and who has learned the meaning of the few Russian words that still linger in the text, will find the other circumstances of these novels full of interest.

Tourguénieff is the best known of the modern Russian writers, and justly so. Of his works there have already appeared in English, "Smoke" in England, and "Fathers and Sons in America," the last translated by Colonel Eugene Schuyler. One or two of his shorter tales have been printed in different magazines. The French translations are now, owing to the war, hard to

get, and some of them are out of print, but a German translation, made under the author's supervision, and the accuracy of which he himself warrants, is now publishing at Mitau. Of this three or four volumes have already appeared. The translation deserves praise for elegance as well as accuracy; in fact, it is probably elegant because it is so accurate, for Tourguénieff is a most finished writer. Although to read him we must accustom ourselves to a society very different from our own, there are few, we think, who will find the new surroundings uncomfortably strange. Much more depends upon the author than upon the subject, and we soon accustom ourselves to the novelty, under the charm of the simple, tender beauty of his tales, the calm force of his humor, and the perfection of his style, which place him at the head of living novelists. His characters impress themselves upon our imaginations as if they were people we had known. It would be hard to find more delicate, fascinating love-stories than his, or studies marked by a keener poetical insight into human nature. It is this poetical quality which mainly distinguishes him from the stern realism of another Russian novelist to whom we desire to call attention; for Tourguénieff is not the only modern Russian novelist whose works are accessible to us in translations.

There has been lately published at Berlin an excellent German version of a story, whose title we have given above, by Alexis Pisemski, — a writer well known in Russia through his comedies and novels.

The story at its opening represents a father, Peter Michailovitch Godnief, an inspector of schools, living in a small village with his motherless daughter, a girl of twenty. He is a weak, good-natured man, inclined to let matters take their own course. He resigns and is succeeded by the hero of the novel, Kalinovitch, a young man who has just finished his education, and has accepted this place in the civil service. He is cold, ambitious, and rigidly exact in the execution of his own duty and in what he demands of others. He becomes intimate in the house of Godnief, and falls in love with his daughter Nasteuka. He seeks other friends in the village, but finds the people too boorish, and is treated with coolness by a noble family when they discover the humble position that he fills. He does not content himself with its slight duties, but has already written a novel,

which is rejected by the editors to whom he had sent it. Godnief, however, sends it to an influential friend of his in St. Petersburg, an old schoolmate, with a request to get it published, and soon Kalinovitch is gratified by seeing it appear in a magazine. Here ends the first part. The second opens a few weeks later, and introduces a prince, a cousin of the noble family mentioned above. He is a cunning, speculating man of the world, who sees in Kalinovitch a fitting husband for his rich cousin, who is mortally weary of her dull life and of her slavery to her miserly mother. Kalinovitch is invited to the house, is flattered into forgetfulness of their former incivility, and tastes the elegance and comfort which contrast so sharply with his own meagre belongings. He is also invited to spend a month at the Prince's house, that he may become more intimate with the rich cousin, Pauline. Instead of falling in love with her, he is struck with the beauty of the Prince's daughter; and when the father suggests his marriage with Pauline, he rejects the offer and returns to the village, but not to stay there. He determines to go to St. Petersburg to try his hand at literature. The third part presents him to us at the capital, where he soon has his eyes opened to his many illusions. He finds himself unknown, although he was the lion of his village; and learns that his novel had been published, not for its own merits, but through the influence of the friend of Godnief. The managing editor of the magazine, an old friend of his, dying in deep poverty, tells him this, and solemnly warns him against literature. He seeks a place in the civil service, but can get none that will support him. In addition to all this he becomes sick, and Nasteuka, hearing of his wretched plight, joins him in St. Petersburg, bringing him two thousand rubles. This money comes to an end, he knows not which way to turn, and in despair he tells the Prince he is willing to marry Pauline, the heiress, the owner of the thousand serfs. He tears himself from Nasteuka and sells himself to this rich marriage. He is, of course, utterly miserable; he hates his wife and she hates him. He is appointed vice-governor of one of the departments, where he distinguishes himself, and wins many enemies by his zeal and scrupulous integrity. He ousts the inefficient governor, detects the Prince in some dishonesty and has him arrested. Pauline, who has always loved the Prince, runs away

from her husband. At this moment Nasteuka, who has become a great actress, visits the town, and Kalinovitch renews his former relations with her. The Prince escapes from prison, and is powerful enough, with the aid supplied him by the hatred which Pauline and the offended nobles bear against Kalinovitch, to have him removed from his post and tried for malfeasance in office. Here the story ends; we are briefly told that he marries Nasteuka and passes his sour old age in Moscow.

This bare analysis can give no just idea of the interest of the story. Nasteuka's unflinching devotion is contrasted with Kalinovitch's love, sincere, it is true, but subordinate to his ambition. We are admitted to examine his whole conduct, the temptations and reasonings which control him, with a sharpness with which we should hardly dare to look at our own hearts. The simplicity of the village life, the pride of the aristocracy, the corruption of society, are painted with a merciless hand. The exposition of the civil service and its workings shows that, however little there may be in the artificial sympathy between Russia and this country, a similarity in the faults of both gives us at least one trait in common.

Plutarch's Morals. Translated from the Greek by several Hands. Corrected and revised by WILLIAM W. GOODWIN, Ph. D., Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. With an Introduction by RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Five Volumes. 8vo. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THIS regal edition, just issued from Wilson's press in Cambridge, contrasts very strangely with the old London copy we have been accustomed to read. The English edition we refer to was printed in 1695, and is marked Third Edition, corrected and amended. It is inscribed by one M. Morgan in a dedicatory epistle, with "the lowest Submission To William, by Divine Providence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Private and Metropolitan of all England." M. Morgan tells William Canterbury that he, William, "can illustrate even the meanest person and make him considerable." M. tells William also that the "several Hands" who have made the translation "with the humblest prostrations of reverence, kneel to Your Grace and beg that you

will bless our Persons," etc., etc., etc. All this sort of nonsense has long ago been buried in the dust, and Mr. Emerson comes forward in his sturdy fashion to introduce old Plutarch to the readers of 1871. The essay, which preludes the subject-matter of the first volume, is admirable. No man could have lifted the curtain more graciously and introduced his author with more sense and sensibility. It certainly means excellence when Professor Goodwin is willing to re-edit so old a book as Plutarch's "Morals," and Mr. Emerson is willing to pause in his studies and compose such a paper as he has prefixed to this new Boston edition. We take it for granted that this work will be an addition to the readable literature of the century. The old editions were full of errors, and the new editor very modestly explains his position by saying that he has endeavored to make each treatise what the original translator would have made it, if he had carried out his own purpose conscientiously and thoroughly. "Several Hands" have had more than justice done them by Professor Goodwin. Mr. Emerson says: "It is a service to our Republic to publish a book that can force ambitious young men, before they mount the platform of the county conventions, to read Plutarch's 'Apothegms of Great Commanders.'" He also says Plutarch's popularity will return in rapid cycles; that his sterling values will presently recall the eye and thought of the best minds; that his books will be reprinted and read anew by coming generations, and that he will be perpetually rediscovered from time to time as long as books last. And no one can doubt the wisdom of these assertions who opens this treasury of "Morals" and reads such chapters as "Concerning the Cure of Anger," "On the Training of Children," "Of the Tranquillity of the Mind," "Rules for the Preservation of Health," "Concerning the Virtues of Women," "Of Garrulity," or "Talkativeness," "Of Envy and Hatred," "Of Curiosity," "Of Fortune," "Of Fate," and so on.

When old Sir Thomas North put his hand to the translation of Plutarch's "Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans," in 1693, he was unwittingly assisting William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon. Who can tell what a fortunate help may be rendered to America by the reproduction of these "Morals," now for the first time presented to the New World in an edition of its own?

The Naturalist's Guide in collecting and preserving Objects of Natural History. With a complete Catalogue of the Birds of Eastern Massachusetts. By C. J. MAYNARD. With Illustrations by E. L. Weeks. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 18mo. pp. 170.

THIS is a compact but sufficiently comprehensive manual of directions for preparing zoölogical specimens, vertebrate and invertebrate, followed by a list of the birds of this vicinity. Both portions of the book have the appearance of being founded on personal experience, which, as Mr. Maynard remarks in his opening sentence, "is a good, and, in fact, the only adequate teacher we can have in learning any art." Every collector will have his own favorite methods, but the directions here given seem to be sound and sensible, and we have no hesitation in recommending them to the use of the young naturalists, of whom each year brings forward a fresh crop. The passion for "collections," without very much regard to what is collected, befalls most boys, like measles or whooping-cough; and when it takes the direction of natural history, is sometimes deprecated by tender-hearted and reasonable people for the amount of unrequited destruction and suffering which it seems to them to invoke. The laceration of trousers and of cuticle, and the still worse laceration of the finer sensibilities incident to bird-nesting and shooting and the impalement of butterflies, seems to the considerate parent imperfectly compensated by an uncertain amount of fragmentary and undigested information picked up in the process. The merely acquisitive and rapacious propensities seem called into play, rather than the higher faculties. There is some foundation for this view. Even the doings of full-fledged naturalists are not always pleasant to think of. The ravages of which Audubon complacently accuses himself, and some even of Mr. Maynard's recommendations, must affect the most liberally disposed mind with mixed feelings. "While visiting a remote region, but little known," he says, "one should not neglect to shoot numbers of every bird met with, even if they are common species at home," that is, perhaps, in the next village. "If a bird is seen that is not fully recognized, it should be shot at once; for in no other way can it be determined whether it is not a *rara avis*," and as such deserving instant destruction.

"While collecting the eggs of the warblers and other small birds, the most experienced oölogist should never neglect to shoot the bird, even if he has to watch for it a long time." Nevertheless, on the whole, and remembering that, as Emerson says, we must fetch the pump with dirty water if clean cannot be had, these drawbacks and deductions should not blind us to the advantage which there is to every one in having some acquaintance with his four-footed or feathered neighbors, or to the fact that such acquaintance is rarely obtained by any one who has not at some time or other passed through the "collection" stage. It would of course be better for our young friends to devote as much zeal to observing the living animal as they do to making a "specimen" of him; and the same thing may be said of their teachers, of the learned doctors in science. It is a little disgraceful that we should know so much about the teeth of the fox or the woodchuck, and so little of his biography, — of the use for which these characteristic distinctions exist. But we must take men as they are, and it seems to be the natural course to begin with the outside, the specimens, and afterwards to come to the perception of what it is they are specimens of. Mr. Maynard devotes a good deal of space to directions (and very good ones) for the mounting of birds and mammals, that is, setting up their skins with wires, so as to look lifelike and natural, and for the manufacture of rocks and trees of *papier-maché* sprinkled over with sand or powdered glass to receive them. He does not say — doubtless feeling that it is not his affair to say it — that, except for public museums, a skin, that is, an unmounted specimen, is in every point of view preferable to a mounted one. It is easier to prepare, much easier to take care of, and more convenient for study. Mr. Maynard does not feel called upon to suggest this view; but if it could be adopted, without detriment to the zeal aforesaid, private collections and even public might, by losing something of their cumbrousness, gain in utility and have a better chance of being kept up. Part II. contains valuable notes, which might to advantage be expanded, on the distribution of birds in this region. The absence, in the Eastern States, of natural barriers sufficient to modify distribution makes them an apt field for the study of this problem. In the neighborhood of Boston some species seem, without assignable

cause, regularly to frequent or avoid rather narrowly circumscribed regions. Some occur abundantly at irregular intervals, and are rare or unknown at other times. The Rose-breasted Grossbeak, which Mr. Maynard marks as a common summer resident, is, or until lately has been, rare in some of our neighboring towns. The Great Crested Fly-catcher, which he marks as very rare, has been a regular summer visitor in one of these towns for the last thirty years; and the Black-throated Bunting, which he considers to be a very rare visitor, "a straggler," was one summer as abundant in a certain range of meadow in Cambridge as the Bobolink. Such instances might be multiplied, and they suggest the thought that concerted observation might reveal some of the conditions which influence distribution, and perhaps let us into some of the open secrets of bird-life.

In a second edition the lettering of the plates might be revised to advantage, particularly that of Plate III., which at present is not quite intelligible. Otherwise, the get-up of the book is careful and convenient.

Winter Poems by Favorite American Poets.
With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

A Child's Dream of a Star. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations by Ham-matt Billings. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

The Sunnyside Book. New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons.

Illustrations to Goethe's Faust. Designed by Paul Konewka. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Black Peter: Scissor-Pictures. By PAUL KONEWKA. With Rhymes from the German. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

The Song of the Sower. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Illustrated with Forty-two Engravings on Wood. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Unknown River. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. Illustrated by the Author. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

ALL but one of the Winter Poems are old friends. They are "The Golden Milestone," "Woods in Winter," and "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," by Mr. Longfellow; "A Winter Piece" and "The Snow-Shower," by Mr. Bryant; "The

Snow-Storm," by Emerson; "The First Snow-Fall," by Mr. Lowell; and "In School Days," by Mr. Whittier, who also contributes the only new poem, the descriptive piece with which the beautiful little book begins. We believe, not to go any further, that a more satisfactory collection of American poems about winter could hardly have been made, and there is no winter association, either of mystery or awfulness, of tenderness or familiarity, of beauty or grimness, which is not here expressed or suggested. Mr. Whittier's new poem is of a sunlit, hard-frozen, snowy winter morning, — a walk that the poet takes the reader from his books into the woods, with a little gleam or dream of spring falling in at the close. It is full of Mr. Whittier's sincere love of nature; and Mr. Fenn's exquisite illustrations reflect the poet's feeling throughout. They do not merely translate some of his expressions into wood-engraving, for Mr. Fenn is an artist who reserves his literalism for the natural objects, though even over these he always contrives to throw ideal loveliness. We like all his illustrations of "The Pageant," but most that snow-drifted, hemlock-clad hill-slope, and the sylvan and farm-yard life grouped about the verses,

"I hear the rabbit lightly leaping,
The foolish screaming of the jay,
The chopper's axe-stroke far away;
The clamor of some neighboring barnyard,
The lazy cock's belated crow,
Or cattle tramp in crispy snow."

Some of Mr. Griswold's pictures for the "Winter Piece" approach these best illustrations of all in delicacy of sentiment; and Mr. Eytinge shows more feeling than he commonly lets people suspect him of, in his rendering of those lines in Mr. Whittier's poem, "In School Days,"

"For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,"

and the rest. Here Mr. Eytinge's conventional face, which we have seen upon so many young and old shoulders of either sex, has quite vanished; and though the picture is only an interpretation of the words, it is very pleasant to have them so faithfully and tenderly interpreted. Mr. Homer's little pictures for "The Golden Milestone" are good, and are full of the suggestiveness of the poem. The young girls of Mr. Homer's pencil, if they are all a good deal alike, are always pretty (perhaps they resemble the young girls of real life in both respects), and it is a very lovable one that sits looking into

the fire with the before-seen well-dressed young — New-Yorker, we came near saying. The conjugal quarrel is excellent, and the little girl's face in the peacefuller group at another fireside is one to take and hold the delighted eye. Again, and with renewed pleasure, we have Mr. Fenn in the illustrations of "Woods in Winter." The effects of sunlight on the wintry landscape, the bit of snow-drowned forest, that flight and splash of wild-fowl into a reedy pool, — are in a manner that we always find unaffected, lifelike, and charming. In all these pictures the artist and his admirer owe great part of the pleasure of their acquaintance to the excellent effect with which the engraver, Mr. Anthony, has brought them into each other's presence. His work here, as in the "New England Ballads," has all those self-denying virtues and graces which must be more felt than seen by the many they contribute to please.

What Mr. Anthony has done for various hands, Mr. Linton has performed for Mr. Hammatt Billings in the illustrations of "A Child's Dream of a Star." The pictures are such as children will love, full of sympathy and a quaint fidelity to the text, and never too subtle in feeling for their perception and enjoyment. The first five are singularly sweet and touching, and they are all such as will take the wonder and liking of those for whom they were made.

"The Sunnyside Book" is a collection of pieces chiefly from Washington Irving, but including poems and sketches by Messrs. Stoddard, Butler, Read, Curtis, and others. We believe that none of them are newly printed here, and that the pictures by Mr. Darley and other well-known artists are few of them new. The book for this reason cannot claim examination; but its material is good, and we could easily imagine that it might give pleasure, which, happily for such books, is not always inspired by novelty alone.

Konewka's "Faust," good and beautiful as it is, is a less charming book than the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which his wonderful silhouettes illustrated. Being so sculpturesque in its effects, his art lent itself more willingly to the tender, nude outlines of the fairies than it does to the draperies necessary in "Faust," and it is at its best here in the faces, and in such parts of the natural shape as are shown. Where the close-fitting dress of Margaret reveals the soft contour of her arms and shoulders (as in

the scene of her first meeting with Faust), all the sweetness and witchery of the artist is felt; and in Mephistopheles and Martha the artist's humor is more delightful than in anything in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Where these two are walking together, and that foolish old woman asks her demoniac gallant about the state of his affections, the humor of the situation is expressed with unsurpassed — we are tempted to say unequalled — force. The Faust is always something of a stage Faust, and perhaps the whole reminds one quite as much of Gounod as of Goethe, of the opera as of the poem. But there is no reason that holds against the assurance of one's senses that a thing is pleasant; and no one can deny that Konewka's "Faust" is a fascinating book, or that his peculiar art has ever been other than charming. It is a kind of performance to which one might easily do less than justice, and not so easily do more. It reminds one so strongly of what is very cheap and common, that sometimes it is only by considering its strong portrayal of action, its expression of the finest feeling, and its never-failing suggestion of the unexpressed, that we can render it due praise.

The danger is greater in the case of a work like "Faust" than with such a child's book as "Black Peter," where the artist, in the abundance of his fancy and sentiment, has done so much more than was needed to achieve anything that could have been desired by children. In this there are such bewitching shadows of little people and their pets as never were cast before; there are a rough-coated colt and a lamb that caper beyond all applause; there are inestimable dogs and birds; and as for the small men and maids, and the softly outlined bald-headed babies, they are delicious. The translator of the verses that accompany the pictures has tried to damage the book by his clumsiness, but has only partially succeeded.

The really good series of drawings, illustrating the "Song of the Sower," opens unfortunately. Of the four sketches by Mr. Griswold, the snow scene on page 39 is the best, being well composed and well drawn. Mr. Fenn's pictures, on pages 10 and 15, are good as illustrations, drawings, and engravings. In the former it is no easy thing in the wood-cutting to make the distant hill on the right (the reader's left) show through the trees and yet lie back in its proper place. Mr. Harley has done both. The stem of

the nearest tree could scarcely be finer and clearer, even in etching. In the picture on page 15, with the end of a barn, a log, and a litter of pigs, — prosaic elements of which to compound an attractive scene, — Mr. Fenn has shown how a homely subject can be admirably treated, and Mr. Karst has aided by good engraving. The willow-grown dam, and the surveying scene, on pages 16 and 27, are among the best in the book. The picturesque beauty of the former lies not only in what it shows, but in what it suggests. In the latter, the play of light on the ground and tree-stems, the good tone in the shadows, and the composition of the lines, are very admirable.

For examples of more thoughtful study in Mr. Hennessy, whose things here are not all good, see page 40, which is a fine illustration. The action of the mother gathering the cradle-curtain about her child is dainty, flexible, and graceful. The allegorical pieces on pages 22 and 31 are both fine illustrations of the text, and show much fancy and grace. Mr. Hennessy's shortcomings always seem to arise more from negligence than ignorance or inability.

We intended to remark upon the engravers' work, but want of space prevents. Messrs. Appleton & Co. deserve great credit for their part of the book. The typography, paper, and binding are excellent contributions to decorative art.

The noble art of etching was never better employed than in Mr. Hamerton's "Voyage of Discovery." His name has now grown in America to be the synonyme of all that is charming in an artist's out-of-door life, and this new volume is certainly one of his most welcome books. We hope that this eloquent writer and his dog Tom will frequently sail together in hitherto unexplored parts of Europe. It were quite a work of supererogation to point out the excellences in the pictures which illustrate this late voyage. Every one of them is perfect in expressing just what it purports to represent. We will name a few of the illustrations merely to show what exquisite regions Hamerton has lately been exploring. Here are some of the musical titles of places in his list of pictures: "On the Ternin," "Pre Charmoy," "Millery," "Towers of Autun," "Genetoie," "Old Houses at Etang," "Great Oak of St. Nisier," "The Bridge of Toulon," "River Shore near Digoïn." Whoever is fortunate enough to have this volume in the

house will have a gallery always new and beautiful close at hand. Hamerton himself, etched the pictures from nature on the spot so that we get in them all the truth and vivacity of out-of-door sketches.

The Origin and Development of Religious Belief. Part II. Christianity. By S. BARING-GOULD. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MR. BARING-GOULD is a very earnest and yet a very liberal-minded member of the English Church, who has sought and, as he himself thinks, found a new and philosophic armory for religious truth in the resources of Hegel's dialectic. He concedes that the principle of authority — whether it be the Catholic principle of Church authority, or the antagonist Protestant principle of Scriptural authority — is no longer competent to subjugate the sceptical temper of the age; and he reasonably insists, therefore, that if we are to continue regarding Christianity as a veritable divine institution, we must bestir ourselves to find an enduring basis for it in the acknowledged truths of human nature and human science.

Mr. Baring-Gould, though a bright, vivacious intellect, and a man of signally amiable intentions, lacks logical completeness, and must accordingly content himself with the fame of having put a new face for a moment upon an old controversy, but one which will assuredly not survive the moment. For example. The sceptic, if he understands himself, is not at all the limp creature which Mr. Baring-Gould takes him to be, whose intellectual backbone is to be straightened up or cured of its curvature by a certain amount of logical friction at the hands of judicious Doctor Hegel, or some other logical expert. Hegel's diagnosis of the sceptical malady is flagrantly shallow, to begin with. He conceives it to be a malady of the mind primarily, not of the heart. He conceives, in short, that scepticism is at most a diseased way of thinking. Why? Because, to this great physician, thought is everything in life, and feeling nothing. Not affection, but thought, is in his opinion the limit of existence. The identity of being and thought is in fact the foundation-stone of his system. No doubt there may be an amateur or voluntary sceptic here and there whose melodramatic sorrows will relent under this agreeable titillation. But the hearty or honest sceptic will

have none of it. It seems a medicine fashioned only for the insincere, for those whose grief exists only to be paraded or talked about. He cannot help looking upon it as quackery. In fact, the depth of his so-called malady predisposes him, along with Schopenhauer, to regard Hegel's dialectic as transparent word-jugglery, and Hegel himself to that extent the arch-quack of his century. For he knows, past the power of all sciolism to dispute, that his disease, if it be one, is not of his thought, but exclusively of his deeper will. It is an outgrowth, not of his shifty politic understanding, but of his upright manly heart, which claims to recognize in God the ideal of all human perfection; and which is only to be appeased consequently by such a revelation of his name as will be sheerly incongruous with the fossil exigencies of any existing church and state, or avouch henceforth only the interests of the broadest human society or brotherhood on earth and in heaven. Accordingly what every such man must feel himself impelled to say to the kindly but feeble-minded adviser he finds in Mr. Baring-Gould, and especially to the remorseless dogmatist he encounters in Hegel, is: "Physician, heal thyself! First remove the beam from your own eye, and then perhaps you may see how to take out the mote (at most) which impairs my vision. I have no disbelief in truly divine things, such as the universe of the human heart, the universe of the human mind, the universe of the human body. And I insist, moreover, upon the necessary logical correlative of such faith in the truth of a divine individuality in man every way commensurate with these divine universals. But how is this devout and disinterested faith of mine—or rather how is it not—daily vexed and stifled, as it were, by your petty personal adulation of the Christ, as if his historic pretension had confessedly been to divinize his proper person at the expense of his common nature! In short, my only disbelief is in you, and every other man who has the fatuity to set himself up, on either traditional or rationalistic grounds, as a competent exponent either of literal or spiritual religion. *Non tali auxilio*, etc. If consequently you would full surely cure me of this afflictive scepticism, you have only to mend your own bewildered ways by consenting to become a conscientious learner of others, before proposing yourself as their all-

sufficient critic and teacher. *Si vis me flere*, —the precept is old, but it admits of a timely application, which is, that if you wish to cope effectually with scepticism or any other intellectual malady, you must enter heartily into it yourself, or know it experimentally. So alone will you attain to that inward anointing of the eyes which is the indispensable condition of all spiritual vision."

With every disposition then to do justice to Mr. Baring-Gould's exceptional frankness, and freedom from sectarian rancor, we cannot help thinking his method of dealing with scepticism essentially fallacious. What the sceptic demands, and has a perfect right to demand, of the Church; is, not any probable or tentative, but some most assured, knowledge of God; that is to say, he demands, and has a right to demand, a revelation of the divine name ample to conciliate, not merely the spiritual but the rational, and even the sensuous, homage of mankind. It is only paltering with his sincere doubts, consequently, when you relegate him anew to the mystical letter of truth, for a sole *quietus* to those doubts. This insatiate letter of revelation is the citadel and pregnant armory of his misgiving; and by attempting to tighten its grasp upon his imagination by any fresh violence or speciousness of ratiocination, you simply shut him up to intellectual despair. Undoubtedly if you are wise enough to unlock this obdurate, implacable, letter, and, without forcing its mystical contents, to deduce from them a thorough philosophic justification of all the facts of nature and all the events of history, you will have done his intellect an incalculable service. But in that case farewell evermore to the letter, and hail only to the spirit! For what you have now done with your sceptic is not to have made him a proselyte to any dogmatic system, but a sheer intellectual freedman. That is to say, the result of your effort in every such case will be, not to enhance, but to deaden one's ritual conscience, by making one see in religion no longer a childish ceremonial, but an earnest and most secular life; no longer an outward law, but an inward inspiration, no longer an insult or imputation upon one's natural force, but, on the contrary, so divine a consecration of it, as to inscribe one's abject flesh and blood with "holiness to the Lord," or exalt one's ordinary appetites and passions to the dignity of a sacramental apparatus. — H. J.

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WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

THE Athens of the fourth and fifth centuries before Christ, which may properly enough be called the Periclean Athens, has been an extinct community for more than two thousand years, and yet it is more intimately known to the scholar of the present day in all its aspects, social, political, religious, artistic, and literary, than any foreign city which he has not visited. Such a preservative power had the mind of Athens in its best days to embalm that most singular and unequalled community permanently in human memory, and keep its lineaments alive in the scholar's and thinker's imagery. Especially is this true since Germany has not only revived the study of Hellenic literature in a perfectly sympathetic and appreciative spirit, but has actually taken up the rudely broken thread of Athenian reflective and speculative thought where it ceased its investigations so many centuries ago,

"Into the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world,"

interrupted by national calamity, subjugation, and decay, and has carried it on, after so long a lapse of time, in the exact spirit of its great masters, a long way towards its legitimate results and

conclusions. The great German Hellenists have brought the old Acropolitian city under the steady glow of a strong calcium light, as it were, so that we can see the every-day life of its streets and understand the current topics which were agitating its restless, voluble, and contemptuous populace. The literature of the best days of Athens which has been spared to us is hardly more voluminous than the works of a brace of English or French sensational novelists; but these priceless relics are peculiar. They are all alive, dramatic, and still warm with the breath of the loquacious old *demos*, out of which they sprung and which they delineate so vividly. Most of the Attic writers seem to be mere stenographic reporters of the current and endless talk of the assembly, the courts of law, the schools of philosophy, the fish-market and Piræus, and the æsthetic saloons of the leading Athenian eupatrids and millionnaires. The garrulity of the Athenians was irrepressible. As Cleon says to Demos, —

"By day, by night, on foot, on horse, when riding
or when walking,

Your life 's a mere soliloquy; still of your feats
you 're talking."

And such talk! Plato's works are all

dialogue. After reading half a dozen of his leading pieces, such as the Phædo, Gorgias, Protagoras, Phædrus, etc., you begin to feel the Athenian spirit strong upon you, and, if the thing were possible, are ready to become an intelligent metic, or naturalized citizen of the Attic metropolis. The remains of the ten Attic orators are, of course, all talk, living words still warm, though the lungs and lips which uttered them have so long been dust. Even the Attic historians, whose business is narration, are so impatient of it that they are constantly introducing their leading characters as spokesmen, and letting them tell what is going on, *viva voce*, as if mere dead impersonal narrative were an impertinence, and nothing but the spoken words of the actors stenographed were worthy to be reported in the historic page. The Athenians, says Wieland, as quoted by Mitchell, were so well aware of the advantages which their wit, their volubility of tongue, and their higher cultivation gave them over the other Greeks, that this self-consciousness actually impressed itself on their features, and produced a sort of bold, confident, shameless look, by which an Athenian citizen was easily distinguished from a stranger. "What's that you say?" was an expression in common use at Athens, to let the stranger know that his answers were very dull to Athenian ears. The Periclean Athens was an intensely luminous point in the far depth of the world's historic foretime. Indeed, without the Ionian Herodotus the foretime of which we speak would have been for us pretty much a blank. The radiance of Athens enables us to see, not only itself, but the barbarous outlying world, which without it would have been left in eclipse. The Athens of the time of which we are speaking was indeed an anomaly and unaccountable phenomenon in the then social world. All we know is, that such a peerless community flowered and blossomed there in those far-off gloomy and lonely ages. Outside were peoples who had yet hardly emerged into his-

toric beings, if we except certain barbaric empires and theocracies or sacerdocies, in which the development of the reason was utterly oppressed and checked by the dictates of a so-called divine authority. One of these huge aggregates of irrational Asiatic power and superstition precipitated itself *en masse* on little Athens, to quench the spark of intelligence and the hopes of a rational civilization indefinitely; but the plucky little Ægean commonwealth, through the consummate strategy of her greatest man of action, sent the million-headed Oriental brute back, howling and in dismay, to his lair; and so we people of the nineteenth century know that the earth revolves around the sun, and travel by steam, and publish news by the aid of lightning, and are capable of free governments, and enjoy free thought and free speech on all subjects whatsoever. Thanks to Themistocles! So that he did not "save his land in vain," after all, as Byron alleges. The Periclean Athens may be called an anachronism, an anticipation and foretaste of a remote and at that time seemingly impossible future, the point of departure of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, prematurely introduced into the world's chronology, before the world was ready for it, and long, long before its civilization could find the least possible chance of full and perfect development. Those orators talked with such eloquence; those philosophers discoursed and reasoned so indefatigably, subtly, profoundly, and truly on man in all his relations and on every branch of his mysterious nature and on his mysterious final destiny, and they theorized so sagaciously on the best organization, on the aims and possibilities of human society; and those poets sang so spontaneously, sweetly, and sublimely; and those historians wrote so that their works are truly possessions forever; and yet they were to find no listeners or readers, no fit audience or intelligent public capable of appreciating their ideas fully and acting upon them, until their very dust had

been blown for ages round about the globe, and their fatherland, the *hieron pedon*, or sacred soil, as Sophocles calls it, of illustrious Athens, a worn and barren desolation, had become the haunt of a robber spawn of barbarous interlopers, with not a drop of Hellenic blood in their veins, thank Heaven! to make the scholar of to-day hang his head for shame at the degradation of the poor relics of his beloved city and its outlying region. The poet sings,

"Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime."

But this New Athens will be like the New Jerusalem, an ideal city of the soul and inner life, and not a material one. The same prophetic eye saw also

"A brighter Hellas rear its mountains
From waves serener far,
A new Peneus roll its fountains
Against the morning star."

But this brighter ideal Hellas will be the civilized world, living in the all-penetrating light of universal intelligence. In fact, it is only in the nineteenth century that the Attic ideal of a political community founded in right reason, social and political equality, and common sense has become practicable and is being actually realized (as we would fain hope and believe, in spite of many dark omens) on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, so far away in space and time from its glorious archetypal Demos. Do not the following words of Pericles, uttered in the fifth century B. C., sound strangely from the lips of a man of that period? "We live," said Pericles, "under a constitution such as noway to envy the laws of our neighbors, ourselves an example to others rather than mere imitators. It is called a democracy, since its permanent aim tends toward the many and not towards the few. In regard to private matters and disputes the laws deal equally with every man; while looking to public affairs and to claims of individual influence, every man's chance of advancement is determined, not by party favor, but by real worth, according as his reputa-

tion stands in his own particular department; nor does poverty or obscure station keep him back, if he really has the means of benefiting the city. We are not intolerant or angry with our neighbor for what he may do to please himself. Thus conducting our private, social intercourse with reciprocal indulgence, we are restrained from wrong on public matters by fear and reverence of our magistrates for the time being, and of our laws, especially such laws as are instituted for the protection of wrongful sufferers, and even such as, though not written, are enforced by a common sense of shame. Besides this we have provided for our minds numerous recreations from toil," especially at the Dionysia, which occurred in spring and were the theatric season, when there were tragedies in the morning and comedies in the afternoon. The Dionysiac festival was religious, and also a great fair crowded with buyers and sellers. "From the magnitude of our city," says Pericles, "the products of the whole earth are brought to us, so that our enjoyment of foreign luxuries is as much our own and assured as of those which we grow at home. . . . We apply no xenelasy (exclusion of foreigners) to exclude even an enemy either from any lesson or any spectacle, the full view of which he may think advantageous to him; for we trust less to manœuvres and quackery than to our native bravery for warlike efficiency. While the Lacedæmonians subject themselves to an irksome exercise from their earliest youth for the attainment of courage, we, with our easy habits of life, are not less prepared than they to encounter all perils within the measure of our strength. Now if we are willing to brave danger just as much under an indulgent system as under constant toil, and by spontaneous courage as under force of law, we are gainers in the end by not vexing ourselves beforehand with sufferings to come, yet still appearing in the hour of trial not less daring than those who toil without ceasing. . . . We combine elegance of taste with

simplicity of life, and we pursue knowledge without being enervated. . . . Nor is it disgraceful to any one who is poor to confess his poverty, though he may rather incur reproach for not actually keeping himself out of poverty," — literally, "the not exerting one's self to escape poverty *is* disgraceful."

"The magistrates who discharge public trusts fulfil their domestic duties also; the private citizen, while engaged in professional business, has competent knowledge of public affairs; for we stand alone in regarding the man who keeps aloof from these latter, not as harmless, but useless." Read this rebuke from the lips of Pericles, ye superfine Americans, who shirk your political duties on election days, from fear of being soiled by contact with the unwashed public, and so leave the demagogues an easy triumph! "Moreover," continues the Attic orator, "we always hear and pronounce on public matters when discussed by our leaders, or perhaps strike out for ourselves correct reasonings about them; far from accounting discussion an impediment to action. For in truth we combine in the most remarkable manner these two qualities, — extreme boldness in execution with full debate beforehand on that which we are going about; whereas with others ignorance alone imports boldness, debate introduces hesitation. Assuredly those men are properly to be regarded as the stoutest of heart who, knowing most precisely both the terrors of war and the sweets of peace, are still not the less willing to encounter peril. In fine, I affirm that our city, considered as a whole, is the schoolmistress of Greece." *

Now let us grant that in these most remarkable passages the oratorical Jove of Athens was using a good deal of blarney and Sam Slickian soft-sawder towards his susceptible constituents; let us grant that in fact Athens, at the very time he speaks of or soon

after, became so infested with a vile herd of sycophants or common informers, that a multitude of its wealthy citizens found it convenient to reside in the outlying colonies, where they had mines or other possessions, to escape being perpetually fleeced by the vermin in question; grant that the mass of Athenian citizens were, in practice, a most jealous, envious set of levellers and radicals, fond of listening to demagogues, when they hawked at noble prey; grant, above all, that that world-renowned instance of mean popular envy, bigotry, and intolerance was soon to occur, and the great spirit of Socrates, the martyr of the cup of hemlock, was soon to ascend to another life, as the sun descended behind the Athenian hills, to give the lie to the claim of Pericles in regard to his fellow-citizens' tolerance; grant also that the Athenian treatment of foreigners resident among them was in many respects invidious; — still the remarkable thing is, that an Athenian statesman, in the fifth century B. C. could even *imagine* such a political community as he describes Athens actually to have been at that time. Said we not rightly, therefore, that the Athens of the fourth and fifth centuries B. C. was an anachronism? In fact it was in some marked respects a community of New England Yankees, prematurely appearing in the recesses of the Eastern Mediterranean; and the history of Athens will never be properly written, except by an American scholar. Mr. Grote, it is true, is in such entire sympathy with that fierce old democracy as to smooth over its faults on every and all occasions, and he himself is a man of Periclean or Websterian breadth of mind; but he has never lived in a community of the Athenian sort, as a New England scholar may be said to have done. In the above Periclean sketch we have all the traits of American democracy carried out in the spirit of its letter, and as it has actually been realized in New England, namely, the social and political equality of all citizens; fond-

* Grote's version of the funeral oration pronounced by Pericles over those Athenians slain in the first campaign of the Peloponnesian war. History of Greece, by George Grote, Esq., Vol. VI. pp. 193 - 196.

ness for stump oratory and political discussion, and an average public capable of forming its own political opinions and discharging the duties of public office, as well as shrewd managers of their own private affairs; tolerance of difference of opinion; a love of trade and commerce; a readiness to admit foreigners to citizenship; and lastly, a degree of intelligence which has made New England the democratic exemplar and schoolmistress of the rest of the United States. This may be said without arrogance, because it is a fact. But further than this, an enemy of the Athenians, in summing up their character, said that "they were made neither to be quiet themselves nor to let the rest of the world be so," thus assimilating them exactly to our modern Yankees in their fondness for innovation, social and political. In fact, the devising of ideal commonwealths, and the discussion of public and private ethics with a view to legislation, were as rife among the free-thinkers of Athens in the fifth century B. C. as they are in its modern Transatlantic counterpart and literary namesake, the Hub. Furthermore, a fish might have been suspended with as much propriety over the deliberations of the ancient Athenian Ecclesia as over those of the Great and General Court in the State House of this Commonwealth. For the Athenians were as great fishermen as our Cape Ann folks, and were immoderately fond of a fish diet, which accounts perhaps for their startling intellectual brilliancy and apprehensiveness, on the theory of Professor Agassiz. Food and fish, says Mitchell, were synonymous terms among the Athenians. Salt fish constituted the principal food of the Attic soldiers and sailors. Prodigious quantities were imported from the Euxine. When the bell of the fish-market rang, everybody rushed thither, leaving the sophists and orators in the middle of their harangues without an audience; and the Athenian Billingsgate, like that of modern London, was noted for the scurrilous tongues of its dealers. A story is told

of an Attic orator who was unfortunately in the middle of his "few feeble remarks" when the fish-market bell rang. There was an instant stampede of his entire audience, with one solitary exception, who, to the surprise of the speaker, "stuck." In pure gratitude he thanked his solitary listener, at the same time explaining the cause of the stampede. It turned out that the fellow was deaf, and as soon as he ascertained that the fishmongers' bell had rung he too fled, leaving the eloquent speaker soliloquizing to vacancy.

We have already alluded to modern German speculative thought, particularly the critical philosophy of Germany, which has so revolutionized opinion in all directions in our time, as a genuine continuation of that of the Periclean age. Chalybaeus, in his "Historical Survey of Speculative Philosophy, from Kant to Hegel," truly says there exists, historically speaking, only a Grecian and German philosophy; the latter has sprung up within the bosom of Christian education; for everything that was new and not ancient in the mental reformation of Europe is of Teutonic origin. Speculative thought and science both have at length shaken themselves completely free of the surveillance of dogmatic theology, and now emulate the Hellenic freedom of investigation. In the *salon* of Pericles, Anaxagoras, Aspasia, Zeno, and Protagoras broached speculative tenets which made them the lineal intellectual ancestors of the great modern German philosophers. Aristotle, too, as a physicist and political economist, foreshadowed Cuvier, Owen, Darwin, Smith, Mill, etc. But to show how modern the Athens of that far period was, and how much like Boston of Anno Domini 1870, we find in the old Attic comedy a full-blown woman's-rights movement not only foreshadowed, but represented as actually consummated and successful. It is true that the old Attic comedy, as it survives in the works of Aristophanes, can hardly be handled by even the most unscrupulous modern without tongs and gloves; still it is so

full of wit and living pictures of that strange Athenian people, who, in the language of Mitchell, imagined, with the Indian, that his own little valley comprehended the whole world (and Attica did at the time comprehend nearly the whole world, possessed of historic significance), and that the sun rose on one side of it only to set on the other, that it is worthy of the careful study of the historical student, even if he is obliged to fumigate himself afterwards by way of disinfecting himself of the ethnic taint. The mediæval monks of a classical and literary turn are said to have scratched their ears in a peculiar manner when they wanted to read a pagan author. Already, as early as the time of Pericles, the dry-rot of Grecian civilization had manifested itself. We discern no traces of it in the heroic foretime as depicted by Homer. There was guilty love then as there is now, but no abominations. As for the women of the heroic time of Greece, if there was a Clytemnestra, a Medea, and a Phædra among them, there was also an Andromache, a Penelope, an Antigone, and a Helen; for the latter, as delineated by Homer, was a perfect lady, beautiful in soul and heart as well as in person. By no consent of hers was it that her peerless loveliness was used as a sort of loaded dice by Idalian Aphrodite to play against her rivals Herè and Pallas. She was a poor victim caught in the meshes of the higher powers, and everywhere subsequently to her fall appears as a conscience-stricken lady, "most deject and miserable," and constantly expressing self-contempt and loathing for her involuntary deflection from rectitude. The Athenian dramatic poets and Virgil, the ascetic misogynist, with the Iliad and Odyssey in their hands, were foul slanderers of unavoidable misfortune when they misrepresented Helen's character. Some extenuation may be urged in favor of her Athenian traducers, on the ground of their jealousy of the exquisite beauty of the Spartan women from Helen downwards, so superior to that of their

Ionian rivals. But the dramatic poets of the later and socially corrupt days of Greece could not appreciate the feminine purity of the heroic time of Hellas or even of its earlier historic period. But of this more anon.

The free play of the reason and an insatiable spirit of inquiry were the characteristics of that period which we may call the Periclean age, as they are of the nineteenth century. At length Jerusalem, the mystical and fanatical, and Rome, the dogmatic and superstitious, are retiring into the background, and Athens, the rational and harmonious, re-emerges star-bright. What are the facts at present in the intellectual world? The best thought of the age is Attic, and the best scholars and thinkers of the time are remarkable for their Attic culture and spirit. All the great German poets, thinkers, and savans of the age just past were Greeks, and the living poets, thinkers, and savans of England are the same, namely, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Grote, Huxley, Mill, Darwin, etc. Rationalism puts its subjects of all ages in sympathy and *en rapport*.

The word "liberty" (*eleutheria*) was as familiar a sound to the Athenian ear as it is to our own. Shelley, who was the inspired prophet and minstrel of freedom and of woman's enfranchisement also, was an Athenian in his exquisite genius and in every fibre of his intellectual nature. He was a worthy pupil of the great Athenian masters of philosophy and "gorgeous tragedy." Of his beloved city he sings:—

"Athens arose, a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud as in derision
Of kingliest masonry. . . .
A divine work. Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond set.
For thou [freedom] wert, and thine all creative
skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle."

Socrates first ransacked the consciousness and inner nature of man, and found in the higher reason that sense of justice, truth, beauty, and virtue which

makes the *civilized* man at least independent of gross material symbols, showing him that it is within that he must look for first principles, for those higher laws which, according to Sophocles, are engendered in celestial air and cannot become antiquated or null, because the deity is in them and grows not old.

But to our immediate subject, woman's rights in Athens. Singularly enough, Aristophanes represents that an Athenian lady by the name of Lysistrata anticipated the peace movement lately inaugurated by our own feminine reformers, which is to put an end to war in France, and finally pacify the world, as long ago as the year 411 B. C. in Athens. To secure peace Lysistrata organized the women of that city into a body politic to take the destinies of Athens into their own hands. The Peloponnesian war had then been raging for twenty years. It was two years after the fatal Sicilian expedition, about which every school-boy has read in his Greek Reader. All the old men of Athens were in arms as a home guard. Athens was much in the condition of its modern French counterpart, Paris, with one vital exception. The country population had all been driven into the city, and Attica had been ravaged clear up to the walls of its capital by annual and semiannual raids of the Lacedæmonians and their allies. The farmers of the fruitful borough of Acharnæ in the highlands had long ago seen their beehives, olive-trees, and other agricultural resources swept out of existence by a ruthless foe, and were grumbling inside the walls because they had to buy every necessary of life, which they used to get without money and without price on their rural estates. But fortunately Athens, unlike modern Paris, had an outlet and an inlet by the sea, where she was supreme. She then held the maritime sceptre of the world, and could issue out of Piræus with her fleet to levy tribute on all her island dependencies, or revenge herself by descents on the Peloponnesian coast

for the ravages perpetrated in her own borders. At the time we speak of elderly Athenian citizens did their marketing armed *cap-à-pie* in complete armor. At this juncture it was when the Grecian states seemed bent on exterminating each other from the face of the earth, that the strong-minded Athenian lady, Lysistrata, "wife of a magistrate, takes it into her head to attempt a pacification between the belligerents. She summons a council of women, who come to a decision to expel their husbands from their beds until they conclude a peace. In the mean time the elder women are commissioned to seize the Acropolis and make themselves mistresses of the money which had been stowed therein for the purposes of war. Their design succeeds, and the husbands are reduced to a terrible plight by the novel resolution of their wives. Ambassadors at length come from the belligerent parties and peace is concluded with the greatest despatch, under the direction of the clever Lysistrata."* There are passages in this comedy which show that the heroine Lysistrata, if living now, would be able to champion the cause of woman's rights and woman's suffrage with as much wit, keenness of repartee, eloquence, and states-womanship as the foremost of our platform women. When under the direction of Lysistrata the Athenian women had seized the Acropolis with its deposit of cash and turned the key on said deposit, leaving it in the custody of the *locum-tenens*, the sacred serpent of Pallas, and had *womanned* the walls, an old foggy senator or counsellor appears on the scene (we follow Bohn's literal prose translation of the comedy, taking such liberties with it, and making such additions as are necessary to make it intelligible to the English reader), and wants to know of Lysistrata, "in the name of Jove, Madam," what she means by shutting up "*our*" citadel with her bolts. The members of the Athenian Senate or Council were the keepers of the public treasury. "To keep the money safe

* Bohn's Aristophanes, Comedies, Vol. II.

and deprive you men of the sinews of war," replies Lysistrata. "What will you do then?" asks the old fogey. "We will manage it," was the ready answer. "Will you manage the money?" asks the councillor, his amazement evidently on the increase at this unheard-of outbreak of womanly audacity. And to appreciate fully the scene in Aristophanes the reader must understand that Athens, notwithstanding her at that time miraculous enlightenment and thorough modernness on all other subjects, was not in advance of her age in two particulars, namely, in her treatment and estimate of woman and in the matter of slavery. She was almost on a level with Persia even in both these respects. As regards woman she was infinitely behind her Dorian rival, the unintellectual but gallant Sparta, as Müller shows. The Spartan addressed his wife as *despoina*, or mistress, while the Athenian caged his and regarded the Spartan as henpecked. But of this further along. In the language of Bekker, women were regarded, in the very focus of ancient civilization, as a lower order of beings in comparison with men, both in intellect and heart, incapable of taking part in public affairs, and naturally prone to evil. Bearing these facts in mind, the reader can better appreciate Lysistrata's audacity and pluck, and the councillor's astonishment. "Will you manage the public funds?" he asks. "Why should you think it strange that we women should manage the public funds? Do we not wholly manage the domestic purse for you, and with judgment and economy?" replies Lysistrata interrogatively. "But the cases are not parallel," replies the fogey. "Why not?" "We must have the money to carry on the war." "But that is precisely the point," says Lysistrata. "There is no occasion for the war at all." "What salvation for us is there, except in carrying on the war?" "We will save you," replies Lysistrata. "You!" "Ay, we, to be sure." At this point the old fogey became bewildered with amazement. "Be assured you shall be saved

even against your will." "It were a shame to be thus saved." "We must save you, my friend," persists Lysistrata. "Suppose we don't want to be so saved?" "For that very reason it is so much the more imperative on us to save you," replies Lysistrata. "But how came you to care about war and peace?" asks the councillor, disdainfully. "We will tell you," replies Lysistrata. "Tell me then, quickly," roars the old dignitary, all the Athenian lord of creation rising in him at this audacious outbreak of the *gynaconitis*, as the woman's apartment of an Athenian house was called. "Tell me quickly," he roars, "that you may not get a beating." Lysistrata, nothing daunted at this ungallant demonstration of the old ass, for he had shaken his fist at her menacingly, coolly requests him to listen and endeavor to keep his hands in their proper place, while she explains her experience as a dutiful Athenian wife, before she left her matronly seclusion, and put on the breeches, as it were, to seek to save her country and get redress for her sex. "During the war preceding the present one," she said, "and in former times generally, sheer modesty made us bear with you men, no matter what might be your pranks and capriccios. For we were not allowed even to mutter a complaint. But we kept our eyes on your proceedings, and, to speak frankly, we were by no means pleased with them, although we said nothing to indicate our feelings. Oftentimes in the quiet of our homes, when we heard that you had determined some important matter badly, we would conceal our annoyance under a smile, and ask what has been determined by you to-day in regard to peace. 'What's that to you?' used to be the husband's curt but not courteous reply; 'will you not hold your tongue now?' And we used to hold our tongues. But once in a while things would get too bad for endurance, and then we used to break silence by asking, 'How is it, husband, that you manage these matters with such egregious folly and

stupidity?' But he, looking askance at me, used to tell me to mind my weaving, or I should come to grief. 'War,' he would say oracularly, 'is the business of *men*.'" "Rightly said of your husband, by Jove!" breaks in the old foggy at this point. "Wherein was it right, you wretch?" rejoins Lysistrata, beginning to warm up herself, "to spurn our advice when you were mismanaging the government grossly! Finally when you had brought matters to such a pass that we heard you anxiously inquiring of each other in the streets, 'Is there, then, no man in the country equal to the emergency?' and when we heard it confessed that there was not, we women immediately determined in full assembly to save Greece ourselves. Longer waiting was impossible. Now we want you to keep quiet as we used to and listen to *our* counsel in your extremity, and we will save you. Do not interrupt me, but hold your peace and card wool, while we women take charge of the war. Erelong we shall be known as the annihilators and dissolvers of war by the Greeks." "How will you do it?" inquires the senator. "In the first place," resumes Lysistrata, "we will put a stop to your military swash-bucklers lounging about the marketplace, buying pea-soup of old women and putting it into their helmets or shaking their shields and javelins at other old fig-selling women to frighten them." "But," says the senator, at last really interested and impatient of minor details, "how will you be able to put an end to the disturbed affairs of the country?" "Very easily." "Show us how, then." "Just as," says Lysistrata, "when our thread gets tangled we take it in this way and draw it out with our spindles hither and thither, thus also will we put an end to the war, if you will let us." "Do you think," inquires the senator, at this point, disgusted at the womanly illustration, "to allay a dreadful state of affairs with your wool and threads and spindles, you silly woman?" "Ay, and if there was any

sense in you, you would administer all your affairs after our fashion of dealing with wool." "How so?" asks the senator; "come, explain." "In the first place," says Lysistrata, justifying and fully developing her woolly metaphor, "you must wash the state clean of knaves, as fleeces are washed clean of their dirt and freed from briers; and you must tear asunder those who combine together to get the offices, and pluck their heads off, and then you must card public good-feeling into a basket, and, having taken the wool from every source of supply in the state and its colonial dependencies, collect it into a mass, making a large ball of it, and out of this weave a cloak for the people." "Is it not a shame," exclaims the senator at this point, "that these women should wind our affairs into a ball, wool-fashion, when they have not any concern in the war at all?" "We no concern in the war, you accursed wretch!" replies Lysistrata, her eyes sparkling with indignation; "when we bear more than double the load of its miseries that you do? We, who by our pangs and sorrow furnish the men who are sent off as soldiers to be slaughtered, while we are condemned to lead joyless lives of widowhood and unmarried maidenhood, that is, those of us who are still maidens must pine away and grow old in our lonely chambers." "Do not men, then, grow old as well?" asks the senator. "No, by Jove, their case is utterly different. For when they return from the wars, even though gray-headed, they soon marry young girls, while the woman's time is short, and, if she cannot take advantage of it, no one is willing to marry her, but she sits watching for omens and speculating upon her dwindling chances." Suffice it to say that Lysistrata and her women, after getting possession of the Acropolis and the fortifications of Athens, held the city strictly closed against the ingress of husbands and lovers returning from the war to see their wives and sweethearts. Now and then there is a weak sister who tries to

get out on one pretext and another, but she cannot escape the sharp eye of Lysistrata or deceive her. Men parley for admission outside the walls, but they are inexorably excluded, until all parties to the war, finding that Lysistrata really means business, agree to conclude a peace, the advent of which is joyously celebrated by Athenians and Lacedæmonians with feast and song, and Lysistrata is mistress of the situation.

Twelve years after the close of the Peloponnesian war we find Aristophanes giving another picture of female ascendancy in the Athenian state, in a comedy called the *Ecclesiazousæ*, a word which may be freely rendered the Assembly Women. The general popular Assembly of Athens, which had as unlimited jurisdiction as the British Parliament, was called the *Ecclesia*, a word which in later times was appropriated by the Christian Church and given a new significance. Every citizen of Athens was a member of the *Ecclesia*, or Attic Parliament, and was subject to a fine for non-attendance and received a small *per diem* of two or three obols for attendance; so that in the Athenian democracy all citizens had a direct voice and vote in legislation, thus literally and truly governing themselves; whereas in our cumbrous representative system of American democracy, we are governed by a few shrewd politicians, who enjoy a monopoly of all the political power, making all our laws for us, and executing them according to their own pleasure and profit and for their own continuance in power.

In the Assembly Women, Aristophanes represents the wives of Athens, under the leadership of a strong-minded matron by the name of Praxagora, assembling together at a preappointed place in the early morning twilight arrayed in their worse-halves' clothes, appropriated while their owners were still asleep. They have false beards also, and proceed to rehearse speeches under the critical supervision of Praxagora. The scene is a ludicrous one.

But when they feel themselves competent to act as parliamentarians, they steal into the *Ecclesia*, and by means of a majority of voices thus surreptitiously obtained they decree a new constitution. Among other things it is decreed that age is to be preferred by young wooers before youth and beauty in the selection of wives, until the venerable spinsters are all disposed of, when the pretty girls are to be in order. This comedy is simply a wild play of the Aristophanic fancy, ridiculing the ideal commonwealths of the philosophers. But the curious point is that an old Athenian wit and poet two thousand years ago should have drawn a prophetic sketch of our modern woman's-rights movement. In the *Ecclesiazousæ*, gross and untranslatable as it is into modern English, there is one exquisite gem, an ancient Greek serenade in fact. It is called *paraclausithura*, or the weeping at the door of the beloved object by the young man. "O dearest, open the door to me and embrace me. For thee I suffer anguish, O golden darling, blossom of love, honey-bee of the Muse, who wearest beauty's own face, open the door to me and embrace me. For thee I suffer anguish."

Notwithstanding the long list of surpassingly beautiful and brilliant women who flourished in heroic and historical Hellas and in Hellenized Asia and Egypt, the most influential portion of the Hellenic people, namely, the Ionians, persisted from the beginning in holding woman in low regard, and in recognizing no sentiment in sexual love, but only sensuality. What wonder, then, if their women finally became no better than they were credited with being by their fathers, brothers, sons, and lovers?

Bekker, in his *Charicles*, has gathered together all the passages in the Attic poets, orators, and philosophers bearing upon woman and her status in Athens, and it is a mass of opinion in regard to the sex, such as we might expect from a lot of abandoned rakes and debauchees, rather than great po-

ets, sages, moralists, and statesmen. Further along we will cull extracts from this general and elaborate Athenian indictment of womankind. Meanwhile Homer shows hardly a grain of this Ionian contempt for woman, although he was doubtless an Ionian in race as in dialect. To be sure, he has sketched a Circe and a Grecian Lady Macbeth, namely, Clytemnestra, who could plead, however, that her conduct was justified by the *lex talionis* for the sacrifice of her daughter at Aulis. But the general impression of the heroic women derived from Homer is favorable. Nausicaa is a sweet creature, and Penelope is represented as a true woman and most exemplary housewife. Virgil, the Latin disciple of Homer, had an ascetic taint in his blood, and was, moreover, a shy, rustical fellow, too timid to ingratiate himself with the sex, and so he abused them. But his Dido is his best character, — a noble, high-souled woman, whose only defect was her weakness for that wooden personage, "pious Æneas." She was doomed to be guilty of that folly, however, by the higher powers, as Titania was made to caress and fondle the asinine Bottom. But if Homer is catholic and orthodox on the woman question, several later and inferior Greek poets were not. Hesiod, for instance, who was a sort of Poor Richard's Almanac versifier, and supplied the Greeks with all their mean penny-wisdom, and was known as the Helots' poet, is naturally enough extremely ungallant towards the sex, as such a low clod-hopper of a bard was sure to be. In his Works and Days, and Theogony both, he represents that Jupiter created woman in a fit of spite against Prometheus, because he had stolen fire from Helios, and thereby taught men the mechanic arts, and so rendered them capable of civilization. "Forthwith Jupiter wrought evil," says Hesiod, "for men, in requital for the fire bestowed, and because wily Prometheus had beguiled him." By the way, the poet does not explain the existence of a womanless community of men prior

to the creation of Pandora. "By command of Jove, Vulcan fashioned the image of a modest maiden; then Jove bade Athene teach the newly created weaving and millinery craft, and

"He called the magic of love's golden queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien,
And eager passion's never-sated flame,
And cares of dress that prey upon the frame;
Bade Hermes last endue with craft refined
Of treacherous manners and a shameless mind."

Further, the herald of the gods gifted her with a charming voice, and this woman was called Pandora, because all inhabiting Olympian mansions bestowed upon her a gift, a mischief to men. The poet winds up his account by saying: "Now aforesaid, indeed, the races of men were wont to live on the earth apart and free from ills, and without harsh labor and painful diseases, which have brought death on mortals; but the Woman, having with her hands removed the great lid from the vessel (wherein all the ills to which flesh was to be heir had been carefully hived), dispersed them; then contrived she baneful cares for men."* This is the Aryan account of the creation and *début* of woman. The Semitic account in Genesis also connects the introduction of sin and death and "all our woe" with the advent of the better half and lovely complement of man. Archilochus, one of the greatest of the early Greek poets, also lashed the sex severely in his verse, driving one woman to hang herself by his merciless satire. Simonides, who wrote the exquisite little poem descriptive of Danaë and her sleeping boy floating over the stormy sea at midnight, is ranked among the traducers of women. But Euripides, the great Athenian dramatist, was the most conspicuous poetic sinner against the sex among the Grecian writers, although Sophocles, his greater tragic rival, said that he was only a woman-hater in his tragedies. In his Hippolytus he makes his hero exclaim: "O Jove, wherefore in the name of heaven didst thou place in the light of the sun that specious evil for men, women? For if thou didst will to propagate the

* Bohn's Hesiod.

race of mortals, there was no necessity for this to be done by women, but men might, having placed an equivalent in the temples, either in brass, or iron, or the weighty gold, buy a race of children, each for the consideration of the value paid, and thus might dwell in unmolested houses without females." This Hippolytus was, by the way, a sort of pagan monk and minion of the Moon. Milton, who was a great admirer of Euripides, has a passage in "Paradise Lost" in the same spirit with the above extract:—

"O, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find out some other way to generate
Mankind?"

The truth is, Euripides and Milton both had been unhappy in their domestic relations. Both were muse-ridden mopes, abstracted and unsocial. They should have remained bachelors. In the case of Euripides, the sex were amply avenged by the comic poet Aristophanes, who never ceased to ridicule him for his attacks on women.

And, after all, Euripides seems to have had no especial objection to womankind in general, but only to smart, brilliant, or, in modern phrase, strong-minded women,—a sort of woman of whom Greece from the beginning was peculiarly productive. "His state is the easiest," says the poet, speaking through Hippolytus, "whose wife is settled in his house a cipher, and useless by reason of simplicity. But a wise woman I detest. May there not be in my house, at least, a woman more highly gifted with mind than woman ought to be. For Venus engenders mischief rather among clever women. But a woman who is not endowed with capacity, by reason of her small understanding, is removed from folly."* Müller makes the remark that women have always been improved by education everywhere except in ancient Greece. There education produced the

* Bohn's Euripides.

reverse of improvement. And why did it produce this effect? Because its subjects were unsexed, as it were, by a malignant public opinion. Intellectual and cultivated women were classified at Athens as *hetæra*. Bekker says such women "were called *hetæra*, or, literally, female companions, who lived a free life, managed their own affairs, and supported themselves by their powers of pleasing. These women were numerous, and were doubtless of every variety of personal character; but the most distinguished and superior among them, such as Aspasia and Theodote, appear to have been the only women in Greece, except the Spartan, who either inspired strong passion or exercised mental ascendancy." So remarkable were Aspasia's fascinations, her accomplishments, and her powers, not only of conversation, but even of oratory and criticism, that the most distinguished Athenians, Socrates among the number, visited her.* Suffice it to say that this glorious visitor from Ionia, who overawed even the mean popular sentiment of Athens against her sex by her transcendent genius, ruled despotically over the heart and head both of the greatest man of Greece, who found her love and her wisdom priceless boons. His contemporaries might call her *hetæra*, or by whatever other vile epithet they pleased, she shares and will forever share in the renown of Pericles, which she helped him to win. However much the Athenians might attempt to dwarf their own women by jealously secluding the free, respectable portion of them in the *gynaconitis*, and denying them all education and discipline, still Athens always abounded in brilliant women from the Æolian communities, which treated the sex more liberally, and not only allowed them intellectual training, but also the prizes and applause due to genius, and these more than vindicated their sex against the Attic jealousy, and even won the admiration of the Attic public. But it is one of the lasting stigmas of Athens, "the

* Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, etc.

violet-crowned," as she loved to be called, that she was utterly unchivalrous towards woman, while her Dorian rival, Sparta, "the spear-crowned," was exactly and nobly the reverse. The Spartans, as Müller says, were almost the only ancient nation who esteemed the higher attributes of the female mind as capable of cultivation. Let us take the case of Sappho, the Æolian poetess, who flourished in the purer days of Greece, when the Grecian isles sparkled with genius in that red, dewy dayspring of imagination, fancy, and reason, the true era of spontaneity and inspiration, fragments of whose auroral melodies still float on the stream of time, and will float forever, murmurs from the fountain-heads of song and philosophy, in Lesbos and Miletus. The Attic comic poets of the already corrupted age of Pericles could not understand her, and did her memory foul wrong. They could not understand that she poured forth the irrepressible emotions of her heart, as the birds in spring pour forth theirs. For love with Sappho was truly worship. Yet her name has been handed down to posterity as the synonyme of guilty and suicidal passion. And the foul aspersion of the Lesbian love spoken of by Lucian was fabricated to defame her. But there is no doubt about one thing. It is the undissenting and rapturous verdict of antiquity that she was the greatest lyric genius of the pagan fore-world. Such masculine geniuses as Horace, Catullus, and Byron were content to be her humble imitators. Some of their brightest shafts were drawn from the Sapphic quiver. Who like her could hymn the vesper fire of nuptial love, or the sunset hour, which brings all things home that the bright dawn has dispersed, and melts the hearts of wanderers in foreign lands? She was the mistress of a school of poetesses in Lesbos. Some of her pupils became only less eminent than their peerless mistress. Of the victory of one of these early Grecian poetesses over a male rival, a living master of song speaks thus. It is the story

"Of fair Corinna's triumph; here she stood,
Engirt with many a florid maiden cheek,
The woman-conqueror: woman-conquered there
The bearded Victor of ten thousand hymns,
And all the men mourned at his side."

Any civilization which degrades women and holds them in little esteem has a dry-rot in it. The brilliant Grecian female who dared to spurn the bars of the *gynæconitis* and vindicate the intellectual power and genius of her sex, no matter how much glory she might reflect on her race in the eyes of posterity, was regarded at Athens as a tolerated pet for the amusement of festive hours and as of soiled plumage; and Plato and Aristotle the wise, and Demosthenes the eloquent, could indorse the miserable prejudices of their country by assigning to woman a place far beneath that of man. Aristotle says the male is better by nature than the female. The one is the ruled, the other the ruler. The only virtue, says Bekker, of which woman was thought capable, in the age of Aristotle and Plato, differed but little from that of the faithful slave. She was a minor all her life at Athens. There were no educated women there, except the *hetæra*. Spinning and weaving were the only accomplishments of free maidens and matrons. They saw but little even of their fathers and husbands, who lived abroad more than at home, and even when at home inhabited their own apartments. The *gynæconitis*, though not exactly a prison, was still the confined abode allotted for life to the female portion of the household. Plato calls women a race accustomed to live in darkness and seclusion. Maidens lived in the strictest privacy till their marriage, under lock and key. They never quitted the shades of the *parthenon*, except to be spectators of a festal procession or to swell its pomp. Such occasions were their only chance for love-making. They appeared at the doors only when exciting news came. Old women were more free. Hence they were the go-betweens in love negotiations. The tortoise on which the celestial Venus of Phidias was supposed was considered as a symbol of

the secluded existence of women. Plutarch says Phidias placed a dragon by the statue of Athene and a tortoise by that of Aphrodite at Elis, in token that virgins needed a guard and that married women should stay at home and keep silent. At Syracuse free women were forbidden to go out at all after sunset. There were woman-beadles at Athens, and even the woman's market was not frequented by respectable females. There were many religious festivals in which women alone participated, such as that of Ceres, or the Mother. No respectable lady thought of going out without a female slave or attendant. The modesty of Attic maidens was proverbial, while the Spartan virgins were pert and forward. Euripides, in his *Andromache*, goes so far as to say that a Spartan girl could not be chaste if she wished to be. But this is one of those baseless Athenian libels of the freer and more natural social life of the Dorians and Æolians, which the Athenians could not understand, any more than the prurient and debauched modern Parisians could at first understand the free and frank manners of young American women visiting Paris.

Demosthenes, in his oration entitled *Neera*, summed up the woman question and its status in ancient Athens in the passage where he says "we have *hetæræ* for pleasure, *pallakæ* for attendants, and wives for children and the care of the household." Celibacy was a penal offence in some of the Grecian states and disgraceful in all. It was regarded as the duty of every citizen to have children as a pledge of fidelity to the state and in order to leave behind worshippers to see that the gods were not neglected and that the state should not lack defenders. Female infants were frequently exposed by fathers to escape giving them dowries at marriage. Divorces were frequent and easily obtained.*

But notwithstanding their low estimate of mortal women, the Athenians

held their celestial or divine women in especial regard. The tutelary genius of Athens was a female, Our Blue-eyed Lady of Wisdom, Athene Polias. Grote tells us that "three statues of Athene, all by the hand of Phidias, decorated the Acropolis, — one colossal, forty-seven feet high, of ivory, in the Parthenon; a second of bronze, called the Lemnian Athene; a third of colossal magnitude, also in bronze, called Athene Promachos, placed between the Propylæa and Parthenon, and visible afar off, even to the navigator approaching Piræus by sea." Thus was the visible splendor of Athens, which for ages transcended that of any city of the pre-Christian fore-world, and which excited in the breast of the approaching voyager "a powerful sentiment of involuntary deference," surmounted by the shielded and helmeted figure of a stately and gloriously beautiful woman, the beacon welcomed for so many ages by the seeker after knowledge and "the voyager with the Ionian blast" as he drew near to the immemorial metropolis of wisdom.

"Tandem Tritonida conspicit arcem virentem
Ingenuis, opibique, et festa pace."

But Attica was not only presided over by a feminine deity, it was also the chief seat of the august worship and mysteries of the Eleusinian Mother and her daughter Proserpine,

"Who gathered all things mortal
With cold, immortal hands."

These two female deities were in a special manner the genii of life and death and of the means of life. The noblest Grecians and Romans were eager to be initiated into their mysteries. In fact, the chief ancient Aryan divinities, whose worship was most universally significant, were feminine. Their jurisdiction, so to speak, came highest to the concerns and needs of mortal life. So that if the women of earth were not properly appreciated, the divine women of Olympus were worshipped with a devotion which was equal to the subsequent Christian adoration of the Mater Dolorosa.

B. W. Ball.

* Vide Bekker's *Charicles*.

LOOKING FOR PEARLS.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

THE Master came one evening to the gate
Of a far city:—it was growing late,
And sending his disciples to buy food,
He wandered forth intent on doing good
As was his wont. And in the market-place
He saw a crowd, close gathered in one space,
Gazing with eager eyes upon the ground.
Jesus drew nearer, and thereon he found
A noisome creature, a bedraggled wreck,—
A dead dog with a halter round his neck.
And those who stood by mocked the object there,
And one said scoffing, “It pollutes the air!”
Another jeering, asked, “How long to-night
Shall such a miscreant cur offend our sight?”
“Look at his torn hide,” sneered a Jewish wit,
“You could not cut even a shoe from it,”
And turned away. “Behold his ears that bleed,”
A fourth chimed in, “an unclean wretch indeed!”
“He hath been hanged for thieving,” they all cried,
And spurned the loathsome beast from side to side.
Then Jesus, standing by them in the street,
Looked on the poor spent creature at his feet,
And, bending o’er him, spake unto the men,
“*Pearls are not whiter than his teeth.*” And then
The people at each other gazed, asking,
“Who is this stranger pitying the vile thing?”
Then one exclaimed, with awe-abated breath,
“This surely is the Man of Nazareth;
This must be Jesus, for none else but he
Something to praise in a dead dog could see!”
And, being ashamed, each scoffer bowed his head,
And from the sight of Jesus turned and fled.

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE BONAPARTES AND BOURBONS.

NOT long after the death of the first Napoleon at St. Helena, a steam-boat, then comparatively a new invention, was on its way down the Delaware to Philadelphia. It was a pleasant morning in early summer, and the passengers were grouped about the deck; among them Joseph, brother of the

Emperor, and himself at one time king of Naples, and later of Spain, then known as the Count de Survilliers, was the most conspicuous. Two gentlemen had been chatting together for a while on a bench not far from where he was seated, on the other side of the boat, when one of them crossed over

and engaged Joseph in conversation. When, soon afterwards, he resumed his seat, he exclaimed, "What do you suppose that man has the audacity to think? That the days of the Bonapartes are not over in France!" It certainly seemed incredible that any event could place another Bonaparte on the throne, from which that most wonderful of men, who first gave glory to the name, had been twice removed.

Various members of the family, after the restoration of the Bourbons, withdrew from public gaze, while others, whose possessions and position had been little affected by the imperial downfall, continued to be surrounded by the glitter of their former prosperity, and to receive such consideration as was due to their personal merit. Of these the most interesting was the mother of the Emperor, who resided at Rome in a superb palace, which she left in 1829, when she died, to her brother, Cardinal Fesch, a gentleman of much culture and excellent character. Lucien, her younger son, resided at Rome, as did also her daughter Pauline, the Princess Borghese, whose exquisite form was perpetuated by Canova in his sleeping "Venus." An anecdote told of her in connection with this masterpiece of art indicates more sound sense and real delicacy than it has always received credit for. When asked how she could have been willing to serve as a model for the work, her ingenuous reply was, that there was a fire in the room.

A year or two after the conversation already alluded to took place, a young friend of about my own age from a neighboring city proposed that we should make a tour in Europe, then not so generally considered an essential part of education as at present. We took passage at New York in May for Liverpool. The sailing packets of that period are memories of the past. But though the passages were of long and uncertain duration, they compared favorably in comfort and actual enjoyment with the speedier and more bustling trips of the present steamers. In the rolling or pitching, the jar or din,

the packets were not nearly as disagreeable as the steamers are. The passengers were fewer in number, there was abundant opportunity to become acquainted, and the ocean phenomena and fickle breezes afforded variety. No comfort known ashore that could be compassed aboard was wanting, and what with music and pleasant chat the time passed rapidly. Steam has wrought other changes in the experience of European travel. Who that is old enough to remember can ever forget the delights of posting, the luxurious seats and cushions, the postilion astride of one of his horses, and the uninterrupted views thus allowed of the changing landscape through the ample windows which formed the front of the carriage? In this way for a twelve-month we traversed the length and breadth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and after a similar fashion much of the Continent.

Circumstances which need not be particularly mentioned afforded us constant opportunities of meeting and becoming acquainted with many of those best worth knowing abroad, especially in Edinburgh, then in the zenith of its glory as the abode of genius and centre of gayety. Sir Walter Scott was widely known and celebrated as a poet, but as a novelist, though generally recognized through his disguise, so far as depended on any acknowledgment he was "the great unknown." We met the younger members of his family in society, and were presented to him. We occasionally watched his busy pen as he sat in court as clerk of sessions, engrossed in his marvellous creations. It was our good fortune to be frequent guests at the house of Lord Harmon, then judge of the same court, who, when the case on hearing permitted, was said to have whiled away his weary moments in reading them.

When later, in London, we were about starting for the Continent, Governor Bradish of New York, who had recently returned from Italy, gave us letters of introduction — a pleasant usage now unfortunately for the most

part passed away—to his friends in that country. Among others was one to the sculptor Trentanova, whom he requested to take us at once upon our arrival in Rome to the palace of the Princess Gabrielli, with whom was then residing her sister, the Countess of Possi, afterwards Lady Dudley Stuart. These ladies were the daughters of Lucien Bonaparte. He had preferred the tranquillity of private life to the thrones proffered by the Emperor to him, as well as to his three brothers, who had accepted them. He devoted his life to science and literature, of which the principal fruit was a poem entitled “Charlemagne; or, The Church Delivered.” He is said to have written it in England, where, having been taken prisoner by a British cruiser in the Mediterranean in 1810, while on his way to America, he was detained for three years. He lived till 1840, and in 1825 was in the prime of life, full of courtesy and kindness and universally beloved.

Without overstepping the bounds of social propriety, brief allusion in commendation may be permitted, after half a century, to personages already historical as near relatives of Napoleon. He himself, on one occasion, speaking of his mother, said that she was a woman of noble nature, who had trained her children well, suffering nothing but what was great and elevated to take root in their understandings, abhorring falsehood, and not tolerating the slightest act of disobedience, combining the energy of a man with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman. Her lovely face accounted for many noble traits in her descendants; and it has been well remarked by Sir Bernard Burke, that “the ladies of the Bonaparte family were ever to a surpassing degree remarkable for talent, beauty, and strength of mind.” Such encomium had especial application to the daughters of Lucien, whose society constituted one chief source of our enjoyment in Rome.

In their saloons conversation flowed on with a pleasant ripple of freshness
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and good-humor, bringing to a fitting close days passed among the marvels of art and antiquity in the Eternal City. They were excellent linguists, at home in French and English as in Italian. The Princess Gabrielli, an excellent musician, sang with great sweetness and effect; and Trentanova, who had also a good voice, contributed his part to the general entertainment. An improvisatore, a variety of social amusement then in vogue, often attended. Thorwaldsen and many other celebrities frequented the palace, as well as cardinals and other dignitaries of the Church. Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Lucien, was still in fine health and full vigor, and, though dignified, frank and cordial in his address. In person he was not unlike our late Secretary of State, not very tall or stout, bearing himself simply and without pretension, engaging readily in conversation, with a voice and expression peculiarly winning. His usual dress was of white cloth or flannel, with the red stockings indicative of his rank in the hierarchy. He was good enough to procure for us an interview with the Pope, then Leo XII., with whom we passed half an hour in animated conversation.

Partly through the friendship of the Cardinal and his lovely nieces, who were so kind as to take an especial interest that we should pass our time pleasantly in Rome, partly from our other letters of introduction, opportunities were constantly offered us to attend balls at the great palaces, never seen to such advantage as on these occasions. The Countess Possi, still very young, excelled in the waltz, a dance then recently introduced in polite society, and already in a degree superseding the quadrille. Both sisters were apparently unconscious of any especial claim to consideration, putting every one at ease in their presence. They were gay and companionable, quick at repartee, and always graceful and engaging. We were indebted to them for many pleasant acquaintances, and found they were

equally disposed to devote their own moments to our entertainment.

We found in Florence Louis and Jerome Bonaparte, as also the Prince and Princess Borghese, who were then at their palaces in that city; and in the six weeks that we passed there we had frequent opportunities of meeting them. At the British Minister's and Prince Demidoff's, where our letters had insured us welcome, many celebrities were to be seen. As young Americans then found their way so far from home in less formidable numbers, we received the greater attention, and were gratified with the privilege, perhaps somewhat overvalued, of conversing with personages whom ability or connection with historical events made famous. Florence was unusually gay, and we had an incessant round of entertainments. We soon became sufficiently well acquainted to find them a pleasure and not an embarrassment.

Four years later, being again abroad, but now with a young family to care for, an appointment by Mr. McLane as *attaché* to his legation in London, of which Washington Irving was secretary, made me known in April, 1830, to Mr. Rives, representing the United States in France. General Lafayette, whom I had seen in America, and sat near at a Fourth-of-July dinner over which he presided in 1825 at Paris, was then a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He was zealously engaged in opposition to the arbitrary measures of the government, which were crushing out what little liberty had been tolerated under the Bourbons. Mr. Rives took me to his house, and almost his first exclamation, after receiving us, was: "Do you know what occurred last night at the Chamber? They were prorogued. Had this been done a few years since, they would have pulled down the palace of the Tuileries about the king's ears; but the French are better educated than they were, and there will be no revolution now."

That same day he sent for me to go with him to a gathering of Liberals, at which men of the most distinguished

position and commanding influence denounced the Ministers in no measured terms, and counselled unhesitating resistance, unless Polignac, then at the head of the Cabinet, receded from his repressive policy. At that meeting, it was said afterwards, originated the Revolution which broke out three months later in July.

Although neither Lafayette nor Mr. Rives at that time seemed to anticipate any immediate disturbances, the political horizon was portentous of coming storm. Everywhere throughout France an intense and widespread disaffection to the house of Bourbon was assuming form, and in the capital no occasion was lost to give it vent. It was easy to discover at every turn indications of something imminent and unusual. There seemed no attempt at concealment. Had the press been free, much of the pent-up force might have escaped harmless. But as this was under strict control, violent harangues were to be heard on the Boulevard and wherever men congregated. The excitement and ferment had become so universal as to overawe and paralyze both king and cabinet, who had too much pride and too little wisdom to make timely concessions. Once kindled the flame spread with marvellous celerity throughout the land, and the people rose as one against the throne.

These disturbed elements were not confined to France. In England a general spirit of discontent agitated the popular mind, which found only partial relief in clamor for parliamentary reform. The public services of Wellington did not protect his windows, and his town abode, Apsley House, was provided with iron shutters. The Duke in the crisis had turned to America for help. He was busily engrossed in organizing on paper what he called his American army, — a volunteer militia for defence in war or reliance in the event of civil commotion. At the house of Mr. McLane he took pains to inform himself of our method, which now of late in part adopted, affords England

its surest dependence against foes foreign or domestic.

When the French Revolution of the three days actually occurred, it took every one by surprise. Tidings came across the Channel that the Tuileries were in possession of the mob. Colonel Hunter, our Consul at Cowes, whose daughters were at school in Paris, hastened to their protection. No other American being at hand to perform his functions, he requested the present writer, then residing at Ryde, to act as Vice-Consul during his absence. The day after his departure, while I was on a visit to Admiral Locke, then at Portsmouth, two officers came to announce the arrival of the fugitive king, Charles X., and his family, on the Great Britain and the Charles Carroll, American packet-ships, attended by a French frigate, corvette, and yacht. As they were under the American flag, and time was needed to arrange with the British Cabinet certain preliminaries supposed to be necessary, it was obviously the duty of the only American Consul in the neighborhood to repair on board. Friendly relations existing between the United States and France, it would have been presumption for him to pass judgment upon the merits of the controversy which had driven the aged king into exile. The warm acknowledgments with which proffers of service were received proved how sincerely they were appreciated. In the king's situation it would have been surprising if some sensibility had not been testified at any well-intended courtesy. The whole group around him entered with alacrity into consideration of different propositions that were made for their reception on shore. The consulate at Cowes, a large and well-furnished establishment, was offered for their accommodation, no doubt being entertained, and very justly, that such an arrangement would have been proposed by Colonel Hunter if present.

The king decided it was best for himself to remain aboard, as also for the Duke d'Angoulême, but requested that apartments might be procured for

the ladies and children at the hotel at Cowes, their disembarkation at which place was not so likely to attract attention as at Portsmouth. General Mar-mont, Duke of Ragusa, who had commanded the royal forces during the three days, was to proceed to London to confer with the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister. It was desirable that his baggage should pass the customs without delay. As it was thought this could be best effected through the consulate, it was so arranged.

Preparations were made forthwith at the hotel for the reception of the family the next day. The landlord consented to remove some partitions, that the dining-room assigned for their use might be made sufficiently spacious, several officials of the late court being in attendance. The Duchess d'Angoulême had mentioned in conversation, that, among other friends in England who had been intimate at the Tuileries, was the Marquis of Anglesey, a member of the Cabinet, who was then governor of the Isle of Wight, and residing at the castle at Cowes. She expressed a wish that he might be unofficially and confidentially apprised of their arrival, as she did not wish that any crowd should be attracted to the landing when they disembarked. It chanced that, when the first arrangements were completed at the hotel, it was towards ten o'clock, — in that latitude and season not quite so late in the evening as farther south. The circumstances warranting some disregard of conventional usage, it seemed best not to defer communicating with the governor. The Marquis had retired indisposed, but being ushered into the library to write him a note, intimation was given me that his son was passing through the hall. As it was important that the posture of affairs should be fully explained, an interview with him was requested upon a matter of some urgency. The reply was that he did not know me, and that the communication should be made through the servant. Displeased at an apparent discourtesy, I returned for answer

that the visit was to inform his father of a circumstance in which it was believed he would take an interest, but which he would probably learn soon enough in the morning.

Early the next day I went to find the collector of the port, still at his slumbers, some little distance from the town. Permission was obtained from him to expedite Marmont to London, where upon his arrival he was with some difficulty extricated from the clutches of a mob by the Duke of Wellington, who took him into Apsley House. On my return from the collector one of the consular clerks announced that they had been aroused at night by a messenger from the governor, his family having been alarmed in consequence of the visit the evening before. They were apprehending some attack by the Chartists on the castle, which not long before had been threatened; and imagining I had come to warn them of some pressing danger, his son and servants had been despatched to ascertain the purport of my intended communication.

After receiving on shore the Duchess d'Angoulême, the Duchess of Berri and her children, the Duke of Bourdeaux and his sister, later Duchess of Modena, and seeing them established in their apartments, it seemed due to the official position of the Marquis, his age, and well-earned celebrity, to acquaint him with what had occurred. He sent down at once to request that his visitor would come up to his dressing-room, where he was seated with his wooden leg — the substitute of the limb lost at Waterloo — under the table. He was very polite, excusing himself for continuing his task of shaving, in which I had interrupted him, as his complaint, the *tic douloureux*, to which he was subject, might return and prevent him from completing it, if this interval of relief were not improved. He confirmed what the Duchess had said of his intimacy at the palace, and expressed his willingness to do what he could for the royal exiles, but said that, as a member of

the Cabinet and governor at Cowes, he must await the action of the Duke of Wellington. He promised, nevertheless, to do what was in his power, though that was not much. When his inquiry as to what was intended for their occupation during their stay had been answered, he requested to be daily informed of what was done. As no allusion was made to the message which had given offence, this last request seemed more than could be reasonably complied with. The Marquis called soon after upon the ladies at the hotel; left flowers with his compliments, but did not ask to be admitted. Some days later his son called at the consulate, at his father's request, "to do away the impression left by his message," which visit was duly returned. A general sense of uneasiness and insecurity prevailed throughout England at the time, in consequence of the menacing attitude of the reformers, who it was thought might seek occasion in the disturbances in France to create commotion. This may in a measure explain the policy of the British Cabinet in avoiding any marked attention to the exiles.

The same day that the party came ashore the Duchess of Berri intimated a desire to exchange the napoleons brought from Paris for English gold. They had been received from the Bank of France, in a rough box, which she opened after securing the door of her apartment. When they were counted, their value, about three thousand pounds, was procured for her in sovereigns.

In consequence possibly of the feeling alluded to, delays attended the arrangements for the formal reception of the king, and nine days elapsed before it took place. Meanwhile daily excursions for health and exercise were contrived to the many interesting localities of the island. The party was sufficiently numerous to fill two carriages, the young Duke usually driving in a pony phaeton, the gentlemen in attendance and myself — then rather unexpectedly called upon to do the

honors for the Stars and Stripes—in the saddle.

Carisbrooke Castle was too famous as a picturesque relic of the past, as well as from historical association, not to be known to them. As the place of imprisonment for Charles I., just before his execution, it was likely to awaken mournful memories in the mind of the Duchess d'Angoulême, whose father, Louis XVI., had met the same fate at the hands of his subjects. But when she manifested an inclination to go there, it seemed best not to interpose any obstacle. As we stood together in the ruined chamber where Charles had been confined, the Duchess showed great agitation. Regret was expressed that we had come, and an attempt made to draw her away. Conquering her emotion with much effort, she said the place could not but painfully remind her of the misfortunes of her family.

With much natural sensitiveness, quickened by recent events, she could not hear music without tears, and pains were taken, whenever politeness permitted, to stop the bands which as a mark of respect had been introduced at different places that we visited. Although endeavoring not to attract more attention than could be avoided, towards the close of their sojourn on the island several of the prominent residents testified much sympathy for their distinguished visitors, and would have gladly extended to them civilities had any encouragement been given.

The Duchess d'Angoulême had frequently manifested a wish to go to my cottage at Ryde to see my children. As their mother was not able to receive her, the youngest child being but a few weeks old, such advances were met as simple expressions of civility, in acknowledgment of my evident wish to make their days pass agreeably. But when one day intimation was given by one of the party that there was a settled purpose that day to let me know how much they would be pleased to see my family, nothing was left but to make preparation. A boat was

despatched to give notice of what was to be expected, and to carry such refreshments as might be needed. As we were proceeding in the direction of Ryde, the carriages came to a halt, and when I rode up to that in which the Duchess d'Angoulême was driving she asked me if I had any objections to her going to see my children; adding that if I felt any hesitation on account of their mother, she would not ask for her. Of course the only reply was that I should feel much honored by the visit, and would lead the way.

Due preparation had been made in pursuance of the order sent, and a table laden with fruit and flowers stood ready for their entertainment. As Charles X. had abdicated in favor of his grandson, the young Duke was invariably addressed as "Monseigneur." With our republican notions, it may seem strange to us that this child of ten years was treated even by his mother with marked deference. He was required to take precedence of all present, being first served, and while he partook of his fruit the rest stood aside. He was considered, in virtue of the abdication, as their king, if not king of France, and established etiquette forbade that any one should eat before him. When he had finished his repast he went into the garden, and the rest of the party were permitted to refresh themselves after their drive.

When we returned to the drawing-rooms, the children were brought in, the boys in petticoats, the infant in arms. The Duke went up to one of the boys, since a tall West-Pointer and victim of the war, and placed his arm upon his shoulder. The child, somewhat belligerent, repulsed his caress by boxing his ears. When something was said in extenuation of so rude a procedure, the Duchess, with true French politeness, took the child on her lap, and, calling the Duke to admire him, soon restored peace.

Meeting, the morning after the visit, the Duchess on the street quite early, she told me she had just been carrying to the consulate a baby-house for my

daughter, the child in arms. It was a handsome toy, and was carefully preserved for a dozen years, but, with nearly as many boys and girls in the family, it finally came to grief. I am not so great an admirer of rank as to be easily dazzled by it, but I feel it is due to the character of one who bore her trials nobly to bear witness to the excellent traits the Duchess daily exhibited. It would be out of place to dwell on the many interesting conversations held both with her and her companions, and after so great a lapse of time only dimly remembered; grateful for those attentions it was my official duty to render, they all conversed with me, without reserve, on what chiefly engaged their attention in their own situation as well as on other topics. However much our social ideas were modified by our free institutions, it was pleasant for us to see the unabated devotion of those who, having shared the prosperity of the royal family, never permitted them to realize their changed condition by any want of zeal or respect.

As the king had chosen to remain in an American ship and under the protection of its flag, and had suggested that a daily visit, when convenient, would be acceptable, this was made a rule. Each day at noon he was glad to hear of the party ashore, taking an interest in their occupations as well as in what was transpiring of a public nature.

These visits apparently afforded him much satisfaction. Indeed, in a life so monotonous, any interruption was a diversion. He always gave me a cordial greeting and conversed pleasantly and without formality on whatever subject was started. The brilliant Count d'Artois, fifty years earlier the ornament of the court of his brother, had led a life of vicissitudes calculated to sadden the gayest nature. He had been but six years on the throne when called upon to leave it; he was now aged, and under afflictions that might have crushed the stoutest heart. Though grave and dignified, he had lost little of the

refinement and grace which distinguished his earlier years. He was gentle and kindly, more thoughtful of others than himself. His manner had an indescribable charm, partly from the politeness of his nation and growing out of the obligations imposed by his position as a king, but probably in some measure the product of a life which had had its share of the blessed influences of adversity.

It was gratifying to receive his warm acknowledgments for such service as it had been in my power to render. On one occasion, as the boat was ready for shore, coming to the gangway he told me with much earnestness, in English, — in which, from his want of familiarity, he did not generally care to trust himself, — that he had heard from his family how well I understood the ladies, and that he thanked me. The Duke d'Angoulême, standing by, said his father had spoken to me in my own language, that it might be the greater compliment, and hoped that I should so consider it. It was natural to reply, that it had given me much pleasure to be useful, and I had done no more than my country would consider my duty, since they had been pleased to find a home under our flag.

As the time drew near for his departure for Lullworth Castle, his new abode, an entertainment was given me by the king on board the ship, at which his son presided. Polite speeches were made, highly complimentary to the United States. Reference was frequent to the friendly relations that had so long subsisted between the two countries, and to the exiles' grateful sense of the kindness shown them in their necessity. It is superfluous to say that, in reply, I did not forget to speak of the aid extended to America in its struggle for independence, or to say that, in remembering the unhappy crisis from which Louis XVI. so generously had extricated us, to make any return was a privilege. Americans have too much experience in speech-making at home to be wanting on such occasions. It did not matter much, however, in the

friendly disposition that prevailed, what was said. It was an occasion of enjoyment to all, especially to the hosts, whose opportunities for hilarity or social intercourse were rare.

A day or two later a steamer brought the Duke of Wellington to accompany Charles X. to Lullworth. He had not seen the children since they left the ship, and the meeting was evidently one of much genuine delight, both to him and to them. As they were taking their departure, the Duke of Bordeaux, having been probably instructed to do so, in a manner quite commendable in a child of ten years of age, made me a little speech of his own. After expressing his acknowledgments to the country for its protection to himself and his family, and his gratitude for my personal attention, he prayed at the close that, whatever might be his condition in life, whether high or low, I would not fail to make myself known to him.

In following out the dictates of my own judgment in the peculiar circumstances in which chance had placed me, care was taken not to subject Mr. McLane to any responsibility. The privilege of being attached to his legation, which he had kindly allowed me, was promptly surrendered, so as not to embarrass him. He was kept informed of what was done. The interruption of the mail, in consequence of the disturbances, prevented much intercourse with Colonel Hunter, to whom was regularly despatched the report of my proceedings as his representative. But he, as well as the Minister, expressed himself entirely contented; and when he returned, he gave his hearty approval to all that had been done. I was constantly in correspondence also with Mr. Bates, of the house of Baring, who added to his approbation and encouragement cordial congratulations upon my good fortune in having this favorable opportunity of witnessing what, if a very sad, was still a most interesting incident of that memorable history.

Hostile as we naturally are in this country to political or social distinctions

which have survived the condition that produced them,—as great a disadvantage to the few who possess as to the rest who do not,—they exist elsewhere beyond our reach or power to disturb. There seems reason to believe they are losing their prestige and hold in all civilized countries, and it is almost safe to hazard the prediction that in half a century they will be as much a matter of the past as predial servitude. But however just our jealousy against a system differing from that of our own adoption and preference, interest in what concerns monarchs, throned or dethroned, will long continue to hold sway, and it would be affectation even for an American not to value the chance of helping royalty in distress, or to profess indifference to the minute details which form part of so great catastrophes.

Sixteen years later I was again in England, but this time alone. Numerous acquaintances and friends of my former visits, besides many more well known at home, now found abroad, made every moment devoted to society agreeable. Lord Morpeth, our Minister, and many persons of scientific celebrity, were untiring in attention. At one house, where it had been an especial privilege for me to be intimate whenever in London, Louis Napoleon was also a frequent and favored guest. Boulogne and Strasburg, his somewhat Quixotic efforts to overthrow the government of France with means altogether inadequate, had been forgotten in the good sense and ability of his various publications, in his agreeable conversation and prepossessing traits. He was justly popular in the circles in which he was moving, many persons of the highest standing, who would not have been attracted towards him had he not possessed sterling qualities, holding him high in their regard.

Meeting him frequently at the same table, various topics of mutual interest drew us together. He had been, in America, acquainted with persons nearly allied to me, and this fact and the incidents already related, connected

with his kinsfolk in Italy in 1824, and with the royal family of France six years later, naturally afforded much subject for discourse. No one could then, or can now, justly deny Louis Napoleon credit for great ability. His information was extensive and exact. His natural endowments, carefully developed by early training, had been ripened and strengthened by the study and meditations of his six years' imprisonment. It seems difficult to believe he should have escaped from Ham without the connivance of the French government. The circumstances attending both his escape and detention, which he related to me, are too well known for repetition here; but it was easy to see that his confinement, in its effect upon his mind and disposition, had been a blessing in disguise.

Upon these topics, and numberless others of equal interest, we discoursed when brought into companionship. We occasionally traversed together the London streets or visited the theatres, frequent opportunities being offered and improved for long and instructive conversation. The brilliant ladies whom I had known so well in Rome he spoke of as his favorite cousins; and whenever the great Emperor was the topic, his eye kindled and his animation indicated the pleasure it gave him. His earlier aspirations, his works on military science, the pains he took when first upon the throne in organizing the armies that gained Solferino and Magenta, all prove how gladly he would have emulated his uncle in the field, if his military training had been complete.

It was his especial delight to converse on political questions, and the fulness of his information and the broad and philosophic views which he took of them, showed how much they had engaged his attention. He was then, in faith and principle with regard to France, a republican, expressing his confidence in the capabilities of the people to govern themselves. One day in alluding to the opinions expressed by the Duchess d'Angoulême, — for

whose judgment and good sense he professed much respect, as did also, as is well known, the elder Napoleon, — that the French required a strong government, he combated the idea as doing injustice to a noble and generous people, who had not had a fair chance to try the experiment of free institutions. He avowed his belief that in process of time they would become capable of a large degree of political liberty, and that no government could be strong and enduring that did not rest on their consent, and which did not conciliate their affection.

Louis Napoleon was then in the prime and vigor of manhood, his mind fully matured by study and observation, his manners highly polished and agreeable. As there was no reason then to anticipate the marvellous career the outset of which he was rapidly nearing, the impression he made on his friends could not have been prejudiced by even the possibilities of his subsequent elevation. If his good sense and cleverness inspired respect, it was his amiability and generosity of character that won regard.

However much he may have shaped his opinions on those of his uncle, he certainly was not, like him, a fatalist, or believer in destiny. He had an enlightened trust in Providence, and the way in which he alluded to serious subjects proved he was very far from being indifferent to such considerations. There is a feeling that few Frenchmen care much about any world but this, and that Napoleon never looks beyond it. Human nature is much the same everywhere, and the possession of faith depends much upon individual character. It was evident enough, from the tenor of his remarks on other subjects, that he was neither infidel nor scoffer.

Nothing in his words or conduct betrayed any aspirations beyond his actual position. He had been too far sobered by disappointments to indulge in extravagant delusions or impracticable dreams. He did not fail to perceive the growing disaffection in France towards Louis Philippe, who reigned

without glory, and without that zeal in promoting alike the internal prosperity and external influence of France, which the French people require of their rulers. Communism was spreading secret and infectious detestation of arbitrary power throughout the land; and though the last agony of legitimacy was a simple quarrel about political banquets, the throne of the barricades had been completely undermined, and left without affection or respect to support it. Louis Philippe, an exemplary and most respectable character, was forced in his old age to flee in disgrace under a feigned name from the wrath of his fickle countrymen, who had received him from the hands of Lafayette as the royal apostle of liberty and of the best of republics. It cannot be denied that it was the wisest choice in the existing conjuncture, for Europe was not inclined to tolerate in France either a radical or aggressive government. But under the influences of the palace and of old tradition, the salutary lessons he had given and received in America faded out, and he, too, was a fugitive.

It would have been better for his peace had he left the dry bones of Napoleon in their island sepulchre. The old fondness was not dead, but slumbered. It needed but a spark to rekindle glorious associations that clustered around the memory of the idolized Emperor. The Red Republic was made heroic by the genius of Lamartine, but the workshops proved agrarianism and social order incompatible. That bubble burst, and no alternative was presented but the constitutional government which a single day in February, 1851, transformed into the Second Empire.

If alive to indications of coming change, Louis Napoleon, in 1847, was identified with no party or intrigue to bring it about. His pursuits were social, among the refined and educated, and if he had any of the defects of his nation, they were studiously kept out of sight. It was not long before the overthrow of Louis Philippe that he

wrote to request me to come and see him in his apartment. Some reference to his uncle suggested the act, and now, avoiding all appearance of display, he took from a wardrobe a gray coat, believed to have been that last worn by the Emperor at St. Helena, his sword, chapeau, boots, and spurs. Placing them on the sofa, he said: "Some day, my friend, you may remember that I have shown you what you see I take pleasure in showing, knowing also that you respect the memory of one I loved so much." Public opinion, apt to be dastard, is now (October, 1870) setting strongly against him in his adversity, and these little incidents, which exhibit an amiable disposition, may serve to lessen in candid minds the growing prejudice. The personal popularity which constituted him the choice of the French people needs no explanation with any one familiar with much that was kindly in his nature.

After the establishment of the provisional government, his application to Lamartine for leave to enter France was refused. But when he had been chosen with triumphant majorities by two separate constituencies to the Chamber, and the influence of Lamartine was on the wane, he passed the frontier without being recognized and took his seat. His election as head of the French Republic followed.

The day that the messages from Lamartine reached London I met him looking ill and dejected. Without any attempt on my part to question its cause, he discovered easily my ready sympathy with his depression, and seemed peculiarly grateful. He invited me to go with him to purchase a horse, and we sauntered along to a fashionable stable near Regent Street. His manner was especially friendly and confiding. He was, and still is, an admirable horseman, bearing himself in the saddle, as in society, with much grace and elegance. Having also some knowledge of horses, it chanced, when several were brought out, I praised that which he himself had selected, and it was bought.

Though evidently possessed with the idea that the future promised him a fitting field for his aspirations, no expression ever betrayed overweening conceit of his own importance. Certainly he never would have gained ascendancy over the hearts of the French people had he not traits which compel respect as well as affection. When, by the Revolution of 1848, the way was opened for his return to France and to its chief magistracy, it seems reasonable to believe he intended fair by its liberties. Controlled by the course of events when the alternative was presented of his overthrow or that of his enemies, he acted with vigor for his own preservation certainly as a motive, but also, it may be, from conviction that the course he was taking was best for the country. It is impossible to say what might have been had he been sent back into exile; I believe that for nearly a quarter of a century he proved himself one of the best monarchs France has ever had.

He never lost sight of his obligations to promote the material welfare of France by developing its industry, improving its means of communication, embellishing its cities, improving the public health, insuring justice. His foreign policies secured for France, until within a year, an honorable place among nations at little cost of blood or treas-

ure, and the recent plebiscite proved that his popularity was undiminished. It must of course be admitted that his persistency, after the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern prince as a candidate for the Spanish throne, in exacting guaranties compromising the dignity of King William, was a political blunder, but the odium of the present war rests not so much upon him as upon his Ministers and the excitable temper of the French people.

Certainly in one respect Louis Napoleon deserves especial commendation. In the days of his prosperity he was never unmindful of his obligations to those who had earlier befriended him; he was never disloyal to any claim from former intimacy. When in Paris in 1851, just before the *coup d'état*, I accompanied our Minister to his reception, and his cordial greeting and immediate reference to our pleasant intercourse in London was followed up by a disposition to renew it. Engagements which took me away from Paris prevented me from availing myself of his advances. Neither the *coup d'état* nor the present war, so far as he brought it about, are grounds for admiration; but whoever feels inclined to condemn him should bear in mind what he has done for his country, and, if the conclusion is to his disadvantage, some little allowance must be made for circumstances beyond his control.

J. A.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER VIII.

LET us skip on to Hartland, ahead of Mr. Frank McAlister, and see what immediate chance he has for putting an end to the family feud.

Is there any possible reader of this story, who does not know what a church fair is? The Presbyterian church of

Hartland has no steeple, except a little, undignified, rusty-white bob of a belfry, which puts irreverent people in mind of a wart, or a baby's nose, or a docked puppy-dog's tail. After having slumbered for years over the pointless state of their tabernacle, the members of the congregation have suddenly awakened to a sense of the absurdity

of its appearance, and have resolved (as one old farmer expressed it) to grow a steeple. Every one of them has built imaginary spires in his soul, and has perhaps tumbled out of them in dreams. The result of all this longing is a church fair in the court-house.

The court-house is not only the *palais de justice* and the *hôtel de ville* of a Southern shire town, but is also its political club-room, its theatre, opera, lecture-hall, and coliseum. In it the party leaders shout, "Fellow-citizens, we have arrived at a national crisis," with other words to that effect. In it the scientific or historic or theologic gentlemen, who have been "invited" by the village lyceum, wipe their spectacles, look at their manuscripts, and begin, "Ladies and gentlemen of Hartland," or whatever the place may be. In it the musical concerts, tableaux vivants and charades of native talent unfold their enchantments. In it strolling actors, nigger or other minstrels, black-art magicians and exhibitors of panoramas, make enough to pay their hotel bills and get on to the next town. In short, the court-house is the academe of all exceptional instruction and amusement.

On the ground that the pews of the church will not give free circulation to the business of a fair, and on the further ground that the prosperity of every religious body is intimately connected with the public good, that crafty and potent seigneur, Judge McAlister, has secured the court-room gratis for the use of his society, notwithstanding much dumb jealousy on the part of Methodists, Baptists, etc. The greasy wooden seats have been "toted off"; the tobacco-stained floor has been scrubbed into a speckled cleanliness; there are plenty of gayly decked tables, with pretty girls smiling over them; there are alcoves of greenery, glowing with other pretty girls; the walls are fine with flowers, drapery, and festooned paper: it is a very lively and very pleasant spectacle. The squeezing, buying, prattling, laughing, and staring crowd enjoys the scene heartily. A

decent and civil crowd it is, although far from being purely aristocratic, for it exhibits many plain people, many unfashionable garments and some homespun ones. No negroes, barring a few as attendants: the slave population is to have an evening by itself; then there will be goggling wonder and roaring laughter.

Even now there is plenty of noisy amusement, for the *Howling Gyascutus* is on exhibition, and what a funny beast it is!

"The howling gyascutus, ladies and gentlemen!" calls one of the junior managers from a stage at the upper end of the hall,—"the howling gyascutus!" he proclaims, leading out what seems to be a hairy quadruped, with very thick and long hind legs and very short fore ones. "I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, to be the first to exhibit to the human race this remarkable animal. The howling gyascutus is the wonder of the age,—at least for the present occasion. He humps himself up to the dizziest summits of the persimmon-tree, and devours green persimmons by the peck without puckering,—a feat accomplished by no other living creature. He has been known to eat a pickaninny from wool to heel, as if he were a card of gingerbread. His strength is supposed to be equal to that of Samson, and he would pull down a temple of Dagon if he could find one, which he cannot in this virtuous community. His howl is the envy of auctioneers, deputy sheriffs, and congressmen." (Here the nondescript roars in a manner which may be described as nothing less than human.) "It is not recorded that any other specimen of the breed has ever been captured. It is not believed that this one could have been overcome and brought here, but for his lurking desire to look at the beautiful ladies whom I see before me." (Loud applause from the dandies of Hartland, every one glancing at his particular *Dulcinea*.) "Such is the force of the howling gyascutus that he defies the unassisted power of the human biceps and other

more unnamable muscles. If I should let him loose, you would see this magnificent court-house" ("Hi! hi!" from the bigger boys, appreciating the irony of the adjective) "disappear in his jaws like the bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim and break on the lips they're meeting. There would be a scene of destruction which the past cannot parallel, and which the future would look upon with a palpitation of the heart and other sentimental organs. I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that, notwithstanding this enchanted chain and other favorable influences too numerous to be mentioned, it takes all my strength to hold him."

Here of course the gyascutus went into a paroxysm. He ran at the shins of his keeper; he stood five feet eight in his boots, and pawed the kerosene-lit air; he howled in his manly fashion until the blood of small boys curdled with horror. A terrible nondescript; long gray fur, such as one sees in travelling-rugs; a head wonderfully like that of a stuffed bear; the tail of an alligator. After much roaring and clanking, and a good deal more of speechifying from his exhibitor, he was led away behind a green cambric curtain, followed by laughter, stamping, and clapping.

A little later, Wallace McAlister, next oldest of the breed to Frank, strolled out from unknown recesses, his pleasant, plain face unusually flushed and his prematurely bald crown damp with perspiration.

"O Wally!" laughed his sister Mary, beckoning him to her alcove. "How could you make such a guy of yourself! But really, it *was* funny."

"Just to get it done," said Wallace, — a good-natured reason, which was quite characteristic of him. "Everybody else afraid of being undignified. But, after I had volunteered to be gyascutus," he added, looking a little disgusted, "the fools put in Bent Armitage as keeper. I didn't know who was holding the chain till it was too late."

"Was n't it stupid in them!" murmured Mary. "But never mind."

It must be understood that Bentley Armitage was a connection of the Beaumonts, and so not entirely to the taste of the McAlisters.

"Somebody had to be gyascutus and start the thing," continued Wallace, apologizing for himself. "A fellow must do something to get the fair along."

"O, it's very well," nodded Mary, cheerfully. "You howled to perfection. Now go and buy something. Do buy something of Jenny Devine, — won't you?"

Mary's eyes were very appealing. Jenny Devine was her friend, her pet, her wonder. It was odd, too, or rather it was not at all odd, for Mary was quiet and very good, while Jenny was rather hoydenish and over-coquettish. There she was, peeping out of an alcove of hemlock a few steps farther on, a dangerous-looking fairy, rather of the brunette order, sparkling with black eyes, glistening with white teeth, and one shoulder poked high out of her dress for a temptation.

"What does Jenny Devine want of *me*?" mumbled modest Wallace. "A bald old fellow like me!"

"You are *not* old," whispered Mary, coloring with sympathy for his mortification as he alluded to his defect. "Do go!"

For Mary wanted to bring about a match between this brother whom she loved and Jenny Devine whom she also loved.

"Stop! don't go now," she hastily added. "Vincent Beaumont is talking to her."

"Oh!" returned Wallace, casting a sidelong glance, rather watchful than hostile, toward the representative of the inimical race.

It may as well be explained here that at this period the men of the rival houses did speak to each other when they met by chance in society, but that they met as little as possible and their speaking was of the briefest description. As for their respective women

folks, no communication ever passed between them.

Until Vincent Beaumont goes his way, and Wallace can find a chance to drop into the toils of Jenny Devine, let us amuse and instruct ourselves by studying Judge Donald McAlister. How bland and benignant this mighty personage looks as he paces grandly from table to table, and says a few no doubt fitting words to every lady, not to mention intermediate hand-shakings with every male creature ! He a fighter of duels, a champion of a family feud, an obstacle to the millennium of peace ! Why, bless you, he is obviously one solid chunk of goodness ; his philanthropy shines out of his large face like a Drummond light out of the lantern of a lighthouse ; his very accessories, as, for instance, his scratch and spectacles, beam amity. One would say, after taking a cursory glance at him, that here is an incarnation of the words, "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

His very figure has outlines which seem to radiate promises of tranquillity and mercy. It is not that he is corpulent, for although he weighs at least two hundred, he is so tall that he carries his avoirdupois well. But get behind him ; notice the feminine slope of his shoulders ; survey the womanly breadth of his hips. Is that a form, lofty and vigorous as it is, which one couples with the idea of pugnacity ? It is the build, not of a gladiator, but of a "gentle giant," and that too of the female order. Even his walk is matronly ; the great "second joints" wheeling slowly and with dignity ; the large knees almost touching as they pass each other ; the deliberate feet pointing tranquilly outwards ; the coat-tails swinging like petticoats. Not that the Judge is ludicrous, unless it be to very light-minded persons, such as would "speak disrespectfully of the equator." He is not, — it must be emphatically repeated, — he is not fat nor clumsy. He simply has the form which is most common to tall men who have developed into a certain measure of portliness.

It is proper to state that he looks

more bland than usual. His wife has managed the fair successfully, and he sympathizes with her satisfaction. His only daughter is looking her best amid the evergreens of her alcove, and Heaven has not been chary to him of the pride and love of a father. Furthermore (very characteristic, this) he has carefully calculated what the fair will cost him, and finds it barely one half of what he would have been expected to pay, had the expense of the steeple been raised by subscription. Finally, it is his ancient, deliberate, and judicious custom to look especially benignant upon public occasions.

But the Judge must not at this time be described fully. If we should attempt to do him justice, he would betray us into great lengths. An exhaustive study of him would fill a bigger volume than the pyramid of Cheops. We must let this monument go ; we must open the door for him as he swings out of the court-room ; we must turn to more manageable personages.

"Great is avoirdupois," said Vincent Beaumont to Jenny Devine, as he watched the departure of the somewhat ponderous senior.

"What do you mean ?" asked the young lady, suspecting one of Vincent's sarcasms and not willing to lose the full flavor of it.

"Character goes by weight. Every large man gets a certain amount of reverence which doesn't fairly belong to him. There is the Judge, for instance. Just because he is an inch or so over six feet, and exhibits the outlines of an elephant when he stoops to pick up his hat, even I feel inclined to fall into his wake."

"He is a much finer man than you think," said Miss Jenny, one of those young ladies who rule by pertness.

"Thank Heaven !"

"And he is a much older man than you."

"Thank Heaven again !"

"What do you mean ?"

"There is a chance that he won't last my time."

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Mr. Beaumont?"

It was a common phrase with Jenny, and she meant almost nothing by it. In reality Vincent's sub-acid prattle gave her vast amusement and pleasure. Sarcasm was the young man's strong point in conversation, causing a few to admire him immensely and a great many to dislike him. A born trait in him, the legacy perhaps of his French ancestors, he had greatly increased his proficiency in it by familiarity with a certain chaffing French society, for he had studied medicine in Paris. A doctor, by the way, he would not be called, for he had cut the profession immediately on returning home, and never prescribed unless for one of his father's negroes.

"And there is our downy friend, the gyascutus," he continued, glancing with a scornful languor at Wallace McAlister. "As he weighs fifty pounds less than his father, I suppose I may say a word about him."

"You may praise him as much as you like," said Jenny, an audacious coquette, who liked to play off one man against another.

Vincent was annoyed; not that he cared about Jenny Devine, but that he wanted her to care about him; for he too was a flirt, and a flintily selfish one. He could scarce forbear turning his satire upon the girl herself.

"I mean to praise him," he replied. "His humility in playing gyascutus deserves eulogium. And that he should accept my relative—the relative of a Beaumont, remember—for his keeper! I can't imagine a more graceful and delicate advance towards a reconciliation of the families. I should like to pat him on the head, as one does a fuzzy-crowned baby. Do you think he would let me?"

All this was nuts to Jenny, amused by the satire and delighted with the jealousy. Not a bad-hearted girl, but a decidedly mischievous one; something of the pet monkey in her brilliant composition; fond of making a sensation and of being a torment. Resolving

on a great blow for notoriety, she poked up one of her bare shoulders with a saucy air of power which a more experienced belle would not have ventured, and throwing out a rosy hand authoritatively, beckoned Wallace to come to her. What a triumph it would be if she could make a Beaumont and a McAlister stand side by side before her table and meekly play the rivals! No other girl in Hartland District had ever attempted such a feat.

The unwilling but fascinated Wallace approached. Vincent, anxious to avoid the meeting, was held fast by an idea that it would be ridiculous to go. It was like the nearing of two ships of war, each of whom is a stranger to the other's purpose, and is therefore silently clearing for action. Persons in the crowd looked on with anxious surprise, querying whether the young men were about to draw pistols, or whether the millennium were at hand.

"Mr. Beaumont—Mr. McAlister," said the triumphant, reckless, dangerous Miss Jenny.

The two men bowed; no quarrelling before ladies: they were as courteous as if they were friends.

"I want you two to bid against each other for this pair of gloves," said the mischief-maker. Then a thought of the trouble that such a contest might cause dropped into her giddy head, and she hastily added, "The bidding is not to go above ten dollars."

"I bid ten dollars at once," calmly remarked Vincent, looking Jenny gravely in the face.

"So do I," said Wallace, his loose blue eyes wandering in a troubled way, for he thought all of a sudden that the girl might make a bad wife.

"Here, take each one," returned Jenny. "Five dollars apiece."

There was a moment of hesitation during which each man queried whether he were not bound to demand the pair. Then Wallace's good-nature put down his irritated sense of honor, and handing Jenny a five-dollar piece, he took a single glove. Vincent did the same, thrust his glove petulantly into a pocket,

bowed in silence to the lady, and turned to go.

"Wait, Mr. Beaumont," called Jenny, who saw the eyes of fifty women fixed on her triumph, and was not willing to let it end so abruptly. "Trading is over, and we are about to talk. Both you gentlemen love to talk dearly. So do I. Let us have a delightful time of it. Mr. Beaumont, we are very much obliged to you for coming here. Considering that you are an Episcopalian, and don't believe that our church is a church, your conduct is very liberal, and we ought to thank you. Don't you think so, Mr. McAlister?"

"I do indeed," assented the much-enduring Wallace.

He said it to please the lady, but he said it stiffly and dryly, for the situation was not an agreeable one to him. Moreover he did not like the habitual sneer which played around Vincent's flexible mouth. All the Beaumonts were unpleasant to him, and especially this would-be witty mocker.

"I have been exceedingly entertained," returned Vincent, with a slight, Frenchified bow, half a shrug. "Mr. McAlister here has been good enough to be very amusing."

The young man, it must be explained, had conceived an inflammatory suspicion that these two were in combination to put him at a disadvantage, with the purpose of laughing at him after his departure.

Wallace colored at the reference to his undignified exhibition as a giascutus.

"I had no special intention of troubling you to laugh, Mr. Beaumont," he observed in a rather too positive tone.

"We are often most amusing when we least mean it," was the snaky answer. "I have seen people who never knew how comic they were," added Vincent, his pugnacity rising as he tasted first blood.

Wallace, who was not quick at repartee (unless thinking of a retort next day can be called quick), simply stared his indignation. Jenny Devine saw that there was a quarrel, and rushed in

with some of her girlish prattle, hoping to make things pleasant again. But the mischief was done; the smouldering fire of the old feud had been blown to a flame; the two young men were in a state of mind to shoot each other. Jenny saw so much of the ill-humor, and was so far alarmed by it, that when Vincent again bowed himself away she did not detain him. She now talked to Wallace, with the intention of keeping him from following the other. But he was moody; could n't answer her, and hardly heard her; and at last, in a girlish pet, she let him go.

Knowing that he had been satirized, and feeling that he had been insulted, Wallace watched Vincent until he left the hall and then hastened after him.

"Mr. Beaumont," he called, when they were both in the moonlit street.

"Well, sir?" returned Vincent, facing about.

"I don't know exactly how to take what you have said to me," continued Wallace.

"I don't find that I am bound to assist you, sir," was the cool reply.

Wallace's hot temper immediately boiled over; he muttered some indistinct but evidently angry words.

"Perhaps you would be good enough to say something comprehensible," sneered Vincent.

"Yes, sir!" burst out Wallace. "I will be kind enough to say that I consider your style of innuendo not gentlemanly. Do you hear me, sir? Not gentlemanly!"

"I comprehend perfectly," replied Vincent, in a furious rage at once, but still preserving the clear even tone of his tenor voice. "I will send you my answer."

"Very good," said Wallace, and the two separated without another word, the one mounting his horse and riding away, the other turning to re-enter the court-house.

Meantime Mary McAlister had rushed at Jenny Devine, whispering, "Where is my brother?"

"I don't know," answered the flirt, suddenly very much alarmed, but try-

ing to smile. "He is about somewhere."

"He isn't. What did you make him talk with that Mr. Beaumont for? O Jenny! I thought you were a friend."

Jenny rustled out of her alcove, caught Mary by the arm and hurried her towards the door, saying, "Let us look for him."

On the stairway they met Wallace, slowly ascending. He was very grave, but at sight of them a smile came over his homely, pleasant face, and he said cheerily, "What now? Do you want anything?"

Mary flew to him. "Is there any trouble, Wally?" she whispered. "You know how our mother would feel. O Wally, if there is any trouble, do stop it!"

"All right," laughed Wallace, putting his arm around her waist and helping her up stairs. "It's all right, Molly."

There was dire trouble, of course; but, as he believed, he could not stop it; and that being the case, he would say nothing about it!

CHAPTER IX.

"Hi! — Yah! — Ho! — Mars Peyt! — Gwine ter git up to-day?"

This incantation is heard in the bedroom of the Honorable Peyton Beaumont. It is pronounced by a shining, jolly youngster of a negro, seated on the bare clean pitch-pine floor, his legs curving out before him like compasses, a blacking-brush held up to his mouth for further moistening, and an aristocratic-looking boot drawn over his left hand like a gauntlet. The incantation is responded to by a savage grunt from a long bundle on a tousled bed, out of which bundle peeps a grizzled and ruffled topknot, and some portion of a dark face framed in iron-gray beard and whiskers. After the grunt comes a silence which is followed in turn by a snore so loud and prolonged that it reminds one of the long roll of a drum-corps.

The negro resumes his work, whistling the while in a sort of whisper and bobbing his head in time to the tune. Presently he pauses and takes a look at the bundle of bedclothes. "Ain't gwine ter wake up yit; mighty sleepy dis mornin'." More brushing, whistling, and bobbing. Then another look. "Done gone fas' asleep agin; guess I'll catch 'nother hold." There is a small table near him, with a bottle on it and glasses. Hand goes up; bottle is uncorked; liquor is decanted, very neatly done indeed. More brushing, whistling, and keeping time, just to lull the sleeper. Hand seeks the table once more; glass brought down and emptied; set back in its place; no jingle. Then further brushing, and the job is finished.

His work done, the negro got up with an "O Lordy!" walked to the bedside, dropped the boots with a bang, and shouted, "Hi! Mars Peyt!"

"Clear out!" growled Mars Peyton, and made a lunge with a muscular hand, so hairy that it might remind one of the paw of an animal.

There was a rapid rectification of the frontier on the part of the darky; he retreated towards a doorway which led into what was obviously a dressing-room. At a safe distance from the bed he halted and yelled anew, "Hi! Mars Peyt!"

Mars Peyt disengaged one hand entirely from the bedclothes, seized the top of a boot and slung it at the top of the negro, who dodged grinning through the door just as the projectile banged against it.

"Hi! Yah! Ho! ho, Mars Peyt!" he shouted this time with an intonation of triumph, aware that his toughest morning job was over and pleased at having accomplished it without barking a shin.

"Now den, Mars Peyt, you dress yourself," he continued. "When you's ready, I'll fix you cocktail."

"Fix it now," huskily growled the lord of the manor. "I'm dressing, — confound you!"

Such was the Honorable Peyton

Beaumont ; something like a big, wilful, passionate boy ; such at least he was on many occasions. As for his difficulty in waking up of mornings, we must excuse him on the ground that he slept badly of nights. Went to bed on brandy ; honestly believed he should rest the better for it ; after two hours of travelling or fighting nightmare, woke up ; dull pain and increasing heat in the back of his head ; pillow baking hot, and hot all over ; not another wink till morning. Then came a short, feverish nap ; then this brushing, whistling, shouting Cato ; — who would n't throw boots at him ? But Cato was continued in the office of valet because he was the only negro in the house who had the impudence to bring about a thorough waking, and because Mr. Beaumont was determined to be up at a certain hour. Not the sort of man to let himself be beaten, not even by his own physical necessities.

What was he like when he entered the dressing-room in shirt and trousers, with the streaky redness of soap and water about his sombre face, and plumped heavily into a high-backed oak arm-chair, to receive his cocktail and to be shaved by Cato ? At first glance he might seem to be a clean but very savage buccaneer. It would be easy to imagine such a man grasping at chances for duels and following the scent of a family feud. His broad, dark face, overhung by tousled iron-gray hair and set in a stiff iron-gray beard, had just this one merit, of being regular in outline and feature. Otherwise it was terrible ; it was nothing less than alarming. Paches, the Athenian admiral who massacred the garrison of Notium, might well have had such a countenance. In the bloodshot black eyes (suffused with the yellow of habitual biliousness), in the structure of the Grecian mouth, in the cattish tremblings of the finely turned though hairy nostrils, and in the nervous pointings of the bushy eyebrows, there was an expression of intense pugnacity, as fiery as powder and as long-winded as death.

In fact, he had all sorts of a temper.

It was as sublime as a tiger's and as ridiculous as a monkey's. His body was marked by the scars of duels and rencontres, and the life-blood of more than one human being was crusted on his soul. At the same time he could snap like a cross child, break crockery, and kick chairs. Perhaps we ought partly to excuse his fits of passion on the score of nearly constant and often keen physical suffering. People, in speaking of his temper, said, "Brandy" ; but it was mainly brandy in its secondary forms, — broken sleep, an inflamed alimentary canal, and gout.

Meanwhile he had traits of gentleness which occasionally astonished the people who were afraid of him. While he could fly at his children in sudden furies, he was passionately fond of them, supported them generously, and spoiled them with petting. Barring chance oaths and kicks which were surprised out of him, he was kind to his negroes, fed them liberally, and kept them well clothed. As proud as Lucifer and as domineering as Beelzebub, he could be charmingly courteous to equals and friends.

"How you fine that, Mars Peyt ?" asked Cato, when the cocktail had been hastily clutched and greedily swallowed.

"Devilish thin." Voice, however, the smoother and face blander for it.

"Make you 'nother ?"

"Yes." Mellow growl, not exclusively savage, much like that of a placated tiger.

This comedy, by the way, was played every morning, with a variation Sundays. Mr. Beaumont, having vague religious notions about him, and being willing to make a distinction in days, took three cocktails on the Sabbath, besides lying in bed later.

The shaving commenced ; the patient bristling occasionally, but growing milder ; the operator supple, cautious, and talkative, slowly getting the upper hands.

"Now hold you head still. You jerk that way, an' you'll get a cut. How you s'pose I can shave when you's

slammin' you face round like it was a do'?"

"Cato, I really need another cock-tail this morning. Had a precious bad night of it."

"No, you don', now. 'T ain't Sunday to-day. Laws bless you, Mars Peyt, ho ho! you's mos' 'ligious man I knows of, he he! befo' breakfus. You'd jes like t' have Sunday come every day in the week, so's you could have three cocktails. No you don', no sech thing. 'T ain't good for you. There, like to cut you then. Hold you nose roun', *dere*." (Pushing the noble Greek proboscis into place with thumb and finger.) "Now then; shut up you mouf; I'se gwine to lather. Them's um. This yere's fus-rate soap. Makes a reg'lar swamp o' lather."

"Well, hurry up now," growls Mr. Beaumont, a little sore because he can't have his third cocktail. "Don't stand there all day staring at the soap-brush."

"What's Mars Vincent up to this mornin'?" suggests Cato, seeking to lull the rising storm with the oil of gossip.

"What *is* he up to?" demands Peyton Beaumont with a fierce roll of the eyes. As much as to say, If anybody is up to anything without my permission, I'll break his head.

"Flyin' roun' greasin' his pistils an' talkin' softly with Mars Bent Armitage. Don' like the looks of it."

Mr. Beaumont uttered an inarticulate growl and was clearly anxious to have the dressing over. At last he was shaved; his noble beard was combed and his martial hair brushed upward; he rose with a strong grip on the arms of his chair and slipped his arm into his extended coat. He was much improved in appearance from what he had been; he still looked fierce, but not uncouth, nor altogether uncourtly. One might say a gentlemanly Turk, or even a sultan; for there is something patrician in the expression and port of the man.

In his long, columned piazza, whither he went at once to get a breath of the

morning freshness which came in over his whitening cotton-fields, he met his eldest son, Vincent. The young gentleman was sauntering slowly, his hands in the skirt-pockets of his shooting-jacket, a pucker of thoughtfulness on his brow, and the usual satirical smile rubbed out. With dark, regular features, just a bit pugnacious in expression, he resembled his father as a fresh young gamecock resembles an old one tattered by many a conflict.

A pleasant morning greeting was exchanged, the eyes of the parent softening at the sight of his son, and the latter brightening with an air of confidence and cordiality. It was strange to see two such combative creatures look so amiably upon each other. Clearly the family feeling was very strong among the Beaumonts.

Instead of shouting, "What's this about pistols?" as he had meant to do, Mr. Beaumont gently asked, "What's the news, Vincent?"

Then came the story of the previous evening's adventure. It was related to this effect: there had been some ironical sparring between a Beaumont and a McAlister; thereupon the McAlister had said, substantially, "You are no gentleman."

"How came you to go near the clown?" growled Peyton Beaumont, his hairy nostrils twitching and his thick eyebrows charging bayonets.

"He approached *me*, while I was talking to Miss Jenny Devine."

Vincent did not think it the honorable thing to explain that the young lady was much to blame for the unpleasantness.

"The d—n quarrelsome beasts!" snorted Beaumont. "Always picking a fight with our family. Trying to get themselves into decent company that way. It's always been so, ever since they came to this district; always! We had peace before. Why, Vincent, it's the most unprovoked insult that I ever heard of. What had you said? Nothing but what was — was socially allowable — parliamentary. And he to respond with a brutality! No gentle-

man! A Beaumont no gentleman! By heavens, he deserves to be shot on sight, shot at the first street-corner, like a nigger-stealer. He does n't deserve a duel. The code is too good for him."

"That sort of thing won't do now, at least not among our set."

"It did once. It did in my day. You young fellows are getting so d—n fastidious. Well, if it won't do, then—"

Mr. Beaumont took a sudden turn and walked the piazza in grave excitement. When he returned to face the young man, he said with undisguisable anxiety: "Well, my boy! You know the duties of a gentleman. I don't see that I am permitted to interfere."

"I have put things into the hands of Bentley Armitage," added Vincent.

"Very good. Do as well as anybody, seeing his brother is n't here. Come, let us have breakfast."

At the breakfast-table appeared only these two men, and the second son, Poinsett. There was not a white woman in the house, though we must not blame Mr. Beaumont for the deficiency, inasmuch as he had espoused and lost two wives, and had been known to try at least once for a third. His eldest daughter, Nellie, was married to Randolph Armitage, of Brownville District; his only other daughter, Kate, and his sister, Mrs. Chester, were, as we know, in Charleston.

For some minutes Poinsett, a fat, tranquil, pleasantly spoken, and talkative fellow of perhaps twenty-five, bore the expense (as the French say) of the conversation.

"Our feminine population will be home soon, I venture to hope," he said, among other things. "Then, it is to be cheerfully believed, we shall come out of our slough of despond. American men, if you will excuse me for saying so, are as dull and dry as the Devil. They manage matters better in France, and on the Continent generally, and even in England. There, yes, even in England, common prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, the genus

homo is social. Conversation goes on in those countries. I don't say but that we Southerners are ahead of our Northern brethren; but even we bear traces of two hundred years in the forest. We do speak; there is much monologuing, and I perform my share of it; but as for talking, quick interchange of ideas, fair give and take, we are on a par with Cooper's noble savage. Let me hope that I don't wound your patriotism. I admit that I have an immoral lack of prejudices. But I want to know if you don't find life here just a little dull?"

"Why the deuce don't you go to work, then?" burst out Peyton Beaumont. "Here you two fellows are as highly educated as money can make you. You are a lawyer, graduated at Berlin. Vincent is a doctor, graduated at Paris. And yet you do nothing; never either of you had a case; don't want one."

"Ah, work! that is dull too," admitted the smiling, imperturbable Poinsett. "Idleness is dull; but work is duller. I confess that it is a sad fact, and painful to me to consider it. So let us change the subject. Most noble Vincent, you seem to be in the doldrums this morning."

"He has an affair on his hands," muttered the father of the family.

"Ah!" said Poinsett, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows, comprehending perfectly that a duel was alluded to.

"Another McAlister impertinence," pursued Mr. Beaumont, and proceeded to tell the story with great savageness.

"Wallace!" exclaimed Poinsett; "I confess that I am the least bit surprised. I thought Wallace an amiable, soporific creature like myself. But the spirit of the breed—the oversoul of the McAlisters—is too much for his individuality. We are drops in a river. I shall fight, too, some day, though I don't at all crave it. Vincent, if I can do anything for you, I am entirely at your service."

Vincent's smile was noticeably satirical. He was disagreeably amused

with Poinsett's coolness over another's duel. And he did not believe that Poinsett could be easily got to fight.

"I suppose that Bent Armitage will do all that is necessary," he said.

"Let us hope that the loading of the pistols will be all that is necessary," replied Poinsett. "Let us hope that Wally will bend his stiff knees, and confess that we march at the head of civilization."

"By heavens, I want him shot," broke in Beaumont the elder. "I can't understand you young fellows, with your soft notions. I belong to the old sort. There used to be shooting in my day. Here is the most unprovoked and brutal outrage that I ever heard of. This beast calls a Beaumont no gentleman. And here you hope there'll be an apology and that end it. I want Vincent to hit him. I want the fellow shelved; I don't care if he's killed; by heavens, I don't."

Mr. Beaumont was in a fit state to break glasses and overturn the table. His black eyes were bloodshot; his bushy eyebrows were dancing and pointing as if they were going through small-sword exercise; there was a dull flame of blood all over his dark cheeks and yellowish mottled forehead. Vincent, the medical graduate of Paris, surveyed his father through half-shut eyes, and thought out the diagnosis, "Temporarily insane." There was no audible response to the senior's good old-fashioned Beaumont burst of rage.

After some minutes of silence, during which Poinsett smilingly poured himself a second cup of coffee (holding that he could do it better than any waiter), the father recovered his composure somewhat, and added gravely: "Of course this is a serious matter. I hope, trust, and believe that Vincent will receive no harm. If he does" (here his eyebrows bristled again), "I shall take the field myself."

"We will see," smiled Poinsett. "My impression is that my turn comes in somewhere."

Here Cato, head waiter as well as valet, put in his oar.

"That's so, Mars Poinsett. We all has our turn, fightin' these yere McAlisters."

"Why, what have you been at, Cato?" asked the young man. "Challenging the Judge? Or pulling the wool of his old mauma?"

"No, sah. Yah, yah. I don't go roun' challengin' white folks; knows my business better. An' when I pulls wool, I pulls he wool. Jes had a tackle yesterday with Matt McAlister, the Judge's ole man that waits on him. Matt he sets out, 'cause he's yaller, an' comes from Virginny, that he's better than we is, we Souf Carliny nig-gahs. So every time I sees him I sasses him. Yesr mornin' I meets him down to the sto'—Mars Bill Wilkins's sto', don' ye know?—kinder lookin' roun' for bar'l o' flour. 'So,' says I, 'Boss,' says I, 'how is things up to your ole shanty?' He's a kinder gray ole fellow, don' ye know? puttin' on airs like he was Noah, an' treatin' everybody like they's childern, rollin' his eyes out o' the corners kinder, an' crossin' his arms jes as the Judge does. So he looked at me, an', says he, 'Boy, who is you?' Says I, 'I'm Cato Beaumont.' So says he, 'I thought it mought be some o' that breedin'.' Says I, 'I was jes happenin' down here to teach you your manners.' So says he, 'Boy, my manners was learned befo' you ever heerd they was sech things.' Then I kinder tripped him, an' he kinder tripped me, an' then I squared off and fotched back, an' says I—"

"Why did n't you hit him?" roared the Hon. Mr. Beaumont, who had been listening with great interest. "What did you say another word for?"

"I was jes gwine to tell you what I said," returned Cato. "But now, 'fore gracious, you done made me forget it. I said a heap to him."

"And so there was n't any fight after all," inferred the smiling Poinsett. "And nobody got hurt. Heaven favors the brave."

"It did n't 'zactly come to a wrastle," confessed Cato. "But I 'specs it

would, for I was gittin' powerful mad : only jes as I was thinkin' o' gwine at him one o' Mars Wilkins's clerks come out, an' says he, 'Boys, don' make so much noise'; an' so I quit."

Beaumont senior gave forth a mild growl of disapprobation, as deeply mellow as the anger of waters in caves of the sea-shore. "Cowardly niggers," was one sound which came from him ; and yet, although he despised negroes for being cowardly, he did not blame them for it ; he knew that chivalry, prowess, and the like were properly white man's business.

Half an hour after breakfast pistol-shots resounded from an oak grove in rear of the mansion. Vincent was practising ; had a board five feet eight inches high planted in the ground ; hit the upper part of it with fascinating accuracy. "Getting my hand in," he remarked to his father, when the latter came out to look on ; and presently the elder gentleman became interested, and made a few exemplary shots himself. The two men were in the midst of this cheering recreation when Cato came running upon them with frantic gestures and a yell of "Mars Peyt ! Stage come ! Miss Kate come !"

"What's that, you rascal ?" roared Beaumont, his grim face suddenly transformed into the likeness of something half angelic, so honest and pure and fervent was its joy. Plunging a hairy hand into his pocket he drew out a grip of coins, threw them at the negro, and started for the house on a run which knocked him out of his wind in twenty paces. Then he halted, and shouted back, "Vincent, hide those pistols. Cato, if you say a word about this business, I'll skin you."

Then away again, on a plethoric canter, to meet his youngest daughter, his darling.

In the rear piazza of the house a tall and lovely girl rushed into his arms with a cry of, "Father !" to which he responded with a sound which was much like a sob of gladness. There were tears of joy shed by somebody ; it was impossible to say whether they

came from Kate's eyes or from her father's ; but they were dried between their nestling, caressing cheeks.

"Why, Kate ! what a woman you are !" exclaimed Beaumont, holding her back at arm's length to worship her.

Vincent and Poinsett already stood by, waiting their turns for an embrace. It was clear enough that, whatever defects there might be in this Beaumont breed, the lack of family feeling was not one of them.

Meantime Mrs. Chester and Tom were coming through the house, the former chattering steadily in a high, joyful soprano, and the latter roaring his lion-cub content in slangy exclamations.

The scene contrasted with the pistol practise of the oak grove somewhat as paradise contrasts with the inferno.

Of the paradise and the inferno, which is to win ?

CHAPTER X.

"WHY did n't you write that you had reached Charleston ?" demanded Mr. Beaumont, when the first tornado of greeting had blown over. "I have been very anxious for the last few days," adds this affectionate old gladiator.

"Write ? Did write," answered Tom. "Sent off a three-decker of a letter. You'll get it in an hour or so. Came up in the same train with us probably. The mail service is n't worth a curse. But hain't you got your papers ? So you don't know anything about the shipwreck ? Shipwreck ! Yes. Do you think I'd come home in Charleston store-clothes if I had n't been shipwrecked ? Trunks and steamer gone to the bottom of What's-his-name's locker."

And then came the story, Mrs. Chester and Tom telling it at once, the former in a steady gush of high soprano, and the latter in boisterous ejaculations. We will pass over this two-horse narrative, and come promptly to the amazement of Mr. Peyton Beau-

mont when he learned that there had been a McAlister on board the *Mersey*, breaking bread daily with his sister and his children.

"What the — Why the —" he commenced and recommenced. Then, like a pistol-shot, "How did he behave himself?"

His eyes began to flame and his phalanxes of eyebrows to bring down their pikes, in suspicion of some insult which he would be called upon to avenge.

"Did n't know him at first," explained Tom. "Did n't find him out till — till I got ashore. Played possum. Incognito."

"Incognito!" trumpeted Mr. Beaumont. "The scoundrel!"

"Incognito!" repeated Vincent and Poinsett, exchanging a look which also said, "The scoundrel!"

Kate flushed deeply; of course she remembered the offer of marriage and the salvation from death: but either she did not think it wise at that moment to speak in the young man's defence, or she could not muster the courage.

"And he dared to make your acquaintance under his incognito!" trumpeted away the senior Beaumont. "I never heard of such infamous trickery, never! It's the most outrageous insult that ever our family was subjected to. By heavens, I am stupefied. I can't believe it. And yet it is so like a McAlister. A mean, sneaking, underhanded lot. Possums! Foxes! Cats!" This last word in a hiss and with a bristling worthy of the most beligerent of old Toms.

"I say," began Tom. Then he turned to the two women. "Now look here. You two ought to tell how the thing went. It'll come best from a lady," explained Tom, who did not think that a male Beaumont ought to be a peace-maker, not at least in a matter of McAlisters.

"It certainly was very singular conduct," twittered Mrs. Chester. "I was excessively indignant when I first discovered the mystery. But —"

"But what?" broke in Beaumont senior. "What the d— dickens are you driving at?"

Kate, who was sitting on a sofa beside her father, slipped her hand around his neck, pulled his rugged cheek toward her and kissed it. She remembered what a pet she had been in her childhood, and she had perceived within the last few minutes that she was a pet still, and she felt now that it was time to begin to use her power. Beaumont fondled her with his mighty arm, and uttered a chastened, not unmelodious growl like that of a panther at the approach of his favorite keeper.

"But the truth is," continued Mrs. Chester, "it is a very strange story, I am aware. It seems incredible, in one of that family. But I really believe the young man had good motives."

The truth further is, that Mrs. Chester had had a few pleasant words of explanation and of parting with "the young man" in the hall of the Charleston Hotel. Tom had not called on Frank McAlister; no, Tom could not shoulder the responsibility of such a move as that; he must leave the whole matter to the elders of his tribe. "Look here, now," he had said to Major Lawson, when the latter suggested the visit; "I ain't ungrateful to the chap for saving my sister's life; but then you know the bloody old row; he's a McAlister, you see." And then the Major had replied: "My de-ar young fellow, you are, I have no doubt, perfectly judicious; see your ex-cel-lent father first."

But woman may do what man must not. Mrs. Chester, bewildered by some blarney of the Major's (who had told her that Frank raved — "Yes, my dear madam, fairly raved" — about her) seized an opportunity to meet the handsome youngster in one of the passages. There he explained the motives of his incognito, expressed his respect for the Beaumont name, and sagaciously added some incense for herself. Of course, too, he was wise enough not to say a word about his offer to her niece. The result of this conversation, and of some judicious remarks from Kate on the

way up to Hartland, was that Mrs. Chester (very weak on the subject of young men, remember) was half inclined to forget the family feud and quite willing to say a good word for Frank McAlister.

"I at least acquit him of bad motives," she spunkily added, firing up under her brother's glare of angry amazement.

"Just so," put in Tom. "The chap did play possum, but don't believe he meant any harm. Said he wanted to keep out of a quarrel, and I feel bound to believe him."

"Then he must be a coward," scoffed Beaumont senior.

"Scarcely," said Tom. "Did n't show that style. Tell him about it, aunt, or sis, one of you."

"Papa, he saved my life," whispered Kate, her voice failing at thought of that awful moment. "I went ten feet under water."

Her father caught her as if he were himself rescuing her from death.

"You went—ten feet—under water!" he gasped. And he looked for a moment as if he could cry ten feet of water at the thought of her danger and her deliverance.

"And *he* saved her, after I'd lost her," added Tom, walking up to Kate and kissing her. "I tell you, I ain't a going to be very hard on a fellow that did that. He went clean under, slap into the middle of the ocean, right off the stern of the wreck."

"By heavens!" uttered Mr. Beaumont. It was almost a groan; his solid old heart was throbbing unusually; he felt as if he were going to have a stroke of some sort. Presently he looked up, his yellow forehead wrinkled all over with perplexity, and gave Vincent a stare which said, "How about that duel?"

The young man's habitual smile of self-sufficiency and satire was gone. Respectably affected for the moment, he earnestly wished that the difficulty with Wallace had not happened, and queried whether he were not bound, as a gentleman, to fire in the air.

"But what is your opinion about this business, Kate?" asked Poinsett. "You have said nothing."

The girl threw off her beautiful timidity, and spoke out with beautiful firmness:—

"Of course, I am under the greatest obligations to Mr. McAlister. And, even if I were not, I should have nothing to say against him. I don't know whether he did right or not in concealing his name—"

"He did n't," Mr. Beaumont could not help muttering, while Vincent and Poinsett shook their chivalrous heads.

"But that began with an accident," continued Kate. "The captain made a mistake: he thought McAlister was McMaster; and then *he* let it go so. He said that he did it for the sake of peace; and I believe him. He seemed to be a gentleman. I believe every word he said."

"So do I," added Mrs. Chester, remembering how tall he was, and what a fine complexion he had.

"And I," confirmed Tom, rather hesitatingly, as if it were not quite the thing for a Beaumont to say.

"We are in what vulgar people call a fix," laughed that easy old shoe of a Poinsett. "My dear little Kate," playing with her chestnut ringlets, "if he had n't saved you, we should have gone mad, every soul of us. No further use for our sanity. But since he has saved you, we are in sloughs of perplexity. My respected father and my much esteemed brothers (descendants of the De Beaumonts of Kent and other places), we are threatened with the loss of our family institution, our race palladium. The feud with the McAlisters has been to us more than our coat of arms. I may almost call it the Beaumont established religion. It is impossible to conceal the fact that it has received a rude shock. Are we to drop away from the creed of our forefathers? Are we to have no faith? A merely human mind—such as I grieve to say mine is—recoils at the prospect."

Vincent, somewhat recovered from

his first emotion, gazed through half-shut eyes at the joker, and inclined once more to fight his duel seriously. Beaumont senior got up, strode like a lion about the room, glared once or twice at Poinsett, and growled, "This is jesting, sir, on a very serious matter."

"I understand my brother," struck in Kate, with a clear, sweet, firm note, which sounded like a challenge from a cherub's clarion, if cherubs carry such an article. "Why should n't the quarrel end?"

All the men stared. Even Poinsett had not meant half so much. The words were audacious beyond any remembered standard of comparison. Words of such import had perhaps never before been uttered in the family.

Mr. Beaumont halted abruptly, and gave the girl a look of astonishment and inquiry which seemed to ask, "Have we a queen over us?"

Poinsett made a gesture of taking off a hat, and whispered smilingly, "Portia!"

Mrs. Chester rustled her skirts in perplexity, and Tom's eyes asked counsel of his father.

"My dear Kate, don't be flustered," said Poinsett, seeing that the child looked frightened at the sensation she had created; "what you have said was a perfectly natural thing to say, and, from the ordinary human point of view, a perfectly rational one. At the same time I suspect that we Beaumonts, not being of the ordinary human mould, are not fitted to discuss such a proposition without time for meditation. I apprehend that we had better lay it aside until our eyes have somewhat recovered from the first dazzle. Suppose you proceed, some one of you, or all three of you, with the shipwreck."

The counsel seemed to suit the feelings of every one. Mr. Beaumont stopped his walk, nestled down again by his daughter's side, and listened quietly to the threefold narrative. Not another word was said concerning the feud during the interview.

But, two hours later, the story of the duel got wind among the new-comers. Mrs. Chester, seated in her room amid old dresses which it was now necessary to make over, listened to a stream of respectable gossip from her ancient maid and foster-sister, Miriam, a tall, dignified, and of course middle-aged negress, leaner and graver than is usual with her species.

"Laws, Miss Marian!" said Miriam, using the girlish title which she had always given to her born mistress. "Skacely a thing to wear! And all them trunks full of beautiful things gone to the bottom of the sea! Well, honey, it's a warnin' of the Lord's not to set our hearts on the vanities of this world. We oughter feel mighty grateful to him when he takes the trouble to warn us. The blessed Lord he's been powerful good to ye, Miss Marian. Must n't forgit he's saved yer life, honey. Gin ye one more chance to set yer face straight for his city. An' perhaps he had other plans, too. Perhaps he saw ye was comin' to a time when ye would n't be able to wear the fine fixin's. We'se no idea gin'ly, how keerfully the Lord looks after us."

"What do you mean, Miriam?" demanded Mrs. Chester, pettishly. "Do you mean to say I'm getting old? I don't see it."

"Laws, honey, you's young enough. Never see no lady hold out better'n you do. Must say it: that's a fact. But I'se talkin' of somethin' more solemn than growin' old. You may be called on fo' long, if the Lord don't help in his mighty mercy, to put on mournin'."

"Who's sick?" demanded Mrs. Chester, more curious than anxious.

"It's Mars Vincent is sick. He's sick with sin an' wrath an' anger. Perhaps he's sick unto death. They's gwine to be another duel, Miss Marian."

Mrs. Chester looked up from her old dresses; duels had always been very interesting to her. She had been the cause of two, and they were pleasant

remembrances. She liked to hear of such things and to talk of them, as much as that non-combatant hero-worshipper, Major Lawson.

"They've been tryin' to keep it shet from you an' Miss Katy," continued Miriam. "Mars Vincent tole Cato he'd boot him, if he let on. But I'm gwine to tell of it, an' I'm gwine to bear my witness agin it. It's Satan's works, this yere duelling is, an' I'm gwine to say so. I don't care who hears me. Mars Vincent may boot me if he likes, I ain't afeard of bootin'."

"Vincent sha' n't hurt *you*," declared Mrs. Chester, with that feeling of loyalty towards an adherent which made a Southerner of old days fight for his slave, and makes a Southerner of these days fight for his dog.

"That's you, Miss Marian. I know'd you'd say jest that. But you need n't git mad on my 'count. The Lord he'll take care of me. Bless your soul, he allays does. But about this duel. It's Satan's works, as I 'se sayin' ever sence the Lord had mercy on me, though you don't think so. You has white folkses notions, all for fightin' an' shootin'. It's Satan's works, an' I've prayed agin it; prayed many a time there might never be another duel in this fam'ly; prayed for this poor bloodstained fam'ly, all covered with blood an' wounds; duels on duels an' allays duels, ever sence I can 'member; never hear of no sech folks for it. But 'pears like Satan's got the upper hands of my prayers, an' here's Mars Vincent led away by him, prehaps to his own destruction."

"But who is it with?" demanded Mrs. Chester, vastly more interested in the news than in the sermonizing which accompanied it.

"With Wally McAlister, that other poo' fightin' creetur, the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

"McAlister!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, in sudden excitement, not at all pleasurable.

"Yes. Some mis'able chipper at the Presbyterian fair, not enough for two gossins to hiss about. Mars Vincent

he kinder sassed Wally, an' then Wally he kinder sassed Mars Vincent, and now Bent Armitage he's been over with the challenge, an' it's to be some time this week. An' jes's likely's not one o' them poor silly creeturs'll be standin' befo' the bar of God befo' 'nother Sunday comes roun'. Won't be able to call the Judge out there, if the judgment don't suit him."

Mrs. Chester had dropped her dresses. She had forgotten her usual gossiping interest in duels. She was leaning back in her arm-chair, reflecting with a seriousness which wrinkled her forehead more than she would have liked, had she seen it.

"Miriam, we must try to stop this," was her conclusion.

"Why, bless your darlin' heart!" burst out the negress. "Why, laws bless you, honey! Has the blessed Lord touched your sperit at last? Never heerd you say that sort o' thing befo', never. Stop it? Why, we'll try, honey, hopin' the Lord'll help us. But how's we gwine to work? Who's we to go at?"

"Go and call Miss Kate," ordered Mrs. Chester.

"Miss Katy? That poor, dear, little thing? Gwine to tell her about it, an' she jes come home this very day?"

"Go and call her," repeated Mrs. Chester, who cared little for any one's feelings, so that she compassed her ends.

Kate came in, hair down and shoulders bare, more charming than usual. Elderly Miriam devoured her with her eyes, but kept a discreet silence as to her loveliness, remembering "Miss Marian's" jealous spirit. The story of the duel was told.

"O dear!" was the brief utterance of Kate's vast sorrow and despair, as she seated herself on a stool and clutched her hands over her knees.

"Laws bless you, chile!" was the answering groan of Miriam. "I did n' want Miss Marian to go for to tell you. The Lord help this poo' fam'ly! Allays in trouble!"

"But do you think he'll be shot?" asked Kate.

"What, Mars Vincent? Dear me, chile, he may be. He's been shot twice."

"But can't it be stopped?"

"That is what I called you in for," said Mrs. Chester. "I don't believe this quarrel rests upon anything very important. I think it ought to be stopped. I do, indeed, Beaumont as I am, and Beaumont all over. But who's to stop it? What can *you* do?"

"Can't my grandfather do something?" suggested the girl.

"The very man!" shouted and laughed Miriam, jumping up from her squatting posture on the floor and waving her arms as if in benediction. "Jes the very man. Send over for Colonel Kershaw. Laws me, when I'se in trouble, I goes first to the Lord, an' he gen'rally sends me to Colonel Kershaw. Why did n' I ever think of him befo' ? Specs I'se gittin' old an' foolish."

"Yes, your grandfather will come into play very nicely," said Mrs. Chester, who did not fancy the old gentleman overmuch, principally because she was somewhat afraid of him.

"I'll cut right out an' start off a nigger after him," volunteered Miriam. "You, Miss Katy, you jes write him a little letter, askin' him to come right away to see you, jes saved from shipwreck, you know. Tell him not to fail on no account; you wants to see him powerful, this very day."

In ten minutes a mounted negro was galloping over the ten miles of country which separated the Beaumont from the Kershaw plantation. Late in the afternoon the Colonel arrived, bringing with him our gracious friend, Major Lawson.

Colonel John Kershaw was one of those noble souls who look all their nobility. In his youth he had been a very handsome man, and at eighty he was venerably beautiful. His massive aquiline face, strangely wrinkled into deep furrows which were almost folds, was a sublime composition of dignity,

serenity, and benevolence. You would have been tempted to say that a great sculptor could not have imagined anything better suited to typify an intelligent, good, and grand old age. Indeed, this head had been wrought patiently with both great strokes and tender touches by the mightiest of all sculptors. Perhaps no man ever looked upon it without feeling that it called for entire confidence and respect. Its moral grandeur of expression was heightened by the crown of nearly snow-white, though still abundant hair which overhung the deeply channelled forehead. Even the stoop which diminished the height of his tall figure seemed to add to the spiritual impressiveness of his appearance.

Colonel Kershaw's countenance perfectly expressed his character. He was one of those simple, pure, honorable, sensible country gentlemen (of whom one meets more perhaps in our Southern States than in most other portions of this planet) who strike one as having a reserve of moral and intellectual power too great for their chances of action, and who lead one to trust that Washingtons will still be forthcoming when their country needs. For the readers of this story it is perhaps a sufficient proof of the weight and humanity of his influence, that, since his daughter had married a Beaumont, there had been only two duels between that race and the McAlisters, although there had been endless political differences and other bickerings. In doing this much towards quelling the family feud, it was generally acknowledged that Colonel Kershaw had done wonders.

"How do you do, Beaumont?" he said in a deep, tremulous, mellow voice. "I have come to stay a day or so with you, and I knew you would be glad to see Lawson, who had just arrived to cheer me up. So Mrs. Chester, and Kate, and Tom have got home? Where are the dear people?"

There was a little scream and rustle behind him; it was the cry and the approach of girlish love. The next mo-

ment Kate, always a worshipper of her grandfather and still fanatical in the old faith, was on his shoulder and in his arms.

"Why, my dear little child!" said the old man. "Why, my grand young lady!" he added, holding her back to get a fair view of her. "Ah, I never shall hold you in my lap again," he changed, one more of the joys of life gone. "Shall I? shall I?" he laughed when she told him that he would.

Next Major Lawson seized the girl, holding and patting her hand and staring at her face and smiling. "Beautiful creature!" he murmured. "Beautiful creature!" he whispered. "Beau-ti-ful crea-ture!" he sighed into silence. But he was in earnest, not flattering purposely nor even consciously; quite out of himself and quite sincere. "How like your mother!" he continued to flute. "Dear me, how like your grandfather! Colonel, your image! Your continuator. All your virtues and more than your graces!"

Notwithstanding the differences of sex and years, the resemblance between the two faces was indeed remarkable. Looking at the old man, you could see where the girl got her almost sublime expression of dignity, purity, and sweetness.

"O, go along, she's all Kershaw," soliloquized black Miriam, her arms akimbo, worshipping the pair. "An' her mother was, too, poor thing! Though how she could marry sech a tearer as Mars Peyt, beats me. Wal, women is women, an' they's most all fools, specially when it comes to marryin'. I s'pose it's for some wonderful good end, or the Lord he would n' make 'em so."

In short, the Colonel had an ovation from the whole household, male and female, white, black, and yellow. Beaumont senior was almost petulant with jealousy, as he often had been before on such occasions; for he, too, domineering and passionate as he was, desired to be worshipped, especially by his youngest daughter.

Presently the visitors were led away

by grinning negroes to their rooms over the columned veranda, which ran along the whole front of the mansion. Half an hour later, when the Colonel had washed off the dust of travel and combed his noble mane of silver, there was a little tap at his door and a silvery call, "Grandpapa."

The old man started with pleasure; he had been wondering whether she would come to him; he had thought of it several times.

"Why, come in, my darling!" and opening the door for her, he led her proudly to a chair.

"I am housekeeper," she smiled, shaking her bunch of keys.

"And Mrs. Chester? I hope she is not discontented."

"Papa settled the thing himself. You know papa. But I don't think aunt cares for the trouble. So we are all pleased. But O, I am so delighted to see you! And you have n't changed; you are so like yourself. Is n't it nice that grandpapas don't grow? I am going to be silly with you; I am going to behave very little. You make me feel just like a child again. I want to sit in your lap as I used to do. Just this once, at any rate."

She installed herself on her throne, slipped a hand over his shoulder and smiled in his face.

"Is n't it doleful for you to live all alone? I wish our houses could be moved alongside each other. I hate to think of you all alone."

"I have my land and my people to take care of, dear. The time passes. Perhaps I am all the more fond of my friends for being a little lonely. Lawson was really very kind to come and see me. I was quite obliged to him."

"Grandpapa, I am going to trouble you," was the girl's next speech. Her face suddenly lost the petting, gleeful, childlike expression which had shone from it hitherto. It assumed womanliness; it ripened at once into a grave maturity; it was dignified, anxious, and yet remained beautiful; perhaps it was even more lovely than before.

"It is too bad in me, but I must

worry you," she went on. "There are very serious matters passing here. There is to be a duel, grandpapa."

"A duel!" he repeated, his noble old face becoming still nobler with regret.

"It is a quarrel between Vincent and Wallace McAlister."

"The old story," murmured the Colonel, shaking his head at bloody reminiscences. "My child, tell me all you know about it. We may be able to prevent it."

"But first I must tell you something else," she said, blushing slightly. "There are special reasons why a duel between the families should not happen now. It would be, I think, a great scandal."

Then she hurried through the story of her salvation from death by Frank McAlister.

"My dear, Lawson told me this," said the Colonel. "Yes, as you think, a duel would be a scandal. It would be not only a crime, but a shame. I will see your brother. I will go at once."

"O, thank you! You will succeed," cried Kate, her face flushing with hope.

"Let us hope so; but I may not. This old, old quarrel!"

CHAPTER XI.

WITH slow, heavy steps Colonel Kershaw descended the stairs, seeking for some one who would aid him in preventing the duel.

Meeting the head of the family, he took his arm, led him out upon the lawn in front of the house, and asked, "Beaumont, when is this affair between Vincent and Wallace McAlister to come off?"

"O, so you have heard of it!" stared Beaumont. "I am sorry. Come off? I understand it is to be day after tomorrow."

"It is a very unfortunate business, Beaumont. Under the circumstances, doubly unfortunate. Only a few days ago Frank McAlister saved Kate's life.

And now Frank's brother and Kate's brother are to shoot each other."

"Yes, by heavens it is unfortunate!" admitted Beaumont with loud candor, very creditable to him. "It's a devilish ugly piece of business, under the circumstances. It's, by heavens, the awkwardest thing in my experience. I wish it had n't happened. I wish — under the circumstances, you understand — that Vincent was honorably out of it. That insolent, boorish, blasted McAlister ought to apologize. A more villanous, brutal insult I never heard of. Calling a Beaumont no gentleman! Good heavens!" Here his eyebrows bristled, and he breathed short and hard with rage. "But, under the circumstances, I would say take his apology," he resumed. "Yes, Colonel, I've come to that. I have, indeed."

And Mr. Beaumont seemed to think he had come a long way in the path of peace.

"But, if no apology arrives, then what?" gravely inquired the octogenarian.

"Why then, I don't see — What *can* Vincent do? He's pinned. No getting out of it. Must go out. Good heavens! I don't want him to fight. But a gentleman can't accept such language. You know as well as I do, Colonel, that he can't."

"But under the circumstances," persisted Kershaw, not domineeringly, but meditatively.

"Yes, I know, — the circumstances," almost groaned Beaumont. "We are under obligations to those people. First time, by heavens! But so it is. And, as I said, I'd like to have the thing settled, of course honorably."

He was not a little afraid of the old gentleman. Kershaw had long ago fought duels, and, moreover, he had served gallantly in the war of 1812; thus he was a *chevalier sans reproche* in the eyes of fighting men, and even Beaumonts must respect his record. Such a gentleman, too; he could no more counsel an unworthy deed than he could do it; it was not supposed

that he could so much as conceive of anything dishonorable. And here he was meditating, and evidently meditating how to stop the duel, and so keeping his son-in-law on the anxious seat. At last came his decision, uttered in the impressive tones of old age, — tones which gave it the weight of an oracle.

"I think, Beaumont, that, considering what we owe to the McAlisters, Vincent might honorably withdraw the challenge, assigning our obligation as the cause of the withdrawal."

"You don't mean it!" gasped Beaumont. "Withdraw the challenge! Why, Colonel, — why, good heavens!"

All his respect for the old man (and he did respect him above any other being that he knew of) could hardly keep him from exploding with anger.

"That is my advice," proceeded Kershaw, gently. "You know who I am and what my opinion is worth. I solemnly believe that, in withdrawing the challenge on that ground, Vincent would not only do a gentlemanly thing, but would do the only thing that a gentleman in his position should do."

Beaumont was cowed by this great authority, and, after some further ejaculations, lapsed into perplexed silence.

"Are you willing, my dear Beaumont, that I should advise Vincent to this step?" inquired the Colonel.

"Well, well, have it your own way," returned the other, a little impatiently. "You ought to know, of course you do know. I put the whole matter in your hands. You have my consent, if you can get Vincent's. But for God's sake, Colonel, remember that the honor of the family is in your hands."

He writhed as if he were handing over his whole fortune to be the gage of some more than doubtful speculation.

"If the step is taken, I will make it known that it is taken by my advice," promised Kershaw.

"Ah!" breathed Beaumont, much relieved.

"Who is Vincent's second?" asked the Colonel.

"Bentley Armitage. And there —

speaking of the Devil, you know — there he comes. Well now, you won't mind my quitting you; you won't take it hard, Kershaw? I don't object to your proposition; but I don't want to be responsible for it."

"I thank you, Beaumont, for letting me assume the responsibility."

And so they parted, the Honorable dodging shamefacedly into the house, and the Colonel advancing to meet Armitage.

"Colonel, good evening," was the young man's easy salute. "Glad to see you looking so hearty, sir."

"You are well, I hope, sir?" bowed Kershaw. "And your brother and his wife?"

"All peart, I thank you. Never better."

Bentley was a tall young man, rather too slender to be well built, with a swinging, free-and-easy carriage. He had a round face, a moderately dark complexion, a deep and healthy color, coarse and long chestnut hair, and a small curling mustache. The smile with which he spoke was a very curious one, being marked by a drawing up of the right corner of his mouth into the cheek, which gave it an almost unpleasantly quizzical expression. There was something odd, something provincial, or one might say old-fashioned, in his tone of voice and pronunciation; but you were disposed to infer from his manner that this peculiarity was the result of an affectation, rather than of a lack of habit of good society. It was evident enough that he used such rural terms as "peart" and "hearty" in the way of slang.

"Excuse me, Mr. Armitage, for being direct with you," said Kershaw. "I understand that you are the second of Vincent in this affair with Wallace McAlister."

"Just so, Colonel," replied Bentley, striding along beside the old man, and speaking as composedly as if it were a question of possum-hunting. His gait, by the way, was singular, his right foot coming down at every step with a slap, as if it were an ill-hung wooden

one. This was the result of a shot received in a duel (he generally spoke of it as his snake-bite), which had caused a partial paralysis of the lifting muscle.

Kershaw now repeated what he had said to Beaumont, advising and urging that Vincent should withdraw his challenge.

"I don't think that cock would fight, Colonel," coolly judged Bentley. "I allow due weight to the motive which you suggest. It is a hefty one. But withdrawing a challenge, without a previous withdrawal of the affront, is a step which has no sufficing precedent, at least so far as I know. I presume that, if it were left to my principal, he would not consent to it."

"I am speaking with the knowledge of Mr. Beaumont," continues the patient and persevering peacemaker. "Have you any objection to my discussing this point with Vincent in your presence?"

"Not the slightest, Colonel. Walk this way. We'll nose him out in the oak grove, I reckon. You see, Colonel, aside from other considerations, this move might be taken advantage of by the McAlisters. They might do bales of bragging over it. Just imagine old Antichrist blowing his trumpet."

"Who?" inquired the elder, with a puzzled and rather shocked stare.

"I beg pardon. I mean Judge McAlister. It's a poor joke which pleases our friend, Mr. Beaumont. — It's a compliment to your mas'r, anyway," he added with a smile, addressing Miriam, who was just then passing the couple.

"Ah, Mars Bent!" replied the pious negress. "You best quit that kind o' jokin' befo' you gits into t' other world. You may laugh on t' other side o' your mouf yet, Mars Bent."

Bentley took his reproof good-humoredly, curling up his odd smile into the dimple of his right cheek, and nodding pleasantly to Miriam.

"There's Vincent," was his next remark. "Hul-loo, there! Hold your horses. — Colonel, excuse me for yelling. My clapper does n't work well

to-day. I mean my right foot; it flops more than usual. I call it my clapper, and the other one my clipper."

"Can't that trouble be cured?" inquired Kershaw, with honest interest.

"Don't suppose it. In fact, know it can't. I am doctor enough to know that."

Yes, Bentley was a physician; had graduated at Philadelphia. By the way, it is perfectly amazing how many medical gentlemen there are in the South. A literary friend tells me that, during a six months' experience among the smaller towns and ruder taverns of the slave States, he slept with nearly a hundred doctors. Concerning Bentley it is almost needless to add, that, being a planter of considerable means, he never prescribed, except for his own negroes.

"I should be very glad to obtain your influence on the side of peace in this affair," continued Kershaw. "We are both connections of the family."

"Exactly, Colonel," answered Bentley, remembering with the utmost *nonchalance* that his brother Randolph was the husband of Peyton Beaumont's eldest daughter. "Well, I will say this much, that I've no objection to any course that my principal will accept."

Half disgusted with this cool and irreverent youngster, Kershaw pushed on in thoughtful silence, and soon met Vincent.

"A proposition," was Bentley's brief introduction to the matter in hand. "The Colonel has something to suggest which I approve of his suggesting."

Vincent, his habitual ironical smile dismissed for the present, bowed respectfully, and listened without a word until the old man had stated his proposition. When he spoke it was with a perfectly calm demeanor and a bland finish of intonation.

"It appears to me that I am called upon to subordinate myself too entirely to the — we will say duties of the family. After I have obtained my personal reparation from Mr. Wallace McAlister, I am willing to enter into

an expression of our common obligation to Mr. Frank McAlister. What does my second think?"

"Just to oblige the Colonel," explained Bentley, "I agree to throw the affair entirely out of my hands, and replace it entirely in yours. That is, with your permission, you understand. So why not play your own cards, Vincent?"

"Come into the house, gentlemen," begged the Colonel.

"Why so?" asked Vincent.

"The affair *is* a family affair. I must beg leave to insist upon that view of it. It is so complicated with family obligations and proprieties, that it cannot be treated separately. Such is my opinion and such will be public opinion. Let me beg of you to discuss it in family council. I ask this as a personal favor. I ask it as a great favor."

If Kershaw's request was a strange one, and if he supported it by neither precedent nor sufficient argument, it must be remembered that he was very old and very good, and was, in short, the most venerable being whom these two young men knew. After a brief hesitation, Vincent nodded an unwilling assent, and the three walked back to the house. Passing the door of the dining-room, Bentley Armitage, who was lagging a little behind the others because of his "snake-bite," was arrested by a vision. Kate was looking out upon him, beautiful enough to fascinate him and eager enough to flatter him.

"Mr. Armitage," she called, — in her anxiety it was a whisper, — unmeant but intoxicating compliment.

"Miss Beaumont." And Bentley bowed in the stiff way common to men with "game legs." "My relative, I venture to put it. I have n't had the pleasure of meeting you before in five years."

"Yes, and I have grown and all that," replied Kate, trying to laugh and look coquettish, for she was hysterically eager to please him. "Mr. Armitage, after five years, the first thing is that I want a favor of you."

"To hear is to obey," said Bentley, quoting from the "Arabian Nights," — favorite reading of his.

Desperation made Kate eager, audacious, and straightforward.

"I know all about this duel," she went on. "I don't know whether you consider it proper for me to talk about it. But I must. Do you think, Mr. Armitage, that I like to come home and find my brother on the point of risking his life?"

Bentley wanted to say that he was not responsible for the duel, but did not feel that the code of honor justified him in such a speech.

"It would n't be natural," he admitted. "I don't suppose you do like it. Very sorry for the circumstances."

"It makes me miserable." (Here there was a quiver of the mouth which moved Bentley to his fingers' ends.) "If you can say anything, — and I am sure you can say *something*, — do say it. Do give me your help to make peace. I am sure you can find a word to say, I don't know what. You will oblige me so much. You will oblige my grandfather. You will do right. I know it must be right to stop this duel. Won't you, Mr. Armitage, can't you, do me this great favor?"

There was no resistance possible. There was a hand laid upon Bentley Armitage stronger than the code *duello*. He promised that he would throw his influence — or, as he slangily phrased it, drop his little ballot — on the side of peace. Kate gave him a smile which suggested a better world, and sent him on his way a softer-hearted man than he had ever been before.

In a few minutes there was what might be called a family parliament in the long parlor. Mr. Beaumont, his three sons, Colonel Kershaw, and Bentley Armitage sat as gravely as Indian sachems in a council.

"We ought to have calumets and wampum belts," whispered Bentley to Tom; but the youngster, reverent of the code *duello* and of the family honor, declined to smile.

"Gentlemen, this is an extraordinary occasion," said Colonel Kershaw, rising as if to address the United States Senate.

"It is, indeed," burst out Vincent, unable to control the excitability of his race. "I believe I am the first gentleman who ever had his family called in to prevent him from demanding reparation for an insult. It is a most extraordinary and embarrassing situation. I make my protest against the absurdity of it."

"You're right, old fellow," declared Tom. Tom was young, and he was boyish for his age; like all boys, he felt it necessary to take the warlike side of things; it seemed to establish his courage and make a man of him. "I'd like to have this thing blow over," he continued. "I was mightily in favor of having it blow over. But after the challenge has been sent, don't see how you can withdraw it. That's where I draw my line."

"You are interrupting the Colonel," said Vincent, who felt that everybody was interfering with his business, and so was petulant with everybody.

"I understand that my principal assented to this council," put in Bent Armitage, seeing that things were going against peace, and remembering his promise to Kate.

Vincent stared. Was his second to be against him? Was Bent Armitage going to turn peacemaker?

"I did assent," he muttered, fixing his half-shut eyes on the floor, and softly clutching his hands to keep down his irritability.

"Gentlemen," resumed the patient Kershaw, "I have but a few words to say. I do not propose to attack the code *duello*. Although it is repugnant to my feelings, at least in these latter years, I do not propose to ignore it. I know how thoroughly it is fixed in your views of life and in the habits of our society. I consent, though not with satisfaction, that you should in general be guided by it. But the code does not include the whole of human duty and honor; you will admit thus

much. There are other proprieties and gentilities. Now on this extraordinary occasion it seems to me that these other proprieties and gentilities are more imperative than the demands of the code. You, Beaumont, have had a daughter saved from death by a McAlister. You, Vincent, have had a sister saved from death by a McAlister. Under the circumstances, is it right for Beaumonts to shoot McAlisters? I put one duty against another. I say that the obligation of gratitude overbalances the obligation of vindication of gentility. What I propose, therefore, is this: withdraw the challenge, because of the debt of gratitude; make that debt the express ground of the withdrawal. If Mr. Wallace McAlister does not then retract his epithet, he will, in my opinion, prove himself ungentlemanly, stolid, and brutal, and we can afford to despise his comments. What do you say, my dear Beaumont?"

"By heavens, Kershaw! By heavens!" stuttered Beaumont. "It's puzzling, by heavens. Well, if you must know what I think, I admit that you have made a strong point, Kershaw. A very strong point indeed, Kershaw. We don't want to go before the world as ungrateful and that sort of thing. That is n't gentlemanly. On the whole, Kershaw,—well, on the whole, I say, taking into view all the circumstances, you know,—I don't see any valid objection to your proposition. Hem. I don't object. That's just it; I don't object."

With these words, Beaumont bowed his bristling head in great perplexity, wondering whether he had done right or wrong. Colonel Kershaw and Bent Armitage both glanced anxiously at Vincent. The curious Lawson, who had been dodging about the hall and had overheard most of the proceedings, peeped through a door-crack to get a view of the same young gladiator. The fat Poinsett nodded his large head two or three times, as if in assent to the proposition, but said nothing. Tom, overwhelmed by his father and the

Colonel together, stared vacantly at the floor.

"I venture to say that I see no valid cause for objection," observed Bentley Armitage, remembering his promise to Kate.

"I do," burst out Vincent, looking up angrily at Armitage. "I wish it understood that I am as grateful as I ought to be to Mr. Frank McAlister for his act of common humanity. But when it comes to withdrawing a challenge, — good heavens! I had abundant provocation, and I have it still. Let Wallace McAlister withdraw his epithet. He is at full liberty to do so. That is where peace should begin."

Major Lawson left his post near the door, and skipped across the hall into the dining-room. In ten seconds more Kate Beaumont, as pale and mild as a saint newly taken to glory, came out of the dining-room, crossed the hall, and entered the awful family council. Bentley Armitage rose and offered a chair. Poinsett smiled with an amused look, and beckoned her to his side. Kershaw held out his hand, and Vincent turned away his head. Mr. Beaumont said, in a tone of much wonder and faint remonstrance, "Kate!"

The girl, without noticing any of the others, advanced upon Vincent, seated herself beside him, looked eagerly in his averted face, and seized one of his hands.

"O Vincent, this is my first night at home in four years," she said in a trembling voice. "I shall not sleep

to-night. I shall do nothing but see my brother brought home —" She could not finish this sentence. "And my first night at home! You could make it such a happy one, Vincent! Don't you think anything of my being saved from death? There was no hope for me, if it had not been for this man's brother. I had bid good-by to you all."

Here her father's grim face had a shock; he twisted his mouth oddly, and rolled his eyes like a lunatic; he was trying to keep from blubbering. Colonel Kershaw clasped his wrinkled hands suddenly, as if returning thanks to Heaven, or praying. Lawson, listening in the hall, capered from one foot to the other as if he were on hot iron plates, and drew his cambric handkerchief.

"I don't want such a duel as this," Kate went on. "It does seem to me so horribly unnatural. Not this time, Vincent; don't fight this time. Do make this my first night at home a happy one. O, I will be so grateful to you; I will be such a sister to you! Dear, can't you answer me?"

Mr. Beaumont rose abruptly and got himself out of the room. He did not fully want his son to do what he still considered not quite chivalrous; and yet he could not bear to hear him refuse Kate this great and passionately sought for boon. One after another, Kershaw, Bent Armitage, Poinsett, and Tom followed him. The pleading sister and the sullen brother were left alone.

J. W. DeForest.

JOHN WESLEY.

THERE have been many lives of Wesley and histories of the rise of Methodism written already, but there is still another before us by Julia Wedgwood, an Englishwoman, who states in her Preface that her book "is not to be regarded as a biography. It is an

attempt to delineate the influence of a particular man upon his age. Hence the background to the central figure is treated with an attention which will seem out of proportion to the slightness of the whole sketch, unless it is constantly borne in mind that the ob-

ject of representation is, not the vicissitude of a particular life, but that element in the life which impressed itself on the life of a nation,—an element which cannot be understood without a study of aspects of national thought which, on a superficial view, might appear wholly unconnected with it." On reading the book and comparing it with the previous lives of Wesley, we are pleased by the authoress's impartiality and the absence of that partisanship or dislike which appeared in his earlier biographers; it is hard to write of any great man and "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice"; she seems to have preserved a happy medium in her sketch. Whether we could have a life of any man so wholly devoted to the interest and welfare of others, and gain from it any impression of the man and his character in all its weakness, strength, and peculiarities, without at the same time studying his influence on and relation to the age in which he lived and labored is very doubtful. Though the condition of society and the various phases of the life of the period are sketched with skill and clearness, we confess to feeling a lack of personality in the narration of Wesley's private life, but, perhaps, that is a morbid fancy which has grown by what it feeds on, for this is a very anecdote-loving, biographical, lion-hunting, interviewing world that we live in, and from a fallen emperor to the adventurous aeronaut who escapes the Prussian sharpshooter's ball in fleeing from the besieged city, the actions, sentiments, and habits of each must be chronicled. Perhaps Wesley's natural coldness of manner and rather imperious habits of command made intimate relations with him difficult; and his infelicitous matrimonial experience would rather strengthen that belief, if the harsh tone of his letters to his wife is taken into consideration.

At the time of Wesley's appearance as a religious teacher England was in a sad state of irreverence, indifference, and atheism, if the complaints of the writers of that day are worthy of belief.

One historian says: "It was the transition period from an age in which the decencies of life were very imperfectly observed, to an age in which decorum was beginning to assert an authority, which has steadily gone on, to preserve a greater semblance of morality, and, therefore, in no inconsiderable degree, to hold fast its substance." Lord Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, neither of them among those likely to take a severe estimate of vice, mention the low state of morals. Lord Chesterfield, in 1737, in his famous speech against licensing the stage, says, after the fullest admission that the complaint was justified: "When we complain of the licentiousness of the stage, I fear we have more reason to complain of the general decay of virtue and morality among the people." Lady Mary writes in a letter to the Countess of Mar, in 1723: "I am told that there is at this moment a bill cooking up at a hunting seat in Norfolk to have *not* taken out of the Commandments, and inserted in the Creed at the ensuing session. It certainly might be carried on with great ease, the world being utterly *revenu des bagatelles*; and honor, virtue, and reputation, which we used to hear of in our nursery, are as much laid aside as crumpled ribbons."

If we can judge anything by the amusements of a people, the lower classes were very brutal and degraded. Steele writes, in the *Guardian*, in 1713: "I am sorry that this temper (an enjoyment of the sufferings of animals) is become almost a distinguishing characteristic of our nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners on our beloved amusements, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. It will be said that these are the amusements of the common people. It is true, but they are the amusements of no other common people. I wish I knew how to answer the reproach which is cast on us thereby." Hogarth says of his "Progress of Cruelty," that if "it has checked the progress of cruelty the very sight of which renders the streets

of our metropolis so distressing to every feeling mind, I am more proud of having been the author than I should be of having painted Raphael's Cartoons." Richard Lovell Edgeworth, in his egotistical but entertaining Memoir of himself, speaks of his sufferings at school from the ill-treatment of those older than himself, one "a full-grown boy, just ready for college. A little boy, with remarkably long flaxen hair, and myself, were the chosen objects of his cruelty; he used to knot our hair together and drag us up and down the school-room stairs, for his diversion." That may be excused on the ground of the high spirits and playfulness of youth, but in such cases it would seem as if "the child is father of the man." There was a brutal indifference to human life. Death, when the result of accident, was considered a fair subject of mirth. During the severe winter of 1737, when the Thames was frozen over and booths erected upon it, an exciseman fell into one of the holes made in the ice, and the brutal jest made on the drowned man, "that if the owner of the booth had any run goods he was lost, as an exciseman was gone into his cellar," is merely given as the good saying of a 'merry fellow' against the member of an unpopular class. Robberies were committed with perfect impunity in the very heart of London, and ladies returning from the opera were stopped and relieved of their watches and jewels, the thieves being undeterred by the fact that the theft of even as small a sum as five shillings was often punished with hanging, if they were so unfortunate as to be caught. The massacre of the prisoners of Culloden and the merciless laws, so modified and softened by the untiring labor of Romilly, by which people were hung for the most trifling offences, amid the jeers and jests of a drunken and savage crowd gathered for the show, are unpleasant pictures of the refinement of the eighteenth century; but there is a fair side as well, and we can see the dawning of brighter days in the evident

desire for a better state of affairs, by the mere fact of the mention of these events with regret by the writers of that time.

Though there were pure and learned men in the Church at this period, they were the exception rather than the rule, and there was very little respect shown to the clergy; if we may judge of their position by the literature of the day, it was far from enviable. In one letter in a magazine, a writer complained that the chaplain was not expected to remain at table during the second course. Another paper narrates the rebuff experienced by a clergyman who ventured to help himself to a jelly: "The lady of the house," says the writer, "*though otherwise a devout woman*, told me that it did not become a man of my cloth to delight in such frivolous food." Knight says: "The apathy of the clergy at this period was imperious as their indecorum. Their eloquence was of the tamest character." An accomplished foreigner, M. Grosley, thus describes their sermons: "The pulpit declamation was a tedious monotony. With regard to the truth of this assertion I appeal to themselves and to the progress which religion thus inculcated makes in England." Dr. Campbell says of the Temple Church, where the brother of Thurlow preached: "The discourse was the most meagre composition, and the delivery worse. He stood like Gulliver stuck in the marrow-bone, with the sermon, newspaper-like in his hand, and, without grace of emphasis, he in slow cadence measured it forth." Goldsmith wrote of the lower classes: "They who want instruction most find least in our religious assemblies." It is evident that the great founders of Methodism filled by their earnest and impressive preaching and fervent prayers a vast and increasing need, especially among the middle and lower classes of England, and Wesley was one of the great leaders in the work.

He was born at Epworth in Lincolnshire in 1703, and passed his early years there; when only six years of

age he very narrowly escaped being burned to death, and in after life commemorated the event by the selection of the saying, "Is not this a brand snatched from the burning?" for his epitaph. John was the second son of his parents, and there were born to them nineteen children, most of whom died in infancy. His father, from the description given of him, we fancy rather timid and narrow in his views, and though zealous and devout, ill suited to the rough Fenmen over whom he was settled. His mother was a woman of marked character, and her sons referred many doubts and questions to her strong, clear judgment. She evidently influenced them much, and, though stern in her discipline, was not unworthy such sons. We are not surprised at Mrs. Wesley's account of her management of children, when we reflect on the size of her family. She wrote to John, at his request, telling him her ideas: "In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will." This difficulty was overcome so effectually with the little Wesleys, that "when any of them were ill there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine," — a triumph which comes vividly home to one's imagination. "When turned a year old they were taught to fear the rod and *cry softly*." Perhaps repression at that early age caused the Wesleys to be so irrepressible and strenuous to be heard in after life. Mrs. Wesley was only following out the common practice in her severe discipline; at that time obedience of the most rigid kind was exacted by, and usually paid to parents, and even in a Royal Palace we read of a Crown Prince unmercifully beaten with a rattan cane by a stern parent for some trifling offence; and princesses obliged to stand hours before their mother, till ready to drop with fatigue. People then felt that in sparing the rod they spoilt the child. As the son of a pious and devout mother, Wesley early received from her religious instruction. She wrote to her

husband: "On Thursday I talk with Jacky, and on Saturday with Charles." We nowhere find any instances of that early and distressing piety usually ascribed to such children, which are probably for the most part fictitious.

He was educated first at the Charter-House, and entered Christ Church, Oxford, at the age of seventeen. It is stated that the condition of Oxford at that time "may be regarded as the lowest point in the history of that University"; and Cambridge was not behind Oxford in its capacity "for ruining its students." Many years later Wilberforce says, "I was horror-struck at their conduct." Of Oxford Gibbon wrote, and has portrayed one of his tutors, supposed to be a fair specimen of the class, as one who "remembered that he had a salary to receive, and forgot that he had a duty to perform"; and says of the management, "that at the most precious season of youth, whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labor or amusement, without advice or account"; and the time he spent there was to him "the most idle and unprofitable period of his life." Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," says that, "In the University of Oxford the greater part of the professors have for these many years given up even the pretence of teaching."

While at Oxford at the age of twenty-two, Wesley made the first protest against Predestination, "which, fifty years later, split the body formed by him into two parts, separated by a deadly antagonism; and it is interesting to mark the complete identity of the nascent and mature thought"; for a time he was much influenced by William Law, who says, "I was once a kind of oracle to Mr. Wesley." Two or three times in a year the brothers John and Charles travelled the whole distance from Oxford to London, on foot, to visit this oracle, — "the mark of a devotion in which they were not singular," as Law occupied at this time the position of a kind of spiritual physician. One of his remarks to his pupil is worth noting: "We shall do well to

aim at the highest degrees of perfection, if we may thereby attain at least at mediocrity." Wesley became curate at his native place, Epworth, in 1727, but returned to Oxford in 1729, having been previously elected to a fellowship in Lincoln College. At this time he was very unsocial in his habits, and was "strongly tempted to accept the mastership of a Yorkshire school," from no other attraction than the "*frightful description* given of the situation, which was," he writes, "so pent up between two hills, that it was scarce accessible on any side, so that you can expect little company from without, and within there is none at all." This pleasant plan of a cheerful residence he was obliged to relinquish, as the school was given to another. He excited dislike in others by his unsocial disposition, and it brought on him manifestations which his mother called "brisk buffoonery," and which drew from his father the warning, that "it is a callow virtue that cannot bear to be laughed at." After Wesley's return to Oxford, he and his brother, with some others, endeavored by their example and teaching to induce many to turn from their evil ways. They brought on themselves much dislike; and attempts to detach from their little society different members, "not only by idle lads, but by men of position and learning; by violence, by threats, or by persuasion," did succeed with some few of their band.

In 1735 General Oglethorpe, then Governor of Georgia, the philanthropist whose "benevolence of soul" is eulogized by Pope, — the accomplished veteran whose life Johnson desired to write, "the delightful old beau" of that pink of propriety, Hannah More, — invited John and Charles Wesley to return as parish priests to the young colony founded by him, and settled by the unfortunate people whom he had taken from the debtors' prisons of London. This proposal they both accepted, though John at first refused on his mother's account. She was then left to her sons' care, as Mr. Wesley had died a short time before. John wrote,

"I am the staff of her age, her support and comfort." She however wrote, when told of his hesitation: "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were so employed, though I should never see them more." General Oglethorpe was accompanied by several Indian chiefs, who appeared at court in European costume, though they had desired at first to wear their usual attire, which was very scanty. "Prince William, afterwards Duke of Cumberland, — the 'butcher' of Culloden notoriety, — now a lad of fourteen," presented a young chief with a watch, accompanied by the admonition to "call on Jesus Christ every morning, when he looked upon it, which he promised to do"; — "a quaint symbol of the Christian religion, and a singular missionary to preach it," as the biographer aptly remarks. Wesley was very enthusiastic about these red men, and strongly imbued with an idea of his work among them. To a friend who advised him not to go he wrote as follows: "I hope to learn the true sense of the Gospel of Christ by preaching it to the heathen. They have no comments to construe away the text, no vain philosophy to corrupt it, no luxurious, sensual, covetous, ambitious expounders to soften the unpleasing truths. They are as little children, humble, willing to learn." His "high anticipations of his future converts found vent in so glowing a description of the ideal Indian to a friend that she exclaimed, 'Why, Mr. Wesley, if they are all this already, what more can Christianity do for them?'" Mr. Wesley's answer is not on record. Wesley and his brother reached Georgia, and he wrote his mother soon after his arrival, "The place is pleasant beyond all description." On the voyage he became acquainted with some Moravians, and was much interested in their faith.

In Georgia Wesley failed most completely, and neither converted any Indians, nor was he very popular from the first with the colonists. "Oglethorpe and Wesley seem not to have

entirely understood each other as to the object of this journey. He had come to America to preach to the Indians; Oglethorpe designed him for the position, wholly incompatible with this, of parish priest at Savannah." Wesley had, with a trifling exception, but one conference with the Indians, whom he had crossed the Atlantic to convert. His glowing anticipations were sadly chilled by what he saw and heard of them and their mode of life. He wrote of them before he left America: "They have no religion, no laws, no civil government. They are all, except perhaps the Choctaws, liars, gluttons, drunkards, thieves, dissemblers." And he gives as a reason for his failure in his labor, that he could not find "any Indians on the continent of America who had the least desire of being instructed." The authoress says that he "was destined to preach Christianity to heathens quite as savage as the Chickasaw Indians and more accessible to his teaching." His unfortunate love-affair, added to his rather austere and ascetic habits, finally made him obnoxious to the colonists, and he was forced to return to England. Wesley's own account of the affair would seem to indicate that the lady took the initiative, and he was pleased, and evidently hoped to convert her first to his ideas of living. He wrote of her in his journal: "I advised Miss Sophy to sup earlier, and not immediately before she went to bed. She did so; and on this little circumstance what an inconceivable train of circumstances depend! Not only 'all the color of remaining life' for her, but *perhaps all my happiness too*." After a short absence he writes that he "found her scarce the shadow of what she was when" he left her. He endeavored to remonstrate with her, but was not very fortunate in his attempt. He at last submitted the question whether he had better pursue the intimacy into marriage to the Moravians, who answered: "We advise you to proceed no further in this business." He answered, "The will of the Lord be done," though the

ending of the intimacy gave him some distress, judging from his own account of the event in his diary.

His field of work was the Old World, and he left to others the task of planting the seeds of Methodism in the New. It is singular to observe that, as the authoress states, "eight millions of religionists now call themselves disciples of a man who left their continent in disgrace, which we can hardly refrain from calling well deserved." Wesley had spent nearly two years in Georgia, and during that time been much with the Moravians, and he was led by his interest in their sect to visit their settlement in Germany. Shortly after his return to England he left for Holland, and landing at Rotterdam, he hurried on through Holland; of which country Voltaire, — who was perhaps of all the men of the eighteenth century the greatest contrast to Wesley, — wrote about that time, "Adieu, pays de canards, de canaux, et de canaille." Wesley makes but little mention of his route, merely admiring in passing what glimpses he had of the country. He first visited Count Zinzendorf's abode at Marienborn; thence he went to Herrnhut, the Moravian village from which the sect sometimes takes the name of Herrnhutters. After a short visit he returned to England.

Wesley, of a very different nature from Whitefield, — less impulsive, and slower to move, — was not the first to adopt the custom, afterwards so universal among the sect, of field-preaching, and we hear first of Whitefield as drawing immense crowds of eager listeners. Wesley was for some time very unwilling to preach on unconsecrated ground, and wrote, after the churches had been closed to him: "I could scarce reconcile myself, at first, to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he (Whitefield) set me an example on Sunday, having been all my life, till very lately, so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church." In 1772

he wrote: "To this day field-preaching is a cross to me." Shortly after he heard Whitefield he began himself to preach, and says in his journal that he had an attendance of three thousand people. One of the first interruptions of Wesley's field-preaching was at Bath, where Beau Nash, who was then at the zenith of his popularity, "no doubt trembled for his empire," when he watched the crowds who thronged to hear his dangerous rival; he confronted him with but little success, and after failing to insult or intimidate Wesley, interrogated the people as to their object in going there; an old woman in the crowd cried out, "You take care of your body, Mr. Nash. We take care of our souls, and for the good of our souls we come here." He made a hasty retreat, and left Wesley master of the field. One funny interruption Wesley records in his journal, when "an ass walked gravely in at the door" as he was preaching at Rotterdam, and he adds, "It was well only serious people were present."

Whitefield attracted great numbers, and made many fashionable converts in the great world. George II. rallied one of these, the Lady Gertrude Hotham, at court, on her sober but costly attire, which he rightly estimated as "Mr. Whitefield's choice." Many of his converts were moved in the same direction as regards dress; we learn from a magazine that "ladies who used to wear French silks and French hoops of four yards wide, *tête de mouton* heads (a kind of wig), and white satin smock petticoats, are now turned Methodists and followers of Mr. Whitefield, whose idea of the new birth has so prevailed over them that they now wear plain stuff gowns, no hoops, common night mobs (caps), and plain bags for underclothes." Wesley evidently disliked very much contact with the higher classes, and always avoided them as much as possible; while Whitefield was the centre of a fashionable circle in Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room at Chelsea, and flattered by the doubtful compliments of Lord Chesterfield

and Bolingbroke, who were attracted to his preaching as a new sensation. Wesley wrote in 1758: "We need great grace to converse with great people, from which, therefore, except in some rare instances, I am glad to be excused." And again he writes: "How unspeakable is the advantage in point of common sense which middling people have over the rich! There are so many unmeaning words and senseless customs among people of rank! It is well that a few of the rich and noble are called, but I should rejoice that it were done by the ministry of others."

Near the close of the year 1741 came the division between the three sects,—the Moravians and the followers of Wesley and Whitefield. The Wesleyan branch rapidly organized under Wesley's care and management. Knight says of the two leaders: "The characters of Whitefield and Wesley were very different. Whitefield was satisfied with rousing the sinful and indifferent by his own fervid eloquence, without providing for the systematic continuance of his personal efforts. His preaching created a host of followers, who, branching off in their several localities, were content to be led by men without education. Starting up as teachers from lowest ranks, such men, although too vain and presumptuous to see their own incompetence, were nevertheless better judges, in many cases, than the educated clergy of the mode in which rude natures could be most effectually awakened to penitence for sin. Wesley, on the other hand, saw the danger of this indiscriminate admission of every fanatic to be a Gospel preacher; and he instituted and perfected by his incessant labors that remarkable organization known as Wesleyism." For many years the sect was much abused and persecuted. Wesley himself was insulted and attacked more than once by furious mobs while preaching. "In 1770 persecution was at end; field-preachers were (with few exceptions) no longer a mark for stones and rotten

eggs; and those intellectual missiles, sometimes as hard as the first, sometimes as unsavory as the last, with which their reverend adversaries had greeted the Methodists, ceased to issue from the press or to be discharged from the pulpit. The result was what no doubt all established religions have exhibited under like circumstances. While individual conviction was the sole basis of Methodism, the Methodists were a picked body of deeply religious persons; after the lapse of a generation, such members did not form a larger proportion of this sect than of any other; and this inevitable deterioration is more obviously disastrous among those whose bond of union is a common discipline than among those with whom it is a common creed." Dr. Johnson, who Boswell says "was himself in a dignified manner a Methodist," speaking of their success, said: "Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people." And "polished periods and glittering sentences" fly over their heads, "without any impression on their hearts. The mind, like the body," he observed, "delighted in change and novelty." The observant Frenchman, M. Grosley, says of the Methodists: "This establishment has borne all the persecutions that it could possibly apprehend in a country as much disposed to persecution as England is the reverse." Knight says: "The light literature of forty years overflows with the ridicule of Methodism. The preachers are pelted by the mob; the converts are held up to execration as fanatics and hypocrites. Yet Methodism held the ground it gained. It had gone forth to utter the words of truth to men little above the beasts that perish, and it brought them to regard themselves as akin to humanity. The time would come when its earnestness would awaken the Church itself from its somnolency, and the educated classes would not be ashamed to be religious. The power could not be despised which

made floods of tears roll down the sooty cheeks of the colliers of Kingswood, and which, penetrating to Scotland, had called forth the lowest of the population of Glasgow to go forth to Cambuslang, and there, 'at the foot of the brae near the kirk,' hear the word preached in the open fields, and surrender themselves to an irresistible influence, such as was wielded by the Puritans of old. To assist in 'the extraordinary work of Cambuslang' Whitefield came, and saw thirty thousand persons assembled to receive the Sacrament."

Wesley had written "Thoughts on a Single Life," and strongly disapproved of the marriage of ministers; but finally he married, in 1751, a widow by the name of Vizzelle, with four children, and an independent fortune, which he settled on her, and of which he declined to make any use. His was a very unfortunate marriage. Southey says of Mrs. Wesley: "She tormented him in such a manner, by her outrageous jealousy and abominable temper, that she deserves to be classed in a triad with Xantippe and the wife of Job, as one of the three bad wives. Wesley, indeed, was neither so submissive as Socrates nor so patient as the man of Uz." "Know me," said he in one of his letters to her, "and know yourself. Suspect me no more, asperse me no more, provoke me no more; do no longer contend for mastery, for power, money, or praise; be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me." Speaking of her efforts to vindicate her character by various underhand proceedings, he concludes: "Of what importance is your character to mankind? If you was buried just now, or if you had never lived, what loss would it be to the cause of God?" Southey adds: "This was true, but not very conciliating; and there are few stomachs which could bear to have humility administered in such doses." It is said that she frequently travelled a hundred miles for the sole purpose of watching from a

window who was in the carriage with him when he entered a town. She searched his pockets, opened his letters, put his papers into the hands of those unfriendly to him, in hope that they might use them to injure his character, and sometimes rudely treated him and tore his venerable and scanty locks. After thus trying him for twenty years, she left him for the last time, and carried with her parts of his journal and other private papers. He simply states the fact of her departure in his journal, and adds, "I did not forsake her, I did not dismiss her, I will not recall her." Whitefield's wife and Mrs. Wesley are spoken of by Berridge of Everton as "a brace of ferrets."

Till Wesley was sixty-nine years old he travelled always on horseback; and he says, "I commonly read on horseback, having other employment at other times." He used to lay the rein on the horse's neck, and in that way he "rode in the course of his life above a hundred thousand miles." We can only admire the energy of the man who travelled so constantly over roads which Arthur Young in 1770 wrote of as follows: "The roads of the North, and especially Lancashire, were mostly execrable." Speaking of one turnpike road, this shrewd observer says: "Let me most seriously caution all travellers, who may accidentally purpose to travel this terrible county, to avoid it as they would the Devil." Wesley's friends, fearing some accident for him, at last persuaded him to travel in a carriage. He continued to travel and preach till very near his end, and showed great endurance. "He notices every birthday, only to wonder at his marvellous immunity from all the trials of old age. At the age of seventy-three he writes, 'I am better able to preach than I was at twenty-three.'" At eighty-five he writes, "How little have I suffered by 'the rush of numerous years.'" One biographer speaks of him as "rising in the morning at four, travelling from thirty to seventy miles a day, preaching daily four or five sermons, reading, writing, visiting the sick, and superin-

tending the societies wherever he came, after he was more than fourscore." He himself writes that he travelled above "four thousand miles a year."

Southey says of his appearance at this time: "His face was remarkably fine, his complexion fresh to the last week of his life, his eye quick, keen, and active, and his long hair white and bright as silver." For some months before his death he was very feeble. Crabb Robinson, in his Diary lately published, describes hearing and seeing Wesley: "I was at an exhibition equally admirable [he had just heard Erskine] and which had an equal effect on my mind. It was, I believe, in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley in the great round meeting-house in Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was for the most part pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart. Of the kind I never saw anything comparable to it in after life." He writes his brother more at length, and says: "Not knowing the man, I should almost have ridiculed his figure. Far from it now. I looked upon him with a respect bordering on enthusiasm. After the people had sung one verse of a hymn he arose and said: 'It gives me great pleasure to find that you have not lost your singing, neither men nor women; you have not forgotten a single note. And I hope that by the assistance of the same God which enables you to sing well you may do all other things well.'" Mr. Robinson's biographer adds: "I have heard Mr. Robinson tell this more than once at his own table, with the addition, that so greatly was the preacher revered, that the people stood in a double line to see him as he passed through the street on his way to the chapel." Wesley died March 2, 1791,

after a short illness, which was more the exhaustion of nature than any active disease.

He seemed to work on the fear and imagination of the assemblies he addressed, and it is worthy of note that neither Charles Wesley nor Whitefield produced a like effect; and the fact that Charles Wesley's notification "on one occasion that any one who was convulsed should be carried out of the congregation insured perfect quiet, is enough to prove, what we might be sure of without any proof, that the love of producing a sensation was sometimes the agent at work." There must have been something in the personal influence of Wesley, for his sermons certainly do not produce any such exciting effect on the reader. It is interesting to observe, as we read his life, how very unwilling Wesley was to destroy the old landmarks and barriers of form. Whatever he felt later, he did not at first desire to leave the Church of England. His biographer says of him and his relation to that body: "He was ready to occupy towards the Church of England a position only so far different from that which Ignatius Loyola occupied in the Church of Rome as the circumstances of the Anglican Church in the eighteenth century differed from those of the Roman Catholic in the sixteenth." The English bishops did not realize his state of religious conviction; "it was not in their power to crush the new order, but the strange anomalies of the English law had left it in their power to force it to become a sect." In that way they lost all the advantage which they might with care and moderation have turned to the future welfare and glory of their church.

Wesley's own temperament was rather cold, and he had probably from that cold and calm nature, and the great self-control and presence of mind which he possessed, the power to awe, subdue, and thrill an audience. While Whitefield on many occasions preached dissolved in tears, and so moved vast numbers, the strong and determined will of Wesley was almost electrical in its in-

fluence and even frightful in its effects on the assemblages he preached before. Frequently, when he had concluded his discourse, the whole of his congregation appeared to be riveted to the ground, and not a person moved till he had retired. We have perhaps the best proof of Wesley's power over an audience, and the extraordinary effect of his preaching, in an incident he himself records in his journal. The account of it is rather comical to read. On one occasion a long wall, built of loose stones, on which many of his hearers were seated, suddenly gave way and fell down; it did not produce any interruption of his discourse, or divert the attention of his audience. "None of those who had fallen," he observes, "screamed; and none being hurt, they appeared sitting at the bottom just as they had sat at the top."

It was evidently more the manner than the matter of his sermons that moved and agitated his hearers. "His own temptations were those of a cold temperament, and he never considered any other. His characteristic word of approval was 'lively'; and a congregation in a satisfactory state was a 'lively congregation,'" says the biographer. Judging from the descriptions of the scenes attending his preaching, we should use much stronger language than "lively" to describe it, for we read of people struck down as with a sudden blow, and writhing on the ground in convulsions and paroxysms of the most violent and distressing kind; and only Wesley himself, with the same eloquence which caused these manifestations of awful excitement, could soothe and quiet the victims of the attacks.

Johnson said "he could scarcely doubt the sincerity of that man who travelled nine hundred miles in a month, and preached twelve times in a week; for no adequate reward, merely temporal, could be given for such indefatigable labors." Southey says that "no conqueror or poet was ever more ambitious than John Wesley." Macaulay eulogizes him as "a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness

might have made him eminent in literature, whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu." Though that may appear rather extravagant, it would seem that he may with justice be classed among the great religious teachers of the world, as one largely gifted with the eloquence to move and convince an audience, the

clear executive mind to organize, and the tact and energy to control and govern with success a large and constantly increasing number of followers. He may without too great encomium be named in the long list of the great reformers of the world, as one of the last but not the least in that "glorious company."

G. A. E.

MARGUERITE.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760.

THE robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew;
Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins knew!

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neutral lay,
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April day,

Through the dusty window curtained by the spider's warp and woof,
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs of roof,

The bed-quilt's faded patch-work, the teacups on the stand,
The wheel with flaxen tangle as it dropped from her sick hand!

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm morning light,
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of sound or sight?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten her bitter bread;
The world of the alien people lay behind her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-time: she saw the sun o'erflow
With gold the Basin of Minas and set over Gaspereau.

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea at flood
Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to upland wood;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's rise and fall,
The drift of the fog in moonshine over the dark coast wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song she sang,
And far-off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers rang!

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat smoothing the wrinkled sheet,
Peering into the face so helpless, and feeling the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and long abuse,
By care no longer heeded, and pity too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the mistress stepped,
Leaned over the head-board, covering his face with his hands, and wept.

Outspake the mother who watched him, sharply, with brow a-frown,
"What! love you the papist, the beggar, the charge of the town?"

"Be she papist or beggar, who lies here, I know and God knows
I love her, and fain would go with her wherever she goes!

"O mother! that sweet face came pleading, for love so athirst;
You saw but the town-charge; I knew her God's angel at first,,"

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed down a bitter cry;
And, awed by the silence and shadow of death drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible, but closer the young girl pressed,
With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross to her breast.

"My son, come away," cried the mother, her voice cruel grown;
"She is joined to her idols like Ephraim: let her alone!"

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his lips to her ear,
And he called back the soul that was passing: "Marguerite, do you hear?"

She paused on the threshold of heaven; love, pity, surprise,
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but never her cheek grew red,
And the words the living long for he spake in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard where buds to blossoms grew;
Of the folded hands and the still face, never the robins knew!

John G. Whittier.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

III.

BAD PRINT.

NO protest can be too earnest
against the manner in which
many books, especially school-books,
are printed. Surely, if an author's
work has any value, it deserves better
than to be sent forth in so poor a garb

What is worth printing at all, at least
as regards books intended to be con-
stantly used or extensively read, is
worth being well printed, with clear
type upon a fair page. Everything
should be done, so far as the arts may
serve the interests of learning and
science, to make study a pleasure in-

stead of rendering it an irksome and injurious task.

If and while eyes are strong, they may offer only feeble remonstrance against the harm they suffer in being forced to decipher that which had type, ink, and paper have combined to make illegible; but the day of reckoning comes at last, and many eyes must cease their labors, and many minds, full of useful projects, must abandon their plans, because the eyes, those long-enduring instruments of research, have given way to the continued strain to which they have been needlessly subjected.

WOUNDS AND INJURIES OF THE EYE.

The subject of accidental injuries of the eye is one of great importance, as the recovery or loss of sight may often depend on what is done immediately after the accident, before the eye is seen by a physician.

Travellers, especially by railroad, are liable to the lodgement of small particles of dust or cinders inside the lid or upon the front of the eyeball, causing great suffering. These should be removed as soon as possible, before the eye becomes excessively sensitive, and before they give rise to inflammation. Sometimes these foreign bodies are to be seen, on close inspection, lodged in the front of the cornea, where they are not felt when the eye is open, though every movement of the lid over them causes much pain. If not firmly imbedded they may be removed by means of a bit of wood, say a toothpick, sharpened to a flat point, or even by a camel's hair brush; but when forcibly implanted they are sometimes so firmly held in place that their extraction requires a skilful hand. When fixed in the centre of the cornea, with the dark pupil as background, they are frequently overlooked at a first inspection. If the foreign body is not found in this situation, it will be discovered, in nine cases out of ten, inside the upper eyelid, and generally at about the centre of the lid near its border. Thus placed, it scratches the cornea at each motion

of the lid or eyeball, and causes great irritation. Such particles once slightly imbedded in the membrane lining the lid may remain there a long time before being expelled by natural efforts.

If the eyelids are closed for a few minutes, soon after the entrance of the foreign body, so as to allow the tears to accumulate, and the skin at the centre of the upper lid is then taken hold of with the thumb and finger and drawn forward so as to lift the lid from the eyeball, the intruding particle is often washed away with the outflow of tears.

If relief is not obtained after two or three trials of this plan, and no physician is at hand, it will be best to ask a travelling companion to turn the lid and remove the offending substance. But if this should be a grain of light-colored dust or sand, good eyes or eye-glasses will be needed to detect it.

The upper eyelid may be easily turned by taking hold of the eyelashes and edge of the lid with the thumb and finger of the left hand and drawing the lid outwards and upwards, while at the same time a small pencil, a knitting-needle, or some similar thing held in the right hand is placed against the centre of the lid, pressing it backwards and downwards towards the eyeball. The person should look down, as this greatly facilitates the eversion of the lid, which may be easily accomplished if these directions are followed. The cinder or dust may then be wiped off with a handkerchief or the finger.

Smoothly worn bits of shell from the beach are sometimes inserted as "eye-stones," the popular idea being that they pursue the foreign body and bring it out, *vi et armis*. But these generally only add to the sufferer's discomfort; and in the few instances where their introduction is followed, after more or less delay, by the escape of the original intruding substance, they merely serve by their bulk to separate the eyelid from close contact with the globe and thus allow the sand or cinder to be washed from its position by the abundant tears. Much harm is often

done by their presence, the remedy proving even worse than the disease.

It is so common for machinists and stone-cutters to have atoms of metal driven into the cornea, that in most shops some one of the workmen acquires repute for a certain skill in removing them. But when the metal is deeply lodged their efforts often fail, and the cornea is sometimes injured by their attempts, or so much abraded that the eye becomes exquisitely sensitive, and when the sufferer applies for professional aid, it is almost impossible for him to keep the eye still enough to allow of the extraction of the metallic fragment. Sometimes etherization is necessary in such cases before the removal of the foreign body can be effected.

But workmen are also liable to far graver injuries, from bits of metal which penetrate the eyeball instead of lodging upon its surface. In using a hammer and cold-chisel small bits of steel are often broken from the edge of the tool and driven with great force into the eye. Having once passed through the tough external coats of the eyeball, there is little to prevent their going on to the very bottom of the eye. These accidents are very deceptive; the workman perhaps thinks his eye has only been hit, externally, by a bit of metal which he was chipping off; and as he feels at first very little pain, and his vision, it may be, is not much affected, he is unwilling to believe that anything has entered the globe. But if examined, conclusive traces are often found of the course of the missile towards the back of the eye; or it may sometimes be seen lodged in the iris or the crystalline lens; or the ophthalmoscope may even detect its presence in the deeper parts of the globe. Usually the man is soon convinced, by the continued irritability of the eye and the increasing failure of his sight, that his is more than an ordinary trivial injury.

Many eyes are yearly lost from bits of percussion-caps, which boys amuse themselves in exploding by carelessly striking them with a stone or hammer.

Such dangerous playthings should be absolutely forbidden.

In any of these cases no time should be lost before consulting a skilful oculist if possible; if not, the ablest medical practitioner within reach; as the chance not only of retaining any vision in the wounded eye, but of preserving it in the other, may depend on the advice given and the treatment adopted immediately after the injury. The possibility or expediency of the removal of the foreign body should be determined by a man of experience; as, if such a substance is allowed to remain in certain parts of the eyeball, it excites, in very many cases, a peculiar form of sympathetic inflammation in the other eye and destroys the sight.

Grains of powder are frequently driven into the eye by premature explosions, etc. If near the centre of the cornea and of some size, they should be carefully picked out, as far as may be, soon after the accident. But small particles may remain even in the cornea, without doing harm; and if they have been some time in the eye, they become incorporated in the surrounding tissues, and should not be disturbed unless they cause conspicuous deformity.

Burns, or injuries from acids or other chemical substances, or freezing of the cornea during exposure to intense cold, are usually followed by dangerous ulceration or even by complete loss of vitality in the cornea. Such cases should never be neglected.

Clean cuts of the eyeball, with sharp instruments or pieces of glass, even when quite large, often result in a good recovery. Lacerated wounds, made by blunt instruments, sticks, horns, and the like, terminate less favorably. In all these cases the friends of the injured person should avoid curious meddling with the eye "to see how much it is hurt," and it is well to keep both the eyes closed and quiet, as if asleep, that the wound may be as little disturbed as possible, until it can be seen by a physician. No other applications should be made than a thin

folded rag wet with cold water; close heavy bandages, which might press heavily upon the eye, and everything like poultices, being especially avoided. No eye-water, of any description, should be used, except under the direction of the medical adviser; for the redness and swelling of the eyeball and lids depend on the existence of the wound, and will subside as this is healed, but are not to be got rid of by mischievous activity in the use of such remedies as might be serviceable in a different form of inflammation.

Penetrating wounds of the eye from scissors, pin-darts, needles, etc., *may be* trivial, if the important internal parts are not involved; but they are often more serious than appears at first sight, and the fact that a child makes little complaint after such an injury should not put a parent off his guard. For in these cases, as in most lacerated wounds and those produced by blows from blunt objects, we have to fear, not merely loss of vision, but shrinking or deformity of the eyeball; and, what is far more serious, there is in many cases a risk of loss of the other eye from sympathetic inflammation. This last consequence is especially likely to happen if the injured eye continues irritable and sensitive, or if it becomes so after having been for a time free from active symptoms.

The very frequent occurrence of total loss of sight from sympathetic disease, coming on insidiously in the internal parts, and with very little warning, ought to be kept in view in every case of injury of the eyeball, until such time as the danger is pronounced by some competent authority to be past; and if threatening symptoms present themselves there should be no hesitation in sacrificing the injured globe, if necessary to the safety of the other eye.

SYMPATHETIC INFLAMMATION OF THE EYE.

When one eyeball has been seriously injured, or a foreign body remains within it, especially in the ciliary region, a little behind the line of union of the

transparent cornea with the sclera, or in some instances of displacement or disorganization of internal parts, the other eye, previously healthy, becomes affected with a slow internal inflammation of a most destructive nature.

The early symptoms are often so slight as not to attract notice, unless they have been watched for; and they are at length observed only too late for effective treatment, if they are looked for only in the uninjured eye. The first premonitory signs are to be seen in the eye which has been diseased or hurt, and it should be vigilantly watched as long as any sensitiveness lingers to justify suspicion.

Should warnings in the injured eye be disregarded, the other eye may begin to show a faint blush of redness just beyond the margin of the cornea; the movements of the pupil become sluggish; and it is perhaps found that vision is less good than usual in a feeble light. These changes increase, though varying and seeming to improve at times, until at last the eye becomes very red, watery, and perhaps painful, the pupil is closed by a deposit of opaque material, and the globe finally shrinks and is sightless.

Occasionally an eye escapes without loss of vision after these processes have begun, provided the injured eye, the source of the sympathetic irritation, is promptly removed; but it is best, where the state of the other eye indicates a tendency to mischief, not to wait for the appearance of even slight symptoms of disease in the sound eye, as, unfortunately, they cannot always be arrested, when once established, by even the promptest action on the part of the surgeon.

When an eyeball is removed under these circumstances, there is often an immediate sense of relief from dull pain which had previously existed in the eyes and forehead. The globe being enucleated without the removal of the muscles and other contents of the orbit, a sufficient support is left for an artificial eye. Though such an opera-

tion is formidable in anticipation, it is painless in execution after etherization, and the wound is readily healed, often within two or three days.

More or less serious changes may occur within the eye as the result of concussion, without external wound; as, for instance, from a hit by a cork from a bottle, the end of a whip-lash, a ball, or any other sudden shock. The anterior chamber, the space between the cornea and the iris, is often at once filled with blood, and vision temporarily lost; but the blood is reabsorbed and sight restored in a few days, if no other harm has been received. The iris may be partially torn or separated at its border, forming a second pupil, but not seriously damaging the visual functions. Sometimes the crystalline lens is dislocated, or the capsule enclosing it is ruptured. This may lead to inflammation, by pressure upon neighboring sensitive parts; or, where no change is immediately apparent, may result in the formation of cataract, the lens gradually becoming cloudy within a few months; or the retina may be separated from its connections, and its perceptive faculty destroyed. As in any such injury from concussion there is a possibility of sympathetic ophthalmia at a subsequent period, all such cases should receive careful attention.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

When vision is lost in one eye, and the globe is more or less disfigured or shrunken, a person is often desirous to conceal the deformity, in order not to attract notice and to restore the natural expression of the features.

An artificial eye may be worn when the eyeball is but slightly lessened in size, or when the globe has been removed; but the most favorable condition for its use is where the anterior parts of the eye have been destroyed or removed, leaving a somewhat diminished globe, to which the muscles remain attached. It is important that no extensive adhesions should exist between the eyeball and the lids.

Artificial eyes are in the form of a

thin shell, made of a sort of glass termed enamel, and as light as possible, that they may be moved readily by the muscles of the globe in harmony with the movements of the other eye. They should not be too large, as in this case their movements will be limited. The form should be adapted to that of the socket in which they are to be worn, their edge not pressing too much against any part of it. They should appear, when worn, a little smaller, rather than larger, than the other eye, as a staring look is thus avoided. In color and in size of the iris and pupil they should correspond as nearly as possible with the other eye; but a difference of color is of less importance than to have the eye of a form and size which will be comfortable and movable.

Very slight differences greatly alter the effect of the eye when inserted. It is therefore very difficult to obtain a suitably fitting eye, except by personal selection from a large number of specimens; and, if once well fitted, a person would do well to order other eyes of the same pattern, otherwise it may not be easy to replace an eye with another as well adapted, when the first becomes rough or is broken.

Like other modern substitutes for natural deficiencies, — hair, teeth, wooden legs, etc., — artificial eyes should be laid aside at night. In fact, it is well to take them out occasionally in the daytime and bathe the orbital cavity, in order to avoid the slight irritation caused by their constant presence, and to preserve the eyes from becoming roughened by constant soaking in the tears and other discharges. But even with these precautions, the surface of the enamel loses its polish after a while, usually in from one to three years, and the eye must then be exchanged for another. If worn after becoming rough, the secretions from the lining of the cavity are greatly increased, and it becomes inflamed and covered with fungous granulations to such an extent that the artificial eye can no longer be introduced. But these granulations, how-

ever large, must be left to shrink away under the soothing effect of frequent lotions with water or other mild means. If they are cut off, the cavity is almost always rendered smaller, and subsequently will not admit the false eye. Of course, in these circumstances, the eye must be laid aside until the recovery of the healthy condition.

Where a good fit, well matched with the other eye, is obtained, artificial eyes are not to be detected by an ordinary observer, and they restore good looks and a natural expression to the face so completely that after a time even a person's friends forget the counterfeited. They require care, however, both in their selection and use, and those to whom looks are a matter of slight consideration sometimes find them more trouble and expense than they think them worth.

CREDULITY AND PRESUMPTION IN REGARD TO THE EYE.

The willingness of the public to patronize pretended oculists, and to recommend certain popular remedies as being infallible for the cure of eye-disease, is a source of pain to every one who witnesses in our hospitals and blind asylums the lamentable consequences. Intelligent people would be slow to confide their important business, their farms and merchandise, to the hands of travelling lawyers of uncertain reputation, whom they saw for the first time and never expected to see again; yet they intrust their eyes, worth more than house or lands, to the care of roaming pretenders, whose own assurances are the only warrant of their skill, and who, when their ignorance

and failures become too glaringly evident in one place, flee into another. Or, again, a mother thinks it no harm to follow the recommendation of nurse or neighbor, and apply a poultice to the inflamed eyelids of her babe, little dreaming that in so doing she is dooming it to blindness, and never asking herself how much the presumptuous adviser could know about the matter. An individual who has suffered from some affection of the eye, and found relief in a certain remedy, too often seems to feel himself authorized to advise all the rest of mankind attacked with eye disease to use the wonderful specific to which he ascribes his cure. One person spoils the eye of a friend's child by recommending a wash containing sugar of lead. Another, equally ignorant where he assumes to be wise, destroys sight by advising in a case of internal disease a wholly inappropriate eye-water, because it had suited his own case of external inflammation.

The dictates of good sense would really seem to be forgotten where the eye is in question; for surely, if there be any faculty of the body of pre-eminent importance and value, it is the faculty of seeing; and if there be any organ whose delicate and intricate structure demands the most patient and intelligent study and finished skill for its proper comprehension and successful management, it is the organ of vision. Yet this seems to be a lesson which the community is most unwilling to learn; and multitudes of eyes, too valuable to be thus thrown away, are sacrificed to ignorance and neglect.

Henry W. Williams, M. D.

SHODDY.

AFTER the firing on Fort Sumter had proved the malignity of the Rebel feeling, there was a general burst of patriotism out of the depths of the nation's heroic heart, which seemingly swept into its current and overwhelmed in its flood every mean prejudice and huckstering policy and selfish impulse on the surface of the public mind; but events soon proved that while honest men were eager to sacrifice everything for the country, knaves were scheming to make money out of the country's necessities, and coolly seizing on the very disinterestedness of their nobler neighbors as an excellent occasion to glut their ravenous greed. The marvels of moral inspiration all round them, emancipating men from the dominion of mercenary motives, only seemed to sharpen their vulpine minds and intensify their wolfish instincts; and to prey on the patriotism they disdained to emulate became the one object of their ambition. To pillage the government which they would not defend, and swindle the soldiers whose breasts shielded *them* from pillage, seemed a proper exercise of their peculiar gifts, while the nation, realizing the vision of the poet, "was rousing herself, like a strong man out of his sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." Soon came the cry from the camps that cheats at home were thriving on the miseries of the volunteers; that the soldier starved in order that the contractor might feast; especially that the defenders of the nation, hurrying from their homes to insure safety to the homes of their plunderers, were so sleazily clothed that they were literally "left naked to their enemies"; and a word of ominous and infamous significance, a word in which is concentrated more wrath and wretchedness than any other in the vocabulary of the camp, the word "shoddy," flew into general circulation, to embody

the soldier's anathema on the soldier's scourge.

But it seems to us that a word of such ill repute should not be confined to one class of offences, but should be extended to follies, errors, vices, and policies which, though they boast of softer names, illustrate the same essential quality. For what is the essential characteristic of shoddy clothing? Is it not this, that it will not *wear*? In its outside appearance it mimics good cloth, but use quickly reduces it to its elemental rags. Now, it might be asked, have we, in our experience during the past ten years, been deceived by no other plausible mockeries of reality than shoddy uniforms? Have we not all, more or less, been wearing shoddy clothing on our minds and consciences? Have we not seen it fall into shreds and tatters with perhaps only a week's use? And have we not quickly replaced the sleazy garment of opinion and prejudice with one only a little less "ready made," anxious at all events not to be clad in the well-woven cloth of enduring principle? Is shoddy, in fact, anything more than a superficial symbol of a deep-seated moral disease? Shoddy in business everybody detects and denounces; let us see if we have not been fooled as much by shoddy politics, shoddy generalship, shoddy literature, shoddy ethics, and—shall I say it?—shoddy religion. In all these great instrumentalities of individual and national well-being have we always selected those which will stand the test of experience,—which will wear?

And first for our politics, and our politics in connection with the Confederate War. If there ever was an occasion in the history of nations when the national heart should have given depth and sagacity to the national mind, when principle should have been identified with policy and impassioned purpose

with practical performance, it was on the breaking out of that contest in which a perjured horde of slaveholders and liberticides attempted to destroy a republic and give the law to a continent. The crime was patent. It was stigmatized by all codes as the blackest of all iniquities. Yet through what confusing and slippery expedients did our policy stagger and stumble on before we reached the principle which should have guided us at the start! One is reminded of the story of the Englishman, who, riding in a remote Devonshire lane, came upon a swampy-looking place, and said to a rustic who was near, "I say, is there a good firm bottom here?" "O yeas, sir," was the reply, "that there be." He rode on, and soon plunged up to the horse's girths. "Hilloa, you rascal, did n't you tell me there was a good firm bottom?" "Soa there be, sir, when you come to it, but you beant half-ways to the bottom yet." That we might have avoided the swamp altogether is one of the plainest teachings of our exasperating experience in the mud! We were driven into ideas by the drift of events, instead of shaping events by the insight and foresight of ideas. The fault was in no particular man, but in the public mind, which could be taught to distrust shoddy maxims and shoddy expedients by no masters less austere than disaster and defeat.

Perhaps the most mischievous of these maxims was that which attempted to conceal the real nature of the late civil war by inculcating a superficial view of slavery, its real *cause*. There is, it may be said here, a class of persons who resent the intrusion into politics of a moral principle. They believe it has no business there, and they fear it will bite them; they go for the dear, old comfortable shams and lies on which, as they think, the safety of society reposes; and accordingly it is common even now to hear intelligent and worthy people assert that the whole outburst, which rent the continent like a convulsion of nature, was produced by a few Southern nullifiers

and a few Northern abolitionists; and that, if Calhoun and his set and Garrison and his set had been hanged at the start, honest men, who did n't care a straw for the matter they squabbled about, would have trudged peacefully on in their honest business, unvexed by any disturbance. Such reasoning as this seems founded on the precedent of the honest Hibernian, who, sweating at his work, indignantly smashed the thermometer, and then boasted that he had "killed the baste which made the weather so hot!" Indeed, this theory of the cause of the war seems to us as reasonable as it would be to seek the cause of an eruption of Vesuvius in a piece of the lava shot from its flaming mouth. The war was not only produced by slavery, but it was a perfectly logical and necessary result of the development of the principles inherent in that peculiar institution. Indeed, the principles on which a society is organized ever dictate the course both of its politics and politicians. Men are but the accidents and instruments of the system; and the course adopted by the leaders of the Southern slave aristocracy was one into which they were forced by the necessities of their system, and which we Northerners would have followed had we been in their place, and had we agreed in their views. Calhoun and McDuffie, Davis, Yancey, Toombs, and Mason, were but top twigs of that Upas-tree whose roots ran under the whole Southern soil.

If, then, we fasten our attention on the development of this system of slavery, passing over the persons accidentally connected with it, we shall find, independent of all philanthropic considerations, that its death was from the start the condition of national life; that it was more important to kill *it* than to hang *them*; and that it would be better that a thousand Jefferson Davises should live than that one infectious vice of slavery should be allowed to survive its legal abolition. The people of the States early discovered that the country was a geo-

graphical unit, and should be, for all general purposes, a political unit. The nation, an infant Hercules in all but this, that it did not strangle the serpents that strayed into its cradle, compromised with slavery on the implied condition that it should creep into a corner and die, giving little practical heed to the poisonous vitality of its animating principle. Accordingly, the Constitution, which seemingly made North and South one people, did not prevent the growth of those organic germs which really made them two communities, — communities guided by different ideas, impelled by different passions, a thousand miles apart in space, a thousand years apart in time, and sure to clash the moment they really came together, and the grown giant of Freedom met the grown giant of Slavery face to face. The terms of the written Constitution could only postpone the unavoidable collision; for written constitutions are efficient only when they reflect the unwritten laws of national habits, customs, sentiments, ideas, and character; and in their practical administration they are ever bent into the service of the great organic forces of the national life. In our country this is done by a process of legislative and judicial "interpretation" and "construction"; but these words could conceal from no intelligent politician the fact that the Constitution has repeatedly changed, without being constitutionally "amended," even if the shriek of the defeated party, that the Constitution was violated, did not constantly inform us of it. Now the method by which the Southern section of the United States changed the Constitution was by forcing its own ideas into the words of that instrument, — dosing it, in fact, with "plantation bitters," and then threatening secession in case its construction was denied. It plainly said that it would belong to no government it could not rule, and dignified this impudence by calling it by the name of Southern Rights. Every instructed man knew that, entirely independent of the Constitution, the

"rights" of the South were recognized only so far as the "power" of the South was felt in Congress, and, in consequence of its power in Congress, on the decisions of the Supreme Court.

But why would the Southern States belong to no government they could not rule? It was because the South had sacrificed the interests of all other classes of Southern society to the slaveholding class; had organized its local governments on the basis of slavery; had fully committed itself to all the measures, no matter how absurd and atrocious, which that system dictated; and well knew that, if it could not wield the forces of the national government in aid of the institution of slavery, they would inevitably be directed against it. For the law which limits the profitableness of slave labor is as inexorable as any other law of political economy. It demands, against the interests and rights of human nature itself, that population shall be scanty and the area of territory large; and, as population increases, it exacts that the territory shall be correspondingly extended. The perpetuity of slavery was therefore inextricably connected with its spread, its indefinite preservation with its indefinite extension. To limit it was to ask it to die by inches. Calhoun long ago said that, if it perished at all, it would perish in a convulsion. The cry of "Liberty national, slavery local," contained its doom, for "liberty national" would, without touching a local law, have eventually made liberty local, by the peaceful operation of the law of population. But slavery national, which was necessary for its continued existence, made the free States accomplices in its extension; and it was inevitable that this fact should rouse a twofold opposition at the North, — an opposition of interest against the increase of the political power of slavery, and an opposition of conscience against its iniquity. As the development of slavery was the necessity of its existence, so the development of an opposition to it was a necessity of the existence of freedom.

The conflict came in the natural order of events. Individual statesmen may have postponed or hastened, but they could neither produce nor prevent it. Its causes were down deep in the instincts, passions, and ideas of the two societies which it brought into collision. Compromise and concession, though carried to their most cowardly extremes, would at last have been compelled to face demands which would have stung cowardice itself into the utterance of a heroic "No!"

Think of it; the nation, homogeneous but for one institution, became heterogeneous through that institution. We could easily mould into our free system Irishmen, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Italians, even Chinamen, but we could not mould slaveholders into it. A form of labor was more than a match for the assimilating genius which was peacefully fusing into one grand nationality the most various and discordant races. It was therefore inevitable that we must remove what refused to be assimilated, or be assimilated by it. It was a dragon in the path of our national progress, and our only choice lay between slaying the monster and being devoured by it!

The opposition to slavery, because of its principle, was confined to a few. The opposition to the logical development of that principle in slavery extension included large and continually increasing masses of the population. But if the death-grapple of the two principles had not occurred on that question, had concession or compromise patched up that cause of disturbance, it would have occurred on some other demand of slavery, — such as the reopening of the slave-trade, — on which no concession or compromise was possible; for it is not to be supposed that we could have gone on forever, in keeping the favor of the South, as the patient wife of the legend kept the favor of her husband by doing all that pleased him and enduring all that displeased her. The fundamental fact to be considered is this, that the South, having come to the conclusion that

its great interest was slavery, having bullied Southern ethics, philosophy, and religion into declaring that slavery was reasonable and right, and having debauched education into a school where moral darkness was, on this point, taught as a duty, it was bound to stop at no absurdity and no atrocity which was a logical step in the development of its organic principle. It therefore seems to us that all our attempts, in the early part of the war, to blink the radical facts and principles of the case, to substitute plausibilities for realities, to shirk the grim duty for the amiable counterfeit, and to pour ever anew the waters of concession into the bottomless buckets of expediency, — that all these were but indications that the element of shoddy was in our politics. The cloth looked well, but it could not, and was not made to, stand the wear and tear of experience.

The essential mischief of this shoddy clothing for the popular mind is due, in a great degree, to the name it assumes. It eludes the grip of thought by calling itself common sense. If its object were to distinguish itself thus from real sense, its modesty might be commended; but when its purpose palpably is to point the finger at all clear perception and sound thinking, its impudence merits the rod. Common sense, in its just meaning, is that sense which one mind holds in common with all others. It is thus the intellectual bond of the human race. It is the effect of a combination of the instincts of the general reason with the results of the general experience. We all cry "halves" in it. It is my sense because it is yours, and yours because it is mine. Sydney Smith playfully says that common sense was invented by Socrates, that philosopher having been one of its most conspicuous exemplars, in conducting the contest of practical sagacity against stupid prejudice and illusory beliefs. It is also of the essence of common sense, that it understands that occasions will not wait, and must be seized at the instant they occur. We all remember the story of the negro soldier

who, in one of our Western battles, came up with a retreating Rebel officer and bade him surrender. "I never will surrender to a nigger," was the haughty reply. "Very sorry, massa," said the negro, pointing his rifle at him, "must kill you den; have n't time to go back and get a white man." There is wisdom in this for certain of our politicians, who have let some splendid opportunities slip, in their fastidious taste for white men to do the business.

The meaning of common sense, then, is plain; but how often do we use the term as a cover for common nonsense, the nonsense which one mind has in common with others; or, what is worse, as a convenient phrase to impart dignity to any narrow opinion or obstinate misjudgment or foolish crochet, which we may personally pamper and pride ourselves upon, and thus give to our private whim the character of a universal belief. This shoddy common sense is the most detestable of all forms of nonsense. For example, a philosophic statesman, with the sense to search into the law of events, offends my superficial notions or party creed, and I answer him with a passionate or pitying, "Pooh! the fellow has no common sense!" Another, comprehensively grasping a dozen or fifty facts and relations, links them in a chain of reasoning which I have n't the brains to follow; and, holding fast to my one fact, and making that the measure of all things, I shout, "Abstractionist! no common sense!" Another still thinks it is folly to let your enemies have the exclusive advantage of the labor and the lives of those who are naturally your friends, and that the negro's vote may be as necessary to our safety as the negro's musket has proved to be; and I, in my lofty scorn of "niggers," taunt him with the question: "Now, you miserable fanatic, why don't you take a common-sense view of the matter?" In this way I may do all I can to expel sense from the world, and put nonsense in its place, while I am perhaps all the while felicitating myself that human reason

is my debtor, and that with my decrease wisdom will make her disastrous exit from an unappreciating world.

Now in a republican government this mass of error, wilfulness, passion, narrow-mindedness, self-conceit, and self-deceit, which calls itself common sense, insists on having itself respected by the administration and represented in it. President Lincoln, that miracle and martyr of clemency, who not only seemed to have no malignity in his own nature, but to lack the perception of it in others, early took the ground that he must not only obey the impulses of the heroic popular heart, but must defer to whatever wrong-headedness there might be in the prejudiced popular mind. Well, we were indulged in that meanest and most expensive of all luxuries,—we had our prejudices petted, and it cost us millions of treasure and torrents of blood! There was a time, during the war, when domestic defeat and foreign intervention threatened our Republic with extinction; and had it been destroyed, its epitaph in history would have been, "Died of want of will and want of brains!"

See also how this shoddy element was projected into our generalship as well as into our statesmanship. Our military leaders were captains and colonels suddenly raised to be commanders of great armies; and we immediately treated them as though they were extemporized Napoleons and Fredericks. Our civil war, indeed, stands out from all other wars in history as having given birth to the "edited" Major-General; that is, to the hero created by the newspaper correspondent. "We keeps a poet," said the proprietors of Day and Martin's blacking; "We keeps a reporter," might have been said by the manufactured celebrities of some of our camps. But the rarity of the highest military genius was unaffected by these generous puffers of mediocrity. Though the world has been fighting ever since it was created, it has succeeded in producing only five generals of the first class, namely, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Freder-

ick, and Napoleon ; and certainly our war has not added a sixth to the list. On the sea, however, it may be said we had, in Farragut, the most skilful and heroic naval commander of all time,—the man who did the most difficult things ever done with ships, with the most marvellous combination of science, genius, and dash ;

“The Viking of our Western clime,
Who made his mast a throne !”

To generals of the more numerous second class, the Scipios, the Pompeys, the Wallensteins, the Turennes, the Condés, the Marlboroughs, the Wellingtons, we have probably added two, Grant and Sherman ; and Grant we thought a blunderer, and Sherman we thought insane, at the time we looked at men and things through shoddy spectacles. But a man may not be even a general of the second class, and yet be a man of great ability, and fully competent to lead an army to victory. The trouble with us was that, after the first disappointment of our unreasonable expectations, we fell into the habit of judging our generals, not by their generalship, but by the notions they entertained on certain matters connected with the passions of conservatism or the passions of philanthropy ; and we turned even our camps into debating societies, discussing the merits of their chairman, the general in command. The question whether a commander had the resolution and the resource, the quick eye, steady hand, and fertile brain of the accomplished soldier, was subordinated to the question whether he was “sound on the goose.” Nobody could behave so badly but he had a party ready to prove that his failures showed more genius than other men’s triumphs ; and the incompetents perfectly understood the game. Thus one general was defeated in a battle, and he hastened to inform us that he went for “the vigorous prosecution of the war” ; another surrendered a great strategic point, and he vehemently asserted his intention never to surrender “the principle of emancipation” ; another lost a campaign, and then en-

lightened us by an elaborate essay on “the constitutional rights of the South.” Now we have a democratic bitterness of contempt against that custom in corrupt monarchies of putting the favorite of the monarch, or the favorite of the monarch’s favorite, at the head of the force which is to sustain the honor of the nation, as when Louis the Fifteenth’s Madame de Pompadour sent Prince Soubise, with a large French army, to be ignominiously routed at Rosbach by Frederick the Great ; but we do the same thing when we force on an administration a general whose competency for command consists in his being a reflection of our party feelings and a courtier of the people.

Those who watched the surface of our “society” during the progress of the late civil war were wont to make themselves mad or merry over the sudden rush into social eminence of new millionnaires. The old aristocracy of wealth tried to distinguish itself from these *parvenus* of Plutus, these mushrooms of Mammon, by fixing on them the nickname of the aristocracy of shoddy, refusing to be softened by the glint of its satin or the dazzle of its diamonds. Fashion, as the supercilious custodian of manners and civilization, lifted its eye-glass to survey these bold intruders from unknown depths in the social scale, and pronounced them barbaric, though in broadcloth, and savage, though in silks. It is well, perhaps, to receive with caution this verdict of dandyism ; for of all adepts in impertinence the most accomplished are the nominal professors of politeness. We all originally came from the woods ; it is hard to eradicate from any of us the old taste for the tattoo and the war-paint ; and the moment money gets into our pockets, it somehow or another breaks out in ornaments on our persons, without always giving refinement to our manners. Hence the prodigies of vulgar ostentation which accompanied and followed the horrors of our battle-fields, and the fierce scramble for wealth which threw into stronger contrast the sacrifices of our patriot-

ism. The larger portion of this new wealth, however, has been the production of individual genius and enterprise; and has not only more than offset the waste of war, but it supplied war with one of her two main sinews of "iron and gold." The true shoddy wealth is that which has been acquired by dishonest practices and reckless speculations, and which, though it has transferred money from one individual to another, and generally from the honest man to the trickster, has not added a dollar to the wealth of the nation. The actors in some of these so-called "enterprises" bring to mind the anecdote of the man who professed his intention to go West and open a jeweller's shop. "What is your capital?" he was asked. "A crow-bar," was his reply; "can't I open a jeweller's shop with that?" The last ten years have been fertile in examples of this burglary calling itself business. The swindling shoddy companies which have been started for the mere purpose of plunder put to shame the inferior contrivances of professional thieves. A French agrarian theorizer defined property as theft. Could he have come to the United States, he might have pointed to some fortunes which verify his definition to the letter. This speculation appeared all the worse when it followed in the path of our armies, and put on airs of patriotism, while it dabbled in cotton and sugar. "How did you get this fine house, these splendid grounds, these superb horses?" was asked of a patriot who had left the army. "O, you know I went out to New Orleans as adjutant of that regiment, and had opportunities to operate in sugar. Made a fine thing of it, I can tell *you*! Had n't a cent when I left, and am now worth a hundred thousand dollars." "But what made you leave the army?" "O, when Lincoln issued that infernal Proclamation of Emancipation I threw up my commission! I was n't a going to *fight* for them blasted niggers!" We are happy to say that this gentleman still enjoys his well-earned fortune!

But a great many of the sudden for-

tunes made by the war were the results of the development of new sources of national wealth. Petroleum, for instance, in spite of all the rascalities connected with it, has grown, since the war began, from comparatively nothing to an annual product of some thirty millions; and to the future historian of our society no story will be more significant than that told of the young woman, who, being reproved by a despairing lover for rejecting him three days after she had pledged to him her heart and hand, answered loftily, "Why, since I accepted you, dad's struck ile!" Now the "dads" that strike "ile" are infinitely of more importance to the country than the dandies who set fashions. There is a wretched cant current in certain circles, which professes a kind of sentimental horror of the material advancement of the nation at the expense of its intellectual progress; but it will be generally found that this genteel contempt of wealth is one of the luxuries of the rich, and is drawled out by *blasés* in purple, not by workers in homespun. Seneca, with two millions out at usury, can afford to chant the praises of poverty; but for our own part, we prefer the fine extravagance of that philosopher, who declared "that no man was as rich as all men ought to be." For what does competency, in the long run, mean? It means, to all reasonable beings, cleanliness of person, decency of dress, courtesy of manners, opportunities for education, the delights of leisure, and the bliss of giving.

The truth is that all countries, even England, France, and America, are, when their population is considered as a whole, relatively poor. The creation of wealth has nowhere much more than kept pace with the increase of population, and therefore no people has as yet attained that position of physical comfort which would allow free play to their intellectual and moral energies. In this country, where nearly forty millions of inhabitants are spread over a territory of over three millions of square miles, there is hope

that, by the application of science and inventive art, of capital and labor, to the unbounded, undeveloped wealth of the nation, the people, as a people, may get ahead of their daily necessities, force nature to yield greater products with less manual toil, substitute more and more labor-doing machines for laborers, and lift the whole population to a condition of material well-being which will literally make them masters of the situation. Once establish a people on this vantage-ground, and they will develop an amount of morality and creative intelligence, which will not only solve the problem of Malthus, but prevent them from ever falling back into poverty and destitution. It is for this reason that we cannot do too much honor to the creators of new wealth, to the Watts, the Arkwrights, the Stephenson, the Fultons, the Whitneys, the Goodyears, the Howes, the Bigelows, and the whole glorious brotherhood of industrial inventors. They outweigh in importance all the so-called cultivated society in the world, for, without them, cultivated society could have no existence. Take, for example, Henry Cort, the "Tubal Cain of England," whose machines created the iron manufacture of Great Britain. It is computed that his inventions have added £600,000,000 to the wealth of that nation, — a sum which is about five hundred millions of dollars more than our present national debt. What English lord, what English statesman, what leader of fashion, can afford to sneer at such a record as that? Again, Bessemer's process of making steel, a comparatively recent invention, is said to have added £200,000,000 to the wealth of Great Britain. The name of William Pitt, the haughty antagonist of Napoleon, occupies in history a more eminent position than that of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, who gave to Great Britain a power now representing a force equal to the manual labor of four hundred millions of men, or twice the number of male workmen on the face of the globe; but it al-

ways seemed to us that the peculiarity of Pitt, the uninventive head of "his Majesty's government" for so many years, consisted in this, that, with all his extravagance, he could not squander the national wealth as fast as James Watt created it. His part in developing the national resources, high as history estimates it, reminds one of the statement in Scott's novel of "The Pirate," that Mordaunt and Magnus Troil sat down to drink brandy and water, — that is, adds Scott, Magnus drank the brandy and Mordaunt the water.

Of the enormous undeveloped resources of the United States it is difficult to speak without an appearance of exaggeration. The taxable value, which all men of property well know is always far below the exchangeable value, of all the property in the United States was, in 1860, in round numbers, \$16,100,000,000, showing a rate of increase, in ten years, of a fraction over one hundred and twenty-six per cent. It has been computed that if this rate is preserved through the next four decades, the taxable value of the United States would, in 1870, be \$36,500,000,000, in 1880, \$82,800,000,000; in 1890, \$187,300,000,000; in 1900, \$423,300,000,000; — an increase of wealth which will be over eight times our estimated increase in population. Vast as these sums appear, drowning in their sound all shoddy groans over our predicted financial ruin, and making our big debt of two billions and a half shrink by comparison into dwarf-like dimensions, there is no reason that they should not be realized, provided the brain of the nation adequately seconds its hands. Massachusetts, with an area of only 7,800 square miles, now owns a seventeenth of the whole taxable property of the nation. If the other States, with greater natural advantages, should increase, during the next thirty years, so that their wealth should bear the same proportion to the square mile of territory which the wealth of Massachusetts now does, the property of the nation in 1900 will be \$415,000,000,000.

Massachusetts now has machines which are said to represent the labor of a hundred millions of men. When the Constitution was established, and the South was granted representation in Congress according to three fifths of its labor-doing machines, the slaves, it was not dreamed that in less than ninety years one State would have labor-doing machines nearly equal to three times the population of both North and South, and equal to thirty times the whole slave population. Indeed, only let us have here an increasing throng of inventors of new methods for economizing labor, and discoverers and openers of new sources of national wealth, only let us have industry, skill, science, and genius combined, and the future of this continent is secure. We don't care if these industrial inventors are individually selfish, for we know they cannot help being benefactors of the community. We don't grudge their being individually rich, for we know that for every dollar they retain for themselves they give hundreds of thousands to the nation. And even if some of them be cursed with a foolish love of display, bespangle their clumsy persons with costly trinkets, and build palaces which only make their unpalatial manners more conspicuous, we still feel no temptation to taunt them as shoddy aristocrats; for beneath their weaknesses we discern minds which rightly claim our admiration and gratitude, — minds that force from niggard Nature her hoarded treasures, minds that wring from reluctant Nature her dearest secrets!

In passing to the consideration of the shoddy element in literature, the first thing which arrests the attention is the romance of rascality and the novel of sensation. The authors of these seem to plunge into the records of the criminal courts in search of their plots and characters, and such "swells" as Pelham and Pendennis give place to ruffians of the swell mob. The two chief elements of interest are bigamy and murder. In the old sentimental novel the heroine went through three volumes of difficulties to get one hus-

band; now, as in Miss Braddon's "Aurora Floyd," she begins with two, and devotes her energies through the three volumes to the getting rid of the superfluous one. And then the indifference to human life displayed by these romancers really demands the attention of the literary police. Thus if a character is in their way, or if they get tired of him, they coolly run him through the body with a goose-quill, and literally blot him out of existence, thus furnishing a new proof that "the pen is mightier than the sword." All their power is of the blood-letting, brain-shattering, teeth-gnashing, and interjectional sort. Strange that in a war so prolific in heroism as that we have gone through, with the newspapers crammed with incidents that exceed in interest the marvels of fiction, there should be found any class of our society that should go to such horrible trash as the literature of yellow covers for mental excitement! Nothing lives in literature but that which has in it the vitality of creative art; and it would be safe advice to the young to read nothing but what is old. In this way they would at least avoid being swindled by the perishable shoddy of the mind, which now woos their attention in the slop-shops of letters. The stuff will not wear; and if a person could only see his own mind, with the rags of these suits hanging loose on his thoughts and affections, he would start back amazed at the intellectual scarecrow he was made to appear.

But we fear the term "shoddy" cannot be confined to this kind of literature, but must be extended to many weak though well-intentioned volumes which propose a moral and religious aim. These books have a painfully childish and "do-me-good" air, and, while they evince a parrot-like memory of moral truisms and religious phrases, are without an atom of moral vitality and spiritual might. They superficialize the most important principles, are the mere shoddy covering of commonplace morality and lip religion, the text-books whence are drawn the ethics of weak-

lings and the theology of hypocrites. Good books are never written by "goodies"; and great ideas which represent the deepest facts of life, and which, when wielded by strong souls, communicate inspiration to the heart and power to the will, are soon shorn of their vitality, and dwindle into mere mockeries of spiritual experience, when manufactured mechanically for the religious market.

The literature of religion, so rich in works of religious genius, is strangely neglected in our day for the latest lifeless production of religious mediocrity. In this department of literature, as in all other departments, the test to be applied is vitality,—the positive communication to the recipient mind of new life and energy, so that the increase of power keeps pace with the increase of knowledge, and the intelligence is not only broadened and brightened, but the whole nature kindled, invigorated, and cheered. All moral books that do not do this are but the flimsy fabrications of shoddy, and, in Dr. Bushnell's phrase, may produce Christian mushrooms, but never Christian men. In seeing one of these sleazy professors of outside piety and inside nervelessness, one is inclined to exclaim with the satirist, "There is a point, sir, where religion ceases to be a virtue, and that is just the point where you take it up."

This superficial morality and religion looks all the more feeble when we consider the grim practical problem to be solved by Christianity. The question whether human life is a blessing is, should we take the votes of all human beings on the point, still a matter of controversy. Is the statement doubted? Let us refer, in confirmation of it, to a historical fact which appears to us of the profoundest significance. Seven centuries before the Christian era a prince of one of the royal families of India, having exhausted, in his twenty-ninth year, all the pleasures of the world, and having in him one of the deepest, most comprehensive, and most creative of human

intellects, suddenly abandoned in disgust his palace, his family, his treasures, and his state; took the name of Gotama, which means, "he who kills the senses"; became a religious mendicant; walked about in a shroud taken from the dead body of a female slave; taught, preached, and gathered about him a body of enthusiastic disciples, bound together by the most efficient of all ecclesiastical organizations; dictated or inspired works which, as now published by the Chinese government in four languages, occupy eight hundred volumes; and died at the age of eighty, the founder of the Buddhist religion. Compared with this man, Mahomet was an ignorant and ferocious barbarian; and the proudest names in Western philosophy lose a little of their lustre when placed by the side of this thinker, who grappled with the greatest problems of existence with the mightiest force of conception and reasoning. As a philosopher, he anticipated both the idealism of Berkeley and the positivism of Comte; as a political thinker, he anticipated the noblest truth of our "Declaration of Independence," and twenty-five hundred years ago taught, against the caste system of India, the doctrine of the equality of men; and, in that region of influence, higher than that in which either philosophy or statesmanship works, he founded a religion which is now professed by two fifths of the human race, and which thus exceeds, in the number of its votaries, that of any other religion in the world. Buddhism has been corrupted by a fantastic mythology, but its essential principle, derived from its founder's disgust of existence, is, that life is not worth living, and that the extinction of life is the highest reward of virtue. To pass, in the next world, through various penal or purifying transmigrations, until you reach the bliss of Nirwana, or mere nothingness and nonentity, that is the Buddhist religion. We have said that it was professed by two fifths of the human race, but its fundamental principle, that life is not worth living,

is believed, if not professed, by a large majority of mankind. Not to speak of the hundreds of wailing books which misanthropic genius has contributed to all modern literatures, not to remind the reader that the Buddhist Byron is the most popular British poet of the century, that person must have been singularly blessed with cheerful companions who has not met followers of Gotama among the nominal believers in Christ. The infection of the doctrine as an interpretation of human experience is so great, that comparatively few have altogether escaped its influence. In basing his religion on this disease of human nature, Gotama showed profounder sagacity than that evinced by any other founder of a false religion; and in the East this disease presented its most despairing phase, for there weariness of life was associated both with the satiety of the rich and the wretchedness of the poor.

But whence comes this disgust of life? We answer, from the comparative absence of life. No man feels it who feels the abounding reality of spiritual existence glowing within him; for rightly sings the poet,

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

"'T is life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that we want!"

But this disgust of life comes with the decay of vitality; it comes with the experience that the inward strength is weak before the outward obstacle; it comes with the cares, perplexities, sorrows, failures, disappointments, deceptions, and *ennui* of the world. How, — and here is the essential question, — how is this vitality to be preserved and increased? The answer is, Activity for an object; for the mind grows by the vigorous assimilation of food which is external to the mind, and eats itself into leanness and imbecility when forced back on itself for nutriment. But, it may be objected, do not most

men exercise activity for objects? Yes, but the objects belong to that large class of things which allure in the pursuit, but do not satisfy in the possession. In other words, they do not *wear*, — they are shoddy. Hence dissatisfaction, discontent, disbelief, mental weariness, moral disgust. Now the Christian religion, the religion of life, is, in its spirit and essence, the exact opposite of Buddhism, the religion of death. When it is the object of the mind's activity, it overcomes disgust of life by the positive communication of life. But what if your Christian teaching is lifeless? What if you eat husks instead of bread? What if the Christian books you read are not reservoirs of spiritual vitality, but receptacles of juiceless commonplaces? You will then be Buddhists, though you may boast of sending missionaries to Burmah and thank Heaven you were born in a Christian land; for shoddy is shoddy all the world over, and the vital laws which make existence a blessing or a plague cannot be balked.

Thus, in whatever direction we look, we detect this pernicious element at work, waging continual war against the creative forces of civilization. In politics, it substitutes expedients for principles; in generalship, bulletins for abilities; in society, manners for merit; in business, trick for enterprise; in literature, form for substance and puerilities for power; in morals and religion, truisms for truths, shadows for substance, memory for insight, the discipline of death for the communication of life. In all it shows itself capable of producing nothing which is not a tissue of woven lies, and which does not drop into dishonored rags as soon as it is put to the test of use. And it is not the least of the compensations of the terrible war through which we have passed that it has taught us, in letters of fire and blood, the policy of freedom, the expediency of justice, the worth of reality, and the worthlessness of shams!

E. P. Whipple.

PRELUDE TO THE SECOND PART OF FAUST.

A PLEASANT LANDSCAPE.

TWILIGHT. — FAUST, *bedded on flowery turf, fatigued, restless, endeavoring to sleep. Circle of hovering spirits in motion : graceful, diminutive figures.*

ARIEL.

(Chant, accompanied by Æolian harps.)

WHEN the Spring returns serener,
 Raining blossoms over all ;
 When the fields with blessing greener
 On the earth-born children call ;
 Then the craft of elves propitious
 Hastes to help where help it can :
 Be he holy, be he vicious,
 Pity they the luckless man.

Who round this head in airy circles hover,
 Yourselves in guise of noble Elves discover !
 The fierce convulsions of his heart compose ;
 Remove the burning barbs of his remorses,
 And cleanse his being from the suffered woes !
 Four pauses makes the Night upon her courses,
 And now, delay not, let them kindly close !
 First on the coolest pillow let him slumber,
 Then sprinkle him with Lethe's drowsy spray !
 His limbs no more shall cramps and chills encumber,
 When sleep has made him strong to meet the day.
 Perform, ye Elves, your fairest rite :
 Restore him to the holy Light !

CHORUS

(singly, by two or more, alternatively and collectively).

When around the green-girt meadow
 Balm the tepid winds exhale,
 Then in fragrance and in shadow
 Twilight spreads her misty veil :
 Whispers peace in accents cheery,
 Rocks the heart in childhood's play,
 And upon these eyelids weary
 Shuts the golden gates of Day.

Now the Night already darkles,
 Holy star succeeds to star ;
 Dazzling lights and fainter sparkles
 Glimmer near and gleam afar :

Glimmer here, the lake reflecting,
 Gleam in cloudless dark aboon;
 While, the bliss of rest protecting,
 Reigns in pomp the perfect moon.

Now the Hours are cancelled for thee,
 Pain and bliss have fled away:
 Thou art whole: let faith restore thee!
 Trust the new, the rising Day!
 Vales grow green, and hills are lifting
 Through the shadow-rest of morn,
 And in waves of silver, drifting
 On to harvest, rolls the corn.

Wouldst thou win desires unbounded,
 Yonder see the glory burn!
 Lightly is thy life surrounded—
 Sleep's a shell, to break and spurn!
 When the crowd sways, unbelieving,
 Show the daring will that warms!
 He is crowned with all achieving,
 Who perceives and then performs.

(A tremendous tumult announces the approach of the Sun.)

ARIEL.

Hearken! Hark!—the Hours careering!
 Sounding loud to spirit-hearing,
 See the new-born Day appearing!
 Rocky portals jarring shatter,
 Phœbus' wheels in rolling clatter,
 With a crash the Light draws near!
 Pealing rays and trumpet-blazes,—
 Eye is blinded, ear amazes:
 The Unheard can no one hear!
 Slip within each blossom-bell,
 Deeper, deeper, there to dwell,—
 In the rocks, beneath the leaf!
 If it strikes you, you are deaf.

FAUST.

Life's pulses now with fresher force awaken
 To greet the mild ethereal twilight o'er me;
 This night, thou, Earth! hast also stood unshaken,
 And now thou breathest new-refreshed before me,
 And now beginnest, all thy gladness granting,
 A vigorous resolution to restore me,
 To seek that highest life for which I'm panting.—
 The world unfolded lies in twilight glimmer,
 A thousand voices in the grove are chanting;

Vale in, vale out, the misty streaks grow dimmer ;
 The deeps with heavenly light are penetrated ;
 The boughs, refreshed, lift up their leafy shimmer
 From gulfs of air where sleepily they waited ;
 Color on color from the background cleareth,
 Where flower and leaf with trembling pearls are freighted :
 And all around a Paradise appeareth.

Look up ! — The mountain summits, grand, supernal,
 Herald, e'en now, the solemn hour that neareth ;
 They earliest enjoy the light eternal
 That later sinks, till here below we find it.
 Now to the Alpine meadows, sloping vernal,
 A newer beam descends ere we divined it,
 And step by step unto the base hath bounded —
 The sun comes forth ! Alas, already blinded,
 I turn away, with eyesight pierced and wounded !

'Tis thus, when, unto yearning hope's endeavor,
 Its highest wish on sweet attainment grounded,
 The portals of fulfilment widely sever :
 But if there burst from those eternal spaces
 A flood of flame, we stand confounded ever ;
 For Life's pure torch we sought the shining traces,
 And seas of fire — and what a fire ! — surprise us.
 Is't Love ? Is't Hate ? that burningly embraces,
 And that with pain and joy alternate tries us ?
 So that, our glances once more earthward throwing,
 We seek in youthful drapery to disguise us.

Behind me, therefore, let the sun be glowing !
 The cataract, between the crags deep-riven,
 I thus behold with rapture ever-growing.
 From plunge to plunge in thousand streams 'tis given,
 And yet a thousand, to the valleys shaded,
 While foam and spray in air are whirled and driven.
 Yet how superb, across the tumult braided,
 The painted rainbow's changeful life is bending,
 Now clearly drawn, dissolving now and faded,
 And evermore the showers of dew descending !
 Of human striving there's no symbol fuller :
 Consider, and 'tis easy comprehending —
 Life is not light, but the refracted color.

Bayard Taylor.

A PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST.

INTENDING to sail for America in the early part of June, I determined to spend the interval of six weeks in England, of which I had dreamed much but as yet knew nothing. I had formed in Italy and France a resolute preference for old inns, deeming that what they sometimes cost the ungratified body they repay the delighted mind. On my arrival in London, therefore, I lodged at a certain antique hostelry far to the east of Temple Bar, deep in what I used to denominate the Johnsonian city. Here, on the first evening of my stay, I descended to the little coffee-room and bespoke my dinner of the very genius of decorum, in the person of the solitary waiter. No sooner had I crossed the threshold of this apartment than I felt I had mown the first swath in my golden-ripe crop of British "impressions." The coffee-room of the Red-Lion, like so many other places and things I was destined to see in England, seemed to have been waiting for long years, with just that sturdy sufferance of time written on its visage, for me to come and gaze, ravished but unamazed.

The latent preparedness of the American mind for even the most delectable features of English life is a fact which I never fairly probed to the depths. The roots of it are so deeply buried in the virgin soil of our primary culture, that, without some great upheaval of experience, it would be hard to say exactly when and where and how it begins. It makes an American's enjoyment of England an emotion more fatal and sacred than his enjoyment, say, of Italy or Spain. I had seen the coffee-room of the Red-Lion years ago, at home,—at Saragossa, Illinois,—in books, in visions, in dreams, in Dickens, in Smollett, and Boswell. It was small, and subdivided into six small

compartments by a series of perpendicular screens of mahogany, something higher than a man's stature, furnished each on either side with a narrow, uncushioned ledge, esteemed in ancient Britain a seat. In each of the little dining-boxes thus immutably constituted was a small table, which in crowded seasons was expected to accommodate the several agents of a fourfold British hungriness. But crowded seasons had passed away from the Red-Lion forever. It was crowded only with memories and ghosts and atmosphere. Round the room there marched, breast-high, a magnificent panelling of mahogany, so dark with time and so polished with unremitted friction, that by gazing awhile into its lucid blackness I fancied I could discern the lingering images of a party of gentlemen in periwigs and short-clothes, just arrived from York by the coach. On the dark yellow walls, coated by the fumes of English coal, of English mutton, of Scotch whiskey, were a dozen melancholy prints, sallown-toned with age,—the Derby favorite of the year 1807, the Bank of England, her Majesty the Queen. On the floor was a Turkey carpet,—as old as the mahogany, almost, as the Bank of England, as the Queen,—into which the waiter in his lonely revolutions had trodden so many massive soot-flakes and drops of overflowing beer, that the glowing looms of Smyrna would certainly not have recognized it. To say that I ordered my dinner of this superior being would be altogether to misrepresent the process, owing to which, having dreamed of lamb and spinach and a rhubarb tart, I sat down in penitence to a mutton-chop and a rice pudding. Bracing my feet against the cross-beam of my little oaken table, I opposed to the mahogany partition behind me that vigorous dorsal resistance which ex-

presses the old-English idea of repose. The sturdy screen refused even to creak; but my poor Yankee joints made up the deficiency. While I was waiting for my chop there came into the room a person whom I took to be my sole fellow-lodger. He seemed, like myself, to have submitted to proposals for dinner; the table on the other side of my partition had been prepared to receive him. He walked up to the fire, exposed his back to it, consulted his watch, and looked apparently out of the window, but really at me. He was a man of something less than middle age and more than middle stature, though indeed you would have called him neither young nor tall. He was chiefly remarkable for his exaggerated leanness. His hair, very thin on the summit of his head, was dark, short, and fine. His eye was of a pale, turbid gray, unsuited, perhaps, to his dark hair and brow, but not altogether out of harmony with his colorless, bilious complexion. His nose was aquiline and delicate; beneath it hung a thin, comely black mustache. His mouth and chin were meagre and uncertain of outline; not vulgar, perhaps, but weak. A cold, fatal, gentlemanly weakness, indeed, seemed expressed in his elegant person. His eye was restless and deprecating; his whole physiognomy, his manner of shifting his weight from foot to foot, the spiritless forward droop of his head, told of exhausted purpose, of a will relaxed. His dress was neat and careful, with an air of half-mourning. I made up my mind on three points: he was unmarried, he was ill, he was not an Englishman. The waiter approached him, and they murmured momentarily in barely audible tones. I heard the words, "claret," "sherry," with a tentative inflection, and finally "beer," with a gentle affirmative. Perhaps he was a Russian in reduced circumstances; he reminded me of a certain type of Russian which I had met on the Continent. While I was weighing this hypothesis,—for you see I was interested,—there appeared a short, brisk

man with reddish-brown hair, a vulgar nose, a sharp blue eye, and a red beard, confined to his lower jaw and chin. My possible Russian was still standing on the rug, with his mild gaze bent on vacancy; the other marched up to him, and with his umbrella gave him a playful poke in the concave frontage of his melancholy waistcoat. "A penny-ha'penny for your thoughts!" said the new-comer.

His companion uttered an exclamation, stared, then laid his two hands on the other's shoulders. The latter looked round at me keenly, compassing me in a momentary glance. I read in its own high light that this was an American eyebeam; and with such confidence that I hardly needed to see its owner, as he prepared, with his friend, to seat himself at the table adjoining my own, take from his overcoat-pocket three New York papers and lay them beside his plate. As my neighbors proceeded to dine, I became conscious that, through no indiscretion of my own, a large portion of their conversation made its way over the top of our dividing partition and mingled its flavors with those of my simple repast. Occasionally their tone was lowered, as with the intention of secrecy; but I heard a phrase here and a phrase there distinctly enough to grow very curious as to the burden of the whole, and, in fact, to succeed at last in guessing at it. The two voices were pitched in an unforgotten key, and equally native to our Cisatlantic air; they seemed to fall upon the muffled medium of surrounding parlance as the rattle of pease on the face of a drum. They were American, however, with a difference; and I had no hesitation in assigning the lighter and softer of the two to the pale, thin gentleman, whom I decidedly preferred to his comrade. The latter began to question him about his voyage.

"Horrible, horrible! I was deadly sick from the hour we left New York."

"Well, you *do* look considerably reduced," his friend affirmed.

"Reduced! I've been on the verge

of the grave. I have n't slept six hours in three weeks." This was said with great gravity. "Well, I have made the voyage for the last time."

"The deuce you have! You mean to stay here forever?"

"Here, or somewhere! It's likely to be a short forever."

There was a pause; after which: "You're the same old boy, Searle. Going to die to-morrow, eh?"

"I almost wish I were."

"You're not in love with England, then? I've heard people say at home that you dressed and talked and acted like an Englishman. But I know Englishmen, and I know you. You're not one of them, Searle, not you. You'll go under here, sir; you'll go under as sure as my name is Simmons."

Following this, I heard a sudden clatter, as of the dropping of a knife and fork. "Well, you're a delicate sort of man, Simmons! I have been wandering about all day in this accursed city, ready to cry with homesickness and heart-sickness and every possible sort of sickness, and thinking, in the absence of anything better, of meeting you here this evening, and of your uttering some syllable of cheer and comfort and giving me some feeble ray of hope. Go under? Am I not under now? I can't sink lower, except to sink into my grave!"

Mr. Simmons seems to have staggered a moment under this outbreak of passion. But the next, "Don't cry, Searle," I heard him say. "Remember the waiter. I've grown Englishman enough for that. For heaven's sake don't let us have any feelings. Feelings will do nothing for you here. It's best to come to the point. Tell me in three words what you expect of me."

I heard another movement, as if poor Searle had collapsed in his chair. "Upon my word, Simmons, you are inconceivable. You got my letter?"

"Yes, I got your letter. I was never sorer to get anything in my life."

At this declaration Mr. Searle rattled out an oath, which it was well perhaps that I but partially heard. "John

Simmons," he cried, "what devil possesses you? Are you going to betray me here in a foreign land, to turn out a false friend, a heartless scamp?"

"Go on, sir," said stout Simmons. "Pour it all out. I'll wait till you have done. — Your beer is very bad," to the waiter. "I'll have some more."

"For God's sake, explain yourself!" cried Searle.

There was a pause, at the end of which I heard Mr. Simmons set down his empty tankard with emphasis. "You poor morbid man," he resumed, "I don't want to say anything to make you feel sore. I pity you. But you must allow me to say that you have acted like a blasted fool!"

Mr. Searle seemed to have made an effort to compose himself. "Be so good as to tell me what was the meaning of your letter."

"I was a fool, myself, to have written that letter. It came of my infernal meddlesome benevolence. I had much better have let you alone. To tell you the plain truth, I never was so horrified in my life as when I found that on the strength of that letter you had come out here to seek your fortune."

"What did you expect me to do?"

"I expected you to wait patiently till I had made further inquiries and had written to you again."

"You have made further inquiries now."

"Inquiries! I have made assaults."

"And you find I have no claim?"

"No claim to call a claim. It looked at first as if you had a very pretty one. I confess the idea took hold of me —"

"Thanks to your preposterous benevolence!"

Mr. Simmons seemed for a moment to experience a difficulty in swallowing. "Your beer is undrinkable," he said to the waiter. "I'll have some sherry. — Come, Searle," he resumed, "don't challenge me to the arts of debate, or I'll settle right down on you. Benevolence, as I say, was part of it. The reflection that if I put the thing through it would be a very pretty feather in my

cap and a very pretty penny in my purse was part of it. And the satisfaction of seeing a poor nobody of a Yankee walk right into an old English estate was a good deal of it. Upon my word, Searle, when I think of it, I wish with all my heart that, erratic genius as you are, you had a claim, for the very beauty of it. I should hardly care what you did with the confounded property when you got it. I could leave you alone to turn it into Yankee notions, — into ducks and drakes, as they call it here. I should like to see you stamping over it and kicking up its sacred dust in their very faces !”

“You don’t know me, Simmons !” said Searle, for all response to this untender benediction.

“I should be very glad to think I didn’t, Searle. I have been to no small amount of trouble for you. I have consulted by main force three first-rate men. They smile at the idea. I should like you to see the smile negative of one of these London big-wigs. If your title were written in letters of fire, it would expire in that baleful emanation ! I sounded in person the solicitor of your distinguished kinsman. He seemed to have been in a manner forewarned and forearmed. It seems your brother George, some twenty years ago, put forth a feeler. So you are not to have the glory of even frightening them.”

“I never frightened any one,” said Searle. “I shouldn’t begin at this time of day. I should approach the subject like a gentleman.”

“Well, if you want very much to do something like a gentleman, you’ve got a capital chance. Take your disappointment like a gentleman.”

I had finished my dinner, and I had become keenly interested in poor Mr. Searle’s mysterious claim ; so interested that it was vexatious to hear his emotions reflected in his voice without noting them in his face. I left my place, went over to the fire, took up the evening paper, and established a post of observation behind it.

Lawyer Simmons was in the act of

choosing a soft chop from the dish, — an act accompanied by a great deal of prying and poking with his own personal fork. My disillusioned compatriot had pushed away his plate ; he sat with his elbows on the table, gloomily nursing his head with his hands. His companion stared at him a moment, I fancied half tenderly : I am not sure whether it was pity or whether it was beer and sherry. “I say, Searle,” — and for my benefit, I think, taking me for some unnoticeable native, he attuned his voice to something of a pompous pitch, — “in this country it is the inestimable privilege of a loyal citizen, under whatsoever stress of pleasure or of pain, to make a point of eating his dinner.”

Searle disgustedly gave his plate another push. “Anything may happen, now !” he said. “I don’t care a straw.”

“You ought to care. Have another chop, and you *will* care. Have some sherry. Take my advice !”

Searle from between his two hands looked at him. “I have had enough of your advice !” he said.

“A little more,” said Simmons, mildly ; “I sha’n’t trouble you again. What do you mean to do ?”

“Nothing.”

“O, come !”

“Nothing, nothing, nothing !”

“Nothing but starve. How about your money ?”

“Why do you ask ? You don’t care.”

“My dear fellow, if you want to make me offer you twenty pounds, you set most clumsily about it. You said just now I don’t know you. Possibly ! There is, perhaps, no such enormous difference between knowing you and not knowing you. At any rate, you don’t know me. I expect you to go home.”

“I won’t go home ! I have crossed the ocean for the last time.”

“What’s the matter ? Are you afraid ?”

“Yes, I’m afraid ! ‘I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word !’”

"You're more afraid to go than to stay?"

"I sha'n't stay. I shall die."

"O, are you sure of that?"

"One can always be sure of that."

Mr. Simmons started and stared: his mild cynic had turned a grim stoic.

"Upon my soul," he said, "one would think that Death had named the day!"

"We have named it, between us."

This was too much for Mr. Simmons's as yet uncorrupted piety. "I say, Searle," he cried, "I'm not more of a stickler than the next man, but if you are going to blaspheme, I shall wash my hands of you. If you'll consent to return home with me by the steamer of the 23d, I'll pay your passage down. More than that, I'll pay your wine bill."

Searle meditated. "I believe I never willed anything in my life," he said; "but I feel sure that I have willed this, that I stay here till I take my leave for a newer world than that poor old New World of ours. It's an odd feeling, — I rather like it! What should I do at home?"

"You said just now you were homesick."

"So I was — for a morning. But have n't I been all my life-long sick for Europe? And now that I've got it, am I to cast it off again? I'm much obliged to you for your offer. I have enough for the present. I have about my person some forty pounds' worth of British gold and the same amount, say, of Yankee vitality. They'll last me out together! After they are gone, I shall lay my head in some English churchyard, beside some ivied tower, beneath an English yew."

I had thus far distinctly followed the dialogue; but at this point the landlord came in, and, begging my pardon, would suggest that No. 12, a most superior apartment, having now been vacated, it would give him pleasure, etc. The fate of No. 12 having been decreed, I transferred my attention back to my friends. They had risen to their feet; Simmons had put on his overcoat; he stood polishing his

rusty black hat with his napkin. "Do you mean to go down to the place?" he asked.

"Possibly. I have dreamed of it so much I should like to see it."

"Shall you call on Mr. Searle?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Something has just occurred to me," Simmons pursued, with an unhandsome grin, as if Mephistopheles were playing at malice. "There's a Miss Searle, the old man's sister."

"Well?" said the other, frowning.

"Well, sir! suppose, instead of dying, you should marry!"

Mr. Searle frowned in silence. Simmons gave him a tap on the stomach. "Line those ribs a bit first!" The poor gentleman blushed crimson and his eyes filled with tears. "You *are* a coarse brute," he said. The scene was pathetic. I was prevented from seeing the conclusion of it by the re-appearance of the landlord, on behalf of No. 12. He insisted on my coming to inspect the premises. Half an hour afterwards I was rattling along in a Hansom toward Covent Garden, where I heard Adelina Patti in the Barber of Seville. On my return from the opera I went into the coffee-room, vaguely fancying I might catch another glimpse of Mr. Searle. I was not disappointed. I found him sitting before the fire, with his head fallen on his breast, sunk in the merciful stupor of sleep long delayed. I looked at him for some moments. His face, pale and refined in the dim lamplight, impressed me with an air of helpless, ineffective delicacy. They say fortune comes while we sleep. Standing there I felt benignant enough to be poor Mr. Searle's fortune. As I walked away, I perceived amid the shadows of one of the little refectory boxes which I have described the lonely ever-dressed waiter, dozing attendance on my friend, and shifting aside for a while the burden of waterhood. I lingered a moment beside the old inn-yard, in which, upon a time, the coaches and post-chaises found space to turn and disgorge. Above the upward vista of

the enclosing galleries, from which lounging lodgers and crumpled chambermaids and all the picturesque domesticity of an antique tavern must have watched the great entrances and exits of the posting and coaching drama, I descried the distant lurid twinkle of the London constellations. At the foot of the stairs, enshrined in the glittering niche of her well-appointed bar, the landlady sat napping like some solemn idol amid votive brass and plate.

The next morning, not finding the innocent object of my benevolent curiosity in the coffee-room, I learned from the waiter that he had ordered breakfast in bed. Into this asylum I was not yet prepared to pursue him. I spent the morning running about London, chiefly on business, but snatching by the way many a vivid impression of its huge metropolitan interest. Beneath the sullen black and gray of that hoary civic world the hungry American mind detects the magic colors of association. As the afternoon approached, however, my impatient heart began to babble of green fields; it was of English meadows I had chiefly dreamed. Thinking over the suburban lions, I fixed upon Hampton Court. The day was the more propitious that it yielded just that dim, subaqueous light which sleeps so fondly upon the English landscape.

At the end of an hour I found myself wandering through the multitudinous rooms of the great palace. They follow each other in infinite succession, with no great variety of interest or aspect, but with a grand sort of regal monotony, and a fine specific flavor. They are most exactly of their various times. You pass from great painted and panelled bedchambers and closets, anterooms, drawing-rooms, council-rooms, through king's suite, queen's suite, and prince's suite, until you feel as if you were strolling through the appointed hours and stages of some decorous monarchical day. On one side are the old monumental upholsteries, the vast cold tarnished beds and canopies, with the circumference of dis-

apparelled royalty attested by a gilded balustrade, the great carved and yawning chimney-places, where dukes-in-waiting may have warmed their weary heels: on the other side, in deep recesses, the immense windows, the framed and draped embrasures where the sovereign whispered and favorites smiled, looking out on the terraced gardens and the misty glades of Bushey Park. The dark walls are grandly decorated by innumerable dark portraits of persons attached to Court and State, more especially with various members of the Dutch-looking *entourage* of William of Orange, the restorer of the palace; with good store, too, of the lily-bosomed models of Lely and Kneller. The whole tone of this long-drawn interior is immensely sombre, prosaic, and sad. The tints of all things have sunk to a cold and melancholy brown, and the great palatial void seems to hold no stouter tenantry than a sort of pungent odorous chill. I seemed to be the only visitor. I held ungrudging communion with the formal genius of the spot. Poor mortalized kings! ineffective lure of royalty! This, or something like it, was the murmured burden of my musings. They were interrupted suddenly by my coming upon a person standing in apparently devout contemplation before a simpering countess of Sir Peter Lely's creation. On hearing my footstep this person turned his head, and I recognized my fellow-lodger at the Red-Lion. I was apparently recognized as well; I detected a sort of overture in his glance. In a few moments, seeing I had a catalogue, he asked the name of the portrait. On my ascertaining it, he inquired, timidly, how I liked the lady.

"Well," said I, not quite timidly enough, perhaps, "I confess she seems to me rather a light piece of work."

He remained silent, and a little abashed, I think. As we strolled away he stole a sidelong glance of farewell at his leering shepherdess. To speak with him face to face was to feel keenly that he was weak and interesting. We

talked of our inn, of London, of the palace; he uttered his mind freely, but he seemed to struggle with a weight of depression. It was a simple mind enough, with no great culture, I fancied, but with a certain appealing native grace. I foresaw that I should find him a true American, full of that perplexing interfusion of refinement and crudity which marks the American mind. His perceptions, I divined, were delicate; his opinions, possibly, gross. On my telling him that I too was an American, he stopped short and seemed overcome with emotion: then silently passing his arm into my own, he suffered me to lead him through the rest of the palace and down into the gardens. A vast gravelled platform stretches itself before the basement of the palace, taking the afternoon sun. A portion of the edifice is reserved as a series of private apartments, occupied by state pensioners, reduced gentlewomen in receipt of the Queen's bounty, and other deserving persons. Many of these apartments have their little private gardens; and here and there, between their verdure-coated walls, you catch a glimpse of these dim horticultural closets. My companion and I took many a turn up and down this spacious level, looking down on the antique geometry of the lower garden and on the stout-fibred tapestry of compacted bloom which clothes the sunny fruit-walls and muffles the brick substructures of the huge red pile. I thought of the various images of Old-World gentility which, early and late, must have strolled upon that ancient terrace and felt the great protecting quietude of the solemn palace. We looked through an antique grating of hammered and twisted iron into one of the little private gardens, and saw an old lady with a black mantilla on her head, a decanter of water in one hand and a crutch in the other, come forth, followed by three little dogs and a cat, to sprinkle a plant. She had an opinion, I fancied, on the merits of Queen Caroline. There are few sensations so exquisite in life as to stand with a companion in a foreign land

and inhale to the depths of your consciousness the alien burden of the air and the tonic picturesqueness of things. This common perception of a local mystery solders friend to friend with a closeness unfelt at home. My companion seemed oppressed with vague amazement. He stared and lingered and wooed the scene with a gentle scowl. His enjoyment appeared to give him pain. I proposed, at last, that we should dine in the neighborhood and take a late train to town. We made our way out of the gardens into the adjoining village, where we found an excellent inn. Mr. Searle sat down to table with small apparent interest in the repast, but gradually warming to his work, he declared at the end of half an hour that for the first time in a month he felt an appetite.

"You're an invalid?" I said.

"Yes," he answered. "A hopeless one!"

The little village of Hampton Court stands clustered about the broad entrance of Bushey Park. After we had dined we lounged along into the huge central avenue. As far as the eye can follow it, between the double borders of its great horse-chestnuts, broad of base and round of summit, it prolongs the turfy hollow of its mist-shrouded vista. Fallen from its ancient privacy, common, open to idle starers, the great park is yet delightfully noble and English. We followed the retreating mist along its grassy channel, as if, within some curtained shrine in the deep greenwood, we should find some plaintive genius of the past. There is a rare emotion, familiar to every intelligent traveller, in which the mind, with a great passionate throb, asserts a magical synthesis of its impressions. You feel England: you feel Italy! The sensation for the moment stirs the innermost depths of your being. I had known it from time to time in Italy, and had opened my soul to it as to the spirit of the Lord. Since my arrival in England I had been waiting for it to come. A bottle of excellent Burgundy at dinner had perhaps unlocked to it the gates of

sense; it came now with a conquering tread. Just the scene around me was the England of my visions. Over against us, amid the deep-hued bloom of its ordered gardens, the dark red palace, with its formal copings and its vacant windows, seemed to tell of a proud and splendid past; the little village nestling between park and palace, around a patch of turfy common, with its tavern of gentility, its ivy-towered church, its parsonage, retained to my modernized fancy the lurking semblance of a feudal hamlet; the great degenerate privacy of the antique chase seemed to make it an excellent hiding-place for patrician ghosts. It was in this dark composite light that I had read all English prose; it was this mild moist air that had blown from the verses of English poets; beneath these broad acres of rain-deepened greenness a thousand honored dead lay buried.

"Well," I said to my friend, "I think there is no mistake about this being England. We may like it or not, it's positive! No more dense and stubborn fact ever settled down on an expectant tourist. It brings my heart into my throat."

Searle was silent. I looked at him; he was looking up at the sky, as if he were watching some visible descent of the elements. "On me too," he said, "it's settling down!" Then with a forced smile: "Heaven give me strength to bear it!"

"O mighty world," I cried, "to hold at once so rare an Italy and so brave an England!"

"To say nothing of America," added Searle.

"O," I answered, "America has a world to herself."

"You have the advantage over me," my companion resumed, after a pause, "in coming to all this with an educated eye. You already know the old. I have never known it but by report. I have always fancied I should like it. In a small way at home, you know, I have tried to stick to the old. I must be a conservative by nature. People

at home — a few people — used to call me a snob."

"I don't believe you were a snob," I cried. "You look too amiable."

He smiled sadly. "There it is," he said. "It's the old story! I'm amiable! I know what that means! I was too great a fool to be even a snob! If I had been I should probably have come abroad earlier in life — before — before —" He paused and his head dropped sadly on his breast.

The bottle of Burgundy had loosened his tongue. I felt that my learning his story was merely a question of time. Something told me that I had gained his confidence and he would impart himself. "Before you lost your health," I said.

"Before I lost my health," he answered. "And my property, — the little I had. And my ambition. And my self-esteem."

"Come!" I said. "You shall get them all back. This tonic English climate will wind you up in a month. And with the return of health, all the rest will return."

He sat musing, with his eyes fixed on the distant palace. "They are too far gone, — self-esteem especially! I should like to be an old genteel pensioner, lodged over there in the palace, and spending my days in maundering about these classic haunts. I should go every morning, at the hour when it gets the sun, into that long gallery where all those pretty women of Lely's are hung, — I know you despise them! — and stroll up and down and pay them compliments. Poor, precious forsaken creatures! So flattered and courted in their day, so neglected now! Offering up their shoulders and ringlets and smiles to that inexorable solitude!"

I patted my friend on the shoulder. "You shall be yourself again yet," I said.

Just at this moment there came cantering down the shallow glade of the avenue a young girl on a fine black horse, — one of those lovely budding gentlewomen, perfectly mounted and equipped, who form to American eyes

the sweetest incident of English scenery. She had distanced her servant, and as she came abreast of us turned slightly in her saddle and looked back at him. In the movement she dropped her whip. Drawing in her horse, she cast upon the ground a glance of maidenly alarm. "This is something better than a Lely," I said. Searle hastened forward, picked up the whip, and removing his hat with an air of great devotion, presented it to the young girl. Fluttered and blushing, she reached forward, took it with a whispered "Thanks!" and the next moment was bounding over the elastic turf. Searle stood watching her; the servant, as he passed us, touched his hat. When Searle turned toward me again, I saw that his face was glowing with a violent blush. "I doubt of your having come abroad too late," I said, laughing.

A short distance from where we had stopped was an old stone bench. We went and sat down on it and watched the light mist turning to sullen gold in the rays of the evening sun. "We ought to be thinking of the train back to London, I suppose," I said at last.

"O, hang the train!" said Searle.

"Willingly! There could be no better spot than this to feel the magic of an English twilight." So we lingered, and the twilight lingered around us,—a light and not a darkness. As we sat, there came trudging along the road an individual whom, from afar, I recognized as a member of the genus "tramp." I had read of the British tramp, but I had never yet encountered him, and I brought to bear upon the present specimen the utmost keenness of my tourist-gaze. As he approached us he slackened pace and finally halted, touching his cap. He was a man of middle age, clad in a greasy cap, with greasy ear-locks depending from its sides. Round his neck was a grimy red scarf, tucked into his waistcoat; his coat and trousers had a remote affinity with those of a reduced hostler. In one hand he had a stick; on his arm he bore a tattered basket, with a hand-

ful of withered green stuff in the bottom. His face was pale, haggard, and degraded beyond description,—a singular mixture of brutality and *finesse*. He had a history. From what height had he fallen, from what depth had he risen? Never was a form of rascally beggarhood more complete. There was a merciless fixedness of outline about him which filled me with a kind of awe. I felt as if I were in the presence of a personage,—an artist in vagrancy.

"For God's sake, gentlemen," he said, in that raucous tone of weather-beaten poverty suggestive of chronic sore-throat exacerbated by perpetual gin,— "for God's sake, gentlemen, have pity on a poor fern-collector!"—turning up his stale dandelions. "Food has n't passed my lips, gentlemen, in the last three days."

We gaped responsive, in the precious pity of guileless Yankeeism. "I wonder," thought I, "if half a crown would be enough." And our fasting botanist went limping away through the park with a mystery of satirical gratitude superadded to his general mystery.

"I feel as if I had seen my *doppelgänger*," said Searle. "He reminds me of myself. What am I but a tramp?"

Upon this hint I spoke. "What are you, my friend?" I asked. "Who are you?"

A sudden blush rose to his pale face, so that I feared I had offended him. He poked a moment at the sod with the point of his umbrella, before answering. "Who am I?" he said at last. "My name is Clement Searle. I was born in New York and in New York I have always lived. What am I? That's easily told. Nothing! I assure you, nothing."

"A very good fellow, apparently," I protested.

"A very good fellow! Ah, there it is! You've said more than you mean. It's by having been a very good fellow all my days that I've come to this. I have drifted through life. I'm a fail-

ure, sir, — a failure as hopeless and helpless as any that ever swallowed up the slender investments of the widow and the orphan. I don't pay five cents on the dollar. Of what I was to begin with no memory remains. I have been ebbing away, from the start, in a fatal tide which, at forty, has left this arid sand-bank behind. To begin with, certainly, I was not a fountain of wisdom. All the more reason for a definite channel, — for will and purpose and direction. I walked by chance and sympathy and sentiment. Take a turn through New York and you'll find my tattered sympathies and sentiments dangling on every bush and fluttering in every breeze; the men to whom I lent money, the women to whom I made love, the friends I trusted, the dreams I cherished, the poisonous fumes of pleasure, amid which nothing was sweet or precious but the manhood they stifled! It was my fault that I believed in pleasure here below. I believe in it still, but as I believe in God and not in man. I believed in eating your cake and having it. I respected Pleasure, and she made a fool of me. Other men, treating her like the arrant strumpet she is, enjoyed her for the hour, but kept their good manners for plain-faced Business, with the larger dowry, to whom they are now lawfully married. My taste was to be delicate: well, perhaps I was so. I had a little money: it went the way of my little wit. Here in my pocket I have forty pounds of it left. The only thing I have to show for my money and my wit is a little volume of verses, printed at my own expense, in which fifteen years ago I made bold to sing the charms of love and idleness. Six months since I got hold of the volume; it reads like the poetry of fifty years ago. The form is incredible. I had n't seen Hampton Court then. When I was thirty I married. It was a sad mistake, but a generous one. The young girl was poor and obscure, but beautiful and proud. I fancied she would make an elegant woman. It was a sad mistake! She died at the

end of three years, leaving no children. Since then I have idled along. I have had bad habits. To this impalpable thread of existence the current of my life has shrunk. To-morrow I shall be dry. Was I meant to come to this? Upon my soul I was n't! If I say what I feel, you'll fancy my vanity quite equal to my folly, and set me down as one of those theorizers after the fact who draw any moral from their misfortunes but the damning moral that vice is vice and that's an end of it. Take it for what it's worth: I have always fancied that I was meant for a gentler world. Before heaven, sir, — whoever you are, — I'm in practice so absurdly tender-hearted that I can afford to say it, I came into the world an aristocrat. I was born with a soul for the picturesque. It condemns me, I confess; but in a measure, too, it absolves me. I found it nowhere. I found a world all hard lines and harsh lights, without shade, without composition, as they say of pictures, without the lovely mystery of color. To furnish color, I melted down the very substance of my own soul. I went about with my brush, touching up and toning down; a very pretty *chiaroscuro* you'll find in my track! Sitting here, in this old park, in this old land, I feel — I feel that I hover on the misty verge of what might have been. I should have been born here and not there; here my vulgar idleness would have been — don't laugh now! — would have been elegant leisure. How it was that I never came abroad is more than I can say. It might have cut the knot; but the knot was too tight. I was always unwell or in debt or entangled. Besides, I had a horror of the sea, — with reason, as heaven knows! A year ago I was reminded of the existence of an old claim to a portion of an English estate, cherished off and on by various members of my family for the past eighty years. It's undeniably slender and desperately hard to define. I am by no means sure that to this hour I have mastered it. You look as if you had a clear head. Some other time, if

you 'll consent, we 'll puzzle it out, such as it is, together. Poverty was staring me in the face; I sat down and got my claim by heart, as I used to get nine times nine as a boy. I dreamed about it for six months, half expecting to wake up some fine morning to hear through a latticed casement the cawing of an English rookery. A couple of months since there came out here on business of his own a sort of half-friend of mine, a sharp New York lawyer, an extremely common fellow, but a man with an eye for the weak point and the strong point. It was with him yesterday that you saw me dining. He undertook, as he expressed it, to 'nose round' and see if anything could be made of this pretended right. The matter had never seriously been taken up. A month later I got a letter from Simmons, assuring me that things looked mighty well, that he should be vastly amazed if I had n't a case. I took fire in a humid sort of way; I acted, for the first time in my life; I sailed for England. I have been here three days: it seems three months. After keeping me waiting for thirty-six hours, last evening my precious Simmons makes his appearance and informs me, with his mouth full of mutton, that I was a blasted fool to have taken him at his word; that he had been precipitate; that I had been precipitate; that my claim was moonshine; and that I must do penance and take a ticket for another fortnight of sea-sickness in his agreeable society. My friend, my friend! Shall I say I was disappointed? I'm already resigned. I doubted the practicability of my claim. I felt in my deeper consciousness that it was the crowning illusion of a life of illusions. Well, it was a pretty one. Poor Simmons! I forgive him with all my heart. But for him I should n't be sitting in this place, in this air, with these thoughts. This is a world I could have loved. There's a great fitness in its having been kept for the last. After this nothing would have been tolerable. I shall now have a month of it, I hope, and I shall not have a chance to be disenchanted.

There's one thing!" — and here pausing, he laid his hand on mine; I rose and stood before him, — "I wish it were possible you should be with me to the end."

"I promise you," I said, "to leave you only at your own request. But it must be on condition of your omitting from your conversation this intolerable flavor of mortality. The end! Perhaps it's the beginning."

He shook his head. "You don't know me. It's a long story. I'm incurably ill."

"I know you a little. I have a strong suspicion that your illness is in great measure a matter of mind and spirits. All that you've told me is but another way of saying that you have lived hitherto in yourself. The tenement's haunted! Live abroad! Take an interest!"

He looked at me for a moment with his sad weak eyes. Then with a faint smile: "Don't cut down a man you find hanging. He has had a reason for it. I'm bankrupt."

"O, health is money!" I said. "Get well, and the rest will take care of itself. I'm interested in your claim."

"Don't ask me to expound it now! It's a sad muddle. Let it alone. I know nothing of business. If I myself were to take the matter in hand, I should break short off the poor little silken thread of my-expectancy. In a better world than this I think I should be listened to. But in this hard world there's small bestowal of ideal justice. There is no doubt, I fancy, that, a hundred years ago, we suffered a palpable wrong. But we made no appeal at the time, and the dust of a century now lies heaped upon our silence. Let it rest!"

"What is the estimated value of your interest?"

"We were instructed from the first to accept a compromise. Compared with the whole property, our utmost right is extremely small. Simmons talked of eighty-five thousand dollars. Why eighty-five I'm sure I don't know. Don't beguile me into figures."

"Allow me one more question. Who is actually in possession?"

"A certain Mr. Richard Searle. I know nothing about him."

"He is in some way related to you?"

"Our great-grandfathers were half-brothers. What does that make?"

"Twentieth cousins, say. And where does your twentieth cousin live?"

"At Lockley Park, Herefordshire."

I pondered awhile. "I'm interested in you, Mr. Searle," I said. "In your story, in your title, such as it is, and in this Lockley Park, Herefordshire. Suppose we go down and see it."

He rose to his feet with a certain alertness. "I shall make a sound man of him, yet," I said to myself.

"I should n't have the heart," he said, "to accomplish the melancholy pilgrimage alone. But with you, I'll go anywhere."

On our return to London we determined to spend three days there together, and then to go into the country. We felt to excellent purpose the sombre charm of London, the mighty mother-city of our mighty race, the great distributing heart of our traditional life. There are places in London, monuments, seasons, hints of history, local moods and memories, more impressive to an American soul than aught else that Europe holds. With an equal attentive piety my friend and I glanced at these things. Their influence on Searle was deep and singular. His observation I soon perceived to be extremely acute. His almost passionate relish for the old, the artificial, and social, wellnigh extinct from its long inanition, began now to tremble and thrill with a tardy vitality. I watched in silent wonderment this new metaphysical birth. Between the fair boundaries of the counties of Hereford and Worcester rise in a long undulation the sloping pastures of the Malvern Hills. Consulting a select publication on the castles and manors of England, we found Lockley Park to be seated near the base of this grassy range, just within the confines of Here-

fordshire. In the pages of this genial volume, Lockley Park and its appurtenances made a very pretty figure. We took up our abode at a certain little wayside inn, at which in the days of leisure the coach must have stopped for lunch, and burnished pewters of rustic ale been tenderly exalted to "outsides" athirst with breezy progression. Here we stopped for the very Englishness of its steep-thatched roof, its latticed windows, and its decent porch. We allowed a couple of days to elapse in vague, undirected strolls and sweet sentimental observance of the land, before we prepared to execute the especial purpose of our journey. In this most admirable region the general sense of England was enjoined upon us with persuasive force. The noble friendliness of the scenery, its subtle old-friendliness, the magical familiarity of its multitudinous details, appealed to us at every step and at every glance. Deep in our souls a simple sentiment of love replied. The whole land, in the full, warm rains of the last of April, had burst into sudden perfect spring. The dark walls of the hedgerows had turned into blooming screens; the sodden verdure of lawn and meadow was streaked with a ranker freshness; the coated twigs of the black trees were multiplied a thousand-fold. We went forth without loss of time for a long walk on the hills. Reaching their summits, you find half England unrolled at your feet. A dozen broad counties, within the vast range of your vision, commingle their green exhalations. Closely beneath us lay the dark, rich flats of hedgy Worcestershire and the copse-checked slopes of rolling Hereford, white with the blossom of apples. From their meadows and orchards and farmsteads and parks, from that dense and definite detail which makes even the landscape of Italy seem vacant and vague, there rises a magnificent emanation of composite color. At widely opposite points of the large expanse two great cathedral towers rise sharply, taking the light, from the settled shad-

ow of their circling towns, — the light, the ineffable English light! "Out of England," cried Searle, "it's but a garish world!" The whole vast sweep of our surrounding prospect lay answering in a myriad fleeting shades the cloudy process of the tremendous sky. The English heaven is a fit antithesis to the English earth, — as rich, as highly wrought, as densely peopled with effects. We possess in America the infinite beauty of the blue; England possesses the splendor of combined and animated clouds. Over against us, from our station on the hills, we saw them piled and dissolved, compacted and shifted, in innumerable phases of power. Here they blot the great brightness with sullen purposes of rain; here they stretch, breeze-fretted, into dappled fields of gray; at a dozen points the confined and arrested sun bursts out in a storm of light or escapes in a drizzle of silver. We made our way along the rounded summits of these well-grazed heights, — mild, breezy inland downs, — and descended through long-drawn slopes of fields, green to cottage doors, to where a rural village beckoned us from its seat among the meadows. Close beside it, I admit, the railway shoots fiercely from its tunnel in the hills; and yet there broods upon this charming hamlet an old-time quietude and privacy, which seems to make it a violation of confidence to tell its name so far away. We struck through a narrow lane, a "green lane," dim with its height of hedges; it led us to a superb old farm-house, now jostled by the multiplied lanes and roads which have curtailed its ancient appanage. It stands in stubborn picturesqueness, at the receipt of sad-eyed contemplation and the sufferance of "sketches." I doubt whether out of Nuremberg — or Pompeii! — you may find so forcible an image of the domiciliary genius of the past. It is cruelly complete. Poor sacred superannuated home! Its bended beams and joists, beneath the great burden of its many gables, seem to ache and groan with memories and regrets. The short, low windows, where

lead and glass combine in equal proportions to hint to the wondering stranger of the mediæval gloom within, still prefer their darksome office to the grace of modern day. Such an old house fills an American with an indefinable feeling of respect. So propped and patched and tinkered with clumsy tenderness, clustered so richly about its central English sturdiness, its oaken vertebrations, so humanized with ages of use and touches of beneficent affection, and above all so densely and cunningly ornate, with its close-wrought vestment of detail, — the mildew of climate, the deposit of history, — it seemed to offer to our grateful eyes a small, rude synthesis of the great English social order. Passing out upon the high-road, we came to the common browsing-patch, the "village green" of the tales of our youth. Nothing was wanting; the shaggy, mouse-colored donkey, nosing the turf with his mild and huge proboscis, the geese, the old woman, — *the* old woman, in person, with her red cloak and her black bonnet, frilled about the face and double-frilled beside her decent, placid cheeks, — the towering ploughman with his white smock-frock, puckered on chest and back, his short corduroys, his mighty calves, his big, red, rural face. We greeted these things as children greet the loved pictures in a story-book, lost and mourned and found again. It was marvellous how well we knew them. Beside the road we saw a ploughboy straddle, whistling, on a stile. Mulready might have painted him. Beyond the stile, across the level velvet of a meadow, a footpath lay, like a thread of darker woof. We followed it from field to field and from stile to stile. It was the way to church. At the church we finally arrived, lost in its rook-haunted churchyard, hidden from the work-day world by the broad stillness of pastures, — a gray, gray tower, a huge black yew, a cluster of village graves, with crooked headstones, in grassy low relief. The whole scene was deeply ecclesiastical. My companion was overcome.

"You must bury me here," he cried. "It's the first church I have seen in my life. How it makes a Sunday where it stands!"

The next day we saw a church of a larger kind. We walked over to Worcester, through a region so thick-sown with native features and incidents that I felt like one of Smollett's pedestrian heroes, faring tavernward for a night of adventures. As we neared the provincial city, we saw the steeped mass of the cathedral, long and high, rise far into the cloud-freckled blue. And as we came nearer still, we stopped on the bridge and viewed the calm minster reflected in the yellow Severn. And going farther yet, we entered the town, — where surely Miss Austen's heroines, in chariots and phaetons, must often have come a-shopping for swansdown boas and lace mittens; — we lounged about the gentle Close and gazed insatiably at that most soul-soothing sight, the waning, wasting afternoon light, the visible ether which feels the voices of the chimes, far aloft on the broad perpendicular field of the cathedral tower; saw it linger and nestle and abide, as it loves to do on all bold architectural spaces, converting them graciously into registers and witnesses of nature; tasted, too, as deeply of the peculiar stillness of this clerical precinct; saw a rosy English lad come forth and lock the door of the old foundation school, which marries its hoary basement to the soaring Gothic of the church, and carry his big responsible key into one of the quiet canonical houses; and then stood musing together on the effect on one's mind of having in one's boyhood haunted such cathedral shades as a King's scholar, and yet kept ruddy with much cricket in misty meadows by the Severn. On the third morning we betook ourselves to Lockley Park, having learned that the greater part of it was open to visitors, and that, indeed, on application, the house was occasionally shown.

Within its vast enclosure many a declining spur of the great hills melted

into parklike slopes and dells. A long avenue wound and circled from the outermost gate through an untrimmed woodland, whence you glanced at further slopes and glades and copses and bosky recesses, — at everything except the limits of the place. It was as free and wild and untended as the villa of an Italian prince; and I have never seen the stern English fact of property wear such an abandon of welcome. The weather had just become perfect; it was one of the dozen exquisite days of the English year, — days stamped with a refinement of purity unknown in more liberal climes. It was as if the mellow brightness, as tender as that of the primroses which starred the dark waysides like petals wind-scattered over beds of moss, had been meted out to us by the cubic foot; tempered, refined, recorded, islanded in months of gloom, inestimably precious and rare. From this external region we passed into the very heart of the park, through a second lodge-gate, with weather-worn gilding on its twisted bars, to the smooth slopes where the great trees stood singly and the tame deer browsed along the bed of a woodland stream. Hence, before us, we perceived the dark Elizabethan manor among its blooming parterres and terraces.

"Here you can wander all day," I said to Searle, "like a proscribed and exiled prince, hovering about the dominion of the usurper."

"To think," he answered, "of people having enjoyed this all these years! I know what I am, — what might I have been? What does all this make of you?"

"That it makes you happy," I said, "I should hesitate to believe. But it's hard to believe that such a place has n't some beneficent action of its own."

"What a perfect scene and background it forms!" Searle went on. "What legends, what histories it knows! My heart is breaking with unutterable visions. There's Tennyson's Talking Oak. What summer days one could spend here! How I could lounge my bit of life away on this shady stretch of

turf! Have n't I some maiden-cousin in yon moated grange who would give me kind leave?" And then turning almost fiercely upon me: "Why did you bring me here? Why did you drag me into this torment of vain regrets?"

At this moment there passed near us a servant who had emerged from the gardens of the great house. I hailed him and inquired whether we should be likely to gain admittance. He answered that Mr. Searle was away from home and that he thought it probable the housekeeper would consent to do the honors of the mansion. I passed my arm into Searle's. "Come!" I said. "Drain the cup, bitter-sweet though it be. We shall go in." We passed a third lodge-gate and entered the gardens. The house was an admirable specimen of complete Elizabethan, a huge brick pile, in which the picturesque irregularities of the style, the gables and porches, the oriels and turrets, the screens of ivy and the pinnacles of slate, were clustered and multiplied in delightful fulness. Two broad terraces commanded the great wooded horizon of the adjacent domain. Our summons was answered by the butler in person, solemn and *tout de noir habillé*. He repeated the statement that Mr. Searle was away from home, and that he would present our petition to the housekeeper. We would be so good, however, as to give him our cards. This request, following directly upon the assertion that Mr. Searle was absent, seemed to my companion not distinctly pertinent. "Surely not for the housekeeper," he said.

The butler gave a deferential cough. "Miss Searle is at home."

"Yours alone will suffice," said Searle. I took out a card and pencil, and wrote beneath my name, *New York*. Standing with the pencil in my hand I felt a sudden impulse. Without in the least weighing proprieties or results, I yielded to it. I added above my name, *Mr. Clement Searle*. What would come of it?

Before many minutes the house-

keeper attended us, — a fresh rosy little old woman in a dowdy clean cap and a scanty calico gown; an exquisite specimen of refined and venerable serenity. She had the accent of the country, but the manners of the house. Under her guidance we passed through a dozen apartments, duly stocked with old pictures, old tapestry, old carvings, old armor, with all the constituent properties of an English manor. The pictures were especially valuable. The two Vandykes, the trio of rosy Rubenses, the sole and sombre Rembrandt, glowed with conscious authenticity. A Claude, a Murillo, a Greuze, and a Gainsborough hung gracious in their chosen places. The great intervals were peopled with various breadths of mellow gloom, — landscapes of late Italian fabric, poorish as masterpieces, but admirable as furniture. Searle strolled about silent, pale and grave, with bloodshot eyes and lips compressed. He uttered no comment and asked no question. Missing him at a certain moment from my side, I retraced my steps and found him in a room we had just left, on a tarnished silken divan, with his face buried in his hands. Before him, ranged on an antique buffet, was a magnificent collection of old Italian majolica; huge platters radiant with their steady colors, jugs and vases nobly bellied and embossed. There came to me, as I looked, a sudden vision of the young English gentleman, who, eighty years ago, had travelled by slow stages to Italy and had bargained with a pale, persuasive Roman for these treasures of his musty shop, or had taken the bright things in payment for a gaming debt from some debased inheritor of a ransacked Venetian palace. "What is it, Searle?" I asked. "Are you unwell?"

He uncovered his haggard face and showed a burning blush. Then smiling in hot irony: "A memory of the past! I was thinking of a china vase that used to stand on the parlor mantelshelf while I was a boy, with the portrait of General Jackson painted on one side and a bunch of flowers on the

other. How long do you suppose that majolica-ware has been in the family?"

"A long time probably. It was brought hither in the last century, into old, old England, out of old, old Italy, by some old young buck of this excellent house with a taste for *chinoiserie*s. Here it has stood for a hundred years, keeping its clear, firm hues in this aristocratic *demi-jour*."

Searle sprang to his feet. "I say," he cried, "in heaven's name take me away! I can't stand this. Before I know it I shall do something I shall be ashamed of. I shall steal one of their d—d majolicas. I shall proclaim my identity and assert my rights! I shall go blubbering to Miss Searle and ask her in pity's name to keep me here for a month!"

If poor Searle could ever have been said to look "dangerous," he looked so now. I began to regret my officious presentation of his name, and prepared without delay to lead him out of the house. We overtook the housekeeper in the last room of the suite, a small, unused boudoir, over the chimney-piece of which hung a noble portrait of a young man in a powdered wig and a brocaded waistcoat. I was immediately struck with his resemblance to my companion.

"This is Mr. Clement Searle, Mr. Searle's great-uncle, by Sir Joshua Reynolds," quoth the housekeeper. "He died young, poor gentleman. He perished at sea, going to America."

"He's the young buck," I said, "who brought the majolica-ware out of Italy."

"Indeed, sir, I believe he did," said the housekeeper, staring.

"He's the image of you, Searle," I murmured.

"He's wonderfully like the gentleman, saving his presence," said the housekeeper.

My friend stood gazing. "Clement Searle—at sea—going to America—" he muttered. Then harshly, to the housekeeper, "Why the deuce did he go to America?"

"Why, indeed, sir? You may well ask. I believe he had kinsfolk there. It was for them to come to him."

Searle broke into a laugh. "It was for them to have come to him! Well, well," he said, fixing his eyes on the little old woman, "they have come to him at last!"

She blushed like a wrinkled roseleaf. "Indeed, sir," she said, "I verily believe that you are one of *us*!"

"My name is the name of that lovely youth," Searle went on. "Kinsman, I salute you! Attend!" and he grasped me by the arm. "I have an idea! He perished at sea. His spirit came ashore and wandered forlorn till it got lodgement again in my poor body. In my poor body it has lived, homesick, these forty years, racking its wretched casing, urging me, stupid, to carry it back to the scenes of its youth. And I never knew what was the matter with me! Let me exhale my spirit here!"

The housekeeper essayed a timorous smile. The scene was embarrassing. My confusion was not allayed when I suddenly perceived in the doorway the figure of a lady. "Miss Searle!" whispered the housekeeper. My first impression of Miss Searle was that she was neither young nor beautiful. She stood with a timid air on the threshold, pale, trying to smile, and twirling my card in her fingers. I immediately bowed; Searle, I think, gazed marveling.

"If I am not mistaken," said the lady, "one of you gentlemen is Mr. Clement Searle."

"My friend is Mr. Clement Searle," I replied. "Allow me to add that I alone am responsible for your having received his name."

"I should have been sorry not to receive it," said Miss Searle, beginning to blush. "Your being from America has led me to—to interrupt you."

"The interruption, madam, has been on our part. And with just that excuse,—that we are from America."

Miss Searle, while I spoke, had fixed her eyes on my friend, as he stood si-

lent beneath Sir Joshua's portrait. The housekeeper, amazed and mystified, took a liberty. "Heaven preserve us, Miss! It's your great-uncle's picture come to life."

"I'm not mistaken, then," said Miss Searle. "We are distantly related." She had the aspect of an extremely modest woman. She was evidently embarrassed at having to proceed unassisted in her overture. Searle eyed her with gentle wonder from head to foot. I fancied I read his thoughts. This, then, was Miss Searle, his maiden-cousin, prospective heiress of these manorial acres and treasures. She was a person of about thirty-three years of age, taller than most women, with health and strength in the rounded amplitude of her shape. She had a small blue eye, a massive chignon of yellow hair, and a mouth at once broad and comely. She was dressed in a lustreless black satin gown, with a short train. Around her neck she wore a blue silk handkerchief, and over this handkerchief, in many convolutions, a string of amber beads. Her appearance was singular; she was large, yet not imposing; girlish, yet mature. Her glance and accent, in addressing us, were simple, too simple. Searle, I think, had been fancying some proud cold beauty of five-and-twenty; he was relieved at finding the lady timid and plain. His person was suddenly illumined by the grace of an old disused gallantry.

"We are distant cousins, I believe. I am happy to avow a relationship which you are so good as to remember. I had n't in the least counted on your doing so."

"Perhaps I have done wrong," and Miss Searle blushed anew and smiled. "But I have always known of there being people of our blood in America, and I have often wondered and asked about them; without learning much, though. To-day, when this card was brought me, and I knew of a Clement Searle wandering about the house like a stranger, I felt as if I ought to do something. I hardly knew what! My brother is in

London. I have done what I think he would have done. Welcome, as a cousin." And with a gesture at once frank and shy, she put out her hand.

"I'm welcome indeed," said Searle, taking it, "if he would have done it half as graciously."

"You've seen the show," Miss Searle went on. "Perhaps now you'll have some lunch." We followed her into a small breakfast-room, where a deep bay-window opened on the mossy flags of the great terrace. Here, for some moments, she remained silent and shy, in the manner of a person resting from a great effort. Searle, too, was formal and reticent, so that I had to busy myself with providing small-talk. It was of course easy to descant on the beauties of park and mansion. Meanwhile I observed our hostess. She had small beauty and scanty grace; her dress was out of taste and out of season; yet she pleased me well. There was about her a sturdy sweetness, a homely flavor of the sequestered *châtelaine* of feudal days. To be so simple amid this massive luxury, so mellow and yet so fresh, so modest and yet so placid, told of just the spacious leisure in which I had fancied human life to be steeped in many a park-circled home. Miss Searle was to the *Belle au Bois Dormant* what a fact is to a fairy-tale, an interpretation to a myth. We, on our side, were to our hostess objects of no light scrutiny. The best possible English breeding still marvels visibly at the native American. Miss Searle's wonderment was guileless enough to have been more overt and yet inoffensive; there was no taint of offence indeed in her utterance of the unvarying *gracieuseté* that she had met an American family on the Lake of Como, whom she would have almost taken to be English.

"If I lived here," I said, "I think I should hardly need to go away, even to the Lake of Como."

"You might perhaps get tired of it. And then the Lake of Como! If I could only go abroad again!"

"You have been but once?"

"Only once. Three years ago my brother took me to Switzerland. We thought it extremely beautiful. Except for this journey, I have always lived here. Here I was born. It's a dear old place, indeed, and I know it well. Sometimes I fancy I'm a little tired." And on my asking her how she spent her time and what society she saw, "It's extremely quiet," she went on, proceeding by short steps and simple statements in the manner of a person summoned for the first time to define her situation and enumerate the elements of her life. "We see very few people. I don't think there are many nice people hereabouts. At least we don't know them. Our own family is very small. My brother cares for little else but riding and books. He had a great sorrow ten years ago. He lost his wife and his only son, a dear little boy, who would have succeeded him in the estates. Do you know that I'm likely to have them now? Poor me! Since his loss my brother has preferred to be quite alone. I'm sorry he's away. But you must wait till he comes back. I expect him in a day or two." She talked more and more, with a rambling earnest vapidness, about her circumstances, her solitude, her bad eyes, so that she could not read, her flowers, her ferns, her dogs, and the curate, recently inducted by her brother and warranted sound orthodox, who had lately begun to light his altar candles; pausing every now and then to blush in self-surprise, and yet moving steadily from point to point in the deepening excitement of temptation and occasion. Of all the old things I had seen in England, this mind of Miss Searle's seemed to me the oldest, the quaintest, the most ripely verdant; so fenced and protected by convention and precedent and usage; so passive and mild and docile. I felt as if I were talking with a potential heroine of Miss Burney. As she talked, she rested her dull, kind eyes upon her kinsman with a sort of fascinated stare. At last, "Did you mean to go away," she demanded, "without asking for us?"

"I had thought it over, Miss Searle, and had determined not to trouble you. You have shown me how unfriendly I should have been."

"But you knew of the place being ours and of our relationship?"

"Just so. It was because of these things that I came down here,—because of them, almost, that I came to England. I have always liked to think of them."

"You merely wished to look, then? We don't pretend to be much to look at."

"You don't know what you are, Miss Searle," said my friend, gravely.

"You like the old place, then?"

Searle looked at her in silence. "If I could only tell you," he said at last.

"Do tell me! You must come and stay with us."

Searle began to laugh. "Take care, take care," he cried. "I should surprise you. At least I should bore you. I should never leave you."

"O, you'd get homesick for America."

At this Searle laughed the more. "By the way," he cried to me, "tell Miss Searle about America!" And he stepped through the window out upon the terrace, followed by two beautiful dogs, a pointer and a young stag-hound, who from the moment we came in had established the fondest relation with him. Miss Searle looked at him as he went, with a certain tender wonder in her eye. I read in her glance, methought, that she was interested. I suddenly recalled the last words I had heard spoken by my friend's adviser in London. "Instead of dying you'd better marry." If Miss Searle could be gently manipulated. O for a certain divine tact! Something assured me that her heart was virgin soil; that sentiment had never bloomed there. If I could but sow the seed! There lurked within her the perfect image of one of the patient wives of old.

"He has lost his heart to England," I said. "He ought to have been born here."

"And yet," said Miss Searle, "he's not in the least an Englishman."

"How do you know that?"

"I hardly know how. I never talked with a foreigner before; but he looks and talks as I have fancied foreigners."

"Yes, he's foreign enough!"

"Is he married?"

"He's a widower, — without children."

"Has he property?"

"Very little."

"But enough to travel on?"

I meditated. "He has not expected to travel far," I said, at last. "You know he's in poor health."

"Poor gentleman! So I fancied."

"He's better, though, than he thinks. He came here because he wanted to see your place before he dies."

"Poor fellow!" And I fancied I perceived in her eye the lustre of a rising tear. "And he was going off without my seeing him?"

"He's a modest man, you see."

"He's very much of a gentleman."

"Assuredly!"

At this moment we heard on the terrace a loud, harsh cry. "It's the great peacock!" said Miss Searle, stepping to the window and passing out. I followed her. Below us on the terrace, leaning on the parapet, stood our friend, with his arm round the neck of the pointer. Before him, on the grand walk, strutted a splendid peacock, with ruffled neck and expanded tail. The other dog had apparently indulged in a momentary attempt to abash him; but at Searle's voice he had bounded back to the terrace and leaped upon the parapet, where he now stood licking his new friend's face. The scene had a beautiful old-time air: the peacock flaunting in the foreground, like the very genius of antique gardenry; the broad terrace, which tickled so cunningly an innate taste of mine for all deserted promenades and esplanades to which people may have adjourned from formal dinners, to drink coffee in old Sèvres, and where the stiff brocade of women's dresses may have rustled autumnal leaves; and far around us,

with one leafy circle melting into another, the timbered acres of the park. "The very beasts have made him welcome," I said, as we rejoined our companion.

"The peacock has done for you, Mr. Searle," said his cousin, "what he does only for very great people. A year ago there came here a duchess to see my brother. I don't think that since then he has spread his tail as wide for any one else by a dozen feathers."

"It's not alone the peacock," said Searle. "Just now there came slipping across my path a little green lizard, the first I ever saw, the lizard of literature! And if you have a ghost, broad daylight though it be, I expect to see him here. Do you know the annals of your house, Miss Searle?"

"O dear, no! You must ask my brother for all those things."

"You ought to have a book full of legends and traditions. You ought to have loves and murders and mysteries by the roomful. I count upon it."

"O Mr. Searle! We have always been a very well-behaved family. Nothing out of the way has ever happened, I think."

"Nothing out of the way? O horrors! We have done better than that in America. Why, I myself!" — and he gazed at her a moment with a gleam of malice, and then broke into a laugh, — "suppose I should turn out a better Searle than you? Better than you, nursed here in romance and luxury. Come, don't disappoint me. You have some history among you all, you have some poetry. I have been famished all my days for these things. Do you understand? Ah, you can't understand! Tell me something! When I think of what must have happened here! when I think of the lovers who must have strolled on this terrace and wandered through those glades! of all the figures and passions and purposes that must have haunted these walls! of the births and deaths, the joys and sufferings, the young hopes and the old regrets, the immortal picturesqueness —" And here he faltered

a moment, with the increase of his vehemence. The gleam in his eye, which I have called a gleam of malice, had settled into a deep, unnatural light. I began to fear that he had become over-excited. But he went on with redoubled passion: "To see it all evoked before me," he cried, "if the devil alone could do it, I'd make a bargain with the devil. O Miss Searle, I'm a most unhappy man!"

"O dear, O dear!" said Miss Searle.

"Look at that window, that blessed oriel!" And he pointed to a small, protruding casement above us, relieved against the purple brick-work, framed cunningly in chiselled stone, and curtained with ivy.

"It's my room," said Miss Searle.

"Of course it's a maiden's room. Think of the forgotten loveliness which has peeped from that window; think of the old-time women's lives which have known chiefly that outlook on this bosky world. O gentle cousins! And you, Miss Searle, you're one of them yet." And he marched toward her and took her great white hand. She surrendered it, blushing to her

eyes, and pressing her other hand to her breast. "You're a woman of the past. You're nobly simple. It has been a romance to see you. It does n't matter what I say to you. You didn't know me yesterday, you'll not know me to-morrow. Let me to-day do a mad, sweet thing. Let me fancy you the soul of all the dead women who have trod these terrace-flags, which lie here like sepulchral tablets in the pavement of a church. Let me say I worship you." And he raised her hand to his lips. She gently withdrew it, and for a moment averted her face. Meeting her eyes the next moment, I saw that they were filled with tears. The *Belle au Bois Dormant* was awake.

There followed an embarrassed pause. An issue was suddenly presented by the appearance of the butler bearing a letter. "A telegram, Miss," he said.

"Dear me!" cried Miss Searle, "I can't open a telegram. Cousin, help me."

Searle took the missive, opened it, and read aloud: "*I shall be home to dinner. Keep the American.*"

H. James Jr.

ACTIVE GLACIERS WITHIN THE UNITED STATES.

AMONG the great number of explorers who have found their way through the mountainous region of the Western United States, either in search of new lands, or mines, or railway passes, only a few of the bolder sort have left the dust of Indian trails and pushed up into that dark cool zone of pine-land which lies like the shadow of a cloud upon all the high ranges; and still fewer have made their camps among the natural gardens at the foot of the perpetual snow, or have climbed the high white summits. These solitudes have as yet been entered only by some curious hunter whom pluck and the fresh traces of mountain sheep have allured from his more congenial

altitude; or men of science, who, like Dr. Parry, botanized with the barometer upon their backs up to the limit of flowers, and on among the snow and lichens, till they gradually found themselves upon the very peaks.

Ten years ago Professor J. D. Whitney began the Geological Survey of California, and, from the earliest days of that work up to the present time, he has kept some of his parties among the heights of the Sierras. I was for several years a member of his corps and shared in this interesting alpine service.

During the last four years, under the orders of Major-General Humphreys, Chief of the United States Engineers,

I have been engaged in "The United States Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel," and have conducted a constant alpine study along the summits of the elevated ranges of the Great Basin, the bounding chain of the Wasatch, the Uintas, and Wind River chain. In 1869 Professor Whitney, with several of his old California staff, explored the region of the parks in Colorado, and collected highly interesting material upon the more lofty portions. These difficult and often dangerous labors have given us the general outlines of the alpine portions of Western America. Summits of lava and granite and wave-like ridges of upturned sedimentary strata, here and there, over the whole wide extent of the elevated Cordillera, reach the region of perpetual snow. From peak to peak the climber may almost never be out of sight of some whitened summit.

Where, over a comparatively low level, a single mountain towers into the sky, bearing upon its summit a cap of white, it is no wonder that the dry interior air slakes its thirst from the melting snow, and that the mountain gets rid of its burden rather by evaporation than by the crowding downward of glaciers; but where immense, elevated ridges, like the long serrated crest of the Sierra Nevada, stretch for many hundreds of miles with a hardly broken cover of white, it has seemed very remarkable that no active moving glaciers have been found.

Professor Whitney has communicated to the public most interesting accounts of the high Sierras, and among the more important phenomena were the evidences of a vast system of glaciers which once covered the rocky heights and flowed downward through the lateral cañons, and whose sole relics are now the architectural remains—if I may so speak—of the moraines, the wonderfully brilliant polishings of porphyritic granite, and the fields of perpetual icy snow which represent to-day the *névé* portion of the ancient ice-rivers. From the summit of

one of those grand towers which leap upward from the thin crest of the granite Sierras one looks northward and south over a region of lofty needles; thin, blade-like ridges separated from each other by profound gulfs; amphitheatres, flanked by splintered walls of stone which open downward into deeper and broader gorges, until they connect with the immense system of lateral cañons which traverses the Sierra from east to west, carrying its entire drainage. These gorges and cañons are all sculptured by glaciers. Around the curves of their courses the surfaces of granite are burnished, and high upon the mountain walls are seen embankments of *débris* rock, the old moraines often nearly two thousand feet above the bottom of the cañon. Around the heads of the amphitheatres, and clinging here and there upon the more shadowed slopes of rock, broad fields of white are all that remain of the *névé*. The same set of phenomena may be observed in the heights of the Rocky Mountains, on a less grand scale, but with a certain added force, for the snows, as one travels eastward, become less and less, until on the front rank of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado and Wyoming the summits are remarkably bare, or dappled with shrunk snow-banks. Over the entire elevated portion of the West the same phenomena may be observed, and the magnitude and extent of the ancient glacier system was directly proportioned to the height and mass of the mountain chain. It is true that forests of great magnitude grow everywhere in the glacier courses, but the life of a forest is of course momentary, in a geological sense.

A comparison of the ranges of temperature over the Cordillera prove very satisfactorily that the climate is quite cold enough for glacier formation. How and why these glaciers should have perished while the climate is yet cold enough for their existence has become one of the most interesting questions of the finishing-up period of Western geology. The solution is probably

near at hand, and may be given briefly in the one word, *dryness*. To the question, Why the dryness? we are unable at present to offer a thoroughly satisfactory answer. Observations made by my associates during the past summer will throw some light upon this, and put a different aspect upon the ice question by the unexpected discovery of a considerable system of living, moving glaciers.

In Northern California the Sierra, after lifting for four hundred miles a continuous wave, breaks down into a broad, confused, hilly region, descending in places to low, flat plains. From these depressions ridges and cones of volcanic origin are lifted. Shasta, the colossal cone of a burned-out volcano, springs upward from a plain about three thousand feet in elevation, bearing upon its summit a cap of solid white. With the varying seasons this snow crest changes very greatly. In 1862 Professor Whitney and his party climbed to the summit peak, measured its altitude (14,441 feet), and determined the general character of its lavas. Before and since then it has been frequently climbed, but, until recently, the only known way to the top was up the southern flank.

In early September of the past autumn, accompanied by Messrs. S. F. Emmons, F. A. Clark, and A. B. Clark, of my corps, and Mr. Sisson, the well-known Shasta guide, I ascended Mount Shasta, making the climb from the west. We rode our mules to the upper limits of vegetation, at a point about nine thousand feet above sea level, on the western slope of a secondary cone which juts from the west side of the main peak. Starting early from the base, we reached the rim of the secondary mountain about one o'clock, and found ourselves upon the edge of a very perfect, circular crater, in whose middle rose a smaller volcanic cone, sheltering upon its northern side a frozen lake. Perhaps a third of the interior slope was covered with snow, which was of an exceedingly compact text-

ure, turning into solid ice toward the bottom. We made our way around the rim of this volcano, part of the time following ridges of rock, and then, walking over sharp knifeblades of ice where the whole crater edge was covered. Reaching the north slope we looked down into a profound cañon lying between our peak and the main cone of Shasta, and were thrilled to see a true moving glacier. From the uppermost limits of the *névé*, which reached quite to the summits of Shasta, we could overlook its whole course as it came down the cone in a series of cascades, curved round the base of the mountain directly at our feet, and flowed down the gorge toward the west. The entire length can hardly be less than three miles and a half, with a breadth varying from three to six thousand feet. All the phenomena of glacier cascades, with the true flame-like *sérac*, and shattered chaos of blue blocks, lay beneath us. There are but slight lateral moraines, but the terminal one is quite disproportionately large, the whole surface of the glacier being strewn with blocks which have rolled down the slopes of the two cones and bounded far out upon the ice. A small tributary glacier from the saddle-like divide between the two cones joins the main mass.

Mount Shasta is formed of an interior mass of andesite — which was the original volcano — and an overflowing cap of a variety of trachyte rocks. From general examination, it seems probable that a considerable erosion of the surface of andesite took place before a general outpouring of trachyte, and, wherever a glacier has worn its way through the covering of trachyte, the harder knobs and spurs of underlying andesite, resisting the movement of the glacier, probably caused the sudden descents and crevassed portions. Directly in front of our point of view one of the finest ice cascades occurs. The whole surface of the glacier is riven with transverse crevasses which have a general tendency to curve downward, while the breaks above this point

recurve upward. After descending, probably a thousand or fifteen hundred feet, the ice is again welded into a comparatively smooth surface, and the chasms are more or less obliterated. Numerous brooks flow over its surface and pour into the crevasses. On examination the glacier proved to possess the well-known stratified structure and the blue veins. From a point about midway out upon its surface, and directly above the main cascade, I looked down over all the lower flow, broken with billowy upheavals, and bright with bristling spires of sunlit ice. Upon the right rose the great cone of Shasta, formed of chocolate-colored lavas, its sky-line a single curved sweep of snow cut sharply against a deep blue sky. To the left the precipices of the lesser cone rose to the altitude of twelve thousand feet, their surfaces half jagged ledges of lava and half irregular sheets of ice. From our feet the glacier sank rapidly between the two volcanic walls, and the shadow of the lesser cone fell in a dark band across the brilliantly lighted surface. Looking down the course of the glacier, the eye ranged over the sunny and shadowed zones of ice, over the gray, boulder region of the terminal moraine, still lower along the former course of the ancient and grander glacier, and down upon the undulating pine-clad foot-hills, descending in green steps, reaching out like promontories into the sea of plain, which lay outspread nine thousand feet below, basking in the half-tropical sunshine, its checkered green fields and orchards ripening their wheat and figs.

The night was spent under the lee of a ledge of rocks upon the crater rim, the clouds eddying around us until after midnight. On the following day we climbed to the summit of the main Shasta, traversing, near the end of our climb, the *névé* of the glacier. We were very fortunate in the weather; the sky was quite cloudless, and through the intensely pure air we could discern the form and details of range after range, over an immense area.

The old moraines radiated from the base of the mountain in all directions; those upon the north and east defined themselves as conspicuous topographical objects. From the very highest peak of Shasta we looked down to the east upon a second considerable glacier, crowded out from the foot of an immensely steep *névé*: it flows to the southeast, and then turns due east, ending in a deep cañon. Its course is shorter than the other, and its surface is marked by an almost continual succession of *séracs*.

From the northernmost point of the ridge-like summit of Mount Shasta a good view was afforded of the ice-slopes to the north. They may really be considered as one immense glacier, covering almost completely the broad, convex surface of the cone. The angle of descent is thirty-five degrees, and having flowed down to about eight thousand five hundred or nine thousand feet, the mass divides into several lesser forks, which occupy the bottoms of the cañons, and continue to varying depths, flanked always by the straight embankments of former medial moraines. From the immense height of the cap of Shasta only a faint idea is received of the structure and dimensions of these rivers of ice. In the ordinary hazy atmosphere of summer they will be quite indistinguishable; and, indeed, were it not that we had been prepared to recognize them by finding the first, it may be doubted whether we should have detected their existence from the summit view.

On the following day we descended on the south slope of the mountain, our pathway being alternately over fragmentary fields of *névé* ice and slopes of lava *débris*. Glacier tables were of very common occurrence, the stems or platforms on which they rested never rising over three or four feet. In the descent we followed very closely the track of Professor Whitney's party, and that of all the earlier climbers of the mountain, and upon that pathway were unable to see any glacier masses. That they cannot possibly be seen on

this flank, and that there is nothing whatever to indicate their existence, are the reasons Professor Whitney's party made the ascent without finding them.

Subsequently the whole week was devoted to the study of the southern half of the great cone, and not a single active glacier exists there. The proportion of the snow-covered surface is exceedingly small, and it is quite evident that for a very long period of time no ice-stream has moved upon that side.

The exploration of the northern half of the mountain proved, of course, by far the more interesting. The glaciers descend to an altitude of about eight thousand feet, or nearly a thousand feet below the uppermost line of vegetation. The old moraines, which everywhere flank the present glaciers, are ordinarily covered with a growth of *Pinus flexilis*, and on the more sheltered portions are groups of *Abies Williamsonii*. What seemed to me the most unusual feature of these glaciers is the vast amount of terminal moraine, and its mode of arrangement. In some instances a mile and a half of the lower end of the glacier will be buried under deep accumulations of *débris*, varying from a few feet to sixty or seventy in thickness. Near the lower margin of these moraines young trees are found, and I observed several cases where the advancing ice had crowded the boulders over the trees, bending and crushing them. This is the only fact which indicates a present lengthening movement of the glacier. All the other observations tend to the belief that they are still shrinking, and what we now see are only the wasted relics of the great original system. In general, the surface of the large northern glaciers is quite smooth, but here and there, where they pass over underlying knobs, or formations which create an unusual strain, the face is deeply gashed with crevasses of extraordinary size. I examined several that could not be less than two thousand feet long and thirty to forty feet wide.

From the lower or steeper side, I was able to approach the very edge and look down into these blue gulfs. Immense icicles hung from the overreaching eaves, and from a great depth came up the muffled gurgle of sub-glacial streams. The middle part of the northern glacier is fully three and a half or four miles wide, and partakes of the convexity of the cone. It is quite unlike the glaciers of the Alps, which lie deeply hidden between abrupt, precipitous walls. A smooth, rounded field of blue ice bounds the view on either side. Above the *névé* slope together, uniting at the small bunch of pinnacles which forms the summit. Descending at a very abrupt angle, they crowd before them vast fields of *débris*, and at the last, dividing, the rapidly shrinking forks push onward for a few thousand feet and end.

There are five distinct glaciers upon Shasta, — the one first described lying between the main and secondary cones; the McCloud glacier, as I call it, upon the east side of the mountain; and three large bodies into which the great northern ice is divided. The greatest length is perhaps not far from four and a half miles; the steepest slope is upon the northern side, and for at least four thousand feet is thirty-five degrees.

The extension of the ancient glacier was of course far greater than this, and, judging by the medial and terminal moraines which stand out very distinctly upon the lowland country, the average length must have been about twelve miles. The configuration of this old system was much more like the bodies at present upon the north side; it was, in fact, a conical capping of ice which buried the whole volcano, except where a few isolated peaks or elevated ridges outcropped above the general surface. Our just discovered system is but the feeble relic of the past, and of course has not been observed long enough to determine whether it is increasing or diminishing. All that may be learned from a single season's observations points, as I before

remarked, to a period of gradual extinction. With the periodical climatic changes which recur upon the west coast, they must certainly shrink and lengthen as the snow-fall increases or diminishes. But a very few years must determine their tendency. We have carefully located the *termini* of all the ice-masses, and these will be laid down upon our map, and will serve as the basis for a future comparison of their extent. They possess all, or nearly all, the well-known features of the Swiss glaciers, — the immense crevasse, the spires of *sérac*, the lateral, medial, and terminal moraines, the perched boulders, and the milkiness of the streams which flow from their bases. The dirt-bands, however, are rarely apparent, and when observed are irregular and shadowy. It is not a little remarkable that the many parties who have camped upon these glacier streams should not have even suspected the origin of the turbid waters.

During the progress of these observations assistant geologist Mr. Arnold Hague, accompanied by Topographical Engineer Mr. A. D. Wilson, was engaged in carrying on the same series of observations upon Mount Hood. This peak, so conspicuous from the lowlands of Oregon and the Columbia River, is even more deeply snow-capped than Mount Shasta, and from its greater northern latitude is covered to a lower level, probably averaging sixty-five hundred feet. Mr. Hague's labors resulted in the discovery of a group of important glaciers, corresponding closely with those of Shasta in dimensions and interest. They were also mapped, and the data gathered for a thorough discussion of their nature. In proportion to the height of the mountain and the mass of snow, they are similar to those of Shasta; the superior height of the latter being fully balanced by the difference in latitude.

Upon the discovery of the Shasta glaciers, Mr. S. F. Emmons left me and proceeded to Mount Rainier (Tachoma), a peak situated near the middle of Washington Territory, and in

some respects the greatest of all this family of volcanoes within the boundaries of the United States. Its snow-line descends to about five thousand feet, while the summit is not far from fourteen thousand; its immense bulk, standing next to Mount Shasta and receiving the moist wind of the Pacific in such a high latitude, develops a system of glaciers far grander than those of more southern peaks. That of White River is described by Mr. Emmons as varying from two to four miles in width, and about ten miles in length, descending for two thousand feet into the heart of the forest, the dark alpine pines overhanging its white surface. The climbing and examination of Mount Rainier proved one of the most difficult mountaineering feats within our knowledge, and Messrs. Emmons and Wilson deserve the highest praise for their determination and courage. We have now finished a series of surveys of isolated volcanic peaks of the Northwestern United States, beginning on the south with Lassen's Peak, which has no glacier at all, and ending for the present with Mount Rainier, which is so greatly burdened with fields and streams of ice. Besides the remarkable interest of discovering active glaciers within our limits, this opens up a field for investigation of the power and character of glacial erosion, since the moraines have written a very legible story of the old extent of the glaciers, and the denuded portions of the mountains are open to careful study as to resultant forms and amount of ice sculpture.

It is a great general fact that the northern halves of these volcanoes are carved away to a much greater extent than the southern. As a rule, the profile angle is ten degrees greater at the north than at the south. Besides this great general condition of form, the ravines and gorges upon the northern sides are worn much more deeply. The actual result, as it will appear upon our grade-curve maps, will, I am inclined to think, astonish certain geologists, disbelievers in the carving force

of glaciers. Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens were constantly in view of Messrs. Emmons and Hague, and were often examined through their glasses. The northern slopes of each of these mountains appear to be covered by icy snow. There are then but four more peaks of importance south of the "Northwest Boundary," upon which glaciers may be found: they are Mount Baker, an unknown high summit between that peak and Mount Rainier, Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters. The existence of glaciers in our Russian purchase has been long and well known, but their nature and extent, their laws of flow and distribution, must for a long time remain unknown. A

very few observations upon one or two Alaskan peaks would throw much light upon the rate of glacial increase with latitude. I hope to be able in the coming summer to complete the series of surveys already begun, including St. Helens, Adams, Rainier, Baker, and perhaps St. Elias, and to finish the series by surveying San Francisco Mountain in Arizona.

Let it be remembered that the glaciers discovered in our summer's work were not the objects of our study, but were merely one of the interesting episodes of the survey. We were engaged in investigating the extinct volcanoes, and that interesting geological field was not neglected for the ice.

Clarence King, U. S. Geologist.

THE MULBERRIES.

I.

ON the Rialto Bridge we stand;
The street ebbs under and makes no sound;
But, with bargains shrieked on every hand,
The noisy market rings around.

"*Mulberries, fine mulberries, here!*"

A tuneful voice, — and light, light measure;
Though I hardly should count these mulberries dear,
If I paid three times the price for my pleasure.

Brown hands splashed with mulberry blood,
The basket wreathed with mulberry leaves
Hiding the berries beneath them; — good!
Let us take whatever the young rogue gives.

For you know, old friend, I have n't eaten
A mulberry since the ignorant joy
Of anything sweet in the mouth could sweeten
All the bitter world for a boy.

II.

O, I mind the tree in the meadow stood
By the road near the hill: when I clomb aloof

On its branches, this side of the girdled wood,
I could see the top of our cabin roof.

And, looking westward, could sweep the shores
Of the river where we used to swim
Under the ghostly sycamores,
Haunting the waters smooth and dim ;

And eastward athwart the pasture-lot
And over the milk-white buckwheat field
I could see the stately elm, where I shot
The first black squirrel I ever killed.

And southward over the bottom-land
I could see the mellow breadths of farm
From the river-shores to the hills expand,
Clasped in the curving river's arm.

In the fields we set our guileless snares
For rabbits and pigeons and wary quails,
Content with the vaguest feathers and hairs
From doubtful wings and vanished tails.

And in the blue summer afternoon
We used to sit in the mulberry-tree :
The breaths of wind that remembered June
Shook the leaves and glittering berries free ;

And while we watched the wagons go
Across the river along the road
To the mill above or the mill below,
With horses that stooped to the heavy load,

We told old stories and made new plans,
And felt our hearts gladden within us again,
For we did not dream that this life of a man's
Could ever be what we know as men.

We sat so still that the woodpeckers came
And pillaged the berries overhead ;
From his log the chipmonk, waxen tame,
Peered and listened to what we said.

III.

One of us long ago was carried
To his grave on the hill above the tree ;
One is a farmer there, and married ;
One has wandered over the sea.

And, if you ask me, I hardly know
Whether I'd be the dead or the clown, —
The clod above or the clay below, —
Or this listless dust by fortune blown

To alien lands. For, however it is,
So little we keep with us in life:
At best we win only victories,
Not peace, not peace, O friend, in this strife.

But if I could turn from the long defeat
Of the little successes once more, and be
A boy, with the whole wide world at my feet,
Under the shade of the mulberry-tree, —

From the shame of the squandered chances, the sleep
Of the will that cannot itself awaken,
From the promise the future can never keep,
From the fitful purposes vague and shaken, —

Then, while the grasshopper sang out shrill
In the grass beneath the blanching thistle,
And the afternoon air, with a tender thrill,
Harked to the quail's complaining whistle, —

Ah me! should I paint the morrows again
In quite the colors so faint to-day,
And with the imperial mulberry's stain
Re-purple life's doublet of hodden-gray?

Know again the losses of disillusion?
For the sake of the hope, have the old deceit? —
In spite of the question's bitter infusion,
Don't you find these mulberries over-sweet?

All our atoms are changed, they say;
And the taste is so different since then;
We live, but a world has passed away
With the years that perished to make us men.

W. D. Howells.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

III.

HAWTHORNE is still looking at us in his far-seeing way, as if he were pondering what was next to be said about him. It would not displease him, I know, if I were to begin our discursive talk to-day by telling you a little incident connected with a famous American poem.

Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow, and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner the friend said: "I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story, based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; the legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital, when both were old." Longfellow wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him: "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" To this Hawthorne assented, and moreover promised not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. And so we have "Evangeline" in beautiful hexameters,—a poem that will hold its place in literature while true affection lasts. Hawthorne rejoiced in this great success of Longfellow, and loved to count up the editions, both foreign and American, of this now world-renowned poem.

Since we talked together last month I have met an early friend of Hawthorne's, older than himself, who knew him intimately all his life long, and I have learned some additional facts about his youthful days. Soon after he left college he wrote some stories which he called "Seven Tales of my Native Land." The motto which he chose for the title-page was "We are Seven,"

from Wordsworth. My informant read the tales in manuscript, and says some of them were very striking, particularly one or two Witch Stories. As soon as the little book was well prepared for the press he deliberately threw it into the fire, and sat by to see its destruction.

When about fourteen he wrote out for a member of his family a list of the books he had at that time been reading. The catalogue was a long one, but my informant remembers that *The Waverley Novels*, *Rousseau's Works*, and the *Newgate Calendar* were among them. Serious remonstrances were made by the family touching the perusal of this last work, but he persisted in going through it to the end. He had an objection in his boyhood to reading much that was called "true and useful." Of history in general he was not very fond, but he read Froissart with interest, and Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*. He is remembered to have said at that time "he cared very little for the history of the world before the fourteenth century." After he left college he read a great deal of French literature, especially the works of Voltaire and his contemporaries. He very rarely went into the streets during the daytime, unless there was to be a gathering of the people for some public purpose, such as a political meeting, a military muster, or a fire. A great conflagration attracted him in a peculiar manner, and he is remembered, while a young man in Salem, to have been often seen looking on, from some dark corner, while the fire was raging. When General Jackson, of whom he professed himself a partisan, visited Salem in 1833, he walked out to the boundary of the town to meet him,—not to speak to him, but only to look at him. When he came home at night he said he found only a few men

and boys collected, not enough people, without the assistance he rendered, to welcome the General with a good cheer. It is said that Susan, in the "Village Uncle," one of the "Twice-Told Tales," is not altogether a creation of his fancy. Her father was a fisherman living in Salem, and Hawthorne was constantly telling the members of his family how charming she was, and he always spoke of her as his "mermaid." He said she had a great deal of what the French call *espièglerie*. There was another young beauty, living at that time in his native town, quite captivating to him, though in a different style from the mermaid. But if his head and heart were turned in his youth by these two nymphs in his native town, there was soon a transfer of his affections to quite another direction. His new passion was a much more permanent one, for now there dawned upon him so perfect a creature that he fell in love irrevocably; all his thoughts and all his delights centred in her, who suddenly became indeed the mistress of his soul. She filled the measure of his being, and became a part and parcel of his life. Who was this mysterious young person who had crossed his boyhood's path and made him hers forever? Whose daughter was she that could thus enthrall the ardent young man in Salem, who knew as yet so little of the world and its sirens? She is described by one who met her long before Hawthorne made her acquaintance as "the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward," and she must have been a radiant child of beauty, indeed, that girl! She danced like a fairy, she sang exquisitely, so that every one who knew her seemed amazed at her perfect way of doing everything she attempted. I see, dear Jack, you are curiously moved, and longing to hear who it was that thus summoned all this witchery, who it was that made such a tumult in young Hawthorne's bosom. Well, you shall hear. She was "daughter to Leontes and Hermione," king and queen of Sicilia, and her name was Perdita.

It was Shakespeare who introduced Hawthorne to his first real love, and the lover never forgot his mistress. He was constant ever, and worshipped her through life. Beauty always captivated him. Where there was beauty he fancied other good gifts must naturally be in possession. During his childhood homeliness was always repulsive to him. When a little boy he is remembered to have said to a woman who wished to be kind to him, "Take her away! She is ugly and fat, and has a loud voice."

When quite a young man he applied for a situation under Commodore Wilkes on the Exploring Expedition, but did not succeed in obtaining an appointment. He thought this a great misfortune, as he was fond of travel, and he promised to do all sorts of wonderful things, should he be allowed to join the voyagers.

One very odd but characteristic notion of his, when a youth, was, that he should like a competent income which should neither increase nor diminish, for then, he said, it would not engross too much of his attention. Surrey's little poem, "The Means to obtain a Happy Life," expressed exactly what his idea of happiness was when a lad. When a school-boy he wrote verses for the newspapers, but he ignored their existence in after years with a smile of droll disgust. One of his quatrains lives in the memory of a friend, who repeated it to me recently:—

"The ocean hath its silent caves,
Deep, quiet, and alone;
Above them there are troubled waves,
Beneath them there are none."

When the Atlantic cable was first laid, somebody, not knowing the author of the lines, quoted them to Hawthorne as applicable to the calmness said to exist in the depths of the ocean. He listened to the verse, and then laughingly said, "I know something of the deep sea myself."

In 1836 he went to Boston, I am told, to edit the "American Magazine of Useful Knowledge," for which he was to be paid a salary of six hundred

dollars a year. The proprietors soon became insolvent, so that he received nothing, but he kept on just the same as if he had been paid regularly. The plan of the work proposed by the publishers of the magazine admitted no fiction into its pages. The magazine was printed on coarse paper and was illustrated by engravings painful to look at. There were no contributors except the editor, and he wrote the whole of every number. Short biographical sketches of eminent men and historical narratives filled up its pages. I have looked in vain for this deceased magazine, for I should like to read Hawthorne's narrative of Mrs. Dustan's captivity. Mrs. Dustan was carried off by the Indians from Haverhill, and Hawthorne does not much commiserate the hardships she endured, but reserves his sympathy for her husband, who was *not* carried into captivity, and suffered nothing from the Indians, but who, he says, was a tender-hearted man, and took care of the children during Mrs. D.'s absence from home, and probably knew that his wife would be more than a match for a whole tribe of savages.

When the Rev. Mr. Cheever was knocked down and flogged in the streets in Salem and then imprisoned, Hawthorne came out of his retreat and visited him regularly in jail, showing strong sympathy for the man and great indignation for those who had maltreated him.

Those early days in Salem,—how interesting the memory of them must be to the friends who knew and followed the gentle dreamer in his budding career! When the whisper first came to the timid boy, in that "dismal chamber in Union Street," that he too possessed the soul of an artist, there were not many about him to share the divine rapture that must have filled his proud young heart. Outside of his own little family circle, doubting and desponding eyes looked upon him, and many a stupid head wagged in derision as he passed by. But there was always waiting for him a sweet and honest wel-

come by the humble hearth where his mother and sisters sat and listened to the beautiful creations of his fresh and glowing fancy. We can imagine the happy group gathered around the evening lamp! "Well, my son," says the fond mother, looking up from her knitting-work, "what have you got for us to-night? It is some time since you read to us a story, and your sisters are as impatient as I am to have a new one." And then we can hear, or think we hear, the young man begin in a low and modest tone the story of "Edward Fane's Rosebud," or "The Seven Vagabonds," or perchance (O tearful, happy evening!) that tender idyll of "The Gentle Boy!" What a privilege to hear for the first time a "Twice-Told Tale," before it was even *once* told to the public! And I know with what rapture that delighted little audience must have hailed the advent of every fresh indication that genius, so seldom a visitant at any fireside, had come down so noiselessly to bless their humble hearthstone in the sombre old town. In striking contrast to Hawthorne's audience, nightly convened to listen while he read his charming tales and essays, I think of poor Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, facing those hard-eyed critics at the house of Madame Neckar, when as a young man and entirely unknown he essayed to read his then unpublished story of "Paul and Virginia." The story was simple and the voice of the poor and nameless reader trembled. Everybody was unsympathetic and gaped, and at the end of a quarter of an hour Monsieur de Buffon, who always had a loud way with him, cried out to Madame Neckar's servant, "Let the horses be put to my carriage!"

Hawthorne seems never to have known the raw period in authorship so common to most growing writers, when the style is "overlanguaged," and when it plunges wildly through the "sandy deserts of rhetoric," or struggles as if it were having a personal difficulty with Ignorance and his big brother Platitude. It was capitally

said of Chateaubriand that "he lived on the summits of syllables," and of another young author that he was so dully good, that "he made even virtue disreputable." Hawthorne had no such literary vices to contend with. His looks seemed from the start to be

"Commercing with the skies,"

and he marching upward to the goal without impediment. I was struck a few days ago with the untruth, so far as Hawthorne is concerned, of a passage in the Preface to *Endymion*. Keats says: "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." Hawthorne's imagination had no middle period of decadence or doubt, but continued, as it began, in full vigor to the end.

And now, my dear Jack, if you please, I will ramble on among my own recollections of our famous romancer.

In 1852 I went to Europe, and while absent had frequent most welcome letters from the delightful dreamer. He had finished the "*Blithedale Romance*" during my wanderings, and I was fortunate enough to arrange for its publication in London simultaneously with its appearance in Boston. One of his letters (dated from his new residence in Concord, June 17, 1852) runs thus:—

"You have succeeded admirably in regard to the '*Blithedale Romance*,' and have got just £150 more than I expected to receive. It will come in good time, too; for my drafts have been pretty heavy of late, in consequence of buying an estate!!! and fitting up my house. What a truant you are from the Corner. I wish, before leaving London, you would obtain for me copies of any English editions of my writings not already in my possession. I have Routledge's edition of '*The Scarlet Letter*,' the '*Mosses*,' and '*Twice-Told Tales*'; Bohn's editions of '*The House of the Seven Gables*,'

the '*Snow-Image*' and the '*Wonder Book*,' and Bogue's edition of '*The Scarlet Letter*';—these are all, and I should be glad of the rest. I meant to have written another '*Wonder Book*' this summer, but another task has unexpectedly intervened. General Pierce of New Hampshire, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, was a college friend of mine, as you know, and we have been intimate through life. He wishes me to write his biography, and I have consented to do so; somewhat reluctantly, however, for Pierce has now reached that altitude when a man, careful of his personal dignity, will begin to think of cutting his acquaintance. But I seek nothing from him, and therefore need not be ashamed to tell the truth of an old friend. . . . I have written to Barry Cornwall, and shall probably enclose the letter along with this. I don't more than half believe what you tell me of my reputation in England, and am only so far credulous on the strength of the £200, and shall have a somewhat stronger sense of this latter reality when I finger the cash. Do come home in season to preside over the publication of the *Romance*."

He had christened his estate *The Wayside*, and in a postscript to the above letter he begs me to consider the name and tell him how I like it.

Another letter, evidently foreshadowing a foreign appointment from the newly elected President, contains this passage:—

"Do make some inquiries about Portugal; as, for instance, in what part of the world it lies, and whether it is an empire, a kingdom, or a republic. Also, and more particularly, the expenses of living there, and whether the Minister would be likely to be much pestered with his own countrymen. Also, any other information about foreign countries would be acceptable to an inquiring mind."

When I returned from abroad I found him getting matters in readiness to leave the country for a consulship in

Liverpool. He seemed very happy at the thought of flitting, but I wondered if he could possibly be as contented across the water as he seemed in Concord. I remember walking with him to the Old Manse, a mile or so distant from The Wayside, his new residence, and talking over England and his proposed absence of several years. We strolled round the house, where he spent the first years of his married life, and he pointed from the outside to the windows, out of which he had looked and seen supernatural and other visions. We walked up and down the avenue, the memory of which he has embalmed in "Mosses," and he discoursed most pleasantly of all that had befallen him since he led a lonely, secluded life in Salem. It was a sleepy, warm afternoon, and he proposed that we should wander up the banks of the river and lie down and watch the clouds float above and in the quiet stream. I recall his lounging, easy air as he tolled me along until we came to a spot secluded, and oftentimes sacred to his wayward thoughts. He bade me lie down on the grass and hear the birds sing. As we steeped ourselves in the delicious idleness, he began to murmur some half-forgotten lines from Thomson's "Seasons," which he said had been favorites of his from boyhood. While we lay there, half hidden in the grass, we heard approaching footsteps, and Hawthorne hurriedly whispered, "Duck! or we shall be interrupted by somebody." The solemnity of his manner, and the thought of the down-flat position in which we had both placed ourselves to avoid being seen, threw me into a foolish, half-hysterical fit of laughter, and when he nudged me, and again whispered more lugubriously than ever, "Heaven help me, Mr. — is close upon us!" I felt convinced that if the thing went further, suffocation, in my case at least, must ensue.

He kept me constantly informed, after he went to Liverpool, of how he was passing his time; and if you read his charming "English Note-Books," you will see he was never idle. There

were touches, however, in his private letters which escaped daily record in his journal, and I remember how delightful it was, after he landed on the other side, to get his frequent missives. In one of the first he gives me an account of a dinner where he was obliged to make a speech. He says:—

"I tickled up John Bull's self-conceit (which is very easily done) with a few sentences of most outrageous flattery, and sat down in a general puddle of good feeling." In another he says: "I have taken a house in Rock Park, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, and am as snug as a bug in a rug. Next year you must come and see how I live. Give my regards to everybody, and my love to half a dozen. . . . I wish you would call on Mr. Savage, the antiquarian, if you know him, and ask whether he can inform me what part of England the original William Hawthorne came from. He came over, I think, in 1634. . . . It would really be a great obligation if he could answer the above query. Or, if the fact is not within his own knowledge, he might perhaps indicate some place where such information might be obtained here in England. I presume there are records still extant somewhere of all the passengers by those early ships, with their English localities annexed to their names. Of all things, I should like to find a gravestone in one of these old churchyards with my own name upon it, although, for myself, I should wish to be buried in America. The graves are too devilish damp here."

The hedgerows of England, the grassy meadows, and the picturesque old cottages delighted him, and he was never tired of writing to me about them. While wandering over the country, he was often deeply touched by meeting among the wild-flowers many of his old New England favorites,—bluebells, crocuses, primroses, foxglove, and other flowers which are cultivated in our gardens, and which had long been familiar to him in America.

I can imagine him, in his quiet, mus-

ing way, strolling through the daisied fields on a Sunday morning and hearing the distant church-bells chiming to service. His religion was so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened in by a pew-door, and I doubt if he often heard an English sermon. He very rarely described himself as *inside* a church, but he liked to wander among the graves in the churchyards and read the epitaphs on the moss-grown slabs. He liked better to meet and have a talk with the *sexton* than with the *rector*.

He was constantly demanding longer letters from home; and nothing gave him more pleasure than monthly news from "The Saturday Club," and detailed accounts of what was going forward in literature. One of his letters dated in January, 1854, starts off thus:—

"I wish your epistolary propensities were stronger than they are. All your letters to me since I left America might be squeezed into one. . . . I send Ticknor a big cheese, which I long ago promised him, and my advice is, that he keep it in the shop, and daily, between eleven and one o'clock, distribute slices of it to your half-starved authors, together with crackers and something to drink. . . . I thank you for the books you send me, and more especially for Mrs. Mowatt's Autobiography, which seems to me an admirable book. Of all things I delight in autobiographies; and I hardly ever read one that interested me so much. She must be a remarkable woman, and I cannot but lament my ill fortune in never having seen her on the stage or elsewhere. . . . I count strongly upon your promise to be with us in May. Can't you bring Whipple with you?"

One of his favorite resorts in Liverpool was the boarding-house of good Mrs. Blodgett, in Duke Street, a house where many Americans have found delectable quarters, after being tossed on the stormy Atlantic. "I have never known a better woman," Hawthorne used to say, "and her motherly kindness to me and mine I can never forget."

Hundreds of American travellers will bear witness to the excellence of that beautiful old lady, who presided with such dignity and sweetness over her hospitable mansion. If she were alive now, my dear Jack, I should give you a line of introduction to her when you go to Europe, for I always found her smile and her voice sovereign antidotes to the homesickness which one is apt to feel on first arriving in a foreign land.

On the 13th of April, 1854, Hawthorne wrote to me this characteristic letter from the consular office in Liverpool:—

"I am very glad that the 'Mosses' have come into the hands of our firm; and I return the copy sent me, after a careful revision. When I wrote those dreamy sketches, I little thought that I should ever preface an edition for the press amidst the bustling life of a Liverpool consulate. Upon my honor, I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning, in some of these blasted allegories; but I remember that I always had a meaning, or at least thought I had. I am a good deal changed since those times; and, to tell you the truth, my past self is not very much to my taste, as I see myself in this book. Yet certainly there is more in it than the public generally gave me credit for at the time it was written.

"But I don't think myself worthy of very much more credit than I got. It has been a very disagreeable task to read the book. The story of 'Rappacini's Daughter' was published in the Democratic Review, about the year 1844; and it was prefaced by some remarks on the celebrated French author (a certain M. de l'Aubépine), from whose works it was translated. I left out this preface when the story was republished; but I wish you would turn to it in the Democratic, and see whether it is worth while to insert it in the new edition. I leave it altogether to your judgment.

"A young poet named — has called on me, and has sent me some copies of his works to be transmitted to America.

It seems to me there is good in him ; and he is recognized by Tennyson, by Carlyle, by Kingsley, and others of the best people here. He writes me that this edition of his poems is nearly exhausted, and that Routledge is going to publish another, enlarged and in better style.

"Perhaps it might be well for you to take him up in America. At all events, try to bring him into notice ; and some day or other you may be glad to have helped a famous poet in his obscurity. The poor fellow has left a good post in the customs to cultivate literature in London !

"We shall begin to look for you now by every steamer from Boston. You must make up your mind to spend a good while with us before going to see your London friends.

"Did you read the article on your friend De Quincey in the last Westminster ? It was written by Mr. — of this city, who was in America a year or two ago. The article is pretty well, but does nothing like adequate justice to De Quincey ; and in fact no Englishman cares a pin for him. We are ten times as good readers and critics as they.

"Is not Whipple coming here soon ?"

Hawthorne's first visit to London afforded him great pleasure, but he kept out of the way of literary people as much as possible. He introduced himself to nobody, except Mr. —, whose assistance he needed, in order to be identified at the bank. He wrote to me from 24 George Street, Hanover Square, and told me he delighted in London, and wished he could spend a year there. He enjoyed floating about, in a sort of unknown way, among the rotund and rubicund figures made jolly with ale and port-wine. He was greatly amused at being told (his informants meaning to be complimentary) "that he would never be taken for anything but an Englishman." He called Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," just printed at that time, "a broken-kneed gallop of a poem." He writes : —

"John Bull is in high spirits just now at the taking of Sevastopol. What an absurd personage John is ! I find that my liking for him grows stronger the more I see of him, but that my admiration and respect have constantly decreased."

One of his most intimate friends (a man unlike that individual of whom it was said that he was the friend of everybody that did not need a friend) was Francis Bennoch, a merchant of Wood Street, Cheapside, London, the gentleman to whom Mrs. Hawthorne dedicated the English Note-Books. Hawthorne's letters constantly abounded in warm expressions of affection for the man whose noble hospitality and deep interest made his residence in England full of happiness. Bennoch was indeed like a brother to him, sympathizing warmly in all his literary projects, and giving him the benefit of his excellent judgment while he was sojourning among strangers. That is Bennoch's portrait near the likeness of his friend, and I do not think, dear lad, you will meet with a handsomer man in all your travels, when you go abroad. When you come to read Tom Taylor's *Life of Haydon*, the artist, you will find Bennoch's record there. All literary and artistic people who have had the good fortune to enjoy his friendship have loved him. I happen to know of his bountiful kindness to Miss Mitford and Hawthorne and poor old Jerdan, for these hospitalities happened in my time ; but he began to befriend all who needed friendship long before I knew him. His name ought never to be forgotten in the literary annals of England ; nor that of his wife either, for she has always made her delightful fireside warm and comforting to her husband's friends.

Many and many a happy time Bennoch and Hawthorne and your uncle have had together on British soil. Let me tell you a little incident that occurs to me now. I remember we went together to dine at a great house in the country, years ago, where it was understood there would be no dinner

speeches. The banquet was in honor of some society, — I have quite forgotten what, — but it was a jocose and not a serious club. The gentleman who gave it, Sir —, was a most kind and genial person, and gathered about him on this occasion some of the brightest and best from London. All the way down in the train Hawthorne was rejoicing that this was to be a dinner without speech-making; “for,” said he, “nothing would tempt me to go if toasts and such confounded deviltry were to be the order of the day.” So we rattled along, without a fear of any impending cloud of oratory. The entertainment was a most exquisite one, about twenty gentlemen sitting down at the beautifully ornamented table. Hawthorne was in uncommonly good spirits, and, having the seat of honor at the right of his host, was pretty keenly scrutinized by his British brethren of the quill. He had, of course, banished all thought of speech-making, and his knees never smote together once, as he told me afterwards. But it became evident to my mind that Hawthorne’s health was to be proposed with all the honors. I glanced at him across the table, and saw that he was unsuspecting of any movement against his quiet serenity. Suddenly and without warning our host rapped the mahogany, and began a set speech of welcome to the “distinguished American romancer.” It was a very honest and a very hearty speech, but I dared not look at Hawthorne. I expected every moment to see him glide out of the room, or sink down out of sight from his chair. The tortures I suffered on Hawthorne’s account, dear Jack, on that occasion, I will not attempt to describe now. I knew nothing would have induced the shy man of letters to go down to B—, if he had known he was to be spoken at in that manner. I imagined his face a deep crimson, and his hands trembling with nervous horror; but judge of my surprise, when he rose to reply with so calm a voice and so composed a manner, that, in all my experience of dinner-speaking, I

never witnessed such a case of apparent ease. (Easy-Chair C— himself, one of the best makers of after-dinner or any other speeches of our day, according to Charles Dickens, — no inadequate judge, you will allow, — never surpassed in eloquent effect this speech by Hawthorne.) There was no hesitation, no sign of lack of preparation, but he went on for about ten minutes in such a masterly manner, that I declare to you it was one of the most successful efforts of the kind ever made. Everybody was delighted, and, when he sat down, a wild and unanimous shout of applause rattled the glasses on the table. The meaning of his singular composure on that occasion I could never get him satisfactorily to explain, and the only remark I ever heard him make, in any way connected with this marvellous exhibition of coolness, was simply, “What a confounded fool I was to go down to that speech-making dinner.”

During all those long years, while Hawthorne was absent in Europe, he was anything but an idle man. On the contrary, he was an eminently busy one, in the best sense of that term; and if his life had been prolonged, the public would have been a great gainer for his residence abroad. His brain teemed with romances, and once I remember he told me he had no less than five stories, well thought out, any one of which he could finish and publish whenever he chose to. There was one subject for a work of imagination that seems to have haunted him for years, and he has mentioned it twice in his journal. This was the subsequent life of the young man whom Jesus, looking on, “loved,” and whom he bade to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and take up his cross and follow him. “Something very deep and beautiful might be made out of this,” Hawthorne said, “for the young man went away sorrowful, and is not recorded to have done what he was bidden to do.”

One of the most difficult matters he had to manage while in England was the publication of Miss Bacon’s sin-

gular book on Shakespeare. The poor lady, after he had agreed to see the work through the press, broke off all correspondence with him in great wrath, accusing him of pusillanimity in not avowing full faith in her theory; so that, as he told me, so far as her good-will was concerned, he had not gained much by taking the responsibility of her book upon his shoulders. It was a heavy weight for him to bear in more senses than one, for he paid out of his own pocket the expenses of publication.

I find in his letters constant references to the great kindness with which he was treated in London. He spoke of Mrs. S. C. Hall as "one of the best and warmest-hearted women in the world." Leigh Hunt in his way pleased and satisfied him more than almost any man he had seen in England. "As for other literary men," he says in one of his letters, "I doubt whether London can muster so good a dinner-party as that which assembles every month at the marble palace in School Street."

All sorts of adventures befell him during his stay in Europe, even to that of having his house robbed, and his causing the thieves to be tried and sentenced to transportation. In the summer-time he travelled about the country in England and pitched his tent wherever fancy prompted. One autumn afternoon in September he writes to me from Leamington:—

"I received your letter only this morning, at this cleanest and prettiest of English towns, where we are going to spend a week or two before taking our departure for Paris. We are acquainted with Leamington already, having resided here two summers ago; and the country round about is unadulterated England, rich in old castles, manor-houses, churches, and thatched cottages, and as green as Paradise itself. I only wish I had a house here, and that you could come and be my guest in it; but I am a poor wayside vagabond, and only find shelter for a night or so, and then trudge onward

again. My wife and children and myself are familiar with all kinds of lodgement and modes of living, but we have forgotten what home is,—at least the children have, poor things! I doubt whether they will ever feel inclined to live long in one place. The worst of it is, I have outgrown my house in Concord, and feel no inclination to return to it.

"We spent seven weeks in Manchester, and went most diligently to the Art Exhibition; and I really begin to be sensible of the rudiments of a taste in pictures."

It was during one of his rambles through the Manchester Exhibition rooms that Hawthorne saw Tennyson wandering about. I have always thought it a great pity that these two men of genius could not have been introduced on that occasion. Hawthorne was too shy to seek an introduction, and Tennyson was not aware that the American author was present. Hawthorne records in his journal that he gazed at Tennyson with all his eyes, and rejoiced more in him than in all the other wonders of the Exhibition. When I afterwards told Tennyson that the author whose "Twice-Told Tales" he happened to be then reading at Farringford had met him at Manchester, but did not make himself known, the Laureate said in his frank and hearty manner: "Why did n't he come up and let me shake hands with him? I am sure I should have been glad to meet a man like Hawthorne anywhere."

At the close of 1857 Hawthorne writes to me that he hears nothing of the appointment of his successor in the consulate, since he had sent in his resignation. "Somebody may turn up any day," he says, "with a new commission in his pocket." He was meanwhile getting ready for Italy, and he writes, "I expect shortly to be released from durance."

In his last letter before leaving England for the Continent he says:—

"I made up a huge package the other day, consisting of seven closely

written volumes of journal, kept by me since my arrival in England, and filled with sketches of places and men and manners, many of which would doubtless be very delightful to the public. I think I shall seal them up, with directions in my will to have them opened and published a century hence; and your firm shall have the refusal of them then.

"Remember me to everybody, for I love all my friends at least as well as ever."

Released from the cares of office, and having nothing to distract his attention, his life on the Continent opened full of delightful excitement. His pecuniary situation was such as to enable him to live very comfortably in a country where, at that time, prices were moderate.

In a letter dated from a villa near Florence on the 3d of September, 1858, he describes in a charming manner his way of life in Italy. I will read an extract from it:—

"I am afraid I have stayed away too long, and am forgotten by everybody. You have piled up the dusty remnants of my editions, I suppose, in that chamber over the shop, where you once took me to smoke a cigar, and have crossed my name out of your list of authors, without so much as asking whether I am dead or alive. But I like it well enough, nevertheless. It is pleasant to feel at last that I am really away from America,—a satisfaction that I never enjoyed as long as I stayed in Liverpool, where it seemed to me that the quintessence of nasal and hand-shaking Yankeeism was continually filtered and sublimated through my consulate, on the way outward and homeward. I first got acquainted with my own countrymen there. At Rome, too, it was not much better. But here in Florence, and in the summer-time, and in this secluded villa, I have escaped out of all my old tracks, and am really remote.

"I like my present residence immensely. The house stands on a hill, overlooking Florence, and is big enough

to quarter a regiment; insomuch that each member of the family, including servants, has a separate suite of apartments, and there are vast wildernesses of upper rooms into which we have never yet sent exploring expeditions.

"At one end of the house there is a moss-grown tower, haunted by owls and by the ghost of a monk, who was confined there in the thirteenth century, previous to being burned at the stake in the principal square of Florence. I hire this villa, tower and all, at twenty-eight dollars a month; but I mean to take it away bodily and clap it into a romance, which I have in my head ready to be written out.

"Speaking of romances, I have planned two, one or both of which I could have ready for the press in a few months if I were either in England or America. But I find this Italian atmosphere not favorable to the close toil of composition, although it is a very good air to dream in. I must breathe the fogs of old England or the east winds of Massachusetts, in order to put me into working trim. Nevertheless, I shall endeavor to be busy during the coming winter at Rome, but there will be so much to distract my thoughts that I have little hope of seriously accomplishing anything. It is a pity; for I have really a plethora of ideas, and should feel relieved by discharging some of them upon the public.

"We shall continue here till the end of this month, and shall then return to Rome, where I have already taken a house for six months. In the middle of April we intend to start for home by the way of Geneva and Paris; and, after spending a few weeks in England, shall embark for Boston in July or the beginning of August. After so long an absence (more than five years already, which will be six before you see me at the old Corner), it is not altogether delightful to think of returning. Everybody will be changed, and I myself, no doubt, as much as anybody. Ticknor and you, I suppose, were both upset in the late religious earthquake, and when I inquire for you, the clerks

will direct me to the 'Business Men's Conference.' It won't do. I shall be forced to come back again and take refuge in a London lodging. London is like the grave in one respect, — any man can make himself at home there; and whenever a man finds himself homeless elsewhere, he had better either die or go to London.

"Speaking of the grave reminds me of old age and other disagreeable matters; and I would remark that one grows old in Italy twice or three times as fast as in other countries. I have three gray hairs now for one that I brought from England, and I shall look venerable indeed by next summer, when I return.

"Remember me affectionately to all my friends. Whoever has a kindness for me may be assured that I have twice as much for him."

Hawthorne's second visit to Rome, in the winter of 1859, was not a fortunate one. His own health was excellent during his sojourn there, but several members of his family fell ill, and he became very nervous and longed to get away. In one of his letters he says: —

"I bitterly detest Rome, and shall rejoice to bid it farewell forever; and I fully acquiesce in all the mischief and ruin that has happened to it, from Nero's conflagration downward. In fact, I wish the very site had been obliterated before I ever saw it."

He found great solace, during the series of domestic troubles (continued illness in his family) that befell, in writing memoranda for "The Marble Faun." He thus announces to me the beginning of the new romance: —

"I take some credit to myself for having sternly shut myself up for an hour or two almost every day, and come to close grips with a romance which I have been trying to tear out of my mind. As for my success, I can't say much; indeed, I don't know what to say at all. I only know that I have produced what seems to be a larger amount of scribble than either of my former romances, and that portions of

it interested me a good deal while I was writing them; but I have had so many interruptions, from things to see and things to suffer, that the story has developed itself in a very imperfect way, and will have to be revised hereafter. I could finish it for the press in the time that I am to remain here (till the 15th of April), but my brain is tired of it just now; and, besides, there are many objects that I shall regret not seeing, hereafter, though I care very little about seeing them now; so I shall throw aside the romance, and take it up again next August at The Wayside."

He decided to be back in England early in the summer, and to sail for home in July. He writes to me from Rome: —

"I shall go home, I fear, with a heavy heart, not expecting to be very well contented there. . . . If I were but a hundred times richer than I am, how very comfortable I could be! I consider it a great piece of good fortune that I have had experience of the discomforts and miseries of Italy, and did not go directly home from England. Anything will seem like Paradise after a Roman winter.

"If I had but a house fit to live in, I should be greatly more reconciled to coming home; but I am really at a loss to imagine how we are to squeeze ourselves into that little old cottage of mine. We had outgrown it before we came away, and most of us are twice as big now as we were then.

"I have an attachment to the place, and should be sorry to give it up; but I shall half ruin myself if I try to enlarge the house, and quite if I build another. So what is to be done? Pray have some plan for me before I get back; not that I think you can possibly hit on anything that will suit me. . . . I shall return by way of Venice and Geneva, spend two or three weeks or more in Paris, and sail for home, as I said, in July. It would be an exceeding delight to me to meet you or Ticknor in England, or anywhere else. At any rate, it will cheer my heart to see you

all and the old Corner itself, when I touch my dear native soil again."

I went abroad again, as you remember, Jack, in 1859, and found Hawthorne back in England, working away diligently at "*The Marble Faun*." While travelling on the Continent, during the autumn, I had constant letters from him, giving accounts of his progress on the new romance. He says: "I get along more slowly than I expected. . . . If I mistake not, it will have some good chapters." Writing on the 10th of October he tells me: "The romance is almost finished, a great heap of manuscript being already accumulated, and only a few concluding chapters remaining behind. If hard pushed, I could have it ready for the press in a fortnight; but unless the publishers [Smith and Elder were to bring out the work in England] are in a hurry, I shall be somewhat longer about it. I have found far more work to do upon it than I anticipated. To confess the truth, I admire it exceedingly at intervals, but am liable to cold fits, during which I think it the most infernal nonsense. You ask for the title. I have not yet fixed upon one, but here are some that have occurred to me; neither of them exactly meets my idea: '*Monte Beni*; or, *The Faun. A Romance*.' '*The Romance of a Faun*.' '*The Faun of Monte Beni*.' '*Monte Beni: a Romance*.' '*Miriam: a Romance*.' '*Hilda: a Romance*.' '*Donatello: a Romance*.' '*The Faun: a Romance*.' '*Marble and Man: a Romance*.' When you have read the work (which I especially wish you to do before it goes to press), you will be able to select one of them, or imagine something better. There is an objection in my mind to an Italian name, though perhaps *Monte Beni* might do. Neither do I wish, if I can help it, to make the fantastic aspect of the book too prominent by putting the *Faun* into the title-page."

Hawthorne wrote so intensely on his new story, that he was quite worn down before he finished it. To recruit his strength he went to Redcar, where

the bracing air of the German Ocean soon counteracted the ill effect of overwork. "*The Marble Faun*" was in the London printing-office in November, and he seemed very glad to have it off his hands. His letters to me at this time (I was still on the Continent) were very jubilant. He was living in Leamington, and was constantly writing to me that I should find the next two months more comfortable in England than anywhere else. On the 17th he writes:—

"The Italian spring commences in February, which is certainly an advantage, especially as from February to May is the most disagreeable portion of the English year. But it is always summer by a bright coal-fire. We find nothing to complain of in the climate of Leamington. To be sure, we cannot always see our hands before us for fog; but I like fog, and do not care about seeing my hand before me. We have thought of staying here till after Christmas and then going somewhere else,—perhaps to Bath, perhaps to Devonshire. But all this is uncertain. Leamington is not so desirable a residence in winter as in summer; its great charm consisting in the many delightful walks and drives, and in its neighborhood to interesting places. I have quite finished the book (some time ago) and have sent it to Smith and Elder, who tell me it is in the printer's hands, but I have received no proof-sheets. They wrote to request another title instead of the '*Romance of Monte Beni*,' and I sent them their choice of a dozen. I don't know what they have chosen; neither do I understand their objection to the above. Perhaps they don't like the book at all; but I shall not trouble myself about that, as long as they publish it and pay me my £600. For my part, I think it much my best romance; but I can see some points where it is open to assault. If it could have appeared first in America, it would have been a safe thing. . . .

"I mean to spend the rest of my abode in England in blessed idleness: and as for my journal, in the first place,

I have not got it here ; secondly, there is nothing in it that will do to publish."

And now, dear Jack, I have read to you extracts enough from Hawthorne's letters for to-day. There is really so much of interest connected with this great author, that I never know where to stop, when I fall to gossiping about

him. When I began to open my memorial budget to you, I had no idea I should find so good a listener.

But let us have a long brisk winter walk, before the snow falls faster and thicker. "We can do our ten miles without the slightest harm before night sets in and the drifts pile up their white barricades.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Poems. By BRET HARTE. Boston : James R. Osgood and Company, late Ticknor and Fields, and Fields, Osgood, & Co.

OF all the immortals, Popularity is the most capricious, and of all the tastes for which there is no accounting hers is the most unaccountable. Reckless of the deliberations of criticism, which, if she were wise, she would wait for and scrupulously heed, she seizes upon a certain poem, whose movement and tinkle please her, and makes it the universal favorite. This choice is so often wholly independent of merit, that Popularity is most mystifying when she devotes to favor something really good, and the reflecting mind straightway suspects her of not knowing that it is good. Considering whom and what she has taken to her heart heretofore, the reflecting mind doubts if she knows that in Mr. Bret Harte she has bestowed her smiles upon a real poet, that she has turned her beautiful eyes upon one worthy of her nobler sister, Fame. So the reflecting mind, darkling in its own conceit. How many of all those who carry "The Heathen Chinee" about in their pocket-books, or know it by heart, perfectly feel its delicious humor, its exquisite sarcasm, its potent force of characterization? Not all, we may venture to say ; not many, we are tempted to add, if we may guess from the imbecile efforts which have been made to illustrate it, and from the fact that it has actually been set to music ! Nevertheless, its subtle excellence remains established, nor can any clumsy preference harm it, nor the yet more dangerous desire of the poet himself to repeat it.

Not that it is perfect in its way : without proof that the misuse of the pronoun *which* is good Pike as well as good Cockney, the poem is so far inartistic, and its fault extends to other dialect pieces of this book. It is by no means the most perfect of Mr. Harte's things, as Popularity may be surprised to learn, though it is undoubtedly one of the best. "The Society upon the Stanislaus" has as quaint a humor, but it is not so generally relishable, and is more adapted to the learned palate, having a lesson of peculiar virtue for all scientific congresses, namely, —

"It is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man."

This, also, is the plain language of Truthful James, who is reporting

"The row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw,"
and who tells how, when Mr. Brown had reconstructed from some fossil bones

"An animal that was extremely rare."
Mr. Jones claimed the remains for those of his mule ; whereupon Mr. Brown apologized :

"It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault" ;
and Truthful James continues :—

"Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass, — at least, to all intent ;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

"Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order — when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

"For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage

In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age ;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their
anger was a sin,

Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head
of Thompson in."

From these lines the reader perceives that Truthful James can be perfectly true to himself without his erring *which* ; though here also is an ideal region, and

"The light that never was on land or sea"

illuminates impossible conditions. Of course so much probability can be exacted as to leave little art ; but without enough there is equally little art ; — though in spite of its deficiency from the latter cause, the censor who has made out his case often feels something treacherously fascinating in the performance condemned, and turns upon himself and enjoys it. The poems "Jim," "Chiquita," "Dow's Flat," "Cicely," and "Penelope" are all more artistic than those given in Truthful James's plain language ; yet we are not sure we like them better, though we believe they will wear better. It strikes us that their humor is in no wise dependent upon their grotesqueness, whereas that of both the other pieces is so in some degree. They represent real persons and actual states to finer effect than these, and as a group of character-paintings, vigorously and clearly done, they have very great value. As we noticed in his volume of prose sketches, Mr. Harte seems here to write only for his own sex's sympathy ; almost the sole trace of a new country in his art being that it is apparently exercised entirely for a masculine community. We will not say it is worse for this reason ; and, in the face of all the ladies who read the "Atlantic," we dare not say it is better.

We think that, on the whole, "Jim" is the most finished and consistent of the pieces in dialect. In this the rude dramatic monologue of the miner, who never transcends himself in method or material of speech, suffices to possess us of all the tenderness there is in the friendship of such rough hearts, and the climax, — which is so apt to be the anti-climax, — in which it appears that Jim is not only not dead, but is then and there spoken to, is the truth itself. Many readers are already familiar with the poem, but for the sake of others, and for the purpose of illustrating our idea, we give it here : —

"JIM."

"SAV there ! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild ?
Well, — no offence :
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled !

"Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar :
That 's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir ! *You*
Ain't of that crew, —
Blest if you are !

"Money ? — Not much :
That ain't my kind :
I ain't no such.
Rum ? — I don't mind,
Seein' it 's you.

"Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him ? —
Jess 'bout your size ;
Same kind of eyes ? —
Well, that is strange :
Why, it 's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

"Well, here 's to us :
Eh ?
The h—— you say !
Dead ? —
That little cuss ?

"What makes you star, —
You over thar ?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar' ?
It would n't take
D—— much to break
You and your bar.

"Dead !
Poor — little — Jim !
— Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben, —
No-account men :
Then to take *him* !

"Well, thar — Good by, —
No more, sir, — I —
Eh ?
What 's that you say ? —
Why, dern it ! — sho ! —
No ? Yes ! By Jo !
Sold !
Sold ! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim !"

Next to this for preservation of the artistic proprieties is "Penelope," and then "Chiquita," — in which we rejoice also because of its excellent modern use of hexameters, — and then "Dow's Flat."

"You see this 'yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck ;
He shipped up somehow
On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he'd a straddled thet fence-rail the derved
thing 'ed get up and buck."

It is Dow himself who is all the time depicting his own character to the stranger passing through the Flat, and telling how when he had dug forty feet for water, and had gone out one day with the intention of shooting himself if he did not strike water, he struck gold,—enough to make him rich :

"For 't was *water* the derved cuss was seekin', and
his luck made him certain to miss."

The touch of pathos, which is seldom wanting in Mr. Harte's better things, comes in when we are told how in the midst of Dow's bad luck his wife and children arrived at the Flat :—

"It was rough, — mighty rough ;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly ;
And the old woman, — well, she did washing, and
took on when no one was nigh."

The power of telling a whole story, or of representing an entire state of things in a very few words, which is shown in those we have italicized, is one of Mr. Harte's most notable traits, and it is not at all dependent upon "dialect." It appears with delightful effect in "Her Letter," where the young lady, translated from "Poverty Flat" to New York fashionable society, writing to her California lover, reminds him of a ball at the Flat :—

"Of the steps that we took to one fiddle ;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis* ;
And how I once went down the middle,
With the man that shot Sandy McGee."

Here the peculiar character of life at Poverty Flat is caught and forever fixed by the stroke of genius. "Her Letter" is charming throughout, and "The Return of Belisarius" is excellent. Thoroughly and very admirably good, also, is "John Burns of Gettysburg," which, if another had written it, would have alone sufficed to make him known. But all Mr. Harte's American poetry has to struggle for life against his Californian poetry. In the latter direction, if we may judge from the "Reply to her Letter" and other plain language from Truthful James, — published since this collection was made, — he gives signs of exhaustion, and wreaks himself upon his er-

ratic pronoun beyond sufferance. This is not altogether regrettable, for his genius has shown itself quite equal to the task of delighting us all in English of perfect sanity and sobriety. We do not mean to imply that it was not well to have written the dialect poems ; on the contrary, we cannot well fancy our doing without them, now they have been given us ; but we feel that their range is narrow, and that their popularity forms a temptation to produce them after the best motive has ceased, which is adverse to the interests of literature. We feel, moreover, that the man who has written them can do things vastly better, things universally valuable.

It ought to be praise to Mr. Harte that there is so much of this sort of promise in his volume ; at least, a poet of his performance need not be damned by it. The fact remains in any case, and the fact of inequality also ; and there are some observable carelessnesses. Shenstone, not Herrick, wrote

"I have found out a gift for my fair," etc., which is travestied in the first of the "Parodies," and the concluding lines of the first and second stanzas of the far-off imitation of Spenser are not alexandrines, as they should be. Of other imitations, not confessed, in the book, we do not think it necessary to speak, because they are so easily identifiable, and because, while they are certainly to be lamented, they seem all of early date, and are probably part of Mr. Harte's past which he will be willing to forget hereafter.

Words and their Uses, Past and Present.
A Study of the English Language. By
RICHARD GRANT WHITE. New York :
Sheldon & Co.

THE trouble with most writers upon style and the proprieties of language is, that, with a capacity for saying almost anything faultlessly, they have little or nothing to say. It is a great shame, but it is really a fact, that, with all their surprising accuracy and chasteness of expression, they have not even an agreeable style ; and thus we behold the shocking anomaly of men who would never fall into the blunders of Shakespeare, Addison, and Thackeray, — notoriously incorrect writers, — not only destitute of the ideas which have given these careless people their celebrity, but unable to utter what thoughts

they have in such a way as to give pleasure to their readers. Take them one after another, what a tiresome company they mostly are! How heavy and blunt in sarcasm, how thin and watery in humor, in wit how pert! There is but one race more tedious and absurd on the face of the earth, namely, the writers on etiquette and deportment. Their chief excuse for being is the comfort they afford mankind by the spectacle of their mutual animosity. This is amusing in its sad way, for

"Dragons of the prime
That tare each other in their slime,"

afforded no show more exciting than they in their bouts with pronouns, adverbs, and all the parts of speech but the vital parts.

Perhaps the course of our feelings about most writers of this kind has carried us too far to allow of our making the exception we should like to make of Mr. White. Where nearly all are insufferable and trivial, he is agreeable and instructive. We must confess, however, that we fear his influence upon the language will be small, and that the English-speaking world will go on saying, "Is being done," long after he is dead. Nevertheless, we salute this reappearance of his well-known "Galaxy" essays with all favor and respect. Except as an adherent of destiny, a believer that what will be will be, we have no dispute with him, so far as we can remember, upon any of the points he urges. His book will not accomplish much with the abuses which it assails, but we have no doubt of its worth in other ways. Its chief use, we imagine, will be an historical one; it will remain the best and most intelligent comment upon the English of our time, and scholars shall hereafter resort to it with the interest and pleasure we now feel in that knowledge of all past English which Mr. White shows.

He not only enlarges immensely the slender stock of the virtues of the writers upon words, but he escapes nearly all their faults; he is neither heavy nor flippant; he is neither elaborate nor obscure; his book is thoroughly entertaining. We cherish a darling hope that it will here and there fall into the hands of a young writer of good instincts whom it will save from blundering into some vulgarities of parlance; but we keep firmly in mind (and shall try always to do so) that when writers make a stand (as Mr. White now and then calls upon them to do) for any obsolescent form or grace of

speech, they are doing a very deadly thing for themselves. The English language is primarily in the mouths of living men; it has no transmissible life but what comes thence, and there we must seek it if we would say anything clearly or stoutly to our own generation. Let posterity take care of itself.

Frederick S. Cozzens's Works. "*The Sparrowgrass Papers.*" "*Acadia: A Month with the Blue Noses.*" "*The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker and other learned Men.*" New York: Hurd and Houghton.

"THE Sparrowgrass Papers" to those who read them long ago have remained a tradition of kindly wit and exuberant cheerfulness, somewhat exaggerated in conception and affected in method, but, on the whole, novel and enjoyable, with all their faults. Their bane was the ease with which their affectation could be caught, and ever so many feeble and feebler imitations followed them, till mankind grew a little impatient and aggrieved with the original.

"Acadia," by the same hand, was in a more subdued strain, but somehow, though an excellent picture of an interesting region, it never won great favor.

"The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker" are the least admirable of the author's efforts, as we hinted in a former notice of them. They are here increased, it is but just to add, by some better papers, which did not appear with them when first published.

These three volumes contain the principal literary labors of a man who once promised to make a considerable figure in American letters. He had real humor, a good perception and enjoyment of character, and a vein of charming sentiment. He wrote verses even better, in their way, than his prose; of the many who loved the pretty lines, few knew that it was he made the poem beginning, —

"I lent my love a book one day;
She brought it back, I laid it by.
'T was little either had to say,
She was so strange, and I so shy," —

a very graceful and touching little poem that once found its way to all hearts. But with his prose his name is chiefly identified, and it is upon this that the reader is here asked finally to like him or leave him; for the kindly heart and brain from which the books

came are at rest, and can do nothing more to make us ashamed of our censure or our praise. We are safe in recognizing the original quality of much that he produced, and the fact that he did invent a new pleasure for us in fantastic sketches of the citizen's life in the country, — fantastic, and yet so truthful that most urban and suburban people can match them out of their own observation. To be sure, it is not the finest kind of touch, but it is authentic; the humor is not of the best, but it is his, and it is not cked out with the infamies of bad spelling, or the other helps to more recent humor. It is very amiable, and it often played about character in such a way as to light up amusing and truthful phases of human nature. The worst of it is that it is *rollicking*; the author seems to think that the reader's favor can be stormed by mere boisterous good spirits and loud laughter. So the favor of some readers can be, but it is not worth having; and he was often content to win the favor that was not worth having. Perhaps, then, his immortal part as an author is not here, and his possibilities passed away with him. Nevertheless, here is very pleasant reading, very pleasant reading indeed; honest and excellent work in many places; a good appreciation of the comical side of life, and that suggestion of feeling for its seriousness without which the other is of small account.

Our literature has made great advance since most of these things were done, but it has not improved upon all of them. The Knickerbocker school is dead; but there are other schools, which we are sorry to say are not dead, and which are not so good; these have neither the knowledge of men nor the love of books which distinguished that school, and which make us feel friendly to Mr. Cozzens even at his worst, and disposed to be proud of him at his best.

Art in the Netherlands. By H. TAINÉ.
Translated by J. DURAND. New York:
Leypoldt and Holt.

M. TAINÉ dwells first upon the physical and mental differences of the Teutonic and Latin races, especially as these are developed in Holland and Italy; then he studies the intellectual and social life of the Dutch, and the natural conditions which influence it; then he sketches the famous epochs of their history; and so, in the light of temper-

ament, society, and events he considers the art of these people, who, without achieving any distinction in literature, have equalled the English in their capacity for political and religious liberty, and have surpassed all other Teutonic peoples in painting. The subject naturally divides itself after the period of Holland's separation from Flanders, when the former became free and Protestant, and the latter remained subject and Catholic. The Flemish fell more rapidly under the control of the Italian school, to which the Dutch also succumbed; but in both cases the loss of the authentic spirit of art occurred for the same reasons, — enormous material prosperity, and luxurious and artificial life among the people. Of course, M. Taine does not fail to indulge his love of generalization upon each of these points; but it requires no great intelligence and no great fortitude in the reader to refuse to follow him where he goes too far, and in a certain measure his generalizing is extremely good. In the historical view of the subject, which is very entertaining, there is no great original value; the easily accessible and pretty well-known facts are effectively and significantly grouped, but much as the average reader will already have arranged them in his own memory; the considerations of race are not new nor striking: perhaps they are rather conventional; the social and religious life of the people is more forcibly treated; but the chief excellence of the book is in the vivid sense it gives of Holland as a fact of nature, with the characteristics in her which would probably produce great painters. These are first separately considered, and then contrasted with the analogous traits which gave the world Venetian coloring, and the natural differences are suggested that resulted in the artistic differences of the Dutch and Venetian schools.

The book is a most delightful one, full of a social and historical pageantry that you enjoy whilst you proclaim its cheapness, and crowned with this really valuable and unsurpassed disquisition upon the actual character of art in the Netherlands. It is much shorter than either of M. Taine's books on Italy which Mr. Durand has given us, — "Rome and Naples" and "Florence and Venice," — but we think it may be read with quite as much instruction, and with less employment of the friendly distrust which is useful in reading M. Taine, — or, for that matter, any other theorizer upon art.

My Summer in a Garden. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

WE may suspect Mr. Warner of setting formally at work to raise a laugh rather than any other crop in his garden, and yet not refuse to be amused by its history. We have nearly all of us, somehow or other, at some time or other, actually experienced horticulture ourselves, and ought to be very glad indeed to learn where the laugh comes in, as we may from Mr. Warner. His book is light and easy to be read, and it is imbued with a humor which, if not very subtle, is nearly always pleasant. The moral characteristics of the vegetable world are set in novel and grotesque lights, — as the capriciousness of fruits and plants, and the perverseness and wickedness of weeds, especially “pusley”: and we come to dwell so personally upon these matters, that it is a kind of relief to find so few of our succulent friends ever reaching the table. The predatory world of insects, birds, cows, and boys appears in droll and recognizably truthful glimpses, and the gardener and the provokingly suggested Polly are veritable types of the young people who commonly enter upon such enterprises. Perhaps the material of the book is a trifle extenuated and perhaps not, — so much depends upon the mood of the reader. It is slight, certainly, and would be intolerable otherwise; and it will fare better in our readers’ hands without coming to them overpraised by us. The humorous flavor of the papers — “some of which,” premises the author, with a touch which all gardeners will feel, “will be like many papers of garden-seeds, with nothing vital in them” — is pretty well expressed in the remark which closes the remarks upon the relations of neighbors’ children to one’s garden: “I, for one, feel that it would not be right, aside from the law, to take the life even of the smallest child, for the sake of a little fruit, more or less, in a garden. I may be wrong, but these are my sentiments, and I am not ashamed of them.”

Art in the Mountains. The Story of the Passion Play. By HENRY BLACKBURN. London: Sampson, Low, & Co.

DURING several months the magazines and papers have contained many notices and accounts of the “Passionspiel” of the

Bavarian peasants, and Mr. Blackburn states that a portion of his book has already appeared in the columns of “The Graphic.” But we are, nevertheless, indebted to him for a very attractive book; which, though it does not contain a great deal that is new in description, is very fully illustrated, and has, besides full-page portraits of the different actors, in the costumes of their parts, and a view of the theatre, charming sketches (we recognize with pleasure the hand of Mr. Darley in some of the sketches) of the mountains, village peasants in their native costume, and the inevitable donkey and goat of mountain regions.

We question whether, in all the articles that have appeared in English or American magazines, there have been any better descriptions of Oberammergau and its “Passionspiel” than those written by Anna Howitt twenty years ago in her “Art Student in Munich,” and the Baroness Tautphaeus in her charming novel, “Quits,” in a chapter called “A Remnant of the Middle Ages,” where there is an admirable and vivid account of the performance of the Passion Play.

But we think that Mr. Blackburn’s book is the first one entirely devoted to the play. After a slight sketch of Miracle Plays in the Middle Ages, he gives a brief description of the origin of this last remaining relic of the old religious plays. The earliest Miracle Play we read of is that which Gregory Nazianza, an early father of the Church, is said to have constructed; it was a drama on the Passion of Christ, and was intended to counteract the profanities of the heathen stage; it is supposed to have been written about the year 364. Mr. Blackburn says of the early history of the Oberammergau play, that it is soon told. “In the year 1633 the village of Oberammergau was desolated by pestilence, caused by the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, and the inhabitants resolved to represent once in ten years the Death and Passion of Christ. They made a vow, and the ‘plague was stayed.’ In the latter part of the last century such representations were common throughout Bavaria; but in 1779 they were all interdicted by the clergy, excepting only the one at Oberammergau, which, being under the superintendence of the neighboring monastery at Ettal, and having a special object, was still permitted to be held.”

“Without,” continues Mr. Blackburn, “going further into the history of Miracle

Plays, — of which the one at Oberammergau is almost the only relic, — we would repeat that those of which we read in former times lacked the finish and conscientious care bestowed on this ; and the year 1870 is probably the culminating point of excellence at Oberammergau, for the reason that the performers still retain their simplicity of character, combined with an amount of artistic excellence never before achieved. In another ten years it will be otherwise ; the sons and daughters of these peasants are being educated in cities, and will bring back with them too much knowledge of the world." He says that now the acting is "nearly always natural, nearly always right," even the little children being charmingly natural, easy, and unaffected in their parts.

Mr. Blackburn speaks of the artistic excellence and high finish shown in all respects, and the general good taste exhibited in the form and color of the costumes, though he does mention the occasional appearance of glaring and inharmonious shades ; but it would be strange if among so many there were not a few unpleasing and inartistic effects. The theatre, chorus, costumes, acting, and music are wonderfully good ; and when we consider the difficulties under which these villagers carry on this "Passionspiel," and the good taste, skill, and *esprit de corps* shown by each and all, we feel that the mere performance of the play has elevated them much above ordinary mountain peasants. The agreeable and very satisfactory performance of the play is probably due to the artistic tastes and education of the villagers, who are in most cases devoted to wood-carving, — in which they excel, — as a means of livelihood.

Any one who has read descriptions of the Mysteries and Miracle Plays in England, in the Middle Ages, will thoroughly agree with the author in his opinion that "the 'Passionspiel' at Oberammergau in 1870 is as different from the Miracle Play called the 'Harrowing of Hell,' performed in England in the reign of Edward II., as the noblest tragedy from the commonest farce." It would be strange, indeed, if the rolling years of more than two centuries, which have brought in their train such an increase in culture and civilization, and so advanced the arts, sciences, and manufactures, had not, even among these simple mountaineers, vastly improved the plan and performance of their Passion Play. It may be inferior,

in many respects, to the highest drama of the nineteenth century, yet it is as infinitely superior to the early Miracle Plays as the whole tone of society at the present day is far in advance of the best culture of the sixteenth century.

Anna Howitt compares their theatre, in effect, to those of ancient times, and says of it : "These effects of sunshine and shadow, and of drapery fluttered by the wind, were very striking and beautiful ; one could imagine how the Greeks must have availed themselves of such striking effects in their theatres open to the sky."

The History of Paraguay, with Notes of Personal Observations, and Reminiscences of Diplomacy under Difficulties. By CHARLES A. WASHBURN, Commissioner and Minister Resident of the United States at Asuncion from 1861 to 1868. In Two Volumes. Boston : Lee and Shepard.

IN the twelve hundred pages of his two large volumes Mr. Washburn has told a wonderful story. Still, we can imagine the reader, who like us has followed it word for word from the title-page to the somewhat incorrect Index, as under a confused impression that he has read at least two Histories of Paraguay at one and the same time. It is certain that the author might have easily condensed all he has to relate into the compass of either of the present volumes. Nothing is hazarded — except probably the charge of undue compliment to the clumsy arrangement and style of his work — when we say that it contains, in the second volume at least, scarcely a statement which is not repeated once or twice. These repetitions occur frequently on the same page and in the same paragraph, often in the same sentence. Yet the story he has to tell is absorbingly interesting, in spite of Mr. Washburn.

The history of Paraguay begins properly in the greatness of the man who founded the Spanish colony, and it ends in one of the most terrible tragedies of modern times. Domingo Martinez de Irala came to the country of La Plata as a captain, and rose by the force of his character to control for years the destinies of the Spaniards and Indians of Paraguay. In an age when it was the custom to plunder and murder the defenceless natives of America, he did more

to protect and civilize them than was ever done by any other European colonist, Spaniard or Anglo-Saxon. He encouraged his followers to marry the Indian women and adopt their language. A distinct nation, differing in almost everything from any other in South America, or indeed in the whole world, has been the result, and to this day the Guarani is the common language of the Paraguayans. "William Penn," says Mr. Washburn, "only professed to deal with the Indians honestly; but Irala labored incessantly to raise them from barbarism to civilization and Christianity. The Indians with whom Penn had to deal have disappeared from the earth; but the race that Irala undertook to elevate yet exists, is recognized as a nation, and has carried on a longer war against greater odds than was ever known before." Here a great man has been discovered. His motives certainly cannot be impugned, whether the rearing of the mixed race was a mistake or not. The subsequent fate of the Paraguayans does not, in our opinion, decide the question for us. It seems more reasonable to attribute to the long, enervating tyranny of the Jesuits rather than to the mixture of blood the fact that the terrible reigns of Francia and the Lopezes were possible.

Passing on through the colonial times we come to those of the Dictator Francia. The chapters about this man, or demon rather, are, to our thinking, the best in the whole work. The awe and mystery in which his acts are shrouded seem in some way to have got into the pages. It is almost incredible that in our century a man could have so long hedged in a nation and his atrocious deeds from all knowledge of the outside world. There is nothing in the history of modern times, not even the career of the younger Lopez, to match the lonely grandeur of this inscrutable wretch. He made the way easy for his successors, and their barbarities have become too well known through governmental investigation to be long dwelt upon here. Indeed, no summary or quotation can give a just idea of Francisco Solano Lopez, the man who tortured and put to death not only the most servile ministers of his cruelty, but his own brothers; and who caused his aged mother to be whipped. The lance that rid the world of him prevented the execution of the sentence of death already pronounced against her and his tortured sisters. "He made good his threat of driving all non-comba-

tants before him. . . . All the boys above nine or ten years old had been taken for soldiers, and therefore nearly all of the remainder were females. . . . Lopez's orders, as he retreated, were that no Paraguayans should be left to fall into the hands of the allies; and parties were sent in all directions to drive in and keep in front the women and children that were scattered through the country. To do this required more troops than Lopez could spare; therefore the scouting-parties, when they found a crowd of women and children too numerous for them to drive into the interior before being overtaken by the allies, indiscriminately slaughtered them. . . . These people had scarcely anything to eat except what they could pick up in the woods and deserted country. . . . Seldom in the history of the world has such misery and suffering been endured as by these helpless women and children. Many of them were forced to the severest kind of drudgery, while all of them were driven about through the wilderness, exposed by day to the scorching rays of the sun, with no shelter at night, and with only such food as the forests afforded. Thousands and tens of thousands of them died of actual starvation. . . . If the guard were not strong enough or numerous enough to drive the fugitives all before them in their retreat, the rule was to cut their throats; and when the allies came up, they found nothing but the mutilated bodies left unburied on the plains and in the forests. Lopez had said that he would leave none behind him; that, if he must fall, no Paraguayan should survive him." At the commencement of the late war it is estimated that there were about eight hundred thousand people in Paraguay. Nine tenths of them have been sacrificed to the ambition, folly, and cruelty of the younger Lopez and his paramour, Madam Lynch. Mr. Washburn says: "More than seven hundred thousand Paraguayans had perished, and probably the war had cost the allies three hundred thousand lives; so that the unnatural tyrant, during the seven years of his power, was the immediate and direct cause of the death of a million of people."

We cannot complain of Mr. Washburn's bringing so much of himself into his History, though we incline to the opinion that no account of a quarrel told by a party to it can be quite agreeable reading. Still, the attention of the civilized world was first drawn to Paraguay, we may say, by abuse

of him. The same dark machinery which enabled Lopez to sacrifice almost an entire people, and to lead three nations to the verge of bankruptcy and ruin, was applied to the blacking of Mr. Washburn's character. His personal relations with the Paraguayans, its tyrant, and his enemies have become, therefore, a part of the history of that unfortunate country. No careful reader of these volumes will doubt that their author has made out a clear case for himself, notwithstanding the occasional lapses of taste and evidences of bitterness in which it is done; and the very decided action of Congress in the matter of Mr. Washburn's grievances gives us reason to hope that a lasting good will accrue from them to Americans everywhere, in a better understanding and definition of the duties of our naval officers on foreign stations.

Verses. By H. H. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1870.

THESE verses give the impression of remarkable power, not yet matured, though maturing. There is great freshness of imagination, and an intensity of feeling unsurpassed by any woman since Elizabeth Barrett Browning. There is never any diffuseness, but more commonly an excess of concentration, and a studied conformity in most cases to the rigid requirements of each chosen metre. These qualities, however, are often bought at the expense of rugged lines and rather forced emphasis; and while there is often a sweetness of special cadences, we often miss the lyrical flow. Yet some of the purely lyrical poems sing themselves well, as in the ringing verses, "Coming Across," which are indeed set to the very music of the waves. There is also a class of meditative poems, of an out-door character, as "Distance" and "My Strawberry," which have a depth and delicacy of flavor

that recall Emerson and Thoreau. These give the impression of being more recently written than the rest, — or is it only that they are accidentally placed at the end of the book? We should be inclined to fancy that they represent a later mood than the European poems, as those again are later than the more private and personal utterances.

At the head of all these "Verses" may perhaps be placed a few in which an exceedingly high or delicate conception is embodied in a very perfect shape. Such, for instance, are "Burnt Ships," "Ariadne's Farewell," and "Thought." These are poems of permanent worth, leaving nothing to desire, but there are very few which quite equal these. To these, however, should be added the two remarkable poems called "Gondolieds," which we must think the artistic high-water mark of the book. It is, moreover, fortunate for the author's immediate popularity, — and has, in fact, already secured it, — that she has also produced a class of more simple and popular poems, for which see the corners of the newspapers. Such, for instance, are "My Legacy," "Best," "When the Baby died," and "Lifted over." By far the best of these, however, is "Spinning," which is indeed a strong and tender and noble poem, and likely to live.

We should say of the "Verses by H. H.," as a whole, that they show great wealth in the raw material of poetry, and great occasional power of expression, with a careful and conscientious execution. These are qualities that place this author at once above the great body of our poetlings. To be sure, her utterance is not yet quite free; it is a little choked and resisted. She has resolutely dammed up the stream here and there, to obtain a greater head of water; and it is a great thing to be thus secured against shallowness, though one may sometimes miss the ripple of the unchecked brook.

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FOOTPADS.

I DON'T know what there is particularly tempting to thieves in Royal's face and mine, but, without vanity, I think we may say that that gentry find more charms there than usually centre in the human countenance; for what the flame is to the moth, the drop of honey to the swarm of flies, we seem to be to that ingenious class of people.

Not indeed to the generic thief, — the thief proper, so to say, — who surreptitiously takes your purse or your jewel through any undue development of the secretive organs, nor to the sly and suffering kleptomaniac under his ban of eternal torture; but to that class who from the courage of the highwayman subtract merely the brutality, and transfer the celerity of the pickpocket from the fingers to the thoughts, and with bold combinations and unblushing fronts present themselves in all the dash and daring of the ancient black-mailing border baron and demand your money or your — self-respect.

As I said, I cannot fancy to myself the cabala whose secret writing stamps us the chosen victims of this latter sort; for I am sure there is nothing of

the blandly benevolent in our appearance, while, if my lunettes had their rights, they would scare away all who could not unflinchingly receive the glare of their scrutiny; and as to a glance of Royal's eyes, I should say it would detect truth as infallibly as Ithuriel's spear itself, if that weapon had not by this time lost all its point.

But whatever the cause may be, the effect remains, and these marauders have marked us for their own. Not to speak of the people at the door, who have had their fingers torn off by machinery or their toes bitten off by frost, and who batten on us; nor of the street mendicants whom Royal always merrily dismissed with a quarter and an injunction to drink his health therewith, — the last one who had implored piteously for ten cents to buy a loaf of bread for his starving children, on receipt of this injunction and the strip of precious paper, actually saying, "Thank yes, surr, I wull!" and walking off with a grin, quite another man; not to speak of the venerable impostor who, on the first time that Royal ever entered the sacred precincts of the Common, extended an open and authoritative palm to him.

"Why," said Royal, quite amazed, "I never knew they charged an admission fee to the Common!" "A recent custom, sir," said the hoary sinner, with imperturbable self-possession; and thinking so much brass would be better for an alloy, Royal gave him a bit of silver,—it was in those heavy and uncomfortable and purse-destroying days of specie: not to speak of them, nor of the poor soldier-boy who badgers us into buying, nor of the blind beggars who, Royal says, always see him first of anybody, nor of the subscription-book pedlers, who declare themselves sent to us by friends whose advice we may not reject, or who begin their set speeches at the door, working their way in the while and never going till our money goes with them; never leaving half the numbers,—which seemed so easy to take at fifty cents a month, but which come ten at a time,—and taking those they do bring away one day to bind, and never bringing them back again; not to speak of any of these, let me tell you of a nobler and larger sort, a sort of Hounslow Heath mendicants, who first made their approach to us in the person of one Mr. Fitz James, who, having obtained entrance at our house, desired that I should wait upon him.

It being exceedingly early in the morning, and I just awakened from that rest more delicious than all before,—the last sweet strippings of sleep, as it were,—I declined to detain the owner of so fine a patronymic; and mamma, who is one of the sun-worshippers up with the lark, went down to learn the errand.

"Madam," said the stranger, a tall and rather courtly person, on mamma's entrance, and as if no business could be transacted till so weighty a problem was solved, "can you give me the name of the painter of this picture?"

"No, indeed," said the innocent lady.

"I am sure I know the hand," said he then pensively, and still regarding the scene. "There are traces—touches—I have seen the companion-

piece in Germany. It is a very nice thing. I hope you understand its worth."

"My daughter does value it, I believe," said mamma, trusting by mention of me to recall him to his own affairs.

"Your daughter,—that reminds me," said he, suddenly wheeling about; and then with a pang of disappointment darkening his face, "am I not to see herself?"

"She begs to be excused," answered mamma. "But perhaps, if your business with her is of importance, you can call again, or can transact it through me."

"It is an unseasonable hour, I confess," he replied. "But I had trusted—In fact could I see your daughter, I should—It is hard—it is difficult—addressing a stranger—but she is one of the guild, a member of the same profession as myself, a profession accustomed to vicissitudes,—she would understand and grant what I cannot venture to expect of you, madam, though your countenance—"

"You wish," said mamma, her eyes opening, and coming cruelly to the point,— "you wish for assistance of some kind, I presume."

"That is it exactly! Thanks, dear madam, for sparing my embarrassment and chagrin so kindly. Why should I beat about the bush? I really beg your pardon, but what a magnificent palm-branch that is!" And he approached the corner where a great dry bough arched and rustled its withered fronds from floor to ceiling and shook out odors of dates and Africa. "The cocoa palm, I imagine? The ivory has a different leaf. That is a treasure. What a delight it must be to a person of your daughter's cast of mind!" It was mamma's particular detestation as a dust-catcher and lair of cobwebs. "Now if I had that in my study, of how many of my voyages among coral reefs, along the low tropical coasts, it would remind me, and bring Florida and Trinidad and Abyssinia into the third story back of Eighth Avenue—"

Here mamma gently recalled him to the object of his visit.

"A thousand apologies!" he exclaimed. "But when one has only a disagreeable thing to do — The truth is," he said, "that I am a member of the press, one of the staff of the *Corinthian*, Mr. Tudor Fitz James," with an obeisance; "and having taken my vacation, I find myself, after the usual improvidence of my kind, — light come, light go, you know, though why I should say light come, I am sure I don't know, — I find myself without a dollar in my pocket!"

"Indeed," said mamma with some non-committal strategy,* as she prided herself, since expression of sympathy meant belief, and belief meant concession.

"It is true," said Mr. Fitz James, "that I could wait here and telegraph to my chief for funds, but the delay would involve a considerable additional expense that I do not feel qualified to meet, while the items in my possession are of some urgency; and in this dilemma, being fortunately in the same town with her, I have resolved to ask that your daughter will render temporary aid to a brother in distress, assuring her that the return of the mail will bring her whatever she may have generously loaned me. Will you add to my obligations, madam, by delivering to her this message, and with it my regrets that I am unable to make the personal acquaintance of one who has lightened so many hours for me?" etc., etc., etc.

"I'm sure I don't know who he is," said mamma, when re-entering my room; "he says his name is Fitz James, — that sounds well; and he is one of the editors of the *Corinthian*, and he certainly has easy manners; he has been in Germany, and appears to have travelled the world over, and knew at once where your palm-branch was from, and talked critically about the pictures. But he has got out of money, and wants enough to reach New York, when he will return it. So he says. But I don't know about it."

A member of the press, a slave of

the lamp, in just such a strait as I might be myself some day, or Royal, or any of the boys, away from home, without a dollar! And a gentleman too; I could fancy his humiliation. I was a little fool then, have perhaps only changed the adjective now. I don't know that I had a spark of *esprit du corps*, but I thought I ought to have. "O yes, indeed," I said, "I should not think of hesitating." They were sadly impecunious days, but I sent him down the half I had. When he had gone, mamma, reporting the end of the interview, said, "He praised the picture over the piano, and said it was by some master-hand; he had seen its mate in Germany."

"O dear me," said I. "Royal painted that at the age of thirteen. There's the last I shall see of my money then." And it certainly was; for Mr. Fitz James is the richer, and I the poorer, for that small sum, to this writing.

The next mild-mannered cut-purse who levied tribute on us was one Theodore of the Fairfax, as he styled himself at the door. Royal had then some friends staying at the Fairfax, and there had consequently been a good deal of going and coming between their rooms and ours, together with notes and messages brought and sent by the servants; and when Theodore was ushered into our presence we could only take it for granted that he was one of the hundred colored boys, more or less, who had waited on us at the Fairfax, and whose shades of darkness rendered them as indistinguishable as one night from another.

Theodore apologized very respectfully for intruding his own affairs upon Royal, and especially upon a Sunday, but assured him, as compensatory matter, that he was the only gentleman, among all those frequenting the Fairfax, to whom he felt he could intrust his little troubles without danger of a disheartening rebuff; this with a grieved look upon his dark pleasant face, and a great many bows and much gingerliness.

Royal asked him, of course, or it

would n't have been Royal, what was the trouble now. And it appeared that Theodore's brother Commodious had got into a little difficulty, and unless he could be got out of it would have to go to the lock-up; and money was the only thing that could get him out of it; and Theodore would gladly have used the whole of his month's wages, but they were not due till the next Saturday; and, what made the case particularly uncomfortable was, that Mrs. Commodious had, a few hours before, been blest with two little Commodii, and Theodore could not say what would become of her, or them either, if her husband were snatched away at such a moment; and, to cap the climax of complication, their oldest boy had just matriculated at Howard University, and it would be an undying mortification to him if his father at the same time matriculated at the Police Court.

"Is n't that a little singular?" said Royal.

"Sah?"

"Do many boys in his circumstances attend the universities?"

"O sah!" said Theodore, understanding the pleasantry, and with a flattering smile. "Dat ar place 'longs ter our people."

"Yes, indeed, Royal," said I quickly, and fearful lest suspicion hurt the honest Theodore's feelings. "And you noticed, yourself, how eager they all are to give their children every advantage."

"Very true."

"An' den his mother's an ambitious woman, very ambitious," added Theodore, reflectively. "She dresses dere har fur all de fuss ladies. She's a tasty woman, dey all considers, an' dey sends fur her up ter der Executive Mansion an' all der Foreign Missions. But dis yer matter ob Lent's comin' in so early made society dull so 't did n' signify at all. An' Ise been up dar," said he somewhat incoherently; "Ise jus' come fum dar whar she's at, an' de on'y t'ing in der house was a bottle." And here Theodore paused to wipe his eyes with a napkin, perhaps as being more

peculiarly a property of his part, leaving us to imagine the contents of that bottle; I presuming them to be soothing-syrup, and Royal, ginger-pop, but which Theodore presently so far overcame his emotion as to pronounce Mrs. Montmorency's hair restorer.

"Poor woman!" said I. "Poor thing, in such a pass! Where did you say it was? We must send her up some food immediately."

"Would n' bodder ye dat way nohow, miss. She's sensitive too. An' all ob us waiters has baskets ob broken victuals after dark, 'nough to answer eb'ry purpose. She's under obligations fur der kindness* dough," said Theodore with an extra scrape, "an' 'deed, miss, 't would melt yer heart ter see dem two babies cuddled togedder like, like —" And rolling round his eyes for a simile, they happened on the black-walnut cherubs surmounting the mirror, which he instantly made use of to complete his sentence.

It touched me; yes, it did; for I never could see why the proud race that came down from the snows of Caucasus and brought some of those snows in its blood should arrogate to itself all the honors of angelhood; and I have often wondered if there could not be found in all the clouds of faces opening round Raphael's and Murillo's Madonnas some one little black angel; and here were two of them, two little black angels, and with so much trouble before them in the sublunary sphere to which they had just fallen, and their father trembling on the edge of the lock-up; though for all the good he appeared to be to his household he might as well be there as anywhere. Instinctively my hand crept to my pocket.

But Royal was before me. Indeed, Royal and I have usually an amicable strife on such occasions, arising from our profound distrust of each other; for Royal, convinced that I am a prodigal of the prodigals, is persuaded that I will give all I have; and I, aware that Royal is a tender-hearted spend-thrift, am assured that he will give a

great deal more than I will; and so, in a laudable desire on both sides to cheat the beneficiary in spite of ourselves, the race is to the swift between us; and in this case Royal's wallet was half emptied before mine was found, and Theodore had wasted no time and few words, but was gone with a mouthful of heartiest thanks and an oath-bound promise that we should see him on Saturday night; which — need I say? — we never did.

Poor Theodore! I should like to know his fate. Sometimes I fancy that our brief acquaintance was but an incident in the beginning of a brilliant career which has ere now reached an appropriate consummation in the penitentiary. It is a thousand pities that he took that road to fame, for I am sure, with the skill evinced in the creation of the sister-in-law and the sketch of her circumstances, he might have won a high rank in the field of fiction, — all the more since I am quite satisfied, as I tell Royal when reproaching him for his precipitancy, that he never was a man and a brother at all, but merely a discarded negro minstrel turning his talents to practical account.

Not so with Davidson, whom mention of Theodore always calls to mind. He was an Ethiopian of the *sangre azul*, — black and blue rather, — a being as black outside, in fact, as he was inside, with a tinct not to be washed away. Not to insinuate that he ever made the rash attempt; for to look at Davidson was to recognize him a member of the human family, he was so plainly made of the dust of the earth, made evidently of a hydrophobic temperament emphasized with a little wholesome horror of soap. He had a sort of magical familiarity with dirt, indeed; the crispest and cleanest of bank-notes needed but to pass through his fingers to make the color of that money a hyperbolical term for most emphatically filthy lucre, for it came back a weltering mass of change, fit to be compared with nothing but the lining of his own pocket; and so infallibly did he leave his mark on paper, book, or

bundle, that, may Heaven forgive the fancy, I actually began to look and see if the black did not rub off. Had not Davidson been the husband of many more wives than one, — such is the perversity of the female mind, — his person and his *personnel* might have presented less of his native element; but among the number it may have been difficult to say with whom the augural task lay of discovering the real Davidson beneath his top-dressing, and the result was our errand-boy with all his imperfections on his head.

It was a little odd that we never could look at Davidson without being reminded of fetich and obeah worship and all the train of kindred superstitions, for it was in the character of their envoy that Davidson made the onset upon us which, however unsuccessful, entitles him to a place in these reminiscences:

Royal had been confined to the house with a long illness, from which his recovery was slow; and it was one morning, of those many tedious mornings, when Davidson brought in the newspapers, that he remarked to Royal that if it was n't for the doctors he should think he was bewitched; and on Royal's jesting with the idea a moment, Davidson assured him gravely that it was ill-jesting, and declared, with many shakes of a prophetic head, that nothing would induce him to incense in that way a person who had power over life and death.

Being requested to explain his meaning, Davidson averred that he did n't wish to alarm us, but if we remembered an old colored beggar who had some weeks since walked in uninvited and handed Royal a paper, and had been summarily dismissed the premises on said paper's proving to be too barefaced a forgery even for Royal's acceptance, we might also remember a certain dark and evil glance that he gave Royal, which Davidson saw, and which impressed him at the moment as an expression of the terrible powers belonging to the obeah priests; and Davidson entertained no doubt that

that man had instituted proceedings which were shortening Royal's days, and in truth he had set some inquiries on foot, and not wishing to alarm us, had discovered that this was so. Begged to enlighten us as to the particular method of destruction employed by these potent beings, Davidson looked over his shoulder, cautiously closed the door, and assumed an air of mystery well becoming his dark countenance. Davidson then told us that the truth was that this was a momentous secret which it didn't do to have others even know you had in your keeping. Furthermore, Davidson said that there were a great many people of his race, in the neighborhood of Long Island, born with this wonderful power over birth and the grave, but in this region they were very few. Davidson had himself purchased the secret for a large sum of money in his youth, but he had been obliged to have recourse to his learning but once. The way the obeah was conducted was so simple, Davidson said, that no one's suspicions could be aroused by it. The practitioner merely required to touch you, your head, your hand, the hem of your garment, and virtue went out of you. On reaching home or any secluded spot he kneaded a little lump of dough, wetting it from a vein in his own arm, and into it, by means of sundry runes and rhymes handed down from father to son, working all the virtue drawn from you by the previous touch. This lump of dough then, to all obeah intents and purposes, became yourself, and being set before the fire, after due rubbing in of the juice of certain herbs with the skins of certain reptiles, according as it dried and hardened you withered and weakened, as it browned you paled, and when it was burnt black you were corpse-white and cold, and presently the little evil object and you were ashes together. Davidson then proceeded to inform us that there were but two ways in all the ways of the world to overcome this horrific influence, — ways not easy to use, because, though you knew them ever so well,

you were not likely to know who it was that was practising the dark art upon you.

But though it was taking a great risk to tell us, who were, in a manner, to be considered outside barbarians, yet out of the regard which he had long since conceived for us, he would let us know as much as he knew himself. The first of these ways, and undoubtedly the best, Davidson had once used: it was merely, when you were quite sure that you were the subject of an obeah man's practices, to lie in wait for the man in the dark, knock him down, and draw blood from him, — blood, the merest scratch, would do, — you were safe from his power forevermore. But it was not a sure thing; for these men hardened themselves with all kinds of exercises and enchantments, and their familiars kept them warned and alert, these familiars might be seen sitting on their left ear; Davidson had never seen one himself, — it needed the second sight for that, — but his mother had, and they wore charms about them to repel you; and if you failed in your attempt, no one had yet lived to tell the horrible thing that happened to him, said Davidson with chattering teeth. Davidson would never forget, he said, the night he lay in wait for old Ezra, behind the door of a room as black as the bottomless pit, his heart failing him, but beating into life again as he remembered that he could but die anyway, and he should certainly die if he did n't overcome the obeah, for he had been in a bad way with the bewitchment for months; and at last he heard the old man come up the dark stairs, slowly, tired with the burden of his day's scraping in the streets, but singing a low tune to himself, and his own blood ran cold; but he nerved himself, for he had all the time kept repeating the sacred name over and over, and, when he struck, his arm was like an iron hammer that struck sparks of fire, and old Ezra never practised obeah any more, though he lived, O yes, he lived, a year and a day.

The other way to baffle these conjurers, Davidson then informed us, was neither so troublesome nor so dangerous. He would not deceive us; it simply lay in the exercise of a necromancy more potent than any other on earth, — the passing of a piece of gold. There were none of these men but could be bought off, if you cared to abate your grudge sufficiently to do it, as frequently happened when one was too weak and ill to use personal violence; and in the case in question Davidson had no doubt, on the contrary he was positive, in fact he had sounded the man, and felt warranted in saying that, for a matter of fifteen or twenty dollars, the spell should be reversed and Royal be on his feet again and going about as well as ever in a week or fortnight.

"Davidson," said Royal, "I can't think of buying off the scamp. In fact, I shall feel some curiosity in watching the result of his experiment. If it makes me the founder of a new religious system, life would be but a slight forfeit to pay. But as for yourself," continued Royal to the gaping and astonished Davidson, "you deserve a gratuity for your ingenuity, and here it is. And here are your wages, small for your merit, — so small, indeed, that they fail to justify me in retaining a person of your talents in my service." And Davidson, it might be supposed, was no longer our errand-boy. Not so: in some mysterious way he does our bidding and our obeah to the present day.

It was after our return home from the Southern winter in which we made the acquaintance of Theodore of the Fairfax that there appeared some new prowlers around our little purse.

I had been shopping in town, and being of undecided taste I was now sitting in the counting-room waiting for some shawls to be sent there in order that Royal might say which he liked the best, and Royal had gone down the wharves with one of his sea-captains, when a young woman came in, and having inquired of a clerk out-

side for my husband, sat down composedly for his return. I presumed she had some business about a son or brother to be employed in the counting-room, and did not trouble myself concerning her further than to observe that she was rather pretty and rather well dressed, though not expensively so.

After remaining some time, the young woman seemed to weary of that idle occupation, and murmuring that she thought she would come again, rose and left the place.

I had an interesting novel, for my part, in which I was quite rapt, and I did not notice how the time passed; but it could hardly have been a half-hour afterward when my lady reappeared, made the same inquiry of the clerk, came into the inner room, and took the same seat. The clerk followed me to ask if I expected Royal soon, and if the guest troubled me; and on his withdrawal, after fidgeting about a good deal, I heard the lady addressing either me or the universe, and saying she thought she would leave a note; with which she moved to the desk and drew a sheet of paper to herself, wet a pen, and dated and directed her note. There she paused; and I began to be uncomfortably aware of her, — aware, through all the simplicities of Esther and brutalities of Gerard, that a young woman was looking at me, and studying me, and suddenly advancing upon me.

In a sweet and ladylike voice, with a retiring and dignified manner that at once begged pardon for the intrusion and stated its necessity, she asked if I were Royal's wife, and was assured by me that I had that happiness.

"I was about leaving a note for him," she said then, with a soft and sad smile, "but perhaps you would answer as well. Indeed, it is easier — with a lady. I believe," she began hastily, with the air of one neglecting personal affairs for the charms of general conversation, "that you and your husband journey South every year?"

We had done so lately, I said in some surprise.

"And spend some time in Washington, I believe? May I ask if you are acquainted with Mr. Leigh, there?" mentioning a high official in the Treasury.

I had not that pleasure, I answered.

"He is one of our warmest friends," she said, quite confident, apparently, that I would be gratified to hear it. "He is in the same house with us. I am sorry you have not met him. But I suppose you know Mr. Dunderhead?"

"The senator? O yes, slightly."

"He also is a very dear friend of ours. Indeed, he procured us our positions," she then remarked, and hesitated a moment, while I wondered what this little confidence in the matter of friendships implied. "Your husband must be quite familiar with the officials upon the railroads?" she said at last, suddenly and interrogatively, and then with a hurried, horrified gasp, "Do you imagine that he could do me so great a favor, render me, indeed, so great a benefit, as to procure me a free pass there?"

"A pass!" I exclaimed. "What in the world should make you think of such a thing? He never had one for himself!"

"Want made me think of it!" she cried sharply. And then her voice choked as she struggled to say, "O, I am, we are in such distress!"

Of course all my sympathies were in my eyes in a moment.

"We are strangers in a strange place!" she cried. "My husband, myself, my child! Five hundred miles from home, and without a cent in the world."

"My poor child —" I began to say.

"O, I knew you would pity me," she sobbed, bursting into tears. "I saw you had a kind face; it emboldened me. You see I am not used to such things, I have done it so blunderingly. We had heard of you. We thought if your husband could procure

us passes to Washington we should be all right, for there we have friends and work; and I came to see him myself, instead of letting Mr. Seaton do so, because it is so humiliating to a man. O, do you think he could?"

Of course I knew he could not. He was not acquainted with any of the proper officials, even by sight, that I was aware of. And as for paying the fare of these three people himself, he could no more afford it than he could afford a coach and four. For there were the year's accounts to settle, and the winter's clothing to get, and a doctor's bill as long as the moral law to pay, and the rent, and the coal, and our local charities, and taxes, and business demands, — why, the long and the short of it was that I must not let Royal see these people, this woman, or he would beggar himself and embarrass the whole year; and it all swept itself through my brain in a second, and made such a jumble with pity and half-fledged suspicion, that I wanted to cry myself.

The little creature read my face like a bulletin-board. "I don't ask you for money, only for help," she urged. "If the railroad people will but advance us a pass, we will make it right with them by the close of the month. We are clerks in the departments —"

"I can assure you," said I, "that what you ask is completely out of my husband's power. He is not a member of Congress, to have free seats on the Camden and Amboy. But if you go and see the president of your road, and state your case, I do not doubt he would assist you."

"It is after business hours," said she, glancing at the clock. "I should not find him. And we have no money, and nowhere to stay to-night"; and her tone was the tone of despair.

"I can't imagine," said I, with some irritation, "how you allowed yourself to fall into such a situation —"

"O, I will tell you," she cried. "I see you begin to suspect me. O, you must not."

"You said you were clerks in the

departments," said I. "In that case can you not procure money from Washington?"

"O no, indeed. We are allowed to draw half a month in advance, and we did so before we left. We cannot have another dollar for a fortnight. Then we shall have a plenty. We might go to a hotel and communicate with our friends whom I mentioned; but our leave is up to-morrow night, and the delay would occasion the loss of our situations. O, you see how complicated the thing is! We cannot stay, we cannot go, and if we do not go we are lost indeed. I will tell you," she said again, the tears sparkling on her flushed cheeks and her hands trembling with excitement; "we have been married a few years, and we have a little girl, and we could not afford to keep her with us till latterly, when I received an appointment myself."

"But," said I, pleased with my own shrewdness, and then sorry to be so sharp, "I thought a regulation of the departments forbade the employ of husband and wife."

"Influence," she said, with her sad smile, "can override many regulations. Mr. Dunderhead procured me my situation, and it is managed so very quietly that hardly any one knows it. We were so glad, so happy, when it was arranged, because that would let us have our little girl with us,—she has been staying with my mother,—and we have been drawing such pictures of our happy life to ourselves, for my work can be done at home, and now it all ends in this!" And she broke down in another burst of tears. "I would n't have you think we are such fools," said she presently, wiping her eyes, swallowing her grief, and staring at her handkerchief, "as to come to the city in such a penniless condition; but we are very poor at home, at my mother's, and I had not the heart to tell them there; and Mr. Seaton's aunt lives here, and we expected temporary aid from her. We have always had it; she is so fond of him; and we found the house entirely

closed and herself absent, we don't know where!"

How could I ask her to take me out and show me the house? How could I even seem to doubt her word? How could I put any more probing questions? I should have felt like the rudest, the most indelicate, the most hard-hearted and unchristian wretch!

"I could give you plenty of credentials," she went on, eagerly. "Mr. Seaton's father,—you may have heard of him,—he was at the head of the King George Infirmary for the Insane."

Why, so he was, I remembered. And had just gone to Europe with a patient, as she was saying.

"And though," she continued, "Mr. Seaton has plenty of friends belonging in the place, they are all, every one, either out of town or else not to be got at. He has been looking for them all the morning. O, it is mortifying to be obliged to lay your affairs so before a stranger—"

"No indeed, indeed!" said I, thinking of the little girl and melted by the tears. "I should be glad to be your friend. I am. But I do not see how the affair of your passage is to be managed exactly. If my husband can do anything at all, he will send you a note the moment he comes in. Where are you staying?"

"O, we are not staying at all!" she answered, with fresh tears. "We are in the street, at the station, anywhere!"

"That is too bad!" I cried, with tears myself. "I will tell you what we can arrange. I am going home in half an hour; it is the last train. I live twenty miles from town, to be sure; but if you will all come home with me, we will see what is to be done to-night, and do it to-morrow."

"How good you are!" said she, shaking her head. "But I could not endure it. No, I could not. And I could not find them in time, either." And she slowly rose to go. "You must excuse me for troubling you so," said she; "but I don't, I don't know what we are to do!"

"O, stop," I cried, "you must not

go so!" I had some money in my pocket-book that Royal had given me to buy the shawl. I needed the shawl, — but, mercy! what were my needs to hers? I could send the boy back with the bundle, when he came. It was not enough for the three fares, but it would pay the husband's and save his losing his place, which was the most important; and if he himself were there, doubtless he could arrange to keep the other, and send his wife on presently the means to bring the child. I offered it to her. "Do take it," said I. "I wish it was all you want. It is all I have."

"O no," said she. "It would not pay our way, and anything else is only a sop to Cerberus." And she went softly out, leaving me dazed and numb, with a stupefying sense of inhumanity and wickedness.

I was about to run after her, to insist upon taking her home with me at least, to do I don't know what, and had just sprung to my feet, when a gentleman entered, and hastily announced himself to me as Mr. Seaton.

He was a person of noble physical structure, with an exceedingly handsome face, the features very clearly chiselled, the flesh wholesome, firm, well colored, the eyes brilliant and intelligent, the expression serious but winning. He was dressed, I noticed too, being now alive to circumstances, with the most scrupulous care and neatness, in morning costume, and a netted green tie at his throat and two tiny emeralds on his spotless linen matched exactly the tint of his lustrous eyes. But the nice costume did not arouse any more suspicions; it was natural he should be well dressed, expecting to see old friends; nor did the idea of so fine a being's pledging any valuables in order to satisfy his needs once enter my head; it was plainly something he never would have thought of either.

"I met my wife at the door," he said; "she was gone so long that I became anxious, and I hastened in. I am afraid you must think very vexa-

tious things of us. But I beg to assure you that we are the victims of a most unfortunate concatenation —"

"O, anybody might be the same," said I, embarrassed for him and wishing to save him as much as possible.

"I think," said he, "that my wife has told you of our predicament, for which there is not a shadow of reason. It is," said he, with an uncomfortable laugh, "another argument for 'the total depravity of inanimate things.' It really seems like a conspiracy of circumstances. Why my aunt should happen to lock up her house, and my acquaintance should happen to be inaccessible, just as I happen to need funds — You can perhaps imagine the state of mind in which a man must be," he added directly, looking up with a flash of his eye, "who with many friends, with money waiting for him, sees his wife reduced to such stern necessity —" And his voice trembled.

"I offered your wife this," said I, for the money was still in my hand, scarcely knowing what I said, and blushing for the man as though I had been the *lâche*, not he; "but she thought as it was not enough for all, it could hardly be of any use —"

"I don't know why she said so," he replied. "It would be of the greatest use; the greatest, I am ashamed to say. I could go on myself by means of it, and leave her in some boarding-place till I could send for her."

"Will you take it?" then said I, as if it burnt my fingers.

"I cannot express my sense of obligation," he answered. "But so far as money can repay it, the end of the month shall see it repaid." And he folded it neatly away in his waistcoat-pocket, just as Royal entered.

"This is my husband," said I. And Mr. Seaton rose at once, gracefully narrating, I presume, his sorry scrape to Royal, though I did not hear him, as I was occupied at that moment in sending off the shop-boy with the shawls. When I turned, Royal was saying, "O, certainly," as I knew he would, if he only saw and heard the

people; but, to my amazement, concluding his sentence in cautious wise, "If the circumstances are as you say." I don't think Royal liked the emeralds. "If, sir?" said Mr. Seaton, drawing himself up.

"Pardon me," said Royal. "In such a business transaction I must require the same proofs that your banker would. — Clark! be so good as to run over to the Custom House and look in the Blue Book for me. — If your names are there, and you can satisfy me of your identity, I shall be most glad to advance any sum in my power."

"It would be of no use," said Mr. Seaton, grimly, while I looked on, forgetful of my share. "Our names are not there; for we received our appointments since the publication of the Blue Book."

"That is very possible," said Royal, longing for good excuse to throw his money after mine, of whose end, as yet, though, he knew nothing. "Perhaps you have some letter or other evidence about you —"

At this moment Grayson came into the counting-room. And at the same moment a metamorphosis took place in Mr. Seaton such as I have never seen equalled. He seemed to shrink and shrivel under our eyes, his face grew whiter than ashes, his features grew pinched, there came a stoop in his shoulders like that of a man used to a heavy burden; he sidled to the door, and suddenly vanished as if a trap had opened under him.

"What's that fellow doing here?" said Grayson.

"Why? Do you know him?" returned Royal.

"Know him?" said Grayson. "We were classmates together, and he was expelled from college for theft."

I never told Royal what became of the money he gave me for the shawl. All shawls look much alike to men. He never knew but I had bought one of cloth of gold; and unless he learns it here he will remain in ignorance till I do tell him.

We have had, since that day, num-

berless assaults from our felonious followers, — young women who have written books and expect us to buy an edition in view of a dedication; young men who declare they have built up a reputation for us and now wish us to build up a fortune for them; old men requiring to be sent home to our burgh at our transportation; apostate priests failing of subsistence through church tyranny, and insisting upon our obtaining publication for manuscript in which, whether they have apostatized from the Church or no, they plainly have from all the learning, spelling and syntax included, in which the Church is supposed to educate her priests, and among the number, the last adventure, briefer than many of the others, but bolder too, happened in this wise.

A dark and slender gentleman, faultlessly arrayed, with silky vandyke and mustache shining like a raven's feathers, calls, one summer day, at our house in the country and meets mamma, sewing in the hall in the pleasant morning draught from door to door. "Is Royal at home?" he inquires, stepping inside like one whose right to do so nobody can think of questioning.

Mamma informs him that Royal is in the city.

"Indeed!" says he. "That is a disappointment. I had counted on seeing him. Does he go up every day?"

Mamma informs him.

"And on what train does he go?"

Mamma informs him that too.

"I shall find him in town then, at any rate?" he says. "After coming so far I should be grieved to miss him altogether. How delightfully he is situated here!" glancing into the garden. "Does he like grubbing among the roots and herbs as he did in the old days? It is really charming to see the spot where he has domiciled himself at last; but I should have liked to find him with his household gods around him. Perhaps I ought to introduce myself. I am an old chum of Royal's. You may have heard him speak of me. My name is Smithers."

Mamma never has heard Royal speak

of him, but it would be violation of all her code of lesser morals to say so; and she feels that duties of hospitality are incumbent upon her, and she seats Mr. Smithers, and converses with him, and innocently gives him all the information concerning Royal and his friends and his haunts and his ways that he desires, — gives him cake and wine to boot, and entertains him well altogether until he draws on his straw-colored gloves once more, makes his adieux, and leaves for town in the noon train.

Royal was standing at the door of his counting-room, later in the same day, in company with some gentlemen just leaving it, when this faultlessly gotten up young man presented himself before him. "How are you? How are you?" he cried eagerly with outstretched hands. "I'm delighted to see you. How have you been?"

For the life of him Royal could not say who it was.

"Don't you remember me?" he cried, starting back.

"I am ashamed to say —" began Royal.

"Now I sha'n't listen to that!" said the gay and laughing stranger, showing his handsome teeth, and still holding Royal's hand in the most heartwarm manner. "Think a moment. Come, where did you see me last?"

It passed Royal's skill to say. He saw a great many faces in the course of the year, that in all the care of his business moved before him like phantasmagoria and left no sign. Yet there seemed to be something familiar in the voice or smile. And then the easy, cordial, Southern manners. "Was it in Baltimore?" said Royal.

"Baltimore!" said the stranger. "There you have it! The very place. And now whom was it with?" still pressing the hand most insinuatingly.

"Why, it could only have been with McVickars, in Baltimore," said Royal, thinking aloud, and recalling a party at McVickars's, and a cluster of dark young Cubans and Carolinians in the smoking-room there.

"To be sure it was with McVick-

ars!" said the other triumphantly, with the handsome laugh again. "Why, it's Smithers!"

Plainly Royal ought to have remembered Smithers; but they had all been strangers, rather commonplace ones at that; he had seen none of them before or since; other events had crowded them out of mind. But since here was one of them, and since it was Smithers he invited him in, ready in all good-fellowship to receive any one for whom McVickars stood sponsor.

"I'm delighted to see you, old boy," said Smithers, lighting the cigar which Royal offered, and taking his seat. "I was down at your place to-day, — charming place. Boat a good deal, I saw. What do you do with that garden now in this climate, — grow rheumatisms? I did n't see your wife. Mac says she's like her mother, — stately dame. There's something glorious about your Northern women as they get along in years; don't wither, but blossom, — peachify, some one says. I've heard Mac — That's a superb cigar! Where do you get them here?" From cigars to politics, with such a cool and unconcerned talker, was easy transition; and after one good bout at politics, which Royal declared Smithers knew nothing about at all, and in which Smithers was graciously willing to be instructed, the two men were the best of companions.

"Do you know," said Smithers, at last, "why I was particularly pleased to come across you to-day? You shall hear. I had my pocket picked yesterday. Why the rascals did n't take my watch and chain I don't know. They made such a good haul on the other, though, that I suppose they thought it would n't be the fair thing. I was desperate, till I suddenly bethought me that you were somewhere in this region. So I shall have to trouble you for a matter of fifty dollars for a day or two."

"Any friend of McVickars can divide with me," said Royal, and suited the action to the word.

As Royal stepped from the cars that

night, the conductor stepped after him and tapped him on the shoulder. "I forgot to say," said he, "that a friend of yours, who was out of money, borrowed his passage and five dollars of me, this morning, and said you would settle for it. All right, I suppose? His name was Smithers."

And that was the last we ever heard of Mr. Smithers.

We are still young, and I suppose have many years in store; but with

such a beginning, what shall the end be? And, promoted in our ranks, to what ghoulds shall we not at last become a prey? Alas! I fear that in telling you our story we are but making a rash advance upon our destiny, whose purpose would be served as well by a simple advertisement:

WANTED. — By two young people, a skilled impostor. Salary not so much an object as the pleasure of being cheated. No bunglers need apply. Best of references given and required.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

CASTILIAN DAYS.

III.

RED-LETTER DAYS.

NO people embrace more readily than the Spaniards the opportunity of spending a day without work. Their frequent holidays are a relic of the days when the Church stood between the people and their taskmasters, and fastened more firmly its hold upon the hearts of the ignorant and overworked masses, by becoming at once the fountain of salvation in the next world, and of rest in this. The government rather encouraged this growth of play-days, as the Italian Bourbons used to foster mendicancy, by way of keeping the people as unthrifty as possible. Lazzaroni are so much more easily managed than burghers!

It is only the holy days that are successfully celebrated in Spain. The state has tried of late years to consecrate to idle parade a few revolutionary dates, but they have no vigorous national life. They grow feebler and more colorless year by year, because they have no depth of earth.

The most considerable of these national festivals is the 2d of May, which commemorates the slaughter of patriots in the streets of Madrid by Murat. This is a political holiday which appeals more strongly to the national character of the Spaniards than any

other. The mingled pride of race and ignorant hate of everything foreign which constitutes that singular passion called Spanish patriotism, or *Españolismo*, is fully called into play by the recollections of the terrible scenes of their war of independence, which drove out a foreign king, and brought back into Spain a native despot infinitely meaner and more injurious. It is an impressive study in national character and thought, this self-satisfaction of even liberal Spaniards at the reflection that, by a vast and supreme effort of the nation, after countless sacrifices and with the aid of coalesced Europe, they exchanged Joseph Bonaparte for Ferdinand VII. and the Inquisition. But the victims of the *Dos de Mayo* fell fighting. Daoiz, Velarde, and Ruiz were bayoneted at their guns, scorning surrender. The *alcalde* of Mostoles, a petty village of Castile, called on Spain to rise against the tyrant. And Spain obeyed the summons of this cross-roads justice. The contempt of probabilities, the Quixotism of these successive demonstrations, endear them to the Spanish heart.

Every 2d of May the city of Madrid gives up the day to funeral honors to the dead of 1808. The city govern-

ment, attended by its Maceros, in their gorgeous robes of gold and scarlet, with silver maces and long white plumes; the public institutions of all grades, with invalids and veterans and charity children; a large detachment of the army and navy, — form a vast procession at the Town Hall, and, headed by the Supreme Government, march to slow music through the Puerta del Sol and the spacious Alcalá street to the granite obelisk in the Prado which marks the resting-place of the patriot dead. I saw the Regent of the kingdom, surrounded by his cabinet, sauntering all a summer's afternoon under a blazing sun, over the dusty mile that separates the monument from the Ayuntamiento. The Spaniards are hopelessly inefficient in these matters. The people always fill the line of march, and a rivulet of procession meanders feebly through a wilderness of mob. It is fortunate that the crowd is more entertaining than the show.

The Church has a very indifferent part in this ceremonial. It does nothing more than celebrate a Mass in the shade of the dark cypresses in the Place of Loyalty, and then leaves the field clear to the secular power. But this is the only purely civic ceremony I ever saw in Spain. The Church is lord of the holidays for the rest of the year.

In the middle of May comes the feast of the ploughboy patron of Madrid, — San Isidro. He was a true Madrileño in tastes, and spent his time lying in the summer shade or basking in the winter sunshine, seeing visions, while angels came down from heaven and did his farm chores for him. The angels are less amiable nowadays, but every true child of Madrid reveres the example and envies the success of the San Isidro method of doing business. In the process of years this lazy lout has become a great Saint, and his bones have done more extensive and remarkable miracle-work than any equal amount of phosphate in existence. In desperate cases of sufficient rank the doctors throw up the sponge and send for Isidro's urn, and the drugging

having ceased, the noble patient frequently recovers, and much honor and profit comes thereby to the shrine of the Saint. There is something of the toady in Isidro's composition. You never hear of his curing any one of less than princely rank. I read in an old chronicle of Madrid, that once when Queen Isabel the Catholic was hunting in the hills that overlook the Manzanares, near what is now the oldest and quaintest quarter of the capital, she killed a bear of great size and ferocity; and doubtless thinking it might not be considered lady-like to have done it unassisted, she gave San Isidro the credit of the lucky blow and built him a nice new chapel for it near the church of San Andres. If there are any doubters, let them go and see the chapel, as I did. When the allied armies of the Christian Kings of Spain were seeking for a passage through the hills to the Plains of Tolosa, a shepherd appeared and led them straight to victory and endless fame. After the battle, that broke the Moorish power forever in Central Spain, instead of looking for the shepherd and paying him handsomely for his timely scout-service, they found it more pious and economical to say it was San Isidro in person who had kindly made himself flesh for this occasion. By the great altar in the Cathedral of Toledo stand side by side the statues of Alonso VIII., the Christian commander, and San Isidro brazenly swelling in the shepherd garb of that unknown guide who led Alonso and his chivalry through the tangled defiles of the Sierra Morena.

His fête is the Derby Day of Madrid. The whole town goes out to his Hermitage on the further banks of the Manzanares, and spends a day or two of the soft spring weather in noisy frolic. The little church stands on a bare brown hill, and all about it is an improvised village consisting half of restaurants and the other half of toy-shops. The principal traffic is in a pretty sort of glass whistle which forms the stem of an artificial rose, worn in the button-hole in the intervals of

tooting, and little earthen pig-bells, whose ringing scares away the lightning. There is but one duty of the day to flavor all its pleasures. The faithful must go into the oratory, pay a penny, and kiss a glass-covered relic of the Saint which the attendant ecclesiastic holds in his hand. The bells are rung violently until the church is full; then the doors are shut and the kissing begins. They are very expeditious about it. The worshippers drop on their knees by platoons before the railing. The long-robed relic-keeper puts the precious trinket rapidly to their lips; an acolyte follows with a saucer for the cash. The glass grows humid with many breaths. The priest wipes it with a dirty napkin from time to time. The multitude advances, kisses, pays, and retires, till all have their blessing; then the doors are opened and they all pass out,—the bells ringing furiously for another detachment. The pleasures of the day are like those of all fairs and public merry-making. Working people come to be idle, and idle people come to have something to do. There is much eating and little drinking. The milk-stalls are busier than the wine-shops. The people are gay and jolly, but very decent and clean and orderly. To the east of the Hermitage, over and beyond the green cool valley, the city rises on its rocky hills, its spires shining in the cloudless blue. Below on the emerald meadows there are the tents and wagons of those who have come from a distance to the *Romeria*. The sound of guitars and the drone of peasant songs come up the hill, and groups of men are leaping in the wild barbaric dances of *Iberia*. The scene is of another day and time. The Celt is here, lord of the land. You can see these same faces at *Donnybrook Fair*. These large-mouthed, short-nosed, rosy-cheeked peasant-girls are called *Dolores* and *Catalina*, but they might be called *Bridget* and *Kathleen*. These strapping fellows, with long simian upper lips, with brown leggings and patched, mud-colored overcoats, that are leaping and swing-

ing their cudgels in that *Pyrrhic* round are as good *Tipperary* boys as ever mobbed an agent or pounded, twenty to one, a landlord to death. The same unquestioning, fervent faith, the same superficial good-nature, the same facility to be amused, and at bottom the same cowardly and cruel blood-thirst. What is this mysterious law of race which is stronger than time, or varying climates, or changing institutions? Which is cause, and which is effect, race or religion?

The great Church holiday of the year is *Corpus Christi*. On this day the Host is carried in solemn procession through the principal streets, attended by the high officers of state, several battalions of each arm of the service in fresh bright uniforms, and a vast array of ecclesiastics in the most gorgeous stoles and chasubles their vestiary contains. The windows along the line of march are gayly decked with flags and tapestry. Work is absolutely suspended, and the entire population dons its holiday garb. The *Puerta del Sol*—at this season blazing with relentless light—is crowded with patient *Madrileños* in their best clothes, the brown-cheeked maidens with flowing silks as in a ball-room, and with no protection against the ardent sky but the fluttering fan they hold in their ungloved hands. As everything is behind time in this easy-going land, there are two or three hours of broiling gossip on the glowing pavement before the Sacred Presence is announced by the ringing of silver bells. As the superb structure of filigree gold goes by, a movement of reverent worship vibrates through the crowd. Forgetful of silks and broadcloth and gossip, they fall on their knees in one party-colored mass, and, bowing their heads and beating their breasts, they mutter their mechanical prayers. There are thinking men who say these shows are necessary; that the Latin mind must see with bodily eyes the thing it worships, or the worship will fade away from its heart. If there were no cathedrals and masses, they say, there would be no

religion; if there were no king, there would be no law. But we should not accept too hurriedly this ethnological theory of necessity, which would reject all principles of progress and positive good, and condemn half the human race to perpetual childhood. There was a time when we Anglo-Saxons built cathedrals and worshipped the king. Look at Salisbury and Lincoln and Ely; read the history of the growth of parliaments. There is nothing more beautifully sensuous than the religious spirit that presided over those master works of English Gothic; there is nothing in life more abject than the relics of the English love and fear of princes. But the steady growth of centuries has left nothing but the outworn shell of the old religion and the old loyalty. The churches and the castles still exist. The name of the king still is extant in the Constitution. They remain as objects of taste and tradition, hallowed by a thousand memories of earlier days, but, thanks be to God who has given us the victory, the English race is now incapable of making a new cathedral or a new king.

Let us not in our safe egotism deny to others the possibility of a like improvement.

This summery month of June is rich in saints. The great apostles, John, Peter, and Paul, have their anniversaries on its closing days, and the shortest nights of the year are given up to the riotous eating of fritters in their honor. I am afraid that the progress of luxury and love of ease has wrought a change in the observance of these festivals. The feast of midsummer night is called the Verbena of St. John, which indicates that it was formerly a morning solemnity, as the vervain could not be hunted by the youths and maidens of Spain with any success or decorum at midnight. But of late years it may be that this useful and fragrant herb has disappeared from the tawny hills of Castile. It is sure that midsummer has grown too warm for any field work. So that the Mad-rileños may be pardoned for spending

the day napping, and swarming into the breezy Prado in the light of moon and stars and gas. The Prado is ordinarily the promenade of the better classes, but every Spanish family has its John, Paul, and Peter, and the crowded *barrios* of Toledo and the Peñuelas pour out their ragged hordes to the popular festival. The scene has a strange gypsy wildness. From the round point of Atocha to where Cybele, throned among spouting waters, drives southward her spanking team of marble lions, the park is filled with the merry roysterers. At short intervals are the busy groups of fritter merchants; over the crackling fire a great caldron of boiling oil; beside it a mighty bowl of dough. The *buñolero*, with the swift precision of machinery, dips his hand into the bowl and makes a delicate ring of the tough dough, which he throws into the bubbling caldron. It remains but a few seconds, and his grimy acolyte picks it out with a long wire and throws it on the tray for sale. They are eaten warm, the droning cry continually sounding, "Buñuelos! Calientitos!" There must be millions of these oily dainties consumed on every night of the Verbena. For the more genteel revellers, the Don Juans, Pedros, and Pablos of the better sort, there are improvised restaurants built of pine planks after sunset and gone before sunrise. But the greater number are bought and eaten by the loitering crowd from the tray of the fritterman. It is like a vast gitano-camp. The hurrying crowd which is going nowhere, the blazing fires, the cries of the venders, the songs of the majos under the great trees of the Paseo, the purposeless hurly-burly, and above, the steam of the boiling oil and the dust raised by the myriad feet, form together a striking and vivid picture. The city is more than usually quiet. The stir of life is localized in the Prado. The only busy men in town are those who stand by the seething oil-pots and manufacture the brittle forage of the browsing herds. It is a jealous business, and requires the un-

divided attention of its professors. The *ne sutor ultra crepidam* of Spanish proverb is "Buñolero haz tus buñuelos," — Fritterman, mind thy fritters.

With the long days and cooler airs of the autumn begin the different fairs. These are relics of the times of tyranny and exclusive privilege, when for a few days each year, by the intervention of the Church, or as a reward for civic service, full liberty of barter and sale was allowed to all citizens. This custom, more or less modified, may be found in most cities of Europe. The boulevards of Paris swarm with little booths at Christmas-time, which begin and end their lawless commercial life within the week. In Vienna, in Leipzig, and other cities, the same waste-wei of irregular trade is periodically opened. These fairs begin in Madrid with the autumnal equinox, and continue for some weeks in October. They disappear from the Alcalá to break out with renewed virulence in the avenue of Atocha, and girdle the city at last with a belt of booths. While they last they give great animation and spirit to the street life of the town. You can scarcely make your way among the heaps of gaudy shawls and handkerchiefs, cheap laces and illegitimate jewels, that cumber the pavement. When the Jews were driven out of Spain, they left behind the true genius of bargaining. A nut-brown maid is attracted by a brilliant red and yellow scarf. She asks the sleepy merchant nodding before his wares, "What is this rag worth?" He answers with profound indifference, "Ten reals."

"Hombre! Are you dreaming or crazy?" She drops the coveted neck-gear, and moves on, apparently horror-stricken.

The chapman calls her back peremptorily: "Don't be rash! The scarf is worth twenty reals, but for the sake of Santisima Maria I offered it to you for half price. Very well! You are not suited. What will you give?"

"Caramba! Am I buyer and seller as well? The thing is worth three reals; more is a robbery."

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"Jesus! Maria! José! and all the family! Go thou with God! We cannot trade. Sooner than sell for less than eight reals I will raise the cover of my brains! Go thou! It is eight of the morning, and still thou dreamest."

She lays down the scarf reluctantly, saying, "Five?" But the outraged mercer snorts scornfully, "Eight is my last word! Go to!"

She moves away, thinking how well that scarf would look in the Apollo Gardens, and casts over her shoulder a Parthian glance and bid, "Six!"

"Take it! It is madness, but I cannot waste my time in bargaining."

Both congratulate themselves on the operation. He would have taken five, and she would have given seven. How trade would suffer if we had windows in our breasts!

The first days of November are consecrated to all the saints, and to the souls of all the blessed dead. They are observed in Spain with great solemnity; but as the cemeteries are generally of the dreariest character, bare, bleak, and most forbidding under the ashy sky of the late autumn, the days are deprived of that exquisite sentiment that pervades them in countries where the graves of the dead are beautiful. There is nothing more touching than these offerings of memory you see every year in Mont Parnasse and Père-la-Chaise. Apart from all beliefs, there is a mysterious influence for good exerted upon the living by the memory of the beloved dead. On all hearts not utterly corrupt, the thoughts that come by the graves of the departed fall like dew from heaven, and quicken into life purer and higher resolves.

In Spain, where there is nothing but desolation in grave-yards, the churches are crowded instead, and the bereaved survivors commend to God their departed friends and their own stricken hearts in the dim and perfumed aisles of temples made with hands. A taint of gloom thus rests upon the recollection and the prayer, far different from the consolation that comes with the free air and the sunshine, and the

infinite blue vault, where Nature conspires with revelation to comfort and cherish and console.

Christmas apparently comes in Spain on no other mission than that referred to in the old English couplet, "bringing good cheer." The Spaniards are the most frugal of people, but during the days that precede their *Noche Buena*, their Good Night, they seem to be given up as completely to cares of the commissariat as the most eupeptic of Germans. Swarms of turkeys are driven in from the surrounding country, and taken about the streets by their rustic herdsmen, making the roads gay with their scarlet wattles, and waking rural memories by their vociferous gobbling. The great market-place of the season is the Plaza Mayor. The ever-fruitful provinces of the South are laid under contribution, and the result is a wasteful show of tropical luxuriance that seems most incongruous under the wintry sky. There are mountains of oranges and dates, brown hillocks of nuts of every kind, store of every product of this versatile soil. The air is filled with nutty and fruity fragrance. Under the ancient arcades are the stalls of the butchers, rich with the mutton of Castile, the hams of Estremadura, and the hero-nourishing bull-beef of Andalusian pastures.

At night the town is given up to harmless racket. Nowhere has the tradition of the Latin Saturnalia been fitted with less change into the Christian calendar. Men, women, and children of the proletariat—the unemancipated slaves of necessity—go out this night to cheat their misery with noisy frolic. The owner of a tamborine is the equal of a peer; the proprietor of a guitar is the captain of his hundred. They troop through the dim city with discordant revel and song. They have little idea of music. Every one sings and sings ill. Every one dances, without grace or measure. Their music is a modulated howl of the East. Their dancing is the savage leaping of barbarians. There is no lack of coup-

lets, religious, political, or amatory. I heard one ragged woman with a brown baby at her breast go shrieking through the Street of the Magdalen,

"This is the eve of Christmas,
No sleep from now till morn
The Virgin is in travail,
At twelve will the child be born!"

Behind her stumped a crippled beggar, who croaked in a voice rough with frost and *aguardiente* his deep disillusion and distrust of the great:—

"This is the eve of Christmas,
But what is that to me?
We are ruled by thieves and robbers,
As it was and will always be."

Next comes a shouting band of the youth of Spain, strapping boys with bushy locks, crisp and black almost to blueness, and gay young girls with flexible forms and dark Arab eyes that shine with a phosphorescent light in the shadows. They troop on with clacking castanets. The challenge of the *mozos* rings out on the frosty air,

"This is the eve of Christmas,
Let us drink and love our fill!"

And the saucy antiphon of girlish voices responds,

"A man may be bearded and gray,
But a woman can fool him still!"

The Christmas and New-Year's holidays continue for a fortnight, ending with the Epiphany. On the eve of the Day of the Kings a curious farce is performed by bands of the lowest orders of the people, which demonstrates the apparently endless *naïveté* of their class. In every coterie of water-carriers, or *mozos de cordel*, there will be one found innocent enough to believe that the Magi are coming to Madrid that night, and that a proper respect to their rank requires that they must be met at the city gate. To perceive the coming of their feet, beautiful upon the mountains, a ladder is necessary, and the poor victim of the comedy is loaded with this indispensable "property." He is dragged by his gay companions, who never tire of the exquisite wit of their jest, from one gate to another until suspicion supplants faith in the mind of the neophyte, and the farce is over.

In the burgher society of Castile this night is devoted to a very different ceremony. Each little social circle comes together in a house agreed upon. They take mottoes of gilded paper and write on each the name of some one of the company. The names of the ladies are thrown into one urn, and those of the cavaliers into another, and they are drawn out by pairs. These couples are thus condemned by fortune to intimacy during the year. The gentleman is always to be at the orders of the dame and to serve her faithfully in every knightly fashion. He has all the duties and none of the privileges of a lover, unless it be the joy of those "who stand and wait." The relation is very like that which so astonished M. de Gramont in his visit to Piedmont, where the cavalier of service never left his mistress in public and never approached her in private.

The true Carnival survives in its naïve purity only in Spain. It has faded in Rome into a romping day of clown's play. In Paris it is little more than a busier season for dreary and professional vice. Elsewhere all over the world the Carnival gayeties are confined to the salon. But in Madrid the whole city, from grandee to cordwainer, goes with childlike earnestness into the enjoyment of the hour. The Corso begins in the Prado on the last Sunday before Lent, and lasts four days. From noon to night the great drive is filled with a double line of carriages two miles long, and between them are the landaus of the favored hundreds who have the privilege of driving up and down free from the law of the road. This right is acquired by the payment of ten dollars a day to city charities, and produces some fifteen thousand dollars every Carnival. In these carriages all the society of Madrid may be seen; and on foot, darting in and out among the hoofs of the horses, are the young men of Castile in every conceivable variety of absurd and fantastic disguise. There are of course pirates and Indians and Turks, monks, prophets, and kings, but the favorite costumes

seem to be the Devil and the Englishman. Sometimes the Yankee is attempted, with indifferent success. He wears a ribbon-wreathed Italian bandit's hat, an embroidered jacket, slashed buckskin trousers, and a wide crimson belt, a dress you would at once recognize as universal in Boston.

Most of the maskers know by name at least the occupants of the carriages. There is always room for a mask in a coach. They leap in, swarming over the back or the sides, and in their shrill monotonous scream they make the most startling revelations of the inmost secrets of your soul. There is always something impressive in the talk of an unknown voice, but especially is this so in Madrid, where every one scorns his own business, and devotes himself rigorously to his neighbor's. These shrieking young monks and devilkins often surprise a half-formed thought in the heart of a fair Castilian and drag it out into day and derision. No one has the right to be offended. Duchesses are called Tu! Isabel! by chin-dimpled school-boys, and the proudest beauties in Spain accept bonbons from plebeian hands. It is true, most of the maskers are of the better class. Some of the costumes are very rich and expensive, of satin and velvet heavy with gold. I have seen a distinguished diplomatist in the guise of a gigantic canary-bird, hopping briskly about in the mud with bedraggled tail-feathers, shrieking well-bred sarcasms with his yellow beak.

The charm of the Madrid Carnival is this, that it is respected and believed in. The best and fairest pass the day in the Corso, and gallant young gentlemen think it worth while to dress elaborately for a few hours of harmless and *spirituelle* intrigue. A society that enjoys a holiday so thoroughly has something in it better than the blasé cynicism of more civilized capitals. These young fellows talk like the lovers of the old romances. I have never heard prettier periods of devotion than from some gentle savage, stretched out on the front seat of a landau under the

peering eyes of his lady, safe in his disguise if not self-betrayed, pouring out his young soul in passionate praise and prayer; around them the laughter and the cries, the cracking of whips, the roll of wheels, the presence of countless thousands, and yet these two young hearts alone under the pale winter sky. The rest of the Continent has outgrown the true Carnival. It is pleasant to see this gay relic of simpler times, when youth was young. No one here is too "swell" for it. You may find a duke in the disguise of a chimney-sweep, or a butcher-boy in the dress of a Crusader. There are none so great that their dignity would suffer by a day's reckless foolery, and there are none so poor that they cannot take the price of a dinner to buy a mask and cheat their misery by mingling for a time with their betters in the wild license of the Carnival.

The winter's gayety dies hard. Ash Wednesday is a day of loud merriment and is devoted to a popular ceremony called the Burial of the Sardine. A vast throng of workmen carry with great pomp a link of sausage to the bank of the Manzanares and inter it there with great solemnity. On the following Saturday, after three days of death, the Carnival has a resurrection, and the maddest, wildest ball of the year takes place at the Opera. Then the sackcloth and ashes of Lent come down in good earnest and the town mourns over its scarlet sins. It used to be very fashionable for the genteel Christians to repair during this season of mortification to the Church of San Gines, and scourge themselves lustily in its subterranean chambers. A still more striking demonstration was for gentlemen in love to lash themselves on the sidewalks where passed the ladies of their thoughts. If the blood from the scourges sprinkled them as they sailed by, it was thought an attention no female heart could withstand. But these wholesome customs have decayed of late unbelieving years.

The Lenten piety increases with the lengthening days. It reaches its climax

on Holy Thursday. On this day all Spain goes to church: it is one of the obligatory days. The more you go, the better for you; so the good people spend the whole day from dawn to dusk roaming from one church to another, and investing an Ave and a Pater-Noster in each. This fills every street of the city with the pious crowd. No carriages are permitted. A silence like that of Venice falls on the rattling capital. With three hundred thousand people in the street, the town seems still. In 1870, a free-thinking cabman dared to drive up the Calle Alcalá. He was dragged from his box and beaten half to death by the chastened mourners, who yelled as they kicked and cuffed him, "Que bruto! He will wake our Jesus."

On Good Friday the gloom deepens. No colors are worn that day by the orthodox. The señoras appear on the street in funeral garb. I saw a group of fast youths come out of the jockey club, black from hat to boots, with jet studs and sleeve-buttons. The gayest and prettiest ladies sit within the church doors and beg in the holy name of charity, and earn large sums for the poor. There are hourly services in the churches, passionate sermons from all the pulpits. The streets are free from the painted haunters of the pavement. The whole people tastes the luxury of a sentimental sorrow.

Yet in these heavy days it is not the Redeemer whose sufferings and death most nearly touch the hearts of the faithful. It is Santisima Maria who is worshipped most. It is the Dolorous Mother who moves them to tears of tenderness. The presiding deity of these final days of meditation is Our Lady of Solitude.

But at last the days of mourning are accomplished. The expiation for sin is finished. The grave is vanquished, death is swallowed up in victory. Man can turn from the grief that is natural to the joy that is eternal. From every steeple the bells fling out their happy clangor in glad tidings of great joy. The streets are flooded once more with

eager multitudes, gay as in wedding garments. Christ has arisen! The heathen myth of the awakening of nature blends the old tradition with the new gospel. The vernal breezes sweep the skies clean and blue. Birds are pairing in the budding trees. The streams leap down from the melting

snow of the hills. The brown turf takes a tint of verdure. Through the vast frame of things runs a quick shudder of teeming power. In the heart of man love and will mingle into hope. Hail to the new life and the ever-new religion! Hail to the resurrection morning!

John Hay.

NO RING.

WHAT is it that doth spoil the fair adorning
 With which her body she would dignify,
 When from her bed she rises in the morning
 To comb, and plait, and tie
 Her hair with ribbons colored like the sky?

What is it that her pleasure discomposes
 When she would sit and sing the sun away,—
 Making her see dead roses in red roses,
 And in the dewfall gray
 A blight that seems the world to overlay?

What is it makes the trembling look of trouble
 About her tender mouth and eyelids fair?
 Ah me, ah me! she feels her heart beat double,
 Without the mother's prayer,
 And her wild fears are more than she can bear.

To the poor sightless lark new powers are given,
 Not only with a golden tongue to sing,
 But still to make her wavering way toward heaven
 With undiscerning wing;
 But what to her doth her sick sorrow bring?

Her days she turns, and yet keeps overturning,
 And her flesh shrinks, as if she felt the rod;
 For, 'gainst her will, she thinks hard things concerning
 The everlasting God,
 And longs to be insensate, like the clod.

Sweet Heaven, be pitiful! rain down upon her
 The saintly charities ordained for such;—
 She was so poor in everything but honor,
 And she loved much,—loved much!
 Would, Lord, she had thy garment's hem to touch.

Haply, it was the hungry heart within her,
 The woman's heart, denied its natural right,
 That made her be the thing men call a sinner,
 Even in her own despite.
 Lord, that her judges might receive their sight!

Alice Cary.

THE AMPEZZO PASS AND THE HOUSE OF THE STAR OF GOLD.

OUR month's voyage of Venice had come to an end. We had said so many times to each other in the mornings "We must go," that the meaningless declaration had come to be received with bursts of laughter, and nobody dared say it any more. Nevertheless it was true: people who meant to summer in the Tyrol must not spend the whole of June in Venice. Silent, sad, beautiful Venice, how did our eyes cling to thy spires, as looking backward from the railway carriage we saw them slowly go down in the pale water. That one can leave Venice by rail seems the most incredible thing in life. At the first turn of the wheels and snort of the engine we began to doubt whether the city had been real; the first sight of green land was bewildering; and when at the first station we saw wheeled carriages waiting for people, we were struck dumb. What a gigantic and agile creature did the horse appear! and what a marvel of beautiful solidity the level earth, brown under foot, and full of locust hedges and pink-blossomed trees! It is no small proof of the subtle spell of that wonderful city of water and stone, slowly sinking at anchor, that one month's life on its bosom is enough to make all other living seem unnatural.

We even felt dull misgivings about the Tyrol, and the dolomite mountains of the grand Ampezzo Pass through which we were to reach it. Nevertheless, "Ampezzo Pass" was so stamped upon our whole bearing, that, as soon as we stepped out of the carriage at Conegliano, we were taken possession of by screaming vetturini, each man of whom possessed the very best carriage and the very best horses, and was himself the very best guide in Conegliano! O the persistence, the superhuman persistence, of an Italian with a hope of money! Into the inn, into our very

bedchamber, followed the man who spoke loudest and fastest.

Sixty francs a day! O, that was very little. The ladies would not find any other man to go for so small a price. And his horses! If we could but see his horses!

How energetic grew our Italian! We would not give sixty francs a day, and we wished to be alone. The dilemma became embarrassing. Women, even if they be American, even if they be three in number, cannot put a man out of a room by main force; but at last moral force prevailed, and he went surlily away. We took counsel; it was nearly dark; we wished to begin our journey early the next morning; no doubt this vetturino would inform his fellows, and they would combine and agree; but sixty francs a day was a most exorbitant price for a carriage and two horses; we would not pay it; we could go by rail to Innspruck, and give up the Ampezzo Pass. Sadly the two who knew least Italian set forth on errand of research among other vetturini. There is surprising advantage sometimes in conducting such bargains in a language which you do not understand. Armed with a few simple phrases stating time, sum, distance, and obstinately reiterating them, ignorance will sometimes conquer by virtue of its very incapacity.

We had barely crossed the threshold of the inn, when the same fierce-mouthed man sprang upon us.

"Go away. We do not want you. We will not take you."

Go away, indeed! as well dismiss our shadow! Bowing, gesticulating, falling back, and then overtaking, all the while talking like a macaw, he kept on all sides of us, that man of Conegliano. At last he surrendered. That is, he said meekly, "What will the ladies give?"

The moment he said that we knew the day was ours. Now came my hour of success. I glibly said my lesson, "Forty francs a day. No more!"

A voluble reply ten minutes long, with heart-rending gestures.

"I do not understand Italian. Forty francs a day. No more."

Fifteen minutes more of volubility, appealing grimace, and gesture.

"I do not understand one word! Forty francs a day. No more!"

Our man fell. He would go for forty francs a day, this father of a family who had assured us with streaming eyes that his children would die of hunger if he went for less than sixty!

Once having accepted our terms, he was abjectly our servant.

"Show us your horses!" Meekly he led the way to his stables. With as knowing look as we could assume we scrutinized the lean black horse and dingy white horse which were walked up and down before us.

"O, they can trot. Yes, yes, Signora!" and lashing them with the halter's end he ran them up and down the hill at a good pace.

Triumphantly we led our conquered vassal back to the hotel; the story of our victory was received incredulously by the friend whom we had left behind; and who, speaking Italian as fluently as she speaks English, had vainly met the wordy extortioner on his own ground with his own weapons. The contract was signed; supper and bed and night passed, and at seven o'clock next morning, sunniest of Saturdays, we were off. Giacomo, the driver, looked like a Barnstable fisherman: thin, wiry, light blue eyes, pale brown hair, and scanty red whiskers. "O, how came you over here?" thought we as he jumped up and took the reins.

The whole country seemed on the broad laugh. So bright, so green were flower and leaf and field; waving locust hedges, full of morning-glories; and everywhere wide stretches of vineyards, in which the vines were looped

across from tree to tree, looking like an array of one-legged dancers.

Lunch at Santa Croce, a town which has a lake, and beech-woods and glimpses of the far-off dolomite peaks. In the distance we could see a misty fringe of solid green, high up in the air. It was the top of the great beech forest, from which the Venice arsenal gets wood for its oars and masts and gun-carriages. Ninety miles in circuit is this government forest, full of game, and with an isolated plateau in its centre, where the keepers and officials live. This would not be of especial moment to know, except that it is said that Titian used to go there to learn how trees grow, and that he spent three months in this neighborhood drawing the background for his "Flight into Egypt."

After lunch I walked on in advance of the carriage. A man and woman who were working in a vineyard on the right sent their little baby to beg of me. I do not know why I remember that baby as I do no other child in all Italy. She was literally a baby, certainly not more than two years old; she was beautiful, yet not more beautiful than scores of Italian babies; but she was shy as a wild thrush; she absolutely could not take a step towards me if she looked at me. So she clasped her two little inches of hands tight over her eyes, and crept on, in the middle of the dusty road, more and more slowly, till at last she stood still, two yards off; then taking one sly peep at me through her fingers, she instantly shut them down again tighter than ever and stood there, kicking up little clouds of dust with her bare toes, the most irresistible blind beggar I ever saw.

It is of no consequence to anybody that the name of the town where we slept that night was Longarone. If only journeys could be told and the names of towns left out, how marvellously improved stories of travel would be. But whoever sleeps at Longarone will remember it always, the dark, frightened, poverty-stricken look-

ing little town which huddles in such bare hollows of mountain and rock. The dismal inn, also, they will never forget: rooms so huge that lights cannot light them; two stalking high beds in every bedroom; and on the mouldy walls of the great dining-room ghastly pictures of Bible characters in giant size, — the Queen of Sheba leading up to Solomon, on his throne, a procession of black boys loaded down with pumpkin-shaped jewels; Samson with his head in the lap of Delilah, who brandishes aloft at least two pounds of coarse black hair; and Pharaoh's daughter receiving Moses in a knife-tray, while his mother stands in full sight knee-deep in water on the opposite side of the river.

The Ampezzo road, just beyond Longarone, enters the country of Cadore, the country of Titian. No wonder they were strong in fight, the Cadorini, and loyal of soul. To be born in such mountain fastnesses, to climb such precipices, to breathe such air, and to see such flowers, at once, could not fail to make souls both strong and sweet.

A strange hopelessness almost holds me back from the attempt to speak of that day's journey through the Ampezzo Pass: they who have not seen it will not believe; they who have seen it will smile that one should try to put such shapes in words. Possibly geologists can tell what a dolomite mountain is; how and why it is so seamed, so jagged, so wrought into castle and battlement and obelisk and cathedral-front; beautiful and terrible and graceful and grotesque; by turns, all at once; in sunlight, in shadow, at noon, at night; shifting and changing tint with every breath of wind or cloud on its surfaces: but to common men's eyes, these dolomite ranges are as unlike all other mountain forms as is Cellini's carven work to market-place pottery.

They seem like supernatural architecture gleaming out of supernatural realms in upper air. There are spires and minarets and bell-towers and tur-

rets and colonnades and wrought walls; that they are ten, twelve, thirteen thousand feet away, that no human foot can scale them, no living earthly thing abide among them, only makes their distinct semblance of palace and church and city the more uncanny. And when, as often happens, a sudden wreath of cloud or fantastic growth of moss changes some scarred and lined rock into giant likeness of human face, it becomes still harder not to believe that they are tenanted by beings not of flesh and blood. One such face we saw, which never took its eye off us for miles. Even sharp turns in the road made no change in it, except to draw the gray hood of fir closer round its cheeks and to make it look more and more weird.

These startling and fantastic mountain shapes hedged us, walled us, seemed to marshal themselves to oppose us, all the way from Longarone to Tai Cadore. In spite of ourselves we were overawed. If the sun had not shone gayly and the peasants had not whistled and sung, I think we might have been afraid. But every little village was astir with work, and babies were everywhere; we met low two-wheeled wagons filled with hay, slowly pulled along by donkeys, while the driver slept on his back; wagons loaded heavily with beech and pine boards, and drawn by oxen which looked like gigantic maltese kittens with horns. The meadows were green with a greenness so shining that it seemed to blaze; whole fields were solid mosaics of color, with red and blue and yellow and white flowers. Little chapels were perched up on apparently inaccessible heights, above every village. "Why do they put the chapels so high up, Giacomo?" said I. "It must be very hard to climb to them."

"Ah, Signora, the air is holier there," replied the Barnstable fisherman.

At Perarollo, the river Boita, and the river Piave, and the huge dolomite Antelao, eleven thousand feet high, all join hands to close up the Ampezzo Pass. This is perhaps the most pic-

turesque spot of the road. The rivers force the mountains back a little, and the sun pours in; high up on all sides are small plateaus of green pasture; the village is built into every niche of foothold it can find, and is full of pretty summer-houses of brown and yellow wood. On each river are lumber-mills, and the glistening logs are rolling and drifting down on both sides.

Three times this wonderful Ampezzo road winds across the front of the Antelao before it can venture to turn it; it seems to cling to the mountain's side like an elastic ladder of stone, a perfect miracle of engineering. We were hours climbing slowly back and forth on that dolomite wall, tacking, like a ship in contrary winds. From the first tier of the road we looked up to the other two, hanging above our heads; from the upper, we looked down into Perarollo, and could see no trace of the road by which we had come.

At last we fairly rounded the mountain, and, turning back again into the valley of the Boita, saw the village of Tai Cadore shining before us. In an hour we had reached the little inn. But a guest had arrived before us, sudden, unannounced. His unwelcome presence filled every room. As Giacomo, with a ludicrous affectation of effort, reined in his only too willing horses, a man came running out of the house with significant gestures exclaiming, "Do not stop, do not stop; the padrone lies dying." He was the padrone's son, and his eyes were red from crying. A crowd of peasants stood about the door and in the hall; the little dingy windows of the room on the left hand of the door were darkened by heads rising one above the other, but all motionless. No doubt it was in that very room that the poor landlord lay, drawing his last breaths with unnecessary difficulty in the close air made still closer by such crowding in of friends and neighbors. I was struck by the oneness of the look which death's presence brings on faces of simple-hearted, solitary people

all the world over. These men of Cadore were earlier on the spot than it is the custom in Maine or New Hampshire for neighbors to gather; but I have seen at many a New England funeral just such a silent, eager circle of men standing around the door through which the dead must be borne, and looking and listening with a weird sort of alert solemnity which seems not wholly sorry for the occasion.

It was a most opportune moment for us, however, which this good soul had selected for his dying. Nothing for the reluctant Giacomo and the nerveless horses to do but to take us a mile and a half off the route for dinner and rest, at Pieve di Cadore. Pieve di Cadore! the very place we had had at heart ever since we left Venice, and which we had had many misgivings about being able to see, while Giacomo rested his horses at Tai. At Pieve di Cadore "Il divino Tiziano" was born in 1477; at Pieve di Cadore he lived till he was ten years old; to Pieve di Cadore he returned year after year, for love of his kindred, men, and mountains. There, after the death of his wife, in 1530, he took refuge with his three motherless little children; and during this visit he painted, on a banner for the village church, a picture of three little children giving flowers to a Madonna seated on a throne.

There, in 1560, he came again, old, but not bent, and bearing the titles of Count of the Empire and Knight of the Golden Spur.

There also he would have fled, in 1576, when the plague was sweeping Venice; but, brave and strong to the last, he delayed going until an edict had been issued forbidding the departure of any citizen from Venice. So in Venice he died, ninety-nine years old, alone, forsaken even by his servants; and the pestilence which had taken his life thwarted his purpose even after his death, for none dared carry his body—as he had willed, and left order for its burial—to Pieve di Cadore.

They buried it in haste in the church

of the Frari, in Venice, dropping into the grave the knightly insignia which the Emperor had given to the painter ; and for nearly half a century no stone marked the spot where the insignia lay turning to dust, and the dust lay turning into insignia of those mysterious things "which shall be."

"No one ever goes to the inn at Pieve di Cadore," said the displeased Giacomo, with a shrug.

"Why then is it an inn?" said we with sharp logical retort, inwardly blessing the conjunction of our star with the dying landlord's at Tai, and not caring whether we could dine or not, in an inn on a street where the little boy Tiziano Vecellio had played.

But the inn was an inn, and the dinner not so bad that I remember it. I shall never forget, though, how it was cooked ; in big iron pots, swung from derricks of cranes, above a big bonfire, built on a big stone platform, raised up in a sort of bay-window chimney, filling one whole side of the kitchen ; benches to right of the bonfire, benches to left of the bonfire ; benches and bonfire all in the chimney bay-window ; and people sitting on the benches, I among them, with feet at the bonfire ; and all the while the great iron pots boiling and steaming and bobbing their covers, among and above our feet ; the landlady reaching over and among our shoulders, and sticking in ladles and pokers here and there. If she had knocked off my hat, at any minute, it would have seemed the most natural thing in the world ; merely taking off my cover and the beef's at once, lest we should boil to pieces.

She told us with pride how a deaf and dumb English artist had stayed with her for two months, had walked all over the Cadore country, and had carried away a box full of most beautiful pictures which he had painted. "Poor gentleman, there was not much else he could do, since he could neither speak nor hear." "He was the sweetest gentleman." "Never made any trouble." "Lived on polenta chiefly." "All the children knew him and used to follow

him when he went off to paint." And so she ran on, adding adjective after adjective in the sweet Italian superlatives, which are so silver smooth in their endings that there seems far less of exaggeration in them than in the harsher measures of more and most in other tongues. It was plain that the poor lonely deaf-mute had won for himself warm place in the village heart. His speechless language was a universal one ; and perhaps, after all, he stood less helpless among the people than we did with our stammer of poor Italian.

After dinner we followed a thread of path down sharp terraces, and behind houses, into a meadow which one must cross to reach the ruins of the Castle of Cadore. The Castle was a castle so late as 1809. Now it is a ruin, and the ugly village church, they say, was built out of its stones. But it is far better as it is, — a great gateway tower, high battlements, several lengths of crumbling wall, and a high square tower in the middle. From its heights must be magnificent view of the valleys of the Piave and the Boita, and the grand mountain masses of dolomite in all directions. But we did not see this view ; we climbed no hill ; we asked for no castle ; we knelt in the meadow among the flowers. The path was so narrow that two could not pass, unless one stepped out ; but to step out was like stepping into spicy sea. No foot could fall there without crushing more flowers than it would be easy to count, and the mere brushing by of garments stirred fragrance heavy like incense. We were speechless ; we could not believe ; the mosaic fields of bloom we had seen on our way were dull and scanty. Then we said, "O, no doubt the legend is true, that Titian, when he was only eleven years old, painted with juices of flowers a picture of the Madonna ; this is the field where he picked the flowers ; and these are the same reds and blues and yellows which he used." Up and down in the meadow we went, picking flowers in the sort of frantic haste with which

in dreams or in fairy stories men snatch enchanted gold in caves or palaces of wizards. If the meadow had melted away of a sudden, and left us empty-handed in a dusty place, I think it would have been less startling than it grew to be, to see each slope and hollow lying minute after minute unaltered, undiminished in color, while we filled our hands over and over again with flowers whose shapes and whose tints were all new to us. By the reckoning of clocks we were not in that meadow more than twenty minutes; but we carried out of it thirty-two different kinds of flowers which no one of us had ever seen before. Besides these there were dozens more, which we did not pick, because we knew them, — clovers, and gentians, and ladies'-tresses, and buttercups, and columbines, and bellworts, and meadow-rue, and shepherd's-purse. We never saw such spot again. It is part of my creed that there is no other such spot in the world, and I call it Titian's Meadow.

It is but a few moments' walk from this meadow to the house where he was born. It is a poor little cottage, low and black and smoky; an old woman, who looked as if she might be a hundred or a thousand years old, was hobbling and mumbling about in the kitchen, over just such a stone platform of cooking-stove as we had left in the inn. She was used to receiving visitors in the name of Titian, and had a glib string of improbable story at her tongue's end. The huge rafters overhead were burned and smoked into blacks and yellows and browns, which were stronger witness to centuries than any words could give; and an old stone fountain in front of the house, presided over by a nameless, featureless stone saint, plashed away into an eight-sided stone basin; a very dirty little boy was sailing a chip in it; probably he looked not unlike another little boy who sailed chips in it four hundred years ago, and whose name now gives honor to the cottage walls in this inscription: "Within these

humble walls Tiziano Vecelli began his celebrated life."

Titian is more honored by this inscription than by the full-length painting of him, which stretches up and down on the bell-tower of the Pretura. Anything uglier than the Pretura is seldom seen, and the ambitious Cadorini have made bad matters worse by stuccoing the building from top to bottom and painting it in imitation of old stone. But they carefully refrained from disturbing the picture of Titian, and there it still stands in giant hideousness; a man apparently twelve feet high, and weighing five or six hundred, swathed from neck to ankles in a stiff robe of bright blue, which has so little semblance of fold or fulness that it looks less like a robe than like a huge blue sarcophagus into which the unhappy painter had sunk up to his ears; his left hand points to the "Casa Tiziano"; and at his side, on a table covered with a flagrantly gaudy cloth, lie his palette and brushes; behind the whole, a straight wall of sky, ten shades bluer than the blue robe, and if possible more unnatural. The continued existence of this picture is proof that spirits do not revisit this earth; or at any rate cannot make use of physical machinery to accomplish material ends in this atmosphere. Wherever Titian is to-day, he has not forgotten his beloved Cadore, and he would not let this colossal abomination look down into that piazza another night, if he could help himself.

From the Pretura to the church through the Sunday crowds of smiling people; women with short, dark blue gowns and white or gay handkerchiefs tied in the Albanian fashion over their heads; men with higher hats, symptom of the nearing Tyrol; children rosy and fat and merry, — comforting contrast to the pallid little ones of Venice. No soul, old or young, but looked at us with straight, curious, friendly gaze; they are off the common routes of travel, the Cadorini, and are all the friendlier and nicer for it. The old sexton knew very well, however, as

soon as we crossed the threshold of the church, what we would see; and it was with great pride that he drew the curtain from the group of family portraits under name of Madonna and Saints, which hangs in the chapel of the Vecellio family, and which Titian painted.

There seems odd mixture of reverence for earth and irreverence for heaven in the way the masters painted portraits of wives and nephews for Madonnas and Saints. In this picture, "San Tiziano" the patron saint of the Vecelli kneels on the right hand of the Madonna. He is, however, only Titian's nephew Marco, and the Madonna is Titian's wife; while Titian's uncle Francesco figures, by help of a cross on his shoulder, as St. Andrew, and in one corner Titian himself appears as a sober acolyte. A more comfortable and domestic-looking family group was never photographed under name of Smith or Jones. Except that the little baby curled up in the mother's lap is naked, there seems nothing unnatural (or supernatural) about their all happening to be there together just at that minute.

There is another of Titian's pictures here, said to have been painted when he was only twenty years old. This also is of a Madonna and Saints; there were a few other pictures which the sexton pressed us to see, a Pordenone, he said, and a Palma Vecchio; but we liked the open air of the market-place and the sight of the mountains better. Stands and wagons of fruit and silk handkerchiefs and chickens and earthen pipkins filled the corners. Cadore is a rough country, and gives small reward to them that farm it, but it has always been famous for fruits. Even in the thirteenth century there came to be a proverb,

"Cadore and Feltre for apples and pears,
Serravalle for swords,"

The clouds began to gather and wheel among the crags of the dolomite mountains. They were ten thousand feet up in air, to be sure, and miles away to north and west and south;

but they meant rain, — rain close upon us, violent, pelting, driving rain. These were such sudden gatherings and massings of clouds as Titian had watched and studied and carried away in memory, and reproduced, when, living on the serene, soft, gliding level of Venice, he threw into so many of his pictures marvellous backgrounds of sharp, abrupt mountain outlines with clouds circling round their summits. Doubtless Venetian critics who had not been in Cadore found these mountain backgrounds unnatural and impossible. Certainly a faithful drawing of the weird and fantastic dolomites would seem simply grotesque caricature to one who had never seen them. Even a photograph would seem incredible.

The peaks of Marmarolo and Duranno disappeared; great sheets of mist came driving down, blotting out even the castle; blotting out also every trace of content and good-humor upon Giacomo's face. This small addition to his prescribed route had been too much for his philosophy, and our delays had finally piled the last feather on the camel's back of his patience. Perhaps, however, we were unjust; perhaps he knew even better than we did the feebleness of the spectral horses which drew us slowly out of Pieve di Cadore in that streaming rain; it was an uncanny atmosphere; all shapes seemed lost; and then, again, all shapes seemed to loom and quiver and dance; the black horse looked white, and the white horse did not seem to be there, though we heard his languid footfalls.

"Shut up the carriage, Giacomo," said we. "It is of no use to keep it open in such a blinding storm."

Quickly and silently he roofed us over with the ill-smelling leather flap; and as silent as he, and, almost as sullenly, — shall I confess? — we took that stifling afternoon's journey to Cortina d'Ampezzo. We seemed driving in the teeth of sudden winter; the rain changed to sleet and the wind howled; the jagged peaks of dolomite thrust

themselves here and there out of the clouds as if they were being hurled at us by invisible giants. It was nearly eight o'clock when we drove into the little piazza of Cortina d' Ampezzo. Suddenly we halt. In the stormy twilight a woman has run across the road, and almost taken our horses by the head. "Are these the American ladies? Then they are to come to our inn. Their friends are awaiting them there."

This was one of the sisters Barbara, who keep the "House of the Star of Gold"; and lest by any ill chance we might go to the rival inn, she had been watching the Cadore road all the afternoon.

O, how beamed the pleasant English faces which smiled our welcome in that low doorway! and how crackled the fire in the kitchen where two sisters Barbara, with high-crowned black hats on their heads, were washing dishes; one sister Barbara was picking feathers off tiny birds; another sister Barbara was piling up our bags and bundles on her brawny arms; another sister Barbara was asking what we would have for supper; and a fifth sister Barbara was standing in the hall looking on: five sisters Barbara! and they have kept the "Albergo Stella d' Oro" for many years, without any help from man.

Presently appeared a sixth sister Barbara, but she was a fine lady of quite other style. She was Barbara no longer, having married a young German engineer, a clever fellow who had had charge of that part of the Ampezzo road between Cortina d' Ampezzo and Cadore; and, staying at the "Star of Gold," had found a wife among his landladies. This sister wore a silk gown and a show of jewelry, had been with her husband to Rome and Venice, and was now summering at Cortina, like any other lady of means. But she was far less interesting than her guileless sisters, who had never been out of the village in which they were born, and who shared all the work of the inn, even the hardest and most

menial, with a sisterly good-will and good-cheer which were beautiful to see.

The two who wore black hats like common peasants, and who drudged all day in the low basement kitchen and outhouses, seemed as happy and loving as the others, who were much better dressed, and who cared for the rooms, waited at table, kept accounts, etc.

One of these was a woman who would have been an artist if she had not been an innkeeper and lived in Cortina. It was pathetic to see how this poor soul had found outlet for her artistic impulse in works of worsted and crochet cotton. The "best room" of the "Star of Gold" was decorated with her handiwork,—full long curtains of knit lace at the windows and over the bed; a counterpane of the same lace; a full draping for the toilet-table; and crocheted covers for all the chairs. The patterns were all singularly graceful and pretty. Lifting the chair covers, we found, to our astonishment, that the chair bottoms were all most elaborately worked in gay worsteds on cloth. Then we said to one of the sisters, "How pretty these things are. Did you make them?"

Her plain old face lit up with pleasure. "O no; my sister Anita made them all. She does most beautiful work, sister Anita. She shall show you." And, running out, she called Anita, who came shyly but with pleasure; poor, brown, withered, simple old maiden woman, whose one joy had been to fashion these gay flowers. She brought in her hand pieces of black and brown broadcloth, enough for half a dozen chairs and two crickets, most elaborately embroidered.

The patterns were stiff, and the colors not always good.

"We have to take what we can get, here in this poor place," said sister Anita; "sometimes I think, if I could go myself to Brixen, I could surely find prettier patterns, but I must send always. Are there not prettier patterns?" she asked with pathetic

eagerness. Could any human heart have been flinty enough not to equivocate in reply to this question of this poor hungry soul? Then when she found that we were so interested in her work, and admired it so heartily, she darted away and returned presently with great wreaths and bunches of worsted flowers, — lilies and poppies and gentians and pinks, and long ivy vines, made upon wires, and really beautiful. These were to decorate the house with on festa day; she had many drawers full of them; had enough to decorate the whole house, "till it looked like garden!" And no one had ever taught her to make them; she had picked the flowers in the field, she said, and set them up in a glass before her, and copied them as nearly as she could. "Why do you not make up these chairs and crickets?" we thoughtlessly asked; "they are too pretty to be laid away in a drawer."

Anita replied that she was too poor; it would take much money. But Anita did not tell the truth. I saw in her cheek another story, written in red, as indeed it might well be, — the story which had in it a hope deferred, perhaps lost forever. Poor Anita, she is old and ugly. I am afraid the embroidered chairs will never grace a wedding-feast.

Next morning we looked out on snow; everywhere fine feathery dust of snow; thin rims of ice in the stone fountain before the inn, and solid masses of white on the sides of the mountains. But the first hour of sun melted it all off the meadows, and left the flowers brighter than ever, glistening as after a heavy dew. Tiny white lilies not two inches long nor more than eight inches from the ground, and low gentians of a blue like the blue of lapis-lazuli, — these were growing everywhere; we filled our hands with them within five minutes' walk of the inn. Later in the day the German engineer brought in a bouquet which he had gathered farther up on the hills of such flowers as we had seen at Pieve di Cadore; twenty-four different kinds in

that bouquet, all colors, all shapes, all fragrances!

There is one shoemaker in Cortina d'Ampezzo. His shop is in an upper chamber, about eight feet square. There I found him sitting on a low seat, with a leathern apron, and spectacles way down his nose, holding a shoe wrong side up between his knees, and sewing away like any old man in Lynn. I sat down gravely in front of him, held out a morocco bow in one hand and a tattered American boot in the other, and asked if he could sew the bow on the boot. He was a German, but the apparition of my boot was too much for even his phlegm; he turned it over and over and over. A boot that buttoned he had never seen; I showed him my button-hook; his amazement deepened; he buttoned and unbuttoned the boot with it, grunting out thicker and thicker, "Jas, jas," at every turn of the instrument. Finally he set about the sewing on of the bow. The door opened; more men of Cortina came in; they had seen me go up; they scented adventure; one, two, three; the room grew very hot; the button-hook was passed about; the three men turned it up and down, and looked at me. I could not understand a dozen words they said. It was very embarrassing. The time came to put on my boot; the shoemaker leaned forward to see how I did it; the three men of Cortina crowded around and stooped down to see how I did it; a sense of the ludicrous helplessness of my situation so overcame me that I broke out into a genuine laugh, which, improper as it might have been, seemed to put me quite at my ease again, and I displayed to the good souls the mechanism of button-hook, button, and button-hole as complacently as if I had been a vender of the patent. Then they all four accompanied me to the door, and bade me good morning with the reverence due to the owner of such mysterious boots. But I resolved not to take off my boots again in Tyrolese shoe-shops!

How bitterly we regretted the igno-

rant haste in which we had, at Conegliano, pledged ourselves to ask but one day's rest at Cortina d' Ampezzo. We would gladly have stayed with the sisters Barbara a week; we comforted ourselves by air castles of another summer in which we would come again and stay a month, bringing with us them whom we most loved. Hopefully the elder sister made it clear to us that she would welcome us as guests for a month, at seven francs a day. A month, face to face with those wonderful pink and yellow and gray and white and salmon-colored mountains of dolomite! A month of those flowers! Thirty times as many as we had picked that day; and dear soft brown eyes which we knew, to light up with joy at sight of all we could bring! What a dream it was; on what shore does it stand now, pale in its death, but transfigured in its resurrection among other sweet things which we dare to call lost, when they have only gone before!

The dining-room windows of the "Star of Gold" are filled with geraniums; not "plants," not "bushes," as we commonly see, but trees, — trees tall, branching, sturdy, and bearing flowers as apple-trees bear apples; blossoms scarlet and rose-pink, and marvellous white with purple and crimson markings. Lavishly the elder sister gathers them for departing guests;

and we drove off in the early afternoon, each of us with a big bunch in our lap.

We were not yet at the summit of the Pass. Hours more of slow climbing among larches and pines and rocks and flowers; at last the larches disappeared, then the pines; nothing was left but stunted firs. On a dark icy plateau at the very top of the Pass we came suddenly upon a great field of blue forget-me-nots; just beyond that, a silent lake which must be unfathomable, to look so black; and then we began to go slowly down, down the other side; soft wooded slopes, and valleys of grain, and a look of thrift. We felt almost like dodging, as if we were pelted with pebbles, when the German gutturals first began to fly in the air. We forgot the German for "chicken," and fell back on "Kut-kut ka-da-kut," which is language for "chicken" all the world over. We shuddered at sight of the huge effigies of the dead Christ, at corners of the roads; we found the men surly, and women and men alike hideous, and hideously alike; we no longer thought the horses too slow; we grudged each mile that they took us farther from Italy. Each of us had left half her heart in Venice, and the other half in the "House of the Star of Gold," with the sisters Barbara.

H. H.

ROUNDEL.

LADY, though my love looks timidly,
Daring not to shape in words your name,
Yet for that you cannot give me blame.

For I love you, lady, faithfully,
Yet my love is silent all the same;
Lady, though my love looks timidly,
Daring not to shape in words your name,
Yet for that you cannot give me blame.

Since I love you so devotedly,
All words to express this love are tame,
You are worthy of so sweet a fame ;
Lady, though my love looks timidly,
Daring not to shape in words your name,
Yet for that you cannot give me blame.

II.

Shall I sing your beauty or my love ?
Which is greater, that I cannot say,
Both increase, it seems to me, each day.

Both are gifts from Heaven that is above ;
Beauty will depart, love e'er shall stay ;
Shall I sing your beauty or my love ?
Which is greater, that I cannot say,
Both increase, it seems to me, each day.

But since love shall ne'er from me remove,
Though your beauty may have passed away,
Still that beauty shall I see alway ;
Shall I sing your beauty or my love ?
Which is greater, that I cannot say,
Both increase, it seems to me, each day.

III.

Is it since your goodness is so rare,
That in all the world I only see
Your sweet presence e'er surrounding me ?

First I loved you, seeing you so fair,
Caring not what else, love, you might be ;
Is it since your goodness is so rare,
That in all the world I only see
Your sweet presence still surrounding me ?

Sweetness, truth, have you ; for these I care,
Yet were all these things fore'er to flee,
Fiend or angel, I should love but thee ;
Not because your goodness is so rare
Is it that I must forever see
Your fair face through all eternity.

Fred. W. Loring.

THE GIANT IN THE SPIKED HELMET.

I THINK I saw the caricature first in Munich at the end of July, then in two or three Swiss cities, then in Paris at the end of August, then in Brussels and London; for it was popular, and the print-shops had it everywhere. It was a map of Europe where the different countries were represented by comical figures, each meant to hit off the peculiarities of the nation it stood for, according to popular apprehension. For Prussia there was an immense giant, one of whose knees was on the stomach of Austria represented as a lank figure utterly prostrate, while the other foot threatened to crush Southwestern Germany. One hand menaced France, whose outline the designer had managed to give rudely in the figure of a Zouave in a fierce attitude; and the other was thrust toward Russia, a huge colossus with Calmuck dress and features. The most conspicuous thing in the giant's dress was a helmet with a spike projecting from the top, much too large for the head of the wearer, and therefore falling over his eyes until they were almost blinded by it. The style of the helmet was that of the usual head-dress of the Prussian soldier. The caricature generally was not bad, and I thought the hit at Prussia, half crushed and blinded under the big helmet, particularly good. Throughout her whole history Prussia is either at war, or getting ready for war, or lying exhausted through wounds and recovering strength. In Prussia you find things of pugnacious suggestion always, and in the most incongruous connections. Study the schools, and you will find something to call up the soldier. Study the church, and even there is a burly polemic quality which you can trace back from now to the time when the Prussian bishops were fighting knights. Study the people in their quietest moods, in their homes, among their recreations,

indeed, among the graves of those they honor as the greatest heroes, and you will find the same overhanging shadow of war. This predominant martial quality shows itself in ways sometimes brutal, sometimes absurd, sometimes sublime.

I visited Prussia at a time of entire peace, for at my departure I crossed the frontier (or that of the North German Confederation, the whole of which, for convenience' sake, we will call Prussia) on the very day when King William was shouldering aside so roughly at Ems Benedetti and the famous French demands. The things to which I gave attention for the most part were the things which belong to peace; yet as I arrange my recollections I find that something military runs through the whole of them. As one's letters when he has read them are filed away on the pointed wire standing on the desk, so as regards my Prussian experiences everything seems to have been filed away on the spike of a helmet.

Going out early one May morning to get my first sight of Berlin, I stood presently in a broad avenue. In the centre ran a wide promenade lined with tall, full-foliaged trees, with a crowded roadway on each side bordered by stately buildings. Close by me a colossal equestrian group in bronze towered up till the head of the rider was on a level with the eaves of the houses. The rider was in cocked hat, booted and spurred, the eye turned sharp to the left as if reconnoitring, the attitude alert, life-like, as if he might dismount any moment if he chose. In the distance down the long perspective of trees was a lofty gate supported by columns, with a figure of Victory on the top in a chariot drawn by horses. Close at hand again, under the porch of a square strong structure, stood two straight sentinels. An officer passed in a carriage on the farther side of the

avenue. Instantly the two sentinels stepped back in concert as if the same clock-work regulated their movements, brought their shining pieces with perfect precision to the "present," stood for an instant as if hewn from stone, the spiked helmets above the blond faces inclining backward at the same angle, then precisely together fell into the old position. The street was "Unter den Linden." The great statue was the memorial of Frederick the Great. The gate down the long vista was the Brandenburger Thor, surmounted by the charioted Victory which Napoleon carried to Paris after Jena and which came back after Waterloo. The solid building was the palace of iron-gray old King William; and when the clock-work sentinels went through their salute, I got my first sight of that famous Prussian discipline, against which before the summer was through supple France was to crush its teeth all to fragments, like a viper that has incautiously bitten at a file.

There never was a place with aspect more military than Berlin even in peaceful times. In many quarters tower great barracks for the troops. The public memorials are almost exclusively in honor of great soldiers. There are tall columns, too, to commemorate victories or the crushing out of revolutionary spirit; rarely, indeed, in comparison, a statue to a man of scientific or literary or artistic eminence. Frederick sits among the tree-tops of Unter den Linden, and about his pedestal are life-size figures of the men of his age whom Prussia holds most worthy of honor. At the four corners ride the Duke of Brunswick and cunning Prince Heinrich, old Ziether and fiery Leydlitz. Between are a score or more of soldiers of lesser note, only soldiers, spurred and sabre-girt, — except at the very back; and there, just where the tail of Frederick's horse droops over, stand — whom think you? — no other than Lessing, critic and poet, most gifted and famous; and Kant, peer of Plato and Bacon, one of the most gifted brains of all time. Just

standing room for them among the hoofs and uniforms at the tail of Frederick's horse! Every third man one meets in Berlin is a soldier off duty. Batteries of steel guns roll by at any time, obedient to their bugles. Squadrons of Uhlans in uniforms of green and red, the pennons fluttering from the ends of their lances, ride up to salute the king. Each day at noon, through the roar of the streets, swells the finest martial music; first a grand sound of trumpets, then a deafening roll from a score of brazen drums. A heavy detachment of infantry wheels out from some barracks, ranks of strong brown-haired young men stretching from sidewalk to sidewalk, neat in every thread and accoutrement, with the German gift for music all, as the stride tells with which they beat out upon the pavement the rhythm of the march, dropping sections at intervals to do the unbroken guard duty at the various posts. Frequently whole army corps gather to manœuvre at the vast parade-ground by the Kreuzberg in the outskirts. On Unter den Linden is a strong square building, erected, after the model of a Roman fortress, to be the quarters of the main guard. The officers on duty at Berlin come here daily at noon to hear military music and for a half-hour's talk. They come always in full uniform, a collection of the most brilliant colors, hussars in red, blue, green, and black, the king's body-guard in white with braid of yellow and silver, in helmets that flash as if made from burnished gold, crested with an eagle with outspread wings. The men themselves are the handsomest one can see; figures of the finest symmetry and stature, trained by every athletic exercise, and the faces often so young and beautiful! Counts and barons are there from Pomerania and old Brandenburg, where the Prussian spirit is most intense, and no nobility is nobler or prouder. They are blue-eyed and fair-haired descendants perhaps of the chieftains that helped Herman overcome Varus, and whose names may be found five hundred years back

among the Deutsch Ritters that conquered Northern Europe from heathendom, and thence all the way down to now, occurring in martial and princely connection. It is the acme of martial splendor.

"But how do you bear it all?" you say to your Prussian friend, with whom you stand looking on at the base of Bülow's statue. "Is not this enormous preparation for bloodshed something dreadful? Then the tax on the country to support it all, the withdrawing of such a multitude from the employments of peace?" Your friend, who has been a soldier himself, answers: "We bear it because we must. It is the price of our existence, and we have got used to it; and, after all, with the hardship come great benefits. Every able-bodied young Prussian must serve as a soldier, be he noble or low-born, rich or poor. If he cannot read or write, he must learn. He must be punctual, neat, temperate, and so gets valuable habits. His body is trained to be strong and supple. Shoemaker and banker's son, count, tailor, and farmer, march together, and community of feeling comes about. The great traditions of Prussian history are the atmosphere they breathe, and they become patriotic. The soldier must put off marrying, perhaps half forget his trade, and come into life poor; for who can save on nine cents a day, with board and clothes? But it is a wonder if he is not a healthy, well-trained, patriotic man." So talks your Prussian; and however much of a peace-man you may be, you cannot help owning there is some truth in it. If you buy a suit of clothes, the tailor jumps up from his cross-legged position, prompt and full-chested, with tan on his face he got in campaigning; and it is hard to say he has lost more than he gained in his army training. Go into a school; the teacher, with a close-clipped beard and vigorous gait, who has a scar on his face from Königgrätz, seems none the worse for it, though he may have read a few books the less and lost his student pallor. At any rate, bad or good,

so it is; and so, says the Prussian, it must be. Eternal vigilance and preparation! I went in one day to the arsenal. The flags which Prussian armies had taken from almost every nation in Europe were ranged against the walls by the hundred; shot-shattered rags of silk, white standards of Austria embroidered with gold, Bavaria's blue checker, above all the great Napoleonic symbol, the N surrounded by its wreath. This was the memorable tapestry that hung the walls, and opposite glittered the waiting barrels and bayonets till one could almost believe them conscious, and burning to do as much as the flint-locks that won the standards. There was a needle-gun there or somewhere for every able-bodied man, and somewhere else uniform and equipments. When I landed in February on the bank of the Weser, the most prominent object was the redoubt with the North German flag. When in midsummer I crossed the Bavarian frontier among a softer people, the last marked object was the old stronghold of Coburg, battered by siege after siege for a thousand years. It was the spiked helmet at the entrance and again at the exit; and from entrance to exit, few places or times were free from some martial suggestion. It is a nation that has come to power mainly through war, and been schooled into the belief that its mailed fists alone can guaranty its life.

I visited a primary school. The little boys of six came all with knapsacks strapped to their backs for their books and dinners, instead of satchels. At the tap of a bell they formed themselves into column and marched like little veterans to the school-room door. I visited a school for boys of thirteen or fourteen. Casting my eyes into the yard, I saw the spiked helmet in the shape of the half-military manœuvres of a class which the teacher of gymnastics was training for the severer drill of five or six years later. I visited the "prima," or upper class of a gymnasium, and here was the spiked helmet in a connection that seemed at first

rather irreverent. After all, however, it was only thoroughly Prussian, and deserved to be looked upon as a comical incongruity rather than gravely blamed. A row of cheap pictures hung side by side upon the wall. First Luther, the rougher characteristics of the well-known portrait somewhat exaggerated. The shoulders were even larger than common. The bony buttresses of the forehead over the eyes, too, as they rose above the strong lower face, were emphasized, looking truly as though, if tongue and pen failed to make a way, the shoulders could push one, and, if worse came to worst, the head would butt one. Next to Luther was a head of Christ; then in the same line, with nothing in the position or quality of the pictures to indicate that the subjects were any less esteemed, a row of royal personages, whose military trappings were made particularly plain. It was all characteristic enough. The Reformer's figure stood for the stalwart Protestantism of the Prussian character, still living and militant in a way hard for us to imagine; the portraits of the royal soldiers stood for its combative loyalty, ready to meet anything for king and fatherland; and the head of Christ for its zealous faith, which, however it may have cooled away among some classes of the people, is still intense in the nation at large. I visited the best school for girls in Berlin, and it was singular among those retiring maidens even to find the spiked helmet, and this time not hung upon the wall nor outside in the yard. The teacher of the most interesting class I visited—a class in German literature—was a man of forty-five, of straight, soldierly bearing, a gray, martial mustache, and energetic eye. He told me, as we walked together in the hall, waiting for the exercise to commence, that he had been a soldier, and it so happened that among the ballads in the lesson for that day was one in honor of the Prussian troops at Rossbach. Over this the old soldier broke out into an animated lecture, which grew more and more earnest as he went forward; how the idea

of faithfulness to duty had become obscured, but was enforced again by the philosopher Kant in his teaching, and then brought into practice by the great Frederick. The veteran plainly thought there was no duty higher than that owed to the *schwarzer Adler*, the black eagle of Prussia. Then came an account of the French horse before Rossbach; how they rode out from Weimar, the troopers, before they went, ripping open the beds on which they had slept and scattering the feathers to the wind to plague the housewives,—a piece of ruthlessness that came home thoroughly to the young housekeepers; then how *der alter Fritz*, lying in wait behind Janus Hill, with General Leydlitz and Field-marshal Keith, suddenly rushed out and put them all to rout. The soldier was in a fever of patriotism and rage against the French before his description was finished, and the faces of the girls kindled in response. "They will some time," I thought, "be lovers, wives, mothers of Prussian soldiers themselves, and this training will keep alive in the home the national fire."

Admirable schools they all were, the presence of the spiked helmet notwithstanding, and crowning them in the great Prussian educational system come the famous universities. That at Berlin counts its students by thousands, its professors by hundreds. There is no branch of human knowledge without its teacher. One can study Egyptian hieroglyphics or the Assyrian arrow-head inscriptions. A new pimple can hardly break out on the blotched face of the moon, without a lecture from a professor next day to explain the theory of its development. The poor earthquakes are hardly left to shake in peace an out-of-the-way strip of South American coast or Calabrian plain, but a German professor violates their privacy, undertakes to see whence they come and whither they go, and even tries to predict when they will go to shaking again. The vast building of the University stands on Unter der Linden, opposite the palace of the king. Large as it is, its halls are

crowded at the end of every hour by the thousand or two of young men, who presently disappear within the lecture-rooms. Here in past years have been Hegel and Fichte, the brothers Grimm, the brothers Humboldt, Niebuhr, and Carl Ritter. Here now are Lepsius and Curtius, Virchow and Hoffman, Ranke and Mommsen, — the world's first scholars in the past and present. The student selects his lecturers, then goes day by day through the semester to the plain lecture-rooms, taking notes diligently at benches which have been whittled well by his predecessors, and where he too most likely will carve his own autograph and perhaps the name of the dear girl he adores, — for Yankee boys have no monopoly of the jackknife. I met face to face some of the great scholars who give glory to the University to-day, — Lepsius, one Sunday afternoon in his garden, a hale, straight man of sixty, with an abundance of white hair brushed away from a fine forehead, a ruddy, healthful, smooth-shaven face, and the keen eyes looking from behind spectacles that have learned so shrewdly to decipher the difficult record Sesostris and the Pharaohs have left on obelisk and pyramid; Ranke, the great historian of the Popes, of the Reformation, of Prussia, still diligent in his seventy-fifth year. I saw in his study Theodor Mommsen, historian of Rome, a man great like Niebuhr, and in the front rank of the scholars of all time. He came forward, a thin figure, from his books and manuscripts, to greet the stranger, hardly past fifty, and yet bent as if with the weight of great erudition; a pale cheek, a dark eye, not quenched at all by study; a profusion of black hair, which has in part turned gray, over a good head. His voice seemed thin and weak, though under excitement it becomes strong enough. The meagre form spoke of constant toil and seclusion, and one could see what it cost to be great in his direction. His manner was somewhat stiff, but polite. He paid a high tribute to the historian Bancroft, Minister at

Berlin, saying it was not often men so worthy and scholarly were found in diplomatic positions. He spoke with interest of the honor about to be done to Bancroft by the University of Göttingen. Fifty years ago, the ambassador received there his degree of Doctor. A deputation of professors was to come to Berlin from Göttingen, a grand festivity to be held, and the degree to be renewed. He spoke cordially of America, in spite of the Cæsarism expressed in his history; and when I hinted at some of our shortcomings, said hopefully, the future belonged to us, and all would come right in time. In the midst of the talk three pretty children came laughing and dancing into the room to bid their father good night. They were plainly on the most familiar terms with him. He kissed them with pride and pleasure, the light in his fine eyes becoming playful. While the sunbeam was shining, I left the student's dusty den, with its disordered piles of books, its heaps of manuscripts, its casts and plates of Roman antiques.

Where can one find the spiked helmet in the midst of the scholastic quiet and diligence of a German university? It is visible enough in more ways than one. Here is one manifestation. Run down the long list of professors and teachers in the *Anzeige*, and you will find somewhere in the list the *Fechtmeister* instructor in fighting, master of the sword exercise, and he is pretty sure to be one of the busiest men in the company. To most German students, a sword, or *Schläger*, is as necessary as pipe or beer-mug; not a slender fencing-foil, with a button on the point, and slight enough to snap with a vigorous thrust, but a stout blade of tempered steel, ground sharp. With these weapons the students perpetrate savageries, almost unrebuked, which strike an American with horror. Duels are of frequent occurrence, taking place sometimes at grounds and on days regularly set apart for the really bloody work. The fighters are partially protected by a

sort of armor, and the wounds inflicted are generally more ghastly than dangerous ; though a son of Bismarck's is said to have been nearly killed at Bonn a few years ago, and there is sometimes serious maiming. Perhaps one may say it is nothing but very rough play, but it is the play of young savages, whose sport is nothing to them without a dash of cruel rage. The practice dates from the time when the Germans wore wolf-skins, barbarians roaring in their woods. Perhaps the university authorities find it too inveterate a thing to be done away with ; perhaps, too, they feel, thinking as it were under their spiked helmets, that after all it has a value, making the young men cool in danger and accustoming them to weapons. We, after all, cannot say too much. Often our young American students in Germany take to the schläger as gracefully and naturally as game-cocks to spurs. The most noted duellist at one of the universities last winter was a burly young Westerner, who had things at first all his own way. A still burlier Prussian from Tübingen, however, appeared at last, and so carved our valiant borderer's face, that hereafter with its criss-cross scars it will look like a well-frequented skating-ground.

To crown all, the schools and University at Berlin are magnificently supplemented in the great Museum, a vast collection where one may study the rise and progress of civilization in every race of past ages that has had a history, and the present condition of perhaps every people, civilized or wild, under the sun. In one great hall you are among the satin garments and lacquered furniture of China ; in another it is the seal-skin work of the Esquimaux stitched with sinew. Now you sit in a Tartar tent, now among the war-clubs, the conch-shell trumpets, the drums covered with human skin of the Polynesians. Here it is the feathery finery of the Caribs, here the idols and trinkets of the negroes of Soudan. There too, in still other halls, is the history of our own race ; the maces

the Teutons and Norsemen fought with, the torcs of twisted gold they wore about their necks, the sacrificial knives that slew the victims on the altars of Odin ; so, too, what our fathers have carved and spun, moulded, cast, and portrayed, until we took up the task of life. In another place you find the great collection made in Egypt by Lepsius. The visitor stands within the fac-simile of a temple on the banks of the Nile. On the walls and lotus-shaped columns are processions of dark figures at the loom, at the work of irrigation, marching as soldiers, or mourners at funerals, — exact copies of the original delineations. There are sphinx and obelisk, coffins of kings, mummies of priest and chieftain, the fabrics they wore, the gems they cut, the scrolls they engrossed, the tomb in which they were buried. Stepping into another section, you are in Assyria, with the alabaster lions and plumed genii of the men of Nineveh and Babylon. The walls again are brilliant, now with the splendor of the palaces of Nebuchadnezzar ; the captives building temples, the chivalry sacking cities, the princes on their thrones. Here too is Etruria revealed in her sculpture and painted vases ; and here too the whole story of Greece. Passing through these wonderful halls, you review a thousand years and more, almost from the epoch of Cadmus, through the vicissitudes of empire and servitude, until Constantinople is sacked by the Turks. The rude Pelasgic altar, the sculptured god of Praxiteles, then down through the ages of decay to the ugly painting of the Byzantine monk in the Dark Ages. So too the whole history of Rome ; the long heave of the wave from Romulus until it becomes crested with the might and beauty of the Augustan age ; the sad subsidence from that summit to Goth and Hun. There is architecture which the eyes of the Tarquins saw, there are statues of the great consuls of the Republic, the luxury of the later Empire. You see it not only in models, but sometimes in

actual relics. One's blood thrills when he stands before a statue of Julius Cæsar, whose sculptor, it is reasonable to believe, wrought from the life. It is broken and discolored, as it came from the Italian ruin where it had lain since the barbarian raids. But the grace has not left the toga folded across the breast, nor is the fine Roman majesty gone from the head and face, — a head small, but high, with a full and ample brow, a nose with the true eagle curve, and thin, firm lips formed to command; a statue most subduing in its simple dignity and pathetic in its partial ruin. And all this is free to the world as the air of heaven almost. No fee for admission; the only requisitions, not to handle, orderly behavior, and decent neatness in attire. Here I saw too, when I ascended the steps between the great bronze groups of statuary as I entered, and again the last thing as I left, the spiked helmet on the head of the stiff sentinel always posted at the door.

The German home is affectionate and genial. The American, properly introduced, is sure of a generous welcome, for it is hard to find a German who has not many relatives beyond the Atlantic. There are courteous observances which at first put one a little aback. Sneezing, for instance, is not a thing that can be done in a corner. If the family are a bit old-fashioned, you will be startled and abashed by hearing the "*prosits*" and "*Gesundheits*" from the company, wishes that it may be for your advantage and health sonorously given, with much friendly nodding in your direction. As you rise from the table it is the old-fashioned way, too, to go through with a general hand-shaking, and a wish to every one that the supper may set well. The Germans are long-lived, and almost every domestic hearthstone supports the easy-chairs of grandparents. Grandfather is often fresh and cheerful, the oracle and comforter of the children, treated with deference by those grown up, and presented to the guest as the central figure of the home. As

the younger ones drop off to bed and things grow quieter, grandfather's chair is apt to be the centre toward which all tend, and, of course, the old man talks about his youth. Here are the reminiscences I heard once at the end of a merry evening, and at other times I heard something not unlike: "Children and grandchildren and guest from over the sea, when I was a boy, Prussia was struggling with the first Napoleon; and when I was eighteen I marched myself under Blücher beyond the Rhine. Sometimes we went on the run, sometimes we got lifts in relays of wagons, and so I have known the infantry even to make now and then fifty miles a day. Matters were pressing, you see (*sehen Sie 'mal*). At last we crossed at Coblenz, and got from there into Belgium the first days of June. We met the French at Ligny, — a close, bitter fight, — and half my battalion were left behind there where they had stood. We were a few paces off, posted in a graveyard, when the French cavalry rode over old Marshal Vorwärts, lying under his horse. I saw the rush of the French, then the countercharge of the Prussian troopers, when they missed the General, and drove the enemy back till they found him again; though what it all meant we never knew till it was over. Then, after mighty little rest, we marched fast and far, with cannon-thunder in our ears in a constant mutter, always growing louder, until in the afternoon we came at a quickstep through a piece of woods out upon the plain by Waterloo, where they had been fighting all day. Our feet sucked in the damp ground, the wet grain brushed our knees, as our compact column spread out into more open order and went into fire. What a smoke there was about La Haye Sainte and Hogoumont, with now lines of red infantry, or a column in dark blue, or a mass of flashing cuirassiers, hidden for a moment, then reappearing! It was take and give, hot and heavy, for an hour or so about Planchenoit. A ball grazed my elbow and another went through my cap; but at sunset the

French were broken, and we swept after the rout as well as we could through the litter, along the southward roads. We were at a halt for a minute, I remember, when a rider in a chapeau, with a plume and a hooked nose underneath, trotted up, wrapped in a military cloak, and somebody said it was Wellington." Grandfather will be sure to be at a white heat before he has finished, and so, too, his audience. The athletic student grandson, with a deep scar across his cheek from a schälger cut, will rise and pace the room. The *Fräulein*, his sister, to whom the retired grenadier has told the story of the feather-beds at Weimar, will show in her eyes she remembers it all. "Yes, friend American!" breaks in the father of the family, "and it all must be done over again. Sooner or later it must come, a great struggle with France; the Latin race or the Teutonic, which shall be supreme in Europe? We are ready now; arsenals filled, horses waiting, equipments for everybody. Son Fritz there has his uniform ready, and somewhere there is one for me. *Donnerwetter!* If they get into Prussia, they'll find a tough old land-storm! Only let Vater Wilhelm turn his hand, and to-morrow close upon a million trained and well-armed troops could be stepping to the drum." It was a long evening at the end of June. Napoleon was having the finishing touches put to the new Opera House at Paris, thinking, so far as the world could tell, of nothing more important than how many imperial eagles it would do to put along the cornice. King William was packing for Ems, designing to be back at the peaceful unveiling of his father's statue the first week in August. Bismarck was at his Pomeranian estate, in poor health, it was said, plotting nothing but to circumvent his bodily trouble. In less than a month full-armed Prussia was on the march. I could understand the readiness, when I thought of the spiked helmet I had seen in the Prussian home that quiet summer night.

The German *Friedhof*, or burying-ground, has never the extent or magnificence of some American cemeteries. Even near the cities it is small and quiet, showing, however, in the well-kept mounds and stones there is no want of care. Every old church, too, is floored with the memorial tablets of those buried beneath, and bears upon walls and columns monuments in the taste of the various ages that have come and gone since the church was built. Graves of famous men, here as everywhere, are places of pilgrimage, and here as everywhere to see which are the most honored tombs, is no bad way of judging the character of the people. Among the scholars of Germany there have been no greater names than those of Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, brothers not far apart in the cradle, not far apart in death, who lived and worked together their full threescore years and ten. They were two wonderful old men, with faces — as I saw them together in a photograph shown me by Hermann Grimm, the well-known son of Wilhelm — full of intellectual strength, and yet with the sweetness and innocence of children. They lie now side by side in the Matthäi Kirchhof at Berlin, in graves precisely similar, with a lovely rose-bush scattering petals impartially on the turf above both, and solid twin stones at their heads, meant to endure apparently as long as their fame. Hither come a large and various company of pilgrims, — children who love the brothers Grimm for their fairy-tales, young students who have been kindled by their example, and gray old scholars who respect their achievements as the most marvellous work of the marvellous German erudition. The little North German city, Weimar, is closely associated with the great literary men of the last hundred years. Here several of them accomplished their best work under the patronage of an enlightened duke, and finally found their graves. An atmosphere of reverend quiet seemed to hang over it as I walked through its shaded streets, — streets where there

is never bustle, and which appear to be always remembering the great men who have walked in them. In the burying-ground in the outskirts I found the mausoleum of the ruling house, a decorated hall of marble with a crypt underneath in which are the coffins. The members of the Saxe-Weimar family for many generations are here; the warlike ancestor with his armor rusting on the dusty lid, grand-duke and duchess, and the child that died before it attained the coronet. But far more interesting than any of these are two large plain caskets of oak, lying side by side at the foot of the staircase by which you descend. In these are the bones of Goethe and Schiller. The heap of wreaths, some of them still fresh, which lay on the tops, the number on the coffin of Schiller being noticeably the larger, showed how green their memory had been kept in the heart of the nation. I was only one of a great multitude of pilgrims who are coming always, their chief errand being to see the graves of these famous dead within the quiet town. In the side of the Schloss Kirche, in the city of Wittenberg, is an old archway, with pillars carved as if twisted and with figures of saints overhead, the sharpness of the cutting being somewhat broken and worn away through time. It is the doorway which rang loud three hundred years ago to the sound of Luther's hammer as he nailed up his ninety-five theses. Within the church, about midway toward the altar and near the wall, the guide lifts an oaken trap-door and shows you beneath the slab which covers Luther's ashes. Just opposite, in a sepulchre precisely similar, lies Melancthon, and in the chancel near by, in tombs rather more stately, the electors of Saxony that befriended the reformers. A spot worthy indeed to be a place of pilgrimage! attracting not only those who bless the men, but those who curse them. Charles V. and Alva stood once on the pavement where the visitor now stands, and the Emperor commanded the stone to be removed from the grave of Lu-

ther. Did the body turn in its coffin at the violation? It might well have been so, for never was there fiercer hate than went from them toward him and him toward them. For three centuries the generations have trooped hitherward, more often drawn in reverence, but sometimes through very hatred, a multitude too mighty to be numbered. But there is a grave in Prussia, where, if I mistake not, the pilgrims are more numerous and the interest, for the average Prussian, deeper than scholar or poet or reformer call out. The garrison church at Potsdam has a plain name and is a plain edifice, when one thinks of the sepulchre it holds. Hung upon the walls are dusty trophies; there are few embellishments besides. You make your way through the aisles among the pews where the regiments sit at service, marching from their barracks close by, then through a door beneath the pulpit enter a vault lighted by tapers along the wall. Two heavy coffins stand on the stone floor,—the older one that of Frederick William I., that despot, partially insane, perhaps, who yet accomplished great things for Prussia; the other that of his famous son, Frederick the Great, whose sword cut the path by which Prussia advanced to her great power. On the copper lid there formerly lay that sword, until the great Napoleon when he stood there, feeling a twinge of jealousy perhaps over the dead leader's fame, carried it away with him. Father and son lie quietly enough now side by side, though their relations in life were stormy. About the great soldier's sleep every hour rolls the drum-beat from the garrison close by. The tramp of the columns as they come in to worship jar the warrior's ashes. The dusky standards captured in the Seven Years' War droop about him. The hundred intervening years have blackened them, already singed in the fire of Zorndorf, Leuthen, and Torgau. The moth makes still larger the rent where the volleys passed. The spiked helmet is even here among the tombs; and schooled as the Prussians are

among the din of trumpets and smoke of wars, no other among the mighty graves in their land holds dust, in their thought, so heroic.

The Prussian church is a true church militant. There is an element of defiance and sternness in German Protestantism, brought down from old times, which never drops away. Many a German church has on its walls marks of the rapine of the Thirty Years' War. Many of the pulpits from which in the Reformation such hot resistance was preached are occupied by the ministers who give tone to the nation's present religious life. As churches and pulpits are the same, so the words of the preachers have much of the ancient spirit. Over the result of the Romish council I heard again and again last summer outbursts of most energetic protest. It was the fierce polemic fire of the fathers of Geneva and Dort, which has not even begun to smoulder in the lapse of time. In the midst of the public square in the old city of Worms, where Luther appeared at the famous diet, is the magnificent Luther memorial, one of the finest and most costly pieces of modern art, to erect which treasure was poured in from all Protestant Germany, in great part from Prussia. In the first place there is a broad square substructure of granite, along the border of which are set colossal statues of princes and scholars, and allegorical figures of cities famous in the Reformation. Coming from the outside to the centre you have the great heart of the thing. Five statues of bronze are grouped together on a base of polished sienite. Four of these represent the great forerunners, Huss, Wyckliffe, Peter Waldus, and Savonarola, the latter figure being particularly startling in its lifelike presentment. In the midst of all, from among the princes whose power shielded him, the scholars who held up his hands, and the mighty martyrs who died that the fulness of time might come and he and his work live, towers the colossal Luther. The statue is ten feet and a half high. A scholar's gown drapes it to

the feet, one of which is advanced. His clenched right fist is on the cover of a Bible he holds in his left arm. The head is bare, the face upturned, the lips parted. That giant Luther face! And beneath are cut the words which he uttered before the diet,—the heroic shout, some tone of which may have been borne in the air as far as the spot where the memorial now stands: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me. Amen." It is very, very grand, commemorating gloriously a most manly and consecrated warfare. To erect it coincided thoroughly with the spirit of Protestantism in Germany to-day. Two or three years since, at its dedication, an immense multitude came together, one of the largest Protestant gatherings of modern times, who, as they stood before the group, seemed to recognize in the spirit that filled the faces the antagonistic fire that burned in themselves. The speeches were fulminations full of the old thunder that fell on willing ears. There stood the bronze which the best genius of the land had made almost to live,—the princes with their swords, the brows of the scholars grown spare with earnest controversy, the hand of Savonarola eloquent with denunciation, and towering highest the great shoulders of Luther. There were the parted lips, the lines ploughed by spiritual struggle, the rugged brows, the clenched fist resting on the Bible, the figure braced back for a mighty shock, as if he saw in the air before him the range on range of mighty prelates and helmeted rulers, and in the background the stake and fagots. The masculine, resolute hostility toward the old enemy embodied in the memorial the vast multitude recognized as something that belonged to itself to a degree unabated; and so it is that one finds even the Prussian faith crowned with the spiked helmet.

To see Prussian recreations one must visit the pleasure-gardens. Every village has one at least, and the cities abound with them. The German summer as compared with ours is cool and

wet, and with our in-door habits such an exposure as the Germans practise could not be safely encountered. Every day in summer, however, when the weather is at all tolerable, the German family is more likely than not to be for some hours, perhaps until late in the evening, in the open air. The most famous gardens in Prussia are at the little city of Potsdam, just out of Berlin. They belong to the royal family, and contain several palaces and villas, but seem to be held by the sovereign only in trust for the benefit of the people. There is no weed in the beds, no break in the smooth, solid box massed into glistening hedges. Even the thickets are trained to be graceful, without losing the charm of wildness. Every breath is perfume. Everywhere bees hum and birds sing. In the early summer there are deep, sweet, intermittent warblings, the notes of the nightingales with which the gardens are filled. Perfect taste, perfect luxuriance, princely lavishness! hither throng the people, for all is freely thrown open. Nothing is required but orderly behavior, and a respect for such regulations as are necessary to keep the beauty unimpaired. Children play on the velvet lawns. Lovers sit in the arbors. The plain man of the people is there with his wife in company. The husband carries the baby, the wife leads the youngster just learning to walk. The rest of the wholesome, white-headed brood troop after. On one side you hear mirth or music, on the other the gurgle of the beery flood in which all Germany is steeped to the ears, poured out almost as lavishly as the water of the fountains.

In one of my visits to Potsdam I stood before the central door of the New Palace in these gardens. A cord supported on slight posts was drawn through a portion of the garden, running across green and thicket toward the palace, at the steps of which it finally ended; the light barrier serving as a hint to the public, it was desired the space beyond should be kept private. Looking over the cord into the part re-

served, I saw a groom in livery leading a pony which drew a low easy vehicle along the walk toward a side door of the palace. There it stopped, and presently a lady rather short and stout, in a light summer dress and mantle, with an easy hat, came out of the palace and took her seat in the vehicle. The appearance of the lady was so simple I did not think of her being a distinguished personage, until people near me said it was the Crown Princess. Just as the lady took her seat a group of pretty children came running from the trees near, accompanied by two or three ladies and a gentleman, their governesses and a tutor. One little princess in white ran to the carriage with a bouquet which she pressed upon her mother. The whole group bounded up, a prince running forward to pat the pony. The Crown Princess welcomed all with a most motherly smile on her good, not handsome face; and I felt that all the creditable things I had heard of her might easily be true,—of her kindness to the poor, her interest in important reforms, her pursuit of difficult branches of study, with all her maternal cares. But now in the midst of the peace and beauty of the garden stood forth—what but the spiked helmet, in the shape of a tall athletic man in the fullest vigor of his years, in an undress uniform of dark green set off with red! His face was fair, the lower part covered with a thick brown beard, the eyes blue, the whole mien quiet, simple, manly. He wore on his head a plain red-banded cap, which he touched with soldierly dignity to the tutor and the governesses as they passed by him with the children into the palace. He stood erect and quiet a moment by the carriage; then presently the pony moved forward, still led by the groom. The lady spread her parasol. The soldier walked at her side, keeping pace with the pony's progress, until presently the party disappeared among the garden-walks. It was the Crown Prince Frederick William. Seven hundred years ago his ancestor Conrad, the younger son of a

family of some rank, but quite undistinguished, riding down from the little stronghold of Hohenzollern in Swabia, with nothing but a good head and arm, won favor with the Emperor Barbarossa and became at last Burggraf of Nuremberg. I saw the old castle in which this Conrad lived and his line after him for several generations. It rises among fortifications the plan for which Albert Dürer drew, with narrow windows in the thick masonry of the towers, the battlements worn by the pacing to and fro of sentinels in armor, and an ancient linden in the court-yard, planted by an empress a thousand years ago it is said, with as green a canopy to throw over the tourist to-day as it threw over those old Hohenzollerns. Conrad transmitted to his descendants his good head and strong arm, until at length becoming masters of Baireuth and Anspach, they were Margraves and ranked among important princes. Their seat now was at Culmbach, in the great castle of the Plessenburg. I saw one May morning the gray walls of the old nest high on its cliff at the junction of the red and white Main, threatening still, for it is now a Bavarian prison. The power of the house grew slowly. In one age it got Brandenburg, in another the great districts of Ost and West Prussia; now it was possessions in Silesia, now again territory on the Rhine. Power came sometimes through imperial gift, sometimes through marriage, sometimes through purchase or diplomacy or blows. From poor soldiers of fortune to counts, from counts to princes, from princes to electors, and at last kings. Sometimes they are unscrupulous, sometimes feeble, sometimes nobly heroic and faithful; more often strong than weak in brain and hand. The Hohenzollern tortoise keeps creeping forward in its history, surpassing many a swift hare that once despised it in the race. I believe it is the oldest princely line in Europe. There is certainly none whose history on the whole is better. Margraf George of Anspach-Baireuth was perhaps the

finest character among the Protestant princes of the Reformation, without whom the good fight could not have been fought. When Charles V. besieged Metz in the winter (which, with Lorraine, had just been torn from Germany by the French), and was compelled by the cold to withdraw, it was a Hohenzollern prince, one of the first soldiers of the time, who led the rear-guard over ground which another Hohenzollern, Prince Frederick Charles, has again made famous. Later, in Frederick the Great, the house furnished perhaps the firmest hand that ever held a royal sceptre.

Standing on the University steps, looking across Unter den Linden, it is a common sight to see the gray head of old King William, as he rises from his table for a minute, and looks out good-naturedly on his subjects passing in the street. He is every inch a king in his look and bearing. His face has in it benevolence and force, and few men have a finer physique. He is of towering stature, the red facings of his uniform expanded by a most noble chest. He bows with stately courtesy to return the salute of his humblest subject. It is not his brain, to be sure, that is planning now such greatness for Prussia, nor his that has guided the enormous forces of his kingdom, as they fall in thunderbolts, now upon Austria, now upon France. He is, moreover, too much of an autocrat to suit an American, perhaps a bit of a bigot; but there is a sound heart in the king's breast and a fair share of the soldierly energy of his ancestors. It is not yet time to say what the son will be. In the garden at Potsdam he seemed like a man full of reserved power. In those days he was so quiet and devoted as a father and husband, that he was in danger of becoming unpopular, as too weakly domestic. But hardly a month from that time, the easy man I had seen keeping pace with the pony, sheltered by his wife's parasol, at Wörth and Wissembourg had applied nitro-glycerine to French prestige. Yet he is not a soldier through choice.

"I do not like war," he is reported to have said in the midst of his victories; "and if I am ever king, I shall never make war." He has other than war-like accomplishments. It was my good fortune to exchange a few words with and touch the hand of the great Greek scholar Curtius, who had the care of his education in his youth. The prince has the culture that comes from classic training, as well as the knowledge and discipline necessary to guide affairs.

The morning after the news of the rupture with France I stood under an archway in the palace of the Austrian Emperor at Vienna. Through the archway passed a street of the city; for the immense building occupies such a position that ways are broken through it to accommodate the public traffic. One of the brilliantly dressed guards always on duty came running and passed the word to a comrade that something was about to happen, I could not understand what. Immediately after, an open carriage, drawn by four fine gray horses, drove rapidly up. It passed so near me, that, as I stood in the archway, I was obliged to press close against the wall to save my feet from the wheels. Four men in uniform sat in the carriage, one of whom, on the back seat, I recognized at once, from his pictures, as the Emperor Francis Joseph II. He was wrapped in a military cloak, for the morning was rainy. His face was good, but refined rather than strong; his figure rather slight. The impression made was of elegance, not vigor. The carriage rolled forward. I heard instantly after the roll of drums, and caught sight through the archway of a line of troops in uniform of blue and white, with the flag of Austria in the midst of them, drawn up to salute. The Emperor disappeared within the palace to arrange no doubt the terms of that neutrality which it was understood within the week he would observe during the struggle.

A week later I had reached Munich, and went one evening to the royal opera house to hear the "Rheingold" of Wagner. The building is one of

the most perfect of its kind in the world. The scene was brilliant, as the great decorated spaces were filled. Suddenly the crowd sprang to their feet, waving handkerchiefs, and shouting "Hoch! Hoch!" the German cheer. It happened to be the evening of the day Bavaria decided to take part in the war. The king had just entered, and I was about to see an ovation rendered by the enthusiastic audience, who were carried away with German feeling. Looking upward from my place, I saw in the centre of the circle of seats the royal box, heavily draped with curtains, and in front, a slender, black-haired young man of twenty-five, in plain, dark attire, who bowed gracefully this side and that, acknowledging the homage. Presently the fine orchestra crashed in with the national hymn. I found it quite impossible to resist the contagion, and before I knew it fairly was shouting "Hoch!" as if I were the most loyal of subjects. The king's appearance corresponded with what is said of his character. He was slender and graceful, but with no sign of force; a patron of the fine arts, and taking more pleasure in the exercise of his delicate taste than in the rougher work of ruling.

Compare these sovereigns of the two prominent states of Southern Germany with the stalwart figure at the window, in Unter den Linden, and the masculine, self-contained soldier biding his time at Potsdam. They are all good types, perhaps, of the lands they rule; and if so, Prussia is worthy of the leadership to which she is advancing. In the cathedral of Speyer stand the statues of the mighty German Kaisers, who six hundred years ago wore the purple, and, after their wild battle with the elements of disorder about them, were buried at last in its crypts. They are majestic figures for the most part, idealized by the sculptor, and yet probably not far beyond nature; for the imperial dignity was not hereditary, but given to the man chosen for it, and the choice was often a worthy one. They were lead-

ers in character as well as station, and it is right to give their images the bearing of men strong in war and council. I felt that if the ancient dignity was to be revived in our own day, and the sceptre of Barbarossa and Rudolph of Hapsburg to be extended again over a united Germany, there had been few princes more worthy to hold it than that stately Hohenzollern whom circumstances have forced into wearing the spiked helmet against his will.

In speaking of this great people so as to give the best idea of them in a short space, I have seized on what has seemed to me the most salient thing, and described various phases of their life as pervaded by it. The fighting spirit is bred in their bones. They are a nation of warriors almost as much as the Spartans, and stand ready on the instant to obey what almost any instant they may hear, the tap of the drum calling to arms. Such constant suggestions of war are painful. The spiked helmet is never an amiable head-dress; "but," says the representative Prussian, "there is no help for it. We have been a weak people wedged in between powerful, unscrupulous neighbors, and have had a life-and-death struggle to wage almost constantly with one or the other of these, or all at once. And in what way is our situation different now? Is Russia less ambitious? How many swords has France beaten into ploughshares? What pruning-hooks have been made

from the spears of Austria? Let us know on what conditions we can live other than wearing our spiked helmets, and we will embrace them." It is not an easy matter to argue down your resolute Prussian when he turns to you warmly, after you have been crying peace to him, and talks in this way. Perhaps the best hit you can make at him is to say, "Your neighbors can make out as bad a case against you as you against them."

Perhaps it is a necessity, since the world is what it is, that Europe should still be a place of bloody discord. America, however, is practically one, not a jarring company of nations, repeating the protracted agony of the Old World. We have no question of the "balance of power" coming up in every generation, settled only to be unsettled amid devastation and slaughter. We can grow forward unhindered, with hardly more than a feather's weight of energy taken for fighting from the employments of peace. America stands indeed a nation blessed of God; and there is nothing better worth her while to pray for than that a happier time may come to her giant brother over the sea; that the strength of such an arm may not always waste itself wielding the sword; that the sensibilities of such a heart may not be forever crushed or brutalized in carnage that forever repeats itself; that the noble head may some time exchange the spiked helmet for the olive chaplet of peace.

J. K. Hosmer.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XII.

WE shall know in due time what success Kate had in pleading with Vincent to withdraw his challenge.

While the girl, aided by her grandfather, was resisting the demon of

duels in the Beaumont house, Mr. Frank McAlister was maintaining an equally dubious contest with the same monster under his paternal roof-tree.

We must hurry over the scene of his arrival at home. There had been a pleasant family drama; there had been warm welcome for the returned

wanderer. The deliberate and solemn Judge was not the kind of man to fly into a spasm of emotion, like his excitable enemy, Peyt Beaumont; but he had a calm sufficiency of the true parental stuff in him, and he was proud of his gigantic, handsome son, full of all the wisdom of the East; he gave him a vigorous hand, shaking, and looked for an instant like kissing him. Mrs. McAlister, a tall, pale, gray, mild, loving woman, took the Titan to her arms as if he were still an infant. Mary worshipped him, as girls are apt to worship older brothers, at least when they are big and handsome. Bruce, the eldest son, was all that a South Carolina gentleman should be on such an occasion. Wallace at once gloried in Frank's grandeur and beauty, and wilted wofully under a sense of his own inferiority.

The story of the shipwreck was told to affectionately breathless listeners; and then came, almost by necessity, the saving of Miss Beaumont from a watery grave.

"I have some hope," added Frank, with the blush of a man who feels far more than he says, "that the incident may pave the way to a reconciliation of the families."

"Heaven grant it!" murmured Mrs. McAlister, her face illuminated with hope of peace and perhaps with foresight of love and marriage.

"Amen!" responded the Judge in a perfunctory, head-of-the-family, not to say beadle-like, manner. One of those model men who set an example, you know; one of those saints who keep up appearances, even at home.

"By George, it ought to," muttered Wally, conscience-stricken about his duel. "It ought to bring about a reconciliation. But, by George, there's no telling."

Then, at a proper moment, when only the three brothers were together, came the story of the quarrel with Vincent. It must be understood that among the McAlisters duels were not such common property, such subjects of genial family conversation, as among

the Beaumonts. The McAlisters fought as promptly as their rivals; but, Scotch-like and Puritan-like, they treated fighting as a matter not to be bragged of and gossiped about; they drew a decorous veil over their occasional excesses in the way of homicide. When a McAlister boy got into an unpleasantness, he never mentioned it to father, mother, or sister, not even after the shots had been exchanged. The Judge believed that duelling was sometimes necessary; but he did not want to have the air of encouraging it: first, because he was a father and cared for his sons' lives; second, because he had a certain character to maintain in the district. Mrs. McAlister, a religious and tender-hearted woman, looked upon the code of honor with steady horror. Mary tormented her brothers by crying over their perils, even when those perils had passed and were become glories.

We can imagine Frank's disgust and grief when he learned that there was to be another Beaumont and McAlister duel. He pleaded against it; he inveighed against it; he sermonized against it.

"Frank, you make me think of converted cannibals coming home to preach to their tribe," said Wallace, smiling amiably, but unmoved and unconvinced.

"Who is your second?" asked Frank, hoping to find more wisdom in that assistant than in the principal.

"Bruce," replied Wallace with a queer grimace, somewhat in the way of an apology.

"Bruce! Your own brother?" exclaimed the confounded Frank. "Why, that is horrible. And is n't it something unheard of? It strikes me as an awful scandal."

"It *is* unusual," admitted Wallace. "But Vincent Beaumont makes no objection to it, and, moreover, he has chosen his own connection, Bent Armitage. Besides," he added, looking at his elder brother with an almost touching confidence, "Bruce will fight me better than any other man could."

Bruce McAlister was a man of about six feet, too slender and too lean to be handsome in a gladiatorial sense, but singularly graceful. Although not much above thirty, his face was haggard and marked by an air of lassitude. He was a consumptive. Perhaps the disease had increased the charm of his expression. His large hazel eyes, sunk as they were in sombre hollows, had a melancholy tenderness which was almost more than human. His face was so gentle, so refined, so gracious, that it charmed at first sight. There was no resisting the sweet smile, the flattering bow and petting address of this man. He put strangers at ease in an instant; he made them feel with a look that they were his valued friends; he so impressed them in a minute that they never forgot him in all their lives. It would not be easy to find another man who had such an appearance of thinking altogether of others and not at all of himself.

"It is an unusual step, Frank," said Bruce, in a mellow, deep, and yet weak voice. "It was of course not ventured upon without the full consent of the other party. I accepted the position solely with the hope of diminishing Wallace's danger."

"Well!" assented Frank with a groan. "And now, Bruce, tell me the whole thing. What is the exact value of the provocation?"

In a quiet tone and without a sign of indignation Bruce related the story of the difficulty.

"Beaumont's manner and words were irritatingly sarcastic," he concluded. "Wallace naturally resented it."

"Still, all that he said was — was parliamentary," urged Frank. "Wallace, I don't want to judge you; but it does seem to me that you might have spared your reply; it was terribly severe. Could n't you apologize? If I were in your place, I would. I would, indeed."

Wallace stared, rubbed his head meditatively, and then shook it decidedly.

"And for this you mean to fight?"

pursued Frank. "Actually mean to draw a pistol on your fellow-man? The whole thing — I mean the code duello — is a barbarity. I was brought up to reverence it. From this time I abjure it."

"Fight? Well, yes," returned Wallace, again rubbing his prematurely bald crown; not quite bald, either; simply downy. "Of course I will fight. Not that I admire fighting. It's the reasoning of beasts, sir. And as for the duello, well, I look on it as you do; I consider it out of date, barbarous. But society — our society, I mean — demands it. If society says a gentleman must — *noblesse oblige* — why, that settles it. If it says a gentleman should wear a beaver," lifting his hat and gesturing with it, "why, he must get one. Disagreeable thing, ugly and uncomfortable; just look at it. Look at my head, too. Bald at twenty-eight! That's the work of a black, hot beaver. But since it's the distinguishing topknot of a gentleman, I submit to it. Just so with the duello. I think it's blasted nonsense, and yet I can't ignore it. As for the Beaumonts, I don't want to be shooting at Beaumonts. Just as willing to let them alone as to let anybody else alone. But when a Beaumont ruffles me, and society says, 'Let's see how he takes it,' why I take it with pistols. Very sorry to do it, but don't see how I can help it. I suppose my position is a weak one. Logic don't support it, and God won't approve it. Know all that. Not going to fool myself with trying to prove that I don't know it. And, by George, I wish I could make my reason and practice agree. Wish I could, and know I can't."

"Would you mind leaving this matter to our elders?" asked Frank, the idea of a family council occurring to him as it had occurred to Colonel Kershaw.

"O Lord! don't!" begged Wallace. "You could n't beat me out of it, but you'd bother me awfully. You'd have mother on your side, sure, and she's an army. Yes, by George,

she's one of those armies that are marshalled by the Lord of hosts," declared Wallace, stopping to meditate upon the perfections of his mother. "She *is* a peacemaker," he resumed. "I've heard her say that she almost regretted having a boy; if her children were only all girls, this feud might have died out. By George, I would n't mind being one of the girls. I might have been handsomer. I might have kept my hair, too; not being obliged to wear a beaver." Here he rubbed the "fuzzy" summit of his head with rueful humor. "By heavens! bald at twenty-eight! It's an ugly defect."

He was so cheerful and resolute, notwithstanding the shadow of death which lay across his to-morrow, that Frank was in despair.

At this hopeless stage of the conversation a negro brought in word that "Mars Bent Armitage wanted to see Mars Bruce."

Bruce went to another room, received Armitage with an almost affectionate courtesy, talked with him for a few moments in a low tone, and waited on him to his horse as tenderly as if he were a lady. When he returned to his two brothers there was in his usually melancholy eyes something like a smile of pleasure.

"I am the bearer of remarkable news," he said calmly. "The duel can now be honorably avoided."

"How?" demanded the eager Frank.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Wallace.

"Hear this," continued Bruce, opening a letter. "'On behalf of my principal, Mr. Vincent Beaumont, I withdraw the challenge sent to Mr. Wallace McAlister. The sole motive of this withdrawal is the sense of obligation on the part of Mr. Beaumont and his family toward Mr. Frank McAlister for saving the life of Miss Catherine Beaumont.' Signed, Bentley Armitage."

"By George!" exclaimed Wallace, and continued to say By George for a considerable time. "I owe him an apology," he presently broke out. "If

I don't owe him one, I'll give him one. Bruce, write me an apology, won't you? By heavens, I never thought a Beaumont could be so human. Anything, Bruce; I'll sign anything. This is new times, something like the millennium. What would our ancestors say? Frank, by George, this is your work, and it's a big job. In saving the girl's life you have saved mine, perhaps, and Vincent's. Three lives at one haul! How like the Devil—I mean how like an angel—you do come down on us! By George, old fellow, I'm amazingly obliged to you. I am, indeed. Is that thing ready, Bruce? Let's have it. There! Now, Bruce, if you'll be kind enough to transmit that in your very best manner—By the way, old fellow, I'm very much obliged to you for standing by me. I'm devilish lucky in brothers."

"I do hope that this is the beginning of the ending of the family feud," was the next thing heard from Frank.

"Well, I don't mind," agreed Wallace.

"You ought to say more than that," urged Frank. "One friendly step deserves another. You have been fairly beaten so far in the race of humanity by this Beaumont."

"Yes, he has got the lead," conceded Wallace. "For once I knock under to a Beaumont. The fact confounds me; it fairly takes the breath out of me. But will he last? *Can* the blasted catamounts become friendly?"

"Try them," said Frank. "I propose a call on them."

"Wallace has apologized," observed Bruce. "The next advance should come from the Beaumont side."

"We ought to give more than we receive," sermonized Frank. "It is the part of true gentlemen, as the word is understood in our times, or should be understood."

"It is worth considering," admitted Bruce; "it is worth while to suggest the idea to our father."

"And mother," was Frank's energetic amendment, to which Bruce did

not think it best to reply. The honor of the family was very dear to him, and he did not believe that women were qualified to judge its demands, much as he respected the special good sense of his mother.

Back to the Beaumonts one must now hasten, to learn how they received the apology. Vincent glanced through Wallace's letter without changing expression, nodded as a man nods over a compromise which is only half satisfactory, read it aloud to his father and brothers (with a sister listening in the next room), and then filed it away among his valuable papers, all without a word of comment. Beaumont senior was gratified, and then suddenly enraged, and then gratified again, and so on.

"Why, Kershaw, the fellow *has* some streaks of gentility in him," he admitted, with a smile of wonder and satisfaction, walking up and down with the pacific, manageable air of a kindly, led horse. But presently he gave a start and a glare, like a tiger who hears hunters, and broke out in a snarl: "Why the deuce did n't he say all this at first? He ought to have apologized at once. The scoundrel!!"

After some further thought, he added in a mellow growl: "Well, it might have been worse. After all, the block-head has made it clear that he does n't mean to take advantage of Vincent's magnanimity. Yes, magnanimity!" he trumpeted, looking about for somebody to dispute it. "By heavens, Vincent, you have been as magnanimous as a duke, by heavens!"

Here the magician who had wrought thus much of peace into the woof of hate came smiling and glowing into the room, slipped her arm through that of her eldest brother, and whispered: "So it has ended well, Vincent. I am so much obliged to you! I am so happy!"

Next she glided over to her father and possessed herself of his hairy hand, saying, "Come, your man-business has gone all right; come and show me where to put my flower-beds."

She was bent, — the audacious young thing, it seemed incredible when you looked at her sweet, girlish face, — but she was bent upon taming these fine, fighting panthers; and she was bringing to bear upon the work a beautiful combination of tenderness, of patient management and gentle imperiousness; she was inspired to attempt a labor far beyond her years. The trying circumstances which surrounded her had matured her with miraculous rapidity, and brought into bloom at once all her nobler moral and stronger mental qualities. She was like those youthful generals who have performed prodigies because they were called upon to perform prodigies, and did not yet know that prodigies were humanly impossible. No doubt it was well for the girl that Heaven had given her so much beauty and such an imposingly sweet expression of dignity and purity. A plainer daughter and sister, no matter how good and wise and resolute, might not have accomplished such wonders.

We will not follow her and her father into the garden; we will simply say that her flower-beds bore great fruit, and that shortly.

For on the following day two horsemen left the mansion of the Beaumonts and rode towards the mansion of the McAlisters. They rode mainly at a walk, the reason being that one of them was over eighty years old, while the other, although not above fifty-five, was shaky with pains and diseases. Several times during the transit of four miles the younger suddenly checked his horse and turned his nose homeward, saying, "By heavens, I can't do it, Kershaw. No, by heavens!"

"Come on, my dear Beaumont," mildly begged the venerable Colonel. "You will never regret it. It is the noblest chance you ever had to be magnanimous."

"Do you think so, Kershaw? Well, magnanimity is a gentlemanly thing. By heavens, that was a devilish fine thing that Vincent did. It put a feather in his cap as high as the plume of

the Prince of Wales. Moral courage and dignity! By heavens, I am proud of the boy."

"So am I," said Kershaw.

"Are you!" grinned the delighted Beaumont. "By heavens, I'm delighted to hear you say so. I was afraid you did n't appreciate Vincent. But I ought to have known better; every gentleman would appreciate him. The man who now does n't appreciate Vincent, he's — he's an ass and a scoundrel," declared Beaumont, beginning to tremble with rage at the thought of encountering and chastising such a miscreant. "Well, Kershaw," he added, "let us go on."

After a little he added in a tone of apology, "Some people might say that this errand is the business of a younger man. But my sons are not related to Kate as you and I are. The girl springs directly from your veins and mine; and consequently we are the proper persons to thank the man who saved her life. Don't you think so, Kershaw?"

"Certainly," replied the patient Colonel, who had already advocated that view with all his eloquence.

Presently they discovered the McAlister house, and here Beaumont came to another halt. This time his resistance was more obstinate than before; it was like the struggle of an ox when he smells the blood of the slaughter-block.

"Kershaw, I can't go to that house," he said, his face and air full of tragic dignity. "That house is the abode of the enemies of my race. There is a man in that house who has my brother's blood on his hands. I can't go there; no, Kershaw, by God!"

His voice trembled; it was full of anguish and anger; it was a groan and a menace.

The Colonel made no remonstrance and no spoken reply. He took off his hat and bared his long white hair to the sun, as if in respect to Beaumont's emotion. In this attitude he waited silently for the storm of feeling to rage itself out.

"My father never would have entered that house," continued Beaumont. "No McAlister ever crossed my threshold. There has been nothing but hate and blood between us. It has always been so, and it must always be so. I am too old to learn new ways."

Still the Colonel sat silent and uncovered, with his long silver hair shining under the hot sun. The sight of this humility and patience seemed to trouble Beaumont.

"You can't feel as I do, Kershaw," he said. "Of course you can't."

"Let us try to make the future unlike the past," returned the Colonel, in a tone which was like that of prayer.

Beaumont shook his head more in sadness than in anger.

"This young man, Frank McAlister, has already begun the work," continued the Colonel. "Shall Kate's father and grandfather foil him?"

Beaumont began to tremble in every limb; he was weak with his diseases, and this struggle of emotions was too much for him; he held on to his saddle-bow to keep himself from growing dizzy.

"I don't feel that I can do it, Kershaw," he said, in a voice which had one or two embryo sobs in it. How, indeed, weakened as he was by maladies, could he choose between all the family feelings of his past and the totally new duty now before him, without being shaken?

"Beaumont," was the closing appeal of the Colonel, "you will, I hope, allow me to go on alone and return thanks for the life of my granddaughter."

"No, by heavens!" exclaimed the father, turning his back at once on all his bygone life, its emotions, its beliefs, its acts, and traditions. "No. If you *must* go, I go with you."

"God bless you, my dear Beaumont!" said Kershaw, his voice, too, perhaps a little unsteady.

After some further riding Beaumont added: "But we will see the boy alone. Not the Judge. I won't see the Judge. If I meet that old fox, I shall quarrel

with him. I can't stand a fox when he's as big as an elephant and as savage as a hyena."

A little later he asked: "You're sure Lawson thinks well of this step?"

"He approves of it thoroughly," declared the Colonel. "He considers it the only thing we can do, since the apology has been made."

"Well, Lawson ought to know what's gentlemanly," said Beaumont. "Lawson has always been a *habitué* of our society. By heavens! if Lawson does not know what's gentlemanly, he's an ass."

And so at last they were at the door of the McAlister mansion.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE McAlister mansion was a very similar affair to the Beaumont mansion.

Speaking with severe truthfulness, and without regard to the proud illusions of Hartland District, it had no claim to be styled a mansion, except on account of its size alone. It was a plain, widespreading mass of woodwork, in two stories, with plenty of veranda and more than enough square pillars, the white paint of the building itself rather rusty, and the green blinds not altogether free from fractures and palsy.

Negro children, a ragged, sleek, and jolly tribe of chattels, ran grinning to hold the horses of Colonel Kershaw and the Honorable Mr. Beaumont. Matthew, the Judge's special and confidential servant, waited on them with dignified obsequiousness into the long, soberly furnished parlor, and received with jesuitical calmness (covering inward immense astonishment and suspicion) their request to see Mr. Frank McAlister. After delivering this message to his young master, he added in a whisper, "Better see your shootin'-irons is all right, sah. Them Beaumonts, you know, sah."

"I never carry the cursed, barbarous traps," replied the young man, in noble

wrath, and hurried off to welcome his visitors. He was tranquil, however, when he entered the parlor; he had a wise, delicate perception that it would not do to rush upon Beaumonts with an effusion of friendships; he must in the first place try to divine from the demeanor of these potent seniors how they wished to be treated. Moreover, it was his nature, as it is that of most giants, to be tranquil in manner. When the three met, it was Colonel Kershaw, outranking the others by reason of age, who spoke first.

"My name is Kershaw," he said with simple dignity. "This is my son-in-law, Mr. Peyton Beaumont. We have called to thank you for saving the life of our dear child, Catherine Beaumont."

"Yes!!" unexpectedly added Beaumont. He had forgotten where he was; for the moment he had no emotion but gratitude; his fervent "Yes" sounded like an amen!

There was so much feeling and such undisguised feeling in what these men said, that Frank at once lost his Titanic serenity.

"Gentlemen, you overwhelm me," he burst out, wringing first one hand and then another. "You overwhelm me with your kindness. I can't express my obligations to you."

So catching was the young fellow's agitation, that Beaumont's combustible heart took fire, and he shook hands again, and astonished the listening angels by saying, "God bless you, my dear sir! God bless you!"

"I would have lost my life willingly to save her," pursued Frank, hailing these friendly hearts with difficulty out of his storm of feeling. "I never saw another human being who seemed to me so pure and noble."

Kate's father was dazed with gratified paternal affection and pride; he had not a thought for the fact that it was a McAlister who uttered these compliments; nor did it even occur to him that the young man might be simply in love with the girl.

"By heavens, I thank you," he went

on, while the hand-shaking, that mute, eloquent gratitude, also went on. "By heavens, sir, I am glad I came to see you."

Meantime he was dimly aware of, and unconsciously delighted with, the height, size, brilliant color, and noble expression of the youngster.

After a little further talk, all of this passionate, interjectional, truly meridional nature, Frank exploded a proposition which for the moment stunned Beaumont like the bursting of a shell.

"But, gentlemen, I am doing you injustice," he said. "The head of the family alone can properly respond to this compliment. Will you allow me to call my father to receive you? He would be gratified beyond measure."

Meet that enchanted wiggery, that elephantine fox, that diplomatic foe till death, that murderer of a brother, Judge McAlister! All Peyton Beaumont's breeding, all his consciousness that he was one of the representatives of South Carolina gentility and courtesy, could not restrain him from starting backward a little, with a leonine quivering of mustaches and bristling of eyebrows. He wanted to refuse; he looked at Kershaw to utter the refusal for him; and, like Hector seeking a spear of Pallas, he looked in vain. The old peacemaker had a sudden illumination to the effect that now was the time to bring about a reconciliation between the families.

"Mr. McAlister, you will do us a great favor," he said in his venerable, tremulous bass voice.

Beaumont broke out in a cold perspiration, made a slight bow, and awaited his fate in silence.

The Judge, sitting at that moment in his library, already knew of these visitors, and had decided how he would receive them, should he be called to that business. "Feud may as well fall to the ground, if it will," he had briefly reasoned. "No nonsensical sentiment about it on my side. If we were once friends with those tinder-heads of Beaumonts, we might contrive to manage them, and so always carry

the district, instead of carrying it only now and then. Moreover, this girl being the probable sole heir of Kershaw, there is a fine match there for Frank. Finally, my excellent wife would be immensely gratified by peace, and her gratification is one of the many things that I am bound to live for." Such is a brief, unadorned, and therefore unjust summary of the reflections of the Judge.

But when he was actually summoned to meet his visitors, his politic thought changed to emotions. He remembered that duel of bygone days; remembered how he (then a young man) threw down his fatal pistol and burst into tears; remembered how he had mounted his horse and fled from his lifeless victim as he would not have fled from any living being. He trembled at the thought of meeting in kindness the brother of the Beaumont whose blood was upon his soul. For a few seconds he walked the library with such a rush of emotions in his heart that it seemed to him as if the seconds were years. Then he checked himself; he rearranged his wig; he rearranged his countenance. He was once more the calm, dignified, gracious, smiling Donald McAlister, such as Hartland District had known him for twenty years past.

And so, presently, the chiefs of the Montagues and Capulets of South Carolina were face to face and inclining their venerable craniums towards each other with a stiff, dignified courtesy, which made one think of kings bowing with their crowns on. There was a hesitation about going further; the McAlister hand advanced slightly and the Beaumont hand did not stir; it seemed as if unavenged ghosts would not let them exchange the grasp of friendship. But after a moment the instinct of hand-shaking was too much for them; they met as Southern gentlemen are accustomed to meet; the once hostile hands were together.

To Frank the anxious lover, and to Kershaw the philanthropic peacemaker, it was a wondrous spectacle. A look-

er-on, unacquainted with preliminary tragedies, would, however, have seen and heard nothing remarkable. There were two grave, dignified gentlemen shaking hands with bowed heads and eyes dropped to the floor. Each said, "I hope I see you well, sir," and each replied, "I thank you, sir." No regrets over the savage past; neither reproach nor apology, not even by the most circuitous hint; not the faintest allusion, in short, to the family feud. The Judge was simply all that a gracious host in commonplace circumstances should be. He got out his blandest smile; with his own large plump hands he wheeled up arm-chairs for his visitors; he rang the bell and ordered refreshments. His mind settled by these little offices, he said as he seated himself, "Gentlemen, I am immensely indebted to you for this visit. It is one of the highest honors of my life."

"The old, palavering fox!" thought Beaumont; and replied aloud, "Judge, it is an honor to us. It is a matter of duty also," he added. "You are aware, doubtless, of our great obligations to your magnificent son here."

"I am most grateful that my son could be of service to your superb daughter," replied the Judge. "From what I hear of her I should say that no man would hesitate to risk his life on her account."

All of a sudden they were drifting towards each other at a most unexpected rate. This praising of each other's children was a sure method of touching each other's hard hearts. Insincerity? Not a bit of it; not on this subject. Who would n't admire Kate? Who would n't admire Frank? Beaumont, whose judgment was the weathercock of his feelings, ceased saying to himself at every breath that McAlister was a humbugging scoundrel, and innocently marvelled at finding in him so much of sense and goodness and truth. The Judge, though less easily cajoled than his visitor, was nevertheless so gratified with this call from his haughty old

foeman, with the glimpse of that fine possible match for Frank, and with the vistas of desirable political combinations, that he was well lubricated with satisfaction. The usually earnest and rather grim eyes of the two men were presently beaming in quite a human manner. The conversation gradually lost its tone of ceremony and became social. The serving of madeira and brandy introduced the subjects, so well known to antique South Carolina gentlemen, of vintages, cellaring, and bottling. In short, the Colonel and Frank aiding zealously, there was a comfortable unimportant talk of some twenty minutes.

This is the entire substance of that famous call of the Hon. Peyton Beaumont on Judge Donald McAlister, commonly believed to be the first friendly passage between them in their whole lives. We shall see in due time whether it came to so much in the millennial and matrimonial way as was doubtless hoped for by our gentle giant, Frank.

It was an astonishing event of the time. Beaumont rode home in a state of wonder over it, and filled his household with equal amazement when he told his adventure. Vincent, usually a prudently silent young man, stared at his father with much such an expression as he would have worn had the old gentleman confessed that he had been standing on his head. Tom wandered out of the house in a partially unsettled condition of mind, querying, perhaps, what was the further use for Beaumonts in this world, since they were no longer to fight McAlisters. Poinsett smiled and said to himself, "So my father has ventured among the enchanted wiggeries, and been somewhat deluded and humanized by them. Well, I ought to praise him for it." Which he did in his round-about, jocosely, adroit fashion.

"Yes, certainly, Poinsett," replied the reassured and gratified Beaumont. "The only thing to be done, under the circumstances. As for going any further, as for continuing to wave

olive-branches, well, we'll see how these fellows behave themselves. By heavens, we'll wait and see."

But the great reward which the father received for his embassy of gratitude came from the charming little queen who had sent him on it. It was a host of kisses; it was a clinging of fondling arms; it was a rubbing of a satin forehead against his bull neck.

"Well, am I as good as grandpapa, now?" asked Beaumont, always a little jealous of the adored Kershaw.

"Yes," laughed Kate. "You have done ever so much more to please me than he could do. I comprehend perfectly, papa, what a sacrifice you have made for my sake. Jumped on your pride, have n't you? The old Beaumont pride! And the old Beaumont pugnacity, too! O, I comprehend it all, you dear, good papa. I am not a simpleton."

"Not a bit of it," said Beaumont. And thought to himself: "What an amazingly intelligent girl! I never saw a grown woman with half her intelligence; by heavens, I never did."

"And now, what else?" he asked aloud, growling a little bit, for she might demand too much.

"Papa, I think that if the McAlisters want to make friends on this, we ought to let them."

"Well, yes," assented magnanimous papa. "That is just what I was saying to Poinsett."

He felt as if a new career of greatness were being opened to him; as if it were well worthy of his character and position to let people make friends with him, if they wanted to; as if that kind of thing might be a fitting close to the life even of a chivalrous Beaumont.

In a day or two, delightful to relate, there came a call from "those fellows," meaning the Judge and Frank and Wallace. They were received in due state and with proper setting forth of refreshments by Beaumont senior, Vincent, and Poinsett; but the beneficent Kershaw being absent, somewhat of the shadow of the old feud seemed

to fall upon the interview, notwithstanding Frank's best efforts at sunshine; and when the visitors departed it cannot be said that the hosts had any fervent desire to see them again.

Fortunately for the chances of the millennium, there were women of a truly womanly nature in both these bellicose families. Pious and maternal Mrs. McAlister and brother-worshipping Mary McAlister, longed for the holiness and salvation of lasting peace. Kate Beaumont, the sweet first cause of all pleasantness thus far, had likewise her admirable reasons for wishing to see the feud buried forever. Mrs. Chester also desired harmony, for she wanted with all her coquettish old heart to resume communications with her handsome Titan, and she was the woman to go after what she wanted with the eager scramble of a terrier after a rat. By the way, we can hardly insist too much upon the fancy of this well-preserved lady for flirting with young men. It was a passion with her; some people said it was a monomania; some went so far as to say flatly that she was insane on this point. What with her reckless imagination, her ancient habits of coquetry, and her excessive vanity, she had become thoroughly infatuated with the idea of getting Frank McAlister to dangle about her.

Accordingly, the following rose-colored sequence of events took place: Mrs. Chester, in her wild, impulsive way (such a mere child, as one kindly remembers), dropped in alone upon the McAlister ladies and prattled gleefully for two hours, denouncing the feud with the gayest of smiles and praying in the sprightliest manner that there might be no more bloodshed between the families. Hereupon Mrs. McAlister and her daughter made an immediate call at the Beaumont house, and were received with absolute festivity and pettings by the two females who there presided. The interview was all honest good-nature and gladness, unmixed with suspicion or ceremoniousness. The four ladies were in a new,

spring-like state of emotion, fit to intermingle their hearts' tendrils and bloom into quick flowers of friendship. Mrs. McAlister and Mary on one side, and Kate on the other, fell in love at first sight. Mrs. Chester remained tender towards her Titan alone, but that of course involved amicable results, at least for the present. And the visit being thus delightful, it was quickly returned and was followed by others.

Thus at last we have, not only peace, but frequent and fond communings between the Montagues and Capulets of Hartland District. An amazing olive-tree surely, and more wonderful to the beholders than any supposable amount of bloody laurels. The orange-tree of the Indian juggler, springing from the seed and producing fruit inside of twenty minutes, would not have been half so much of a marvel to Messrs. Wilkins, Duffy, and their fellow-citizens. They were a little wild in those days; they felt as though the compass no longer pointed north; as though the Gulf Stream had changed its course. Moreover, where did Hartland stand now, with its famous family feud gone to Heaven, or otherwheres? The place had lost its monument; it had begun to resemble other middle-sized villages; there was an awful likelihood that it would become dull.

Our own sole but sharp regret with regard to this reconciliation is that we have not been able to sketch it fully in all its stages, giving, for instance, a little of the thankful, saintly conversation of Mrs. McAlister, and a little more of the impish graciousities of Mrs. Chester. But time presses; the reconciliation had its sequences; we must quit the eddies and head down stream.

One result of the new order of things was that Frank McAlister, in one of his visits to the Beaumont house, had a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Chester, which the lady contrived to make very pleasant to herself. Another result was that on a second and happier occasion he met Kate Beaumont alone, some favoring fairy having sent the aunt off

on a drive with Bent Armitage, and inveigled the brothers into a hunting expedition and put the father to bed with the gout. It was the first time that the two young people had met without witnesses since the shipwreck. Naturally they talked of their great triumph, the reconciliation of the families.

"So we have won a victory," said Frank. "Or rather, you have. What wonders you have accomplished!"

"Don't overestimate me!" Kate blushed, remembering how much she had longed for this victory and how hard she had struggled for it. "Everybody has helped. I am so grateful to your father and brother and mother and sister for making the path of peace so easy to us. But my father and brothers have been amazingly good, too. You must praise them to me a little."

"I do," replied Frank, fervently. "I wish they knew how kindly I think of them. And your grandfather, — what a wonderful old man! what a god among men!"

"Is n't he?" said Kate, her eyes sparkling.

"He has the charm of a beautiful woman," declared Frank, enthusiastic about the Colonel on his own account and enthusiastic about him because he was the grandfather of Kate. "You have only to see him to worship him."

The girl was too innocent to suspect a compliment to herself, or to see an insidious advance towards love-making in this talk about beautiful women.

"Mr. McAlister, I am glad you have found him out," she said simply. "I wish you would call on him. He would be delighted to see you. He has only Major Lawson with him."

"What an excellent hearted man the Major is!" replied Frank.

"Is n't he?" said Kate, in her honest way, really liking the friendly, amiable Major.

There was not much sense of humor in these two young people. They were straightforward, earnest souls, mainly capable of seeing the interior goodness of other people, and not to be diverted

from such insight by any external oddities. What they could discern in Lawson was, not his extravagant flatteries, his sentimentalities, and his flutings, but his quickness of sympathy, his warmth of friendship, and his gentle humanity.

Well, there was a long conversation, and it led to a promenade on the veranda, Kate's fingers resting lightly on Frank's arm. While they were thus pleasantly engaged, and presenting the prettiest prophecy possible of a walk together through life, there was a sound of horses' feet, and Mrs. Chester and Bent Armitage pulled up before them. It is not possible to paint in words the glare of suspicion, jealousy, and spite which shot from the aunt's eyes as she caught sight of her niece arm in arm with Frank McAlister. The next instant she regained her self-possession and put on a smile which might have melted platinum. In a minute more she was leading in the conversation, seemingly the gayest and happiest old hoyden that ever wore tight bootees. In another minute she had separated the two—shall we venture thus early to call them lovers?

Adroit creature, Mrs. Chester. Wonderfully clever ways of bringing about her foolish ends. She did not bluntly call Frank to herself, as a duller intriguer might have done. She beckoned Kate aside to listen to some trifling household matter; then she summoned Armitage to express his opinion upon the girl's decision; then, leaving these two together, she skipped over to Frank, apologized for deserting him, and trotted him away. The result, of course, was that the young man soon found that he had finished his call and must hasten home.

Now it was that Mrs. Chester turned upon Kate and scolded her for receiving Mr. McAlister alone.

"Where was your father? Gout? He ought to have got up, if he had forty gout. He had no business to allow of such an interview. We are not on sufficiently familiar terms with

that family. It is only yesterday that we spoke to them."

Kate looked so shocked under this attack that she immediately secured the sympathy of Bent Armitage, although he too had felt a twinge at seeing her alone with McAlister. He gave her one of his queer smiles, curling it up quizzically into his cheek, and rolled his eyes at Mrs. Chester in a way which said, "Never mind her." That lady did not see the smile, but she perceived that Kate had received encouragement from some one, and she turned sharply upon Armitage.

"What is your opinion?" she demanded angrily. "You seem to have one."

"My opinion is n't yours," answered Bent, in his odd, frank way.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Chester. She was in a rage, but she said nothing further, for at that moment a new idea struck her. This Armitage, she decided with the keenness of an old flirt, had defended Kate because he liked her. It was well; he should have the chit; he should take her out of the way. From that minute Mrs. Chester elected her niece to be the wife of Bentley Armitage.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I BEGIN to be afraid that Kate is a wild sort of girl," said Mrs. Chester to Bent Armitage, as soon as she was alone with him again.

"It's astonishing you never discovered it before," replied Bent, ironically smiling on the side of his mouth which was farthest from Mrs. Chester and hidden from her vision.

Kate Beaumont wild? Bent knew better, and Mrs. Chester ought to know better, and he believed that she did know better. But the lady was quite in earnest, for she had been scared by the fact of her niece receiving Frank McAlister alone, and her alarm had given rise to a sudden suspicion, almost amounting to a belief that the girl was a daring coquette.

"I have an idea that you like wild girls," continued Mrs. Chester.

"Well, I hang about you a good deal," answered Bent, one side of his face all seriousness, and the other full of satire.

"O, pshaw!" returned the lady, not however ungrateful. "I alluded to your fancy for that dreadful coquette, your cousin Jenny."

"Jenny is so happy in being my cousin, that she does n't want to be anything nearer," said Bent. "And I am equally contented."

"Then you are pretty sure to fall in love with this other wild piece," pursued cunning Mrs. Chester. "Well, you might do worse. Kate has her good qualities."

Armitage turned grave; the lady had plainly broached a subject which to him was serious; and joker as he was, he had no jest ready for the occasion.

"Your brother married her half-sister," said Mrs. Chester, guessing that her batteries were beginning to tell. So they were; the young man was no longer laughing at her; he was listening to her eagerly and even anxiously; he was ready at the moment to look to her as a friend and counsellor.

"It would be so natural!" she went on. "I don't think any one would be astonished. She would not go out of the family."

Armitage was too profoundly moved, and we might even say disturbed, to be able to answer. The one thing that he had in his mind, or for the moment could have there, was this fact, that Mrs. Chester approved of his wooing her niece. He dropped away from her presently; in fact, he was encouraged to take his leave; and before long he was doing just what Mrs. Chester wanted him to do; that is, he was sauntering about the house to look for Kate. Not that he meant to propose to her; O no, he knew that things were not by any means far enough advanced for that; but he wanted to be near her and to try to begin a courtship.

It must be understood that social

matters were unusually lively in these days at the Beaumont place. Colonel Kershaw rode over often to take dinner or to pass the night; not a talkative man, for his good old heart was apt to utter itself mainly through his air of venerable benignity; his remarks being at once infrequent and admirable, like the rare opening of bottles of precious wine. With him always came Major Lawson, his puckered face and twinkling eyes beaming sympathy upon all, and his attuned voice fluting universal praises. (The ironical Vincent pretended to marvel that the Major did not have a slave stand behind him with a pitchpipe, like Tiberius Gracchus; and asserted that he was capable of paying extravagant compliments to the internal fires, apropos of earthquakes and other destructive convulsions.) Furthermore, the McAlisters, especially the women, and Frank, made their calls now and then, laboring to keep up the *entente cordiale*. Of other visitors, whom we have not time to know familiarly, a large proportion were dashing young fellows on horseback, attracted by the fame of a girl who was already reputed the belle of the district.

But no one was on hand so often or stayed so long as Bent Armitage. As we ought perhaps to have stated before, he was sojourning with his aunt, Mrs. Devine, the mother of Jenny, whose plantation was only two miles away. He dropped in diurnally upon the Beaumonts, sometimes with, but oftener without, his coquettish cousin, talking his copious, light-minded slang serenely to all visitors, telling countless queer stories which were the delight of the master of the house, and paying more or less sidelong, cautious courtship to Kate. Mrs. Chester helped him; she arranged traps which ended in *tête-à-têtes* between the two; she did her best to get the girl's head full of this admirer. In these days Mr. Frank McAlister was sometimes gloomily jealous of Mr. Bentley Armitage.

By similar managements and enchantments Mrs. Chester obtained

various interviews with the handsome giant, about whom she had gone bewitched. If there is a human figure more pitiaibly ludicrous than an old beau crazy after fresh girls, who sack him and avoid him and giggle at him, it is surely an old belle angling for the attentions of young men who bear with her wrinkled oglings simply because she is a woman. But laughable as such a creature is, she may be very inconvenient. The honest, courteous, kind-hearted Frank was as much incommoded by his alert admirer as a horse by a gadfly. He could not shake her off; for in the first place he had not the unfeeling levity which helps some men to do such things; and in the second place he was instinctively eager to stand well with all Kate's relatives. But his patience under the load of Mrs. Chester did some damage by leading her to believe that he liked to hold her. So she gave him much of her company and of her gratitude, and one might perhaps say, speaking loosely, of her love.

We are absolutely driven to risk being tedious concerning this eccentric, this almost irrational woman. Amid the many callers, and especially the many young men who now frequented the Beaumont house, she disported herself as one who is in her element, darting and dodging and chattering like a swallow. All hospitality, she rang for refreshments at every new arrival, and seriously bothered several youthful heads with the Beaumont madeira and cognac. Her voice could be heard rising above all others, except when her brother struck in with his clangorous trumpet. Loud laughter, slappings with her fan, smart pappings on the floor with the toe of her bootee, and bridlings which imitated sweet sixteen, testified to her relish of the wit of the gentlemen. She was a woman who got intoxicated with conversation, especially when there was a flavoring of flirtation in it. She was capable of dignity; but that was generally when she was miserable or angry; in her

good humors she was excited, mercurial, noisy. All day she was as busy as a bee; for when there was no company she prepared for it; shutting herself in her room to remodel and adorn old dresses; attending to the job personally in her own characteristic fashion; dashing breadths together awry, and then flinging them at Miriam to be set right,—being very proud of the rapidity with which she did things very badly. And out of all this hurly-burly she drew the only happiness that she knew.

Of course, specks of gloom would sail in among the sunshine. Once, when Mrs. Chester was perhaps a little unwell, Miriam found her shedding tears over the recollection of the trunks full of fine clothes which had gone down in the Mersey. At times she fell into great rages because certain wilful young gentlemen had showed plainly that they preferred to talk to Kate rather than to her. When sorrows like these crushed her she pouted in her room, snapped at Miriam, sniffed at her niece, and would not speak at table. Philosophically speaking, it was amazing that the same woman could be at one time such a sunburst of hilarity and at another such a cloud of sulking and snarling. Vincent once lost his temper so far as to tell her that when she was not a cataract she was a dismal swamp. But seesawing was her nature; she was nothing if not mercurial. Had some power suddenly blessed her with equanimity, she would have ceased to be Mrs. Chester.

This curious woman and her incommodious flirtation had been a subject of study with Major Lawson. The sly, good-hearted old beau had had experience enough in flirtation to comprehend the sly, selfish old belle. He perceived that she was smitten with Frank McAlister, and he guessed that her ancient, made-over coqueties must be very embarrassing to the youngster, although the latter bore himself under them with the serenity and sweetness of a martyr. Moreover, the somewhat

sentimental Major wanted to see his Romeo and Juliet drama played out happily; he wanted the Montagues and Capulets of Hartland District united in lasting peace by a marriage between Frank and Kate. By Jove, what a delightful story it would be to recount to his lady friends in Charleston! And by Jove, too, sir, it would be a good thing, an eminently beneficent event, a result that any gentleman might desire and labor for.

"My de-ar fellow, allow me," he at last said to Frank, drawing him mysteriously to one side and patting him tenderly on the sleeve. "You are injudicious—you really are—excuse me. Why, you should n't come here alone. A wise general does not advance all his forces in one column. He sends up a faint attack to draw the enemy's fire. He occupies the hostile attention by side movements while he delivers the real assault on the vital point. My de-ar fellow, you certainly will excuse me, you must try to excuse me. I am giving advice. It is an assumption. It is an offence. Promise me that you won't be annoyed. Well, confiding in your good-nature, I venture to go on. When you call, bring an ally. Bring your brother Wallace, for instance. Let him ask for Mrs. Chester and talk to Mrs. Chester, while you ask for some one else and talk to some one else."

The young man had begun by blushing to his forehead, but he ended by bursting into a roar of laughter. He laughed with the wonder and amusement of an unsophisticated countryman to whom some one explains the mystery of the pea under the thimble.

But the hint was not lost upon him. The next time he set out for the Beaumont house he was preceded by a feinting column in the person of the good-natured, self-sacrificing Wallace, fully instructed as to the stratagem which he was to execute, and grinning to himself over the same. On arriving, Wallace asked for Mrs. Chester, and immediately took that lady off on a drive. Twenty minutes later Frank made his

appearance, and of course saw Miss Kate, "with no one nigh to hinder." This trick was played repeatedly; the brothers seeking to allay suspicion by coming sometimes separately and sometimes together; but the elder one always possessing himself of the aunt, while the other was assiduous about the niece.

"I say, Frank, this is rather heavy on me," Wallace at last remonstrated. "Sometimes the old girl is devilish sulky, and sometimes she is too loving. I don't know, by George, but what I shall have the misfortune to cut you out yet in her affections. I occasionally fear she'll make a grab at me, in spite of my bald head. (Bald at twenty-eight, by George!) I wish you'd hurry up your little matter. I don't feel as if I could stand above four or five more races with Mamma Chester in the saddle. She's a remarkably worrying jockey to go under, by George."

"O, hold on, Wally!" begged Frank, who was not making so much progress as he desired in his "little matter." Miss Kate, we have sentimental reason to fear, was in some respects an old head on young shoulders. She no doubt liked Frank better than any other young men; but she did not yet like him enough to risk all other means of happiness for his sake. Suppose she should become engaged to him, and perhaps go so far as to marry him; and suppose that then there should be another outbreak of that old, mighty feud, so full of angering memories? Where would she be with reference to her father and brothers and grand-papa? Separated from them? Their enemy? Not to be thought of! Impossible!

Meantime Mrs. Chester, not quite a fool in a general way, and in love matters not easily imposed upon except by herself, made out to see through the cutthroat game of which she was the victim. For one whole night and the following forenoon she brooded over the discovery with alternate ragings and tears. In the afternoon, when

Wallace McAlister called and sent up his compliments to know if she would ride, she had a spasm of desire to rush down stairs and pull out what hair was left him, and she with difficulty so far controlled herself as to send back regrets that she could see no one on account of a headache.

"Hurrah!" thought Wallace, and cantered away to call on Jenny Devine, totally forgetting to warn the coming Frank that Mrs. Chester would be at home. That infuriated lady watched him out of sight, and then watched for the appearing of his brother.

"Miriam!" she suddenly called. "There comes Frank McAlister to court my niece. I won't have this thing going on. Those McAlisters! Low, mean, nasty 'crackers'! I won't have it. It's my duty to prevent it. Hurry down and tell him Miss Kate is out. Do you hear me? Hurry!"

Now Miriam knew two things: she knew, in the first place, that Miss Kate was at home; in the second place she knew her mistress's silly weakness for juvenile beaux.

"I don't go for to do it," she said to herself as she walked away. "I don't tell no lies, an' I don't help out no foolishness. If Miss Marian is gwine to court young men an' gwine to hender true lovers, she may jess work at it alone. I'se a square woman, I is. I has a conscience, bless de Lord!"

As she passed Kate's room she opened the door softly, beckoned the girl to approach, put her finger to her lips, and whispered, "Come, Miss Katy. Come down to the front do', quick. I'se got suthin' to show ye."

Kate was of course curious; she glided down to the front door; the negro opened it; there was Frank!

"Can't tell him now she ain't to home," thought the conscientious Miriam; and walked back to her mistress with the truthful report, "Miss Kate was at the do' herself."

"Waiting for him!" almost shrieked Mrs. Chester.

"Did n' know he was thar," de-

clared Miriam. "The dear chile was puffec'ly s'prised."

"I won't have this," asseverated Mrs. Chester. "I must interfere. I am going down."

"Laws, honey, you'se got a headache," said Miriam. "You jess better lie down."

In reply Mrs. Chester flew at her chattel, boxed her ears and drove her out of the room. Then, sobbing with rage, she threw herself on a sofa; got up presently, bathed her face and looked at it in the glass; went back to the sofa in despair and remained there.

On the evening of that day, having dragged her brother out into the moonlit garden, she began upon him with, "Well, Peyton Beaumont! You are managing things finely, I should say."

"Hullo! What's the row now?" demanded Peyton, scenting battle at once and charging with all his eyebrows.

"I'll tell you what's the row," continued the sister. "Here is this Kershaw estate going straight out of the family."

"What the devil is the Colonel going to do with his estate?" asked the alarmed Beaumont. "Not going to cut Kate off?"

"Kate will be the heir of it, won't she? Well, Kate is being courted, and Kate will get married."

"I suppose she will, some day," sighed the father. "I suppose she will. Girls do. But how can I keep the Kershaw estate in the family! My boys can't marry their own sister."

"There is Bentley Armitage, the brother of your son-in-law. That would be in the family."

Beaumont uttered a sound between a groan and a grunt. As near as he could make out from what he heard, the brother of Bentley Armitage was not a model of husbands, and did not render his daughter Nellie very happy. Bent was a jolly fellow; he told hosts of capital stories; he was very amusing; he helped the gout. But for all

that, Beaumont did not find that he hankered after any more Armitages for sons-in-law.

"But you don't want a McAlister?" furiously remonstrated the lady.

"How a McAlister?" inquired Beaumont, with something like a shaking of the mane at the sound of the so long detested name. "What McAlister?"

"Frank," gasped Mrs. Chester, her naughty, sensitive old heart giving one great throb of tenderness over the monosyllable, mighty as was her jealousy and spite.

"Frank!" echoed the father, — "Frank!"

He broke away, walked a few steps in silence, turned back suddenly, and repeated in a gentle voice, "Frank?"

"Yes," trembled Mrs. Chester.

"Why, good God, Marian, he saved her life! Why, good God, what could I say to him?"

"O, it has n't gone so far as that," laughed the lady, a bit hysterically. "There is time yet to stop it from going so far as that. I don't think she cares for him yet. You can stop her from learning to care for him. You can send her off visiting."

Beaumont made no answer; he did not want to send her off visiting; he could not spare the sight of her.

"Would you make her miserable for life?" argued the anxious aunt. "Suppose she should marry this man, and then the old feud should break out again?"

"Good God, I might lose my daughter forever," returned Beaumont, aghast.

"Good God, I must send her away. Well, she must go to Randolph Armitage's. She must go to her sister."

"We can send her up under the care of Bentley Armitage," slyly added Mrs. Chester.

J. W. DeForest.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

IV.

DISEASES OF THE EYELIDS.

THE edges of the lids are often thickened and crusted, and the eyelashes fall out, in consequence of neglected disease of the roots of the lashes and the lubricating glands which open near them.

If left to themselves the lids grow more and more unsightly, the bulbs which form the eyelashes are at last destroyed, and no new growth is produced, the margin of the lid being left bare and rounded. Yet the healthy condition may be easily restored and preserved by a little care and the seasonable use of proper applications. The crusts should not be allowed to remain upon the edge of the lids and give rise to ulceration, but should be

softened with warm water and removed, without violence.

After the thickening has continued a long time, the parts are not at once restored to a normal state, and the mild remedies prescribed by the physician must be patiently continued, and should even be used occasionally after the disease has been subdued, to give a healthy tone to the parts and prevent any reappearance of the symptoms.

Rounded tumors are sometimes slowly formed in the lid, at a distance from its margin, which are seldom dispersed by local applications, but require a slight surgical operation for their removal. They should not be allowed to become very large.

Erysipelatous inflammation of the lids causes much swelling and redness, and

an abscess sometimes results. Should this occur it should be opened as soon as possible, otherwise the skin of the lid is extensively undermined by the matter which spreads beneath it. But this should be done with great care, lest the eyeball itself should be injured.

The swelling of the lids which accompanies inflammation of the tear-sac resembles that caused by erysipelas, and is often mistaken for the latter when it is so great as to close the eyes. But it may be distinguished from erysipelatous disease by the greater hardness and tenderness near the nose, over the region of the sac.

OBSTRUCTIONS OF THE TEAR-PASSAGES.

Great suffering results from want of attention to the early symptoms of obstruction to the proper flow of the discharges from the eye. The lining of the tear-passages is often at first merely thickened, and its healthy state may be easily restored; but if neglected, the lachrymal sac, the reservoir placed in the side of the nose to receive the secretions from the eye, acquires a condition of chronic inflammation, and the passage leading downward from it becomes more or less completely closed, perhaps requiring tedious and painful treatment for its restoration. When in this condition, a slight exposure may cause inflammation of the sac, with great pain and swelling of the surrounding parts, often mistaken for erysipelas. Matter rapidly forms, and if the sac is not promptly relieved, it bursts, and the pus spreads beneath the skin and at last finds its way to the surface, forming a fistula lachrymalis which is annoying and difficult to heal.

Formerly, leaden or other styles, or gold or silver tubes, were inserted into the sac and the duct leading thence to the nose, and were worn for a long time. But this unsightly and often ineffectual means has given place to milder and more successful methods of dilatation. Prevention, however, easily accomplished at first by the use

of the mildest remedies, is better than the cure of these obstructions.

STRABISMUS.

Strabismus, or squinting as it is often termed, is a deviation of the eyes from their proper direction in looking at objects. Its most common form, where one or both eyes turn towards the nose, is, as I have already shown, associated with hyperopia in a large proportion of cases. As it usually shows itself about the time when a child begins to look carefully at objects, and is especially likely to occur if the child is enfeebled by illness, its origin is often attributed to an attack of whooping-cough, measles, or other disease.

It is a great mistake to allow this abnormal turning of the eyes to continue unrelieved for years, as is too often the case. Especially is this true where the squint seems to affect one eye only; for the eye which habitually deviates does not receive images of objects which harmonize with those in the other eye, and after a time disregards the impressions made upon it and gradually loses its perceptive power. It is common for parents to wait, first "to see if the eyes will not come right," and afterwards, "to let the child decide when old enough," whether he wishes to have the deformity relieved. This would be a very proper course if it were *merely* a question of appearances, and the sight did not also become involved by delay.

If the other eye be covered, it will often be found that the child sees less well with the squinting eye; and this loss of acuteness of vision increases and becomes confirmed with time, so that, though an operation done at a later period may remove the deformity, it cannot restore the diminished visual power.

At first, the disposition to turn is perhaps noticed only when the child is fatigued, excited, or ill; but if this becomes after a few months more and more constant, it is best not to defer treatment. This does not, however, necessarily involve an operation, for

the disposition to squint may often be controlled by suitable glasses, which take away the necessity for the excessive calling into action of the internal recti muscles. But if an operation is required, there is no excuse for postponing it, in these days of etherization, from a reluctance to subject the child to pain.

When the squint is considerable, it is often necessary to divide the muscle which is affected in both eyes, in order to insure a perfect result; the deformity and the defective optical conditions being only partially relieved by an operation on one eye only. After operation it is often essential that convex glasses should be worn, at least for study and fine work.

The opposite deviation, where the eye turns outward, is most frequently a consequence of near-sightedness, resulting in many instances from alteration of the shape of the posterior part of the eyeball, rendering its motions less free in the socket. This diseased condition makes it more difficult to remove the deformity by operative means than in convergent strabismus, and the condition of the interior of the eye should be carefully examined to ascertain if progressive and dangerous myopic changes are in progress.

Temporary or permanent strabismus may also occur where the nerves which supply the motor muscles of the eyeball are paralyzed from the action of external causes or from disease of the brain. The cure in these cases must depend on the removal, if possible, of the original paralyzing influence.

DISEASES OF THE CONJUNCTIVA.

Some of the affections of the conjunctiva, the mucous membrane covering the front of the eyeball and lining the lids, are among the most fatal to vision; and their frequency and oftentimes their severity, their tendency to linger, and the danger of their being communicated from one individual to another, give them an important place among the diseases of the eye.

INFLAMMATION IN NEW-BORN CHILDREN.

Within a few days after birth the lids of one or both eyes sometimes become red and swollen and a creamy matter begins to form. Except where the affection is slight the symptoms rapidly increase, the lids swell so much as to project beyond the eyebrows and completely close the eyes, the discharge of matter becomes so copious that it pours out in great quantity if the lids are separated, and the eyeball itself becomes involved.

If the disease is not checked, the transparent front of the eye, the cornea, is liable to more or less complete destruction from ulceration. This may take place suddenly, from the extreme severity of the inflammation; or it may occur only after the symptoms have already diminished,—the cornea holding out for a time, but at last yielding to the effects of the inflammation of the surrounding parts and the constant flowing over it of the abundant and irritating discharges.

The liability to ulceration of the cornea renders this disease a source of great anxiety to even those of most experience; yet it is common to see the management of these cases undertaken by nurses or friends, whose little knowledge is worse than ignorance, and who waste precious time in trying worthless means, until it is discovered, too late, that fatal injury has been done to vision.

Cleanliness is of the first importance in these cases, not only for the safe recovery of the eyes affected, but to lessen the danger of contagion. Many an eye has been lost in consequence of being touched with a finger or a towel or handkerchief which had been in contact with matter from the eye of the babe. The discharge must not be allowed to remain in the eye, but should be thoroughly washed out every hour or half-hour if necessary, by means of a small syringe introduced under the swollen upper lid, so as to completely cleanse the eye from the accumulated

secretions. Applications to the outside of the lids, such as poultices, etc., should be absolutely abstained from, as they are highly dangerous. It is important that the medical adviser should see the disease in its earliest stages; as its fearful progress may often then be cut short or its severity mitigated.

INFLAMMATION FROM EXPOSURE TO COLD OR DUST.

The most common affection of the external membranes of the eye results from the action of cold or dust or some similar source of irritation. It may also extend through a family or neighborhood where the same towels or wash-basins which have been used by an individual having sore eyes are made to serve for other persons.

The pain complained of is a smarting or itching, as if sand or sticks were in the eye, and matter is discharged in greater or less amount, frequently causing adhesion of the lids together during the night.

The disease is often easily relieved at the outset by suitable remedies, but if these are neglected, or if inert or too harsh measures are resorted to, the symptoms are aggravated or indefinitely prolonged, the disease having little tendency to spontaneous cure. Examples are constantly seen of the melancholy results of inattention and mismanagement. Workingmen are unwilling to lose time in attending to their eyes during the early period, and when at last they seek advice because they are unable to work any longer, the slight changes of structure at the beginning have become so great that months instead of days are required for the restoration of the healthy condition. When not absolutely neglected, the eyes are often tampered with, and with ruinous results. The catalogue of substances in popular repute as sure means of relief would be almost endless. Of these a few would be useful if employed in cases to which they were suited, but most of them are worthless and many injurious.

INFLAMMATION FROM CONTAGION.

Rapidly fatal ulceration of the cornea may ensue upon inflammation of the conjunctiva following the introduction of a minute particle of contagious matter, eyes being sometimes thus totally lost in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Immediate and skilful treatment is imperative if the eye is to be saved. Great care should be taken to preserve the other eye, as well as those of any persons who may be exposed, from inoculation with the virulent discharge by a careless touch with the fingers or with anything which may have been infected by it.

GRANULATIONS OF THE EYELIDS.

After long-continued inflammation, and frequently without this, the inner surface of the upper lid may become rough from the formation of what are termed granulations. Sometimes these are almost cartilaginous in their hardness, and their constant friction upon the cornea, a thousand times a day, every time the eye rolls or the lids wink, leads to dangerous alterations of its condition. The cornea loses its smoothness and transparency, blood vessels are developed where none ought to be visible, and at last ulceration and perforation take place, causing more or less implication of internal parts and injury to vision.

When the front of the eye has become so entirely clouded that the person cannot find his way or do more than perceive light, great patience and confidence are required on the part both of the sufferer and his physician. Speedy removal of the morbid changes is wholly impossible: until the roughness of the eyelids has been greatly lessened the cloudiness of the cornea can be but little diminished, for the cause continuing to act the effect remains. It is hard for a person and his friends to believe that he is improving, and is even nearly well, when he cannot perceive that he sees much if at all better: yet this may be the case; it being only when the granulations

have been almost removed that the cornea recovers from the effects of their friction and its clearness is gradually restored. Therefore the sufferer should take courage if his eyelids are made more comfortable and the discharge from them grows less, and treatment should be hopefully continued till the amelioration of some of the conditions prepares the way for an evident improvement of his sight. No advantage is obtained from frequent changes of remedies in the hope of a more rapid gain.

It is important that the granulations should be *entirely* removed. Those who have been blind for months or years are too often so rejoiced at the recovery of sight, and of a comfortable state of the eyes, that they disregard the lingering of some remains of disease beneath their lids, which may be roused by slight causes to renewed activity. They are anxious to return to their occupations, and hope their eyes will go on in their course of improvement. It is unsafe, however, to indulge this hope prematurely, and treatment should not be abandoned till all parts of the lining of the lid have been brought to so healthy a state that the inconveniences and dangers of a relapse are no longer to be feared.

ULCERATIONS OF THE CORNEA IN CHILDREN.

Ulcers of the cornea, most frequently near its centre, are very common in young children. They are attended with intolerance of light, sometimes so extreme that the child gives up all his usual pleasures and even his food, to keep the lids day after day spasmodically closed and the head buried in cushions or pillows. In other cases the eyes can be opened in the afternoon or evening, though they shrink from the morning light. Children often

become restless and peevish, the whole disposition being changed during the continuance of the disease. These cases differ greatly in their duration, and if neglected may be prolonged for months, till the health suffers from want of air and exercise.

It is usually possible, by engaging the child's attention, to obtain a look at the eye in a moderate light, so as to ascertain the extent of the ulceration, without resorting to forcible opening of the lids.

Even when superficial, these ulcers usually leave behind them a temporary cloudiness of the cornea; and if they penetrate deeply they cause a permanent opacity, which, though it may lessen in extent and density, does not wholly disappear, but affects vision in a greater or less degree. It is therefore very desirable that the ulcerative process should be arrested as soon as possible, to shorten the term of suffering and avert the injury to sight.

Solutions of sugar of lead, a favorite popular remedy, should be avoided with especial care in all diseases of the eyes in children, since, where ulceration exists, the lead solution is decomposed and forms an indelible white deposit upon the ulcerated surface. Laxative medicines, or blisters, so often used as domestic prescriptions in the hope of clearing the system of "humors," are also objectionable; the child more often needing tonics and good diet than any debilitating treatment.

Small pimples, of which there may be one or several at or near the edge of the cornea upon the white of the eye, must not be mistaken for the ulcerations above referred to. They are of comparatively trivial importance, and can be disposed of in a few days by the use of mild lotions, which are better than more severe treatment.

Henry W. Williams, M. D.

CHILDREN.

THE paths which lead us to God's throne
Seem worn by children's feet ;
So small, and yet so difficult,
Are ways by which we meet.

We cannot see His hidden plan,
Nor read life's story through,
Yet ofttimes we despair, as if
The work were ours to do.

Entwinéd cords of love and pain
Lead the young children on ;
Why, then, should we forget to hope,
And think there's nothing done !

We cannot know their childish hearts,
We cannot learn their grief ;
Though we, too, were but children once,
And years gone by are brief.

Who saw, at night, the stealing tear
Drop on the folded sheet ;
Or guessed what formless midnight shape
Had chilled those little feet ?

Who knew the hours of waking joy
In our green garden plot ?
Those hours among the hollyhocks,
Whose beauty fadeth not !

Days when the hidden steps of Spring
Were heard, not understood ;
When music from afar swept in,
Born of her dreamful mood.

Seasons when young Love hid his face
Through joyless, restless days !
The winter of the growing soul,
Whose summer still delays.

Glad thought to light the darksome path, —
A child's grief is not long ;
Clouds but lead in the strong, bright day,
The morning mist, her song.

A. W.

III.—AMERICAN LIFE IN FRANCE.

1851.

SEPTEMBER 6th. — A new plot has been discovered; its headquarters in Paris itself. On the evening of the 3d the police made a descent on certain coffee-houses frequented by Germans and other Continental foreigners, and arrested a number of persons, chiefly refugees. In preparation for this raid, the Mazas prison was cleared of its ordinary occupants, to make room for these graver criminals. The next evening a great number of foreigners met at their accustomed coffee-houses to consult together, so it is said, on the occurrences of the day before. The Prefect of Police, informed, sent out several commissaries, each with a sufficient force, who presented themselves at the different coffee-houses about nine o'clock in the evening and effected the arrest of about one hundred and twenty individuals. This report of a plot occasions a great deal of anxiety, as it is impossible to know whom it may be intended to entangle in its formidable meshes. The arrests have not been confined to foreigners.

The National of yesterday says: "Among the names of citizens arrested yesterday we see some which belong to the French democracy. We shall not say that we see in this list names that have nothing in common with anarchy; justice will say it for us. This will not be the first plot which has existed only in the reactionary press and in police reports.

"We, who know nothing of the facts which have occasioned this *razzia* of the police, almost dare to affirm that there is no conspiracy; and our reason is very simple, the democrats have no motive for conspiring.

"Why should they conspire? To change the republican form of government? It is our blood which has won it. To overthrow the Constitution? We are ready to march in its defence.

Is it even — the motive would be very small — to shorten the presidency of M. Louis Bonaparte? It is about to finish of itself. Six months, and the President, by the terms of his oath, will resign to another magistrate the temporary power which has been confided to him. No, the democrats have no motive for conspiring. Their palpable, evident interest is to preserve the public peace.

"If there are in the country germs of agitation, they are not with us. If the Republic and the Constitution are attacked, it is not by us. It is not we who have an interest in throwing everything into question. We conjure all sensible, impartial men to note that, by the facts and by the very logic of the situation, we are the true conservatives; that we preach and practise order; and that the temerities, the adventures, contempt of the laws, provocation to revolt, violation of oaths, are the daily policy of our enemies. It is vain to fill the prisons; the education of the country is made. It is little concerned about plots that it knows only through a police report, and very much about those which display themselves in broad daylight, which fill the columns of the journals of order, and make their way in the world with the stamp of public authority."

Reports of a *coup d'état* at hand have been circulating during the past week. How openly this supposed project on the part of the government is discussed, not only in conversation, but in the journals, you may judge by the following extract from a provincial paper, copied into a Paris paper: —

"There is still a good deal of talk of a *coup d'état*. It is affirmed that General Magnan has been consulted, and has declared that he does not exercise sufficient influence over the army to be sure of carrying it with him. It is sup-

posed, therefore, that the plan of a *coup d'état* by means of the army has been renounced and that General Randon is not to resign."

Treasonable designs on the part of the government almost taken for granted! Is it surprising that, when such paragraphs as this are going the rounds, the people should be agitated? that they should consult together as to the course they are to take if these reports should some day prove themselves to be founded? Does not their duty to their country require them to consider this question? By Article III. of their Constitution, the Constitution itself is confided "as a trust to the care and patriotism of all Frenchmen."

That the agitation is not greater is the only wonder. But as the Protestant pastors of old enjoined non-resistance as a mark of fidelity to the religion which would have been discredited by acts of rash resentment, so the republican chiefs now exhort the people to patience and forbearance in the name of the Republic which the elections of 1852 are to restore to them.

The steward of M. Crémieux, M. Larger, was summoned to Lyons to give evidence at the trial for conspiracy, and has been detained there a prisoner. He became known to M. Crémieux at Paris about a year and a half ago, as a member of the republican party. He fell ill and, being poor, was obliged to go to a hospital. M. Crémieux gave orders that his wife and child should want for nothing during his illness. When he recovered, M. Larger was very desirous to acquit himself of the obligation. He declined a subscription which some of his political friends wished to raise for him, and begged earnestly that he might be provided with employment. His conduct won the esteem of M. Crémieux, who placed him in charge of his estate near Crest in Drôme.

M. Crémieux, learning, on his arrival at Lyons, the arrest of M. Larger, went the next day to see the Procureur of the Republic. "Larger is arrested?" "Yes, for a political offence." "Com-

mitted since he has been in my house?" "No." "A grave offence?" "A very grave one. He is one of the most ultra-demagogues of Paris. He compromised himself after the passage of the law of the 31st May." "But he has been for a year living more than one hundred and fifty leagues from Paris." "All I can say is, that the affair is a grave one." "Is he in secret confinement?" "He is."

What may be the duration of this poor man's imprisonment is not to be surmised. It may be long even before he is brought to trial. In the mean time, his wife and little child are thrown once more upon the charity he was so unwilling to ask.

M. Crémieux himself has just been arrested in the neighborhood of Crest. It was only a brutal jest of the police, but imagine what must be the insolence and tyranny of the police in these unfortunate republican departments, when they can venture upon offering such an insult to a man of the standing of M. Crémieux.

M. Crémieux had gone to Drôme to look after his estate. A commissary of police saw him pass, and recognizing him, "There is M. Crémieux, the republican representative," he said to a gendarme; "follow him and ask for his passport." The gendarme, going up behind him, clapped his hand on his shoulder with, "In the name of the law, I arrest you!" It must have been an unpleasant moment for M. Crémieux. The person of the representative is indeed inviolable, unless he be taken in act of crime; and even then the affair must be carried before the Assembly, and proceedings continued or stayed according to its decision. But who can tell in what day and hour this protection may cease to be one? In the present instance the affair had no consequences, except the wound to the dignity of an honorable man, and the pleasure which the police undoubtedly find in recollecting this scene and in recounting it.

The neighborhood of Crest was, in the last century, the scene of a more

tragic arrest, that of Jacques Roger, the Christian pastor. "Who are you?" asked the officer of the patrol, coming upon a stranger whose reverend mien excited his suspicion. "I am he whom you have been long seeking, and it is time you found me," answered Jacques Roger, who, more than seventy years old, might have missed the privilege of martyrdom for his faith, if it had been delayed much longer. He was carried to prison and thence to the gibbet. His body, denied burial, was dragged away and thrown into the Isère, a river which gives its name to a department formerly, like Drôme, a part of Dauphiné; now a republican department, like Drôme, and, with it, under martial law.

Last evening we were at the French Opera for the first time,—at the Academy of Music, I ought rather to say, for the name this institution received from its founder, Louis XIV., is still the formal one, although it is popularly called the French Opera and the Grand Opera. It is also known as the Theatre of the Nation. The piece was the "Huguenots."

If Louis XIV. could look in on his Academy, it would surely give him an emotion to see, instead of the polite Pagan pieces, such as "The Festivals of Cupid and Bacchus," for example, with which he inaugurated it, dramas like this, in which the interest turns on the fidelity to his religion of the Huguenot hero, and on the devotedness of a young girl, noble and beautiful, who, to share his martyrdom, embraces the proscribed faith. And yet, if Louis XIV. has much of Louis XIV. left in him, he would be too much elated with the elegance of the house, the beauty of the scenery, the perfection of the music,—in short, with the entire success of the work he originated, to be greatly discomposed by the failure of projects for which, without doubt, he would royally decline accountability.

It is Father La Chaise who ought to look in. With what eyes would he survey that calm crowd, so compla-

cently regarding the audacious scene, and from time to time graciously or feelingly applauding! Would he have some regret for all the anguish and desolation that his authority over a weak soul sent through the country whose conscience he aspired to control with the king's? For thirty-four years his fleshly hand was heavy upon France; his dead hand weighed upon her for seventy-eight years more. It was Lafayette who shook it off at last; Lafayette coming back from our War of Independence. With the first effort it was done. So mere a phantom of the night was this baleful force, irresistible only because unresisted.

When the "Huguenots" was first performed in Paris, it was not yet fifty years from the time when men of the Reformed Church had no civil rights, since the time when, in the view of the law, they could be neither husbands, fathers, nor sons. A man might have sat at the first representation of that opera, who had himself been subject to these awful disabilities. And now, it is almost impossible to believe that such a state of things has so lately existed. It is almost impossible to believe that the measures which created it could have been deliberately planned and carried out, except in what are called the dark ages. Who will venture to call the age of Louis XIV. a dark age?

Wherever despotism is there is a dark age. Despotism is the negation of the divine government. Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.

Sunday, September 7th.—We went to the church of the Oratoire. M. Coquerel preached. The question what church we are to go to is now decided: The contrast between the sermon we heard last week and the earnest, eloquent, and thoroughly satisfactory discourse of this morning was too great to permit us to hesitate. The children hardly withdrew their eyes from the preacher. They evidently felt, as I did, that the loss even of a word was indeed a loss. Willie appeared to understand perfectly well. He listened

with the closest attention, and was evidently much impressed. There was nothing in the sermon in which all Christians, of whatever sect, could not concur. There was no negation and no dogmatism. The text was from the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Or la foi est une vive représentation des choses qu'on espère, et une démonstration de celles qu'on ne voit point."

Is there anything of habit and prejudice in the preference that we have for the phraseology of the English Bible? Do the French when they read the Bible in English feel that it has lost something? M. Coquerel certainly must have felt the full force of the idea which he expounded, or he could not have made his hearers feel it as they did. And yet to me the modern French Bible, written in the language of everyday life, greatly fails of the force and sanctity of our English version. We owe an obligation the more to the inspired translators of the inspired Word, that they have preserved for us and kept familiar to us the language of a more strenuous time, to be our interpreter in great moments and in sacred hours.

September 8th.—I have mentioned that I not unfrequently saw notices of the suspension of mayors or other officials, in different parts of the country, for "demagogism," or "anarchism," or some offence of that description. I have seen to-day a letter from one of these mayors. It is addressed by M. Arnault, mayor of Montils in Loiret-et-Cher, to the prefect of the department:—

"You have received, you say, information in regard to my conduct, from which it results that I openly profess principles contrary to public order, and that I have not feared to make myself an agent of anarchical propagandism. I do not know, Monsieur le Préfet, who can have given you such information, but you are not, in my opinion, justified in acting upon a denunciation destitute of proof and which has not been made the subject of investigation. If you had sought the truth, this is

what you would have learned; I am a republican under the Republic, and I inculcate republican principles. I am not aware that this conduct is contrary to public order, or that republican principles are anarchical. It is in the name of these principles that you and your superiors are in possession of power.

"Not wishing to serve any longer an administration which, in a Republic, makes it a crime to be a republican, I resign my functions of mayor and of municipal counsellor of the commune of Montils."

September 9th.—The new plot is named *Le complot franco-allemand*. It is called "a plot against the peace of Europe." The victims are found chiefly in the class of political refugees. Of one hundred and seventy-six persons who have been arrested at Paris, one hundred and fifty are Germans. Arrests, domiciliary visits, perquisitions, continue, both at Paris and through the departments. It is said that this persecution is set on foot in the interests and at the instigation of the despotic powers, by whose countenance Napoleon wishes to strengthen himself, and into whose association he proposes to enter.

The Napoleonist journal, *La Patrie*, has had the imprudence to reprint this article from the *Gazette de Cologne* of the 4th September, the day after the domiciliary visits and arrests, connected with this new plot, began at Paris:—

"*The Schwartzemberg cabinet, convinced of the necessity of maintaining the existing state of things, has resolved to support energetically the candidature of the prince Louis Napoléon. It is desirable to avoid any sudden shock, and for that reason a prolongation of the powers of the President would be preferred.*"

The republican papers ask "what kind of support the Schwartzemberg cabinet is to give to an unconstitutional candidate in the next elections?" and "whether the arrests recently made for the benefit of the Emperor of Austria

have anything in common with the promised concurrence of M. Schwartzenberg in the election of M. Bonaparte?"

The republicans, disdaining the imputations thrown out against them, of complicity in the pretended plot, espouse the cause of the refugees, and maintain it with courage and candor.

While they constantly declare their intention to make use of none but peaceful and strictly legal means to their ends, they do not deny that the Republic threatens despotisms by its existence, though it will not assail them by arms. They do not dissemble their warm sympathy with the oppressed of every nation.

"M. Carlier," says the *National*, "may clear the old prisons for their reception, and build new ones; he will never have room for all the republicans who conspire in their hearts the ruin of European tyranny, and who labor for the triumph of universal liberty."

September 15th.—Again reports of an impending *coup d'état*. *L'Ordre* attributes them to changes made in the army of Paris. Certain regiments which remained silent on an occasion when others cried "Vive Napoléon!" and "Vive l'Empereur!" are to be sent to a considerable distance from Paris. *L'Ordre*, in giving this explanation, disclaims any belief in the rumors which, it says, "have created a panic in some timorous minds." But it adds that the changes which have been made in the regiments composing the army of Paris "have undoubtedly a certain significance, especially since it is known that the movements of the troops are not decided at the ministry of war, but at the Elysée."

September 16th.—Martial law has been proclaimed in the department of Ardèche. This measure does not take the public by surprise. It has been for some time impending. M. Léon Faucher, Minister of the Interior, states at length his reasons for demanding it. Let us examine them, and let this example serve for all. When you see in our American papers,

"serious disturbances" have broken out in such a department of France, think of Ardèche, and understand that this item comes from some Paris government journal, which thus epitomizes reports from the interior, on which a decree of martial law is in due season to be founded.

Here are the reasons given by M. Léon Faucher, Minister of the Interior, for the imposition of martial law upon the department of Ardèche:—

"Many points of this department, and in particular the arrondissement of Largentière, have been the centre of seditious demonstrations.

"Arms and powder are manufactured and distributed clandestinely.

"The configuration of the soil, intersected by ravines and torrents, makes it the asylum of the contumacious, who flee from the other neighboring departments, placed under the *régime* of the state of siege, and the disposition to disturb order increases with the certainty of impunity.

"It is evident that the agitation is carried on in this department with the view of forming it to revolt. On recent occasions, particularly at Laurac and at Vinezac, troops of the line and the gendarmerie have been attacked by mobs, and have found themselves under the necessity of having recourse to their arms. The anarchists have not even shrunk from a crime as base as it is odious. An attempt at assassination has been directed against an agent of the public force.

"This state of things appears to be connected with a continuous system of intimidation and insurrection, organized in the department of Ardèche. Against such elements of anarchy the ordinary means of repression do not suffice. The moment is come to claim the employment of the exceptional measures authorized by Article 106 of the Constitution, and by the law of the 9th August, 1849.

"I have long hesitated to propose this measure. I was unwilling to recognize that, in yet another department, through the weakness of the good cit-

izens and the temerity of the bad, an exceptional régime had become necessary. But the energy of the defence must equal the audacity of the aggression."

You will observe that the Minister of the Interior cannot pretend that the disturbances, which are to subject a department of France to martial law, have cost the party of order a single life. The climax of the crimes of the supposed insurgents is *an attempt* against the life of *an* agent of the public force. Formidable leaguers, indeed, who, with the best will, cannot compass the death of a single gendarme!

The Minister of the Interior specifies the arrondissement of Largentière as the most seditious part of the department; Laurac and Vinezac as the most guilty places in the arrondissement. The occurrences at Laurac and Vinezac, which are supposed to justify this representation, have been related at length, and in a tone which shows every disposition to make the most of them, by the *Courrier de la Drôme*, published at Valence, the chief town of Drôme, one of those unhappy adjoining departments, long since under martial law, whose fugitives find shelter in the recesses of Ardèche. The facts of the narrative I send you are drawn from the account given in that journal. This account is that of the accusers. An accurate statement would probably add and subtract something. It would add, doubtless, the insolence and sneering menaces of the gendarmes; it would add, probably, the part of that branch of the police called *provocateurs*, whose business it is to get up the disturbances that are to be put down. It would, perhaps, take something from the crowd of villagers, and a great deal from their part in the "demonstrations" of the day. But let us accept the case as presented by the accusation, and see what it amounts to.

On the 10th of August the village of Laurac held its annual fête. Gendarmes were, of course, on hand, all eye and ear. They found no occasion for their services in the cause of order,

until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when they directed their steps towards an inn, understood to be the resort of men of advanced opinions. As they entered, songs struck upon their offended ears, — anarchical songs. These proceeded from a party of ultrademagogues, a hundred in number, who had been dining together, and who, so far from obeying when the gendarmes cried silence, continued their seditious songs, intermingling them with yet more seditious cries. The threats of the gendarmes were treated as a jest, and were answered with laughter. In the mean time a crowd began to collect about the house, to the number of five or six hundred men, sympathizers with the party inside. The gendarmes, eight in number, had seized some of the "ringleaders," and were dragging them off to prison, when they were attacked by this outside crowd with sticks and stones, and obliged to relinquish their captives. They then retired "in good order" to the Mairie, where their arms were kept, took their carabines, and returned to the attack. They did not succeed in repossessing themselves of their prisoners. After a contest in which they made free use of their weapons, and in which three of their number were disabled, while all received some hard blows, they retreated once more to the Mairie, where they now shut themselves in. The crowd gathered round it. The chief of the gendarmes, seeing from the window a man on whom he could rely, despatched him to Largentière, the chief town of the arrondissement, for aid. At Largentière the *rappel* was beaten by order of the sub-prefect. Thirty or forty of the National Guard answered it, took their muskets, and set off for Laurac, as escort to the sub-prefect and the procureur. They arrived at about eleven o'clock. The crowd had disappeared. The town was tranquil. Their arrival, and the arrests which followed it, occasioned a renewal of agitation, of which, however, the outward manifestations had soon subsided. The prefect of Ardèche, M. Che-

vreau, arrived the next day. The inn which was the scene of the disturbance was closed by his order. All fêtes and meetings, of whatever kind, were interdicted for the next three months in the *arrondissement* of *Largentière*.

It does not appear that the *gendarmes*, heroes of the affair at *Laurac*, suffered seriously, for they were taken to *Largentière* the next morning. How it was with the villagers cannot be told. They did not boast of their wounds. The *gendarmes* could not themselves say how much execution they had done; they thought they had fired not more than fifteen times, but they flattered themselves that they did a good deal of damage with their swords.

The account given of the "affair of *Laurac*" by their accusers proves that the part of the people in it was limited to the rescue and defence of their friends, arrested for singing songs which perhaps the men who electioneered for *Napoleon* sang with them in 1848. After the rescue was effected the *gendarmes* were allowed to retire without molestation or hindrance. They went to the town-house at their leisure, took their *carabines*, and went back to the crowd, which evidently had not followed them. The blows they received were gained in an attempt to recapture their prisoners, during which they fired on the people at least fifteen times, and laid about them freely with their swords. When they desisted from this attempt they were allowed to withdraw to the *Mairie*, three of their number being, according to their account, disabled, and requiring the aid of the others, so that the whole party must have been at the mercy of the crowd. From the window of this building, surrounded, as it is asserted, by a threatening mob, the chief of the *gendarmes* was able to call to a man whom he recognized, and send him off with a message to *Largentière*. This man was not prevented from performing his commission. After his departure the five valid *gendarmes*, it is represented, defended themselves until the discour-

aged mob of a hundred times their number dispersed of itself. Is it not evident that the people respected the public building which sheltered their assailants? Is it not evident that they respected even the "agents of the public force," from the moment they desisted from making what were considered unjust arrests? The forbearance of the crowd appears, indeed, even in this prejudiced account, something marvellous; and the marvel would be still greater if we believe them really to have been in possession of concealed stores of arms and ammunition, as the report of *M. Léon Faucher* supposes. In any case, the conduct of this crowd is remarkable, which was not dispersed by being fired upon, nor yet maddened by the sight of friends and townsmen shot down and hacked down. The restraint exercised would seem almost incredible, if we did not suppose it to be the result of a principle,—a line of conduct determined on in advance, and resolutely persisted in.

The prisoners of *Laurac* were carried to the jail of *Largentière*. Things remained quiet, at least upon the surface. The authorities were persuaded that these appearances were fallacious, and that the people were brooding rescue and revenge. A report was circulated that on the 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption, an attack was to be made on the jail of *Largentière*. Formidable preparations were made to avert the threatened danger. Troops were stationed at *Largentière*. The prefect, who during the anxious days which intervened between the dreadful 10th and the dreaded 15th had been perpetually on the road between *Privas*, the capital of the department, and the scene of the projected insurrection, became, at three o'clock in the morning of the fatal day, stationary in the house of the sub-prefect at *Largentière*. "Desirous of sharing in every danger which threatened the place, he himself directed the measures necessary for securing the public tranquillity." The prefect played his part to admiration; and, indeed, all parties

concerned appear to have given satisfaction, except the insurgents, who, notwithstanding the preparations made on their account, absolutely failed to take the place assigned to them in the performances of the day. No wonder that those whose expectations were disappointed should be embittered against the delinquents. "Here is a new proof of the cowardice of the fomenters of disorder. When they were five hundred against eight, they could attempt assassination; and now, when the government accepts their challenge, they basely hide in the dark."

The prefect, before returning to Privas, left "the most peremptory and severe instructions" with an *aide-de-camp* of General Rostolan, who arrived from Montpellier with a battalion of the Sixty-seventh Regiment of the line.

The alarms of the day, the extraordinary fatigues of the prefect, the military preparation, must have gone far towards establishing a claim for the aid of martial law. The propriety of its application was discussed; but the prudent Minister of the Interior found its necessity not yet sufficiently apparent. It was made so by the affair of Vinezac.

Before passing to Vinezac and the sorrows of its fête day, let me note another scene of this 15th of August in Ardèche; a scene in which people and soldiery had their parts, though not those which had been marked out for them by the authorities.

Among the troops ordered to Largentière to keep the peace on that day, or to prove by their presence that it was in danger, was the Second Battalion of the Fourth Regiment of Light Infantry, stationed at Pont-Saint-Esprit, a town of the department of Gard. Marching "in all haste," according to their orders, these troops arrived at Vallon, a town in this same seditious arrondissement of Largentière, and itself recently the theatre of compromising scenes.

If they had entered Vallon in full military insolence, perhaps some defi-

ant youth would have raised the cry "Vive la république"; the bystanders might have taken it up; the commander have punished the insult; soldiers and citizens have confronted each other in hatred; and, all the rest following in course, the 15th at Vallon might have furnished new arguments for martial law in Ardèche. But it was not to be. The regiment to which this battalion belonged had been prostrated by typhoid fever. Those who had not sunk under it were enfeebled. The march had been long, under an August sun, over a broken and difficult country. For miles before, the men had been fainting and falling along the road. The Second Battalion of the Fourth Light Infantry came into Vallon suppliant, and not masters. Now was the time for the turbulent people of Ardèche to seize upon their moment of power. They thronged round and among the soldiery, and bore them away in their arms, vying with each other in affectionate cares for these their alienated brothers. "There was no need of billeting them on the people. Each and all had immediately found a home. Everything in every house was at their disposal."

Two were beyond the reach of aid; but the others were saved, for who knows what future service? But, at any rate, the peace was kept that day at Vallon.

Now for the affair of Vinezac. The 31st of August was the day on which the village of Vinezac would have celebrated its annual fête, if fêtes had not been prohibited in the arrondissement of Largentière. The sub-prefect of the arrondissement sent a party of soldiers and a force of gendarmerie to the village on the morning of that day, to secure obedience to the mandate of the prefect. No attempt was made to contravene it. The day passed off tranquilly. The armed force had found neither occasion nor pretext to interfere. In the evening the people began to throng the streets. The commandant ordered them to disperse. They dispersed. But some determined "per-

turbators" assembled again, here and there, in groups. The sound of a whistle was heard. It was ten o'clock and very dark. A party of soldiers was sent forward upon one of the seditious points. They were met by a shower of stones from unseen hands. They replied by discharging their muskets and then, rushing forward into the darkness, seized on six individuals, supposed aggressors, and carried them prisoners to Largentière.

The next morning the sub-prefect of Largentière, the procureur, and some other dignitaries, repaired to Vinezac, escorted by a force of gendarmes and a hundred soldiers. They found there a considerable number of people from the neighboring villages. The prefect at once perceived that they were there to celebrate the forbidden fête; which, only deferred, and not renounced, was, by the connivance of the mayor, to take place that day. "The number of people assembled could not escape the notice of the sub-prefect, who had reason to believe that they only waited for the departure of the armed force to compensate themselves for the interruption of their seditious pleasures. He ordered the immediate departure of all strangers."

When this order had been obeyed, the prisoners were brought forth; for, in the mean time, domiciliary visits and arrests had been going forward. "The prisoners were conducted into the most frequented place of the town. The inhabitants of Vinezac stood in silence to see their guilty fellow-citizens depart to expiate their offences in the prison of Largentière. Eleven individuals, among whom figures the mayor, have been arrested and incarcerated in consequence of the trouble of Vinezac. Such a lesson will, we hope, not be forgotten."

The writer of this account concludes with a hint to his readers that the version of this affair given by the democrats of the department will probably differ very much from this, the accurate one.

Thus it was that the village of Vine-

zac brought the doom of martial law upon the department of Ardèche.

Twelve days after this affair, on the 12th of this month, the Minister of the Interior asked and obtained of the President, in behalf of the department of Ardèche, a decree of martial law, assented to yesterday by the Permanent Committee of the Assembly, which held a special meeting for its consideration.

M. Léon Faucher finds that martial law is rendered necessary in Ardèche as much by the weakness of the good citizens as by the temerity of the bad. This admission on the part of the Minister is a significant one. It shows that the department is incredulous of danger; for the danger, if existing, is not of a kind that good citizens are indifferent to.

The people of Ardèche are among the most energetic, laborious, and worthy of France. Their country, from its natural features, would seem to promise more in scenery than in products; to be more attractive to the pleasure-tourist and the artist than to the cultivator. But they, with infinite labor, have terraced their mountains; they have carried up earth and formed successive gardens, each having its own climate, while the warm valleys have yet another; so that this little state rewards its children with the grains and fruits of northern and of southern regions. Numerous branches of industry flourish in Ardèche. In fine, what their country is capable of yielding its people make it yield, and add to the value of its productions what human ingenuity and patient toil can add.

A people like this is not prone to turbulence and uproar, nor tolerant of those who are. Such a people must be competent to maintain tranquillity within its own borders, by the ordinary means at the disposal of its magistrates.

If the Minister of the Interior thinks martial law as salutary, with a view to the good citizens as to the bad, it is because the good citizens are danger-

ous; it is because the department itself is dangerous; dangerous not to France, not to the Republic, but to the designs of those who at this moment have the Republic of France in their power.

The department of Ardèche has a history of its own, a history which, whether taken under its industrial, its religious, or its heroic aspect, is one to be proud of. The department of Ardèche represents ancient Vivarais.

One of the reasons given by the Minister of the Interior for this extreme measure of martial law is that the nature of the country makes Ardèche an asylum for the contumacious of other departments. But who are the guides of these fugitives to the rocky retreats? From whom do they receive food and covering? The impunity of starvation through cold and hunger is one that the government would not grudge them. Plainly they have friends among those who have something to give; friends trusty and zealous, who are not only ready to bring them succor, but to encounter, for their sake, the danger of needing it themselves.

Nor is it now for the first time that the people of Vivarais incur such risks for men under the ban of power. Not now for the first time does this brave little state shelter the contumacious.

These mountains which receive the refugee republicans are the Cevennes, sacred for how many centuries through this hospitality which it is no dishonor to ask, no proof of guilt to need, and which they have never foregone long enough to lose the habit of it. Within a hundred years these fastnesses have been the asylum of proscribed ministers of Christ; the only home of men honored throughout the country, and even by those of a different faith.

There are men now living who have pressed hands which have pressed those of Matthieu Majal on his journey through Vivarais to his trial and

death at Montpellier. Within twenty years there may have been people living who stood, little children, beside their parents by the roadside to have a last look from the beloved teacher, perhaps a last word from him as he passed.

Matthieu Majal was seized in the village of St. Agrève, in what is now the arrondissement from Privas, in Ardèche. When the people who poured out from the villages through which he was led came too near, they were fired upon. The prisoner forbade them to attempt his rescue by force, and they obeyed him. At Vernoux, the concourse was so great, that the officer in command, after securing his prisoner in jail, still dreaded his release, and ordered his men to go up on the house-tops and fire down upon the unarmed crowd. Several hundred were wounded and many killed. Then the people were rushing for their arms. But their pastors interposed and restrained them. Majal wrote to them from his prison, "Shed no blood." The people struggled with their rage and conquered it. They stood, silent and still, along the road, while their teachers, passing from one group to another, fortified and composed them by the promises of the Gospel.

They brought against Protestants then the same accusations they bring against republicans now. Majal is questioned in regard to concealed arms, in regard to treasonable correspondence. "Our ministers preach only patience and loyalty," answered Majal. "I know it," replied his questioner.

His judges, passing sentence upon him, could hardly pronounce it for tears. "We grieve to condemn you," said they, "but such are the orders of the king."

And this noble, useful life was cut off at twenty-six years, because such was the will of a miserable being who had no will.

M. L. P.

A PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

"KEEP the American!" Miss Searle, in compliance with the injunction conveyed in her brother's telegram (with something certainly of telegraphic curttness) lost no time in expressing the pleasure it would give her to have my companion remain. "Really you must," she said; and forthwith repaired to the housekeeper, to give orders for the preparation of a room.

"How in the world," asked Searle, "did he know of my being here?"

"He learned, probably," I expounded, "from his solicitor of the visit of your friend Simmons. Simmons and the solicitor must have had another interview since your arrival in England. Simmons, for reasons of his own, has communicated to the solicitor your journey to this neighborhood, and Mr. Searle, learning this, has immediately taken for granted that you have formally presented yourself to his sister. He's hospitably inclined, and he wishes her to do the proper thing by you. More, perhaps! I have my little theory that he is the very Phœnix of usurpers, that his nobler sense has been captivated by the exposition of these men of law, and that he means gracefully to surrender you your fractional interest in the estate."

"*Je m'y perds!*" said my friend, musing. "Come what, come will!"

"You of course," said Miss Searle, reappearing and turning to me, "are included in my brother's invitation. I have bespoken your lodging as well. Your luggage shall immediately be sent for."

It was arranged that I in person should be driven over to our little inn, and that I should return with our effects in time to meet Mr. Searle at dinner. On my arrival, several hours later, I was immediately conducted to my room. The servant pointed out to me that it

communicated by a door and a private passage with that of my companion. I made my way along this passage, — a most antique and picturesque little corridor, with a long horizontal latticed casement, through which there streamed, upon a series of grotesquely sculptured oaken closets and cupboards, the lurid animating glow of the western sun, — knocked at his door, and, getting no answer, opened it. In an arm-chair by the open window sat my friend, sleeping, with arms and legs relaxed and head placidly reverted. It was a great relief to find him resting from his early excitement. I watched him for some moments before waking him. There was a faint glow of color in his cheek and a light parting of his lips, as in a smile; something nearer to brightness and peace than I had yet seen in him. It was almost happiness, it was almost health. I laid my hand on his arm and gently shook it. He opened his eyes, gazed at me a moment, vaguely recognized me, then closed them again, "Let me dream, let me dream!" he said.

"What are you dreaming about?"

A moment passed before his answer came. "About a tall woman in a quaint black dress, with yellow hair, and a sweet, sweet smile, and a soft, low, delicious voice! I'm in love with her."

"It's better to see her," I said, "than to dream about her. Get up and dress, and we shall go down to dinner and meet her."

"Dinner — dinner —" And he gradually opened his eyes again. "Yes, upon my word, I shall dine!"

"You're a well man!" I said, as he rose to his feet. "You'll live to bury Mr. Simmons." He had spent the hours of my absence, he told me, with Miss Searle. They had strolled together over the park and through the

gardens and green-houses. "You must already be intimate!" I said, smiling.

"She is intimate with me," he answered. "Heaven knows what rigmale I've treated her to!" They had parted an hour ago, since when, he believed, her brother had arrived.

The slow-fading twilight still abode in the great drawing-room as we entered it. The housekeeper had told us that this apartment was rarely used, there being a smaller and more convenient one for the same needs. It seemed now, however, to be occupied in my comrade's honor. At the farther end of it, rising to the roof, like a ducal tomb in a cathedral, was the great chimney-piece of chiselled alabaster, in which a light fire was crackling. Before the fire stood a small short man with his hands behind him; near him stood Miss Searle, so transformed by her dress that at first I knew her not. There was in our entrance and reception something profoundly chilling and solemn. We moved in silence up the long room. Mr. Searle advanced slowly a dozen steps to meet us. His sister stood motionless. I was conscious of her masking her visage with a large white tinselled fan, and of her eyes, grave and expanded, watching us intently over the top of it. The master of Lockley Park grasped in silence the proffered hand of his kinsman, and eyed him from head to foot, suppressing, I think, a start of surprise at his resemblance to Sir Joshua's portrait. "This is a happy day," he said. And then turning to me with a bow, "My cousin's friend is my friend." Miss Searle lowered her fan.

The first thing that struck me in Mr. Searle's appearance was his short and meagre stature, less by half a head than that of his sister. The second was the flaming redness of his hair and beard. The former, fine as silk apparently in texture, scarlet almost in hue, and densely abundant, surrounded his head like a huge lurid nimbus. His beard sprang fanlike from lips and cheek and chin, as like to his amazing locks as if it had been the downward

image of them reflected in water. His face was pale and attenuated, like the face of a scholar, a dilettante, a man who lives in a library, bending over books and prints and medals. At a distance it had an oddly innocent and youthful look; but on a nearer view it revealed a number of finely etched and scratched wrinkles of a singularly aged and cunning effect. The complexion was that of a man of fifty. His nose was arched and delicate, identical almost with the nose of my friend. In harmony with the effect of his hair was that of his eyes, which were large and deep-set, with a sort of vulpine keenness and redness, but full of temper and spirit. Imagine this physiognomy — grave and solemn in tone, grotesquely solemn, almost, in spite of the bushy brightness in which it was encased — set in motion by a smile which seemed to whisper terribly, "I am *the* smile, the sole and single, the grin to command," and you will have an imperfect notion of the remarkable presence of our host; something better worth seeing and knowing, I fancied as I covertly scrutinized him, than anything our excursion had yet revealed to us. Of how thoroughly I had entered into sympathy with my companion and how effectually I had associated my sensibilities with his, I had small suspicion until, within the short five minutes which preceded the announcement of dinner, I distinctly perceived him stiffen himself into a posture (morally speaking) of indefinable protest and mistrust. To neither of us was Mr. Searle, as the Italians would say, *simpatico*. I might have fancied from her attitude that Miss Searle apprehended our thoughts. A signal change had been wrought in her since the morning; during the hour, indeed (as I read in the light of the wondering glance he cast at her), that had elapsed since her parting with her cousin. She had not yet recovered from some great agitation. Her face was pale and her eyes red with weeping. These tragic signs and tokens gave an unexpected dignity to her aspect, which was further enhanced by

the rare picturesqueness of her dress. Whether it was taste or whether it was accident, I know not ; but Miss Searle, as she stood there, half in the cool twilight, half in the arrested glow of the fire as it spent itself in the vastness of its marble cave, was a figure for a cunning painter. She was dressed in the faded splendor of a beautiful tissue of combined and blended silk and crape of a tender sea-green color, festooned and garnished and puffed into a massive *bouillonnement* ; a piece of millinery which, though it must have witnessed a number of stately dinners, preserved still the grand air of a noble fashion. Over her white shoulders she wore an ancient web of the most precious and venerable lace, and about her heavy throat a necklace of heavy pearls. I went with her into dinner, and Mr. Searle, following with my friend, took his arm (as the latter afterwards told me) and pretended sportively to conduct him. As dinner proceeded, the feeling grew within me that a drama had begun to be played in which the three persons before me were actors, each of a most exacting part. The part of my friend, however, seemed the most heavily charged, and I was filled with a strong desire that he should acquit himself with honor. I seemed to see him summon his shadowy faculties to obey his shadowy will, poor fellow ! playing solemnly at self-esteem. With Miss Searle, credulous, passive, and pitying, he had finally flung aside all vanity and pretence, and had unpacked his fantastic heart with words. But with our host there might be no talking of nonsense nor taking of liberties ; there and then, if ever, sat a double-distilled conservative, breathing the flattering fumes of hereditary privilege and peace. For an hour, then, I saw my poor friend turn painfully about to speak graciously of barren things. He was to assert himself at heart a sound American, so that his relish of this elder world might seem purely disinterested. What his kinsman had expected to find him, I know not ; but, with all his poised and projected amenity, he

was unable to repress a shade of annoyance at finding him likely to speak graciously at all. Mr. Searle was not the man to show his hand, but I think his best card had been a certain implicit confidence that this exotic parasite would hardly have good manners. Mr. Searle, with great decency, led the conversation to America, talking of it rather as if it were some fabled planet, alien to the British orbit, lately proclaimed indeed to have the proportion of atmospheric gases required to support animal life, but not, save under cover of a liberal afterthought, to be admitted into one's regular conception of things. I felt nothing but regret that the spheric smoothness of his universe should be strained to cracking by the intrusion of our square shoulders.

"I knew in a general way," said our host, "of my having relations in America ; but you know one hardly realizes those things. I could hardly more have imagined people of our blood there, than I could have imagined being there myself. There was a man I knew at college, a very odd fellow, a nice fellow too ; he and I were rather cronies ; I think he afterwards went to America ; to the Argentine Republic, I believe. Do you know the Argentine Republic ? What an extraordinary name, by the way ! And then, you know, there was that great-uncle of mine whom Sir Joshua painted. He went to America, but he never got there. He was lost at sea. You look enough like him to have one fancy he did *get* there, and that he has lived along till now. If you *are* he, you've not done a nice thing to show yourself here. He left a bad name behind him. There's a ghost who comes sobbing about the house every now and then, the ghost of one against whom he wrought a great evil !"

"O brother !" cried Miss Searle, in simple horror.

"Of course you know nothing of such things," said Mr. Searle. "You're too sound a sleeper to hear the sobbing of ghosts."

"I'm sure I should like immensely

to hear the sobbing of a ghost!" said my friend, with the light of his previous eagerness playing up into his eyes. "Why does it sob? Unfold the wondrous tale."

Mr. Searle eyed his audience for a moment gaugingly; and then, as the French say, *se recueillit*, as if he were measuring his own imaginative force.

He wished to do justice to his theme. With the five finger-nails of his left hand nervously playing against the tinkling crystal of his wineglass, and his bright eye telling of a gleeful sense that, small and grotesque as he sat there, he was for the moment profoundly impressive, he distilled into our untutored minds the sombre legend of his house. "Mr. Clement Searle, from all I gather, was a young man of great talents but a weak disposition. His mother was left a widow early in life, with two sons, of whom he was the older and the more promising. She educated him with the utmost fondness and care. Of course, when he came to manhood, she wished him to marry well. His means were quite sufficient to enable him to overlook the want of means in his wife; and Mrs. Searle selected a young lady who possessed, as she conceived, every good gift save a fortune,—a fine proud, handsome girl, the daughter of an old friend,—an old lover, I fancy, of her own. Clement, however, as it appeared, had either chosen otherwise or was as yet unprepared to choose. The young lady discharged upon him in vain the battery of her attractions; in vain his mother urged her cause. Clement remained cold, insensible, inflexible. Mrs. Searle possessed a native force of which in its feminine branch the family seems to have lost the trick. A proud, passionate, imperious woman, she had had great cares and a number of lawsuits; they had given her a great will. She suspected that her son's affections were lodged elsewhere, and lodged amiss. Irritated by his stubborn defiance of her wishes, she persisted in her importunities. The more she watched him

the more she believed that he loved in secret and beneath him. He went about sombre, sullen and preoccupied. At last, with the fatal indiscretion of an angry woman, she threatened to bring the young lady of her choice—who, by the way, seems to have been no shrinking blossom—to stay in the house. A stormy scene was the result. He threatened that if she did he would leave the country and sail for America. She probably disbelieved him: she knew him to be weak, but she overrated his weakness. At all events, the fair rejected arrived and Clement departed. On a dark December day he took ship at Southampton. The two women, desperate with rage and sorrow, sat alone in this great house, mingling their tears and imprecations. A fortnight later, on Christmas eve, in the midst of a great snow-storm long famous in the country, there came to them a mighty quickening of their bitterness. A young woman, soaked and chilled by the storm, gained entrance to the house and made her way into the presence of the mistress and her guest. She poured out her tale. She was a poor curate's daughter of Hereford. Clement Searle had loved her,—loved her all too well. She had been turned out in wrath from her father's house; his mother, at least, might pity her,—if not for herself, then for the child she was soon to bring forth. The poor girl had reckoned too fondly. The women, in scorn, in horror, with blows, possibly, turned her forth again into the storm. In the storm she wandered, and in the deep snow she died. Her lover, as you know, perished in that hard winter weather at sea; the news came to his mother late, but soon enough. We are haunted by the curate's daughter."

There was a pause of some moments. "Ah, well we may be!" said Miss Searle, with a great pity.

Searle blazed up into enthusiasm. "Of course, you know,"—and suddenly he began to blush violently,— "I should be sorry to claim any identity with my faithless namesake, poor

fellow. But I shall be hugely tickled if this poor ghost should be deceived by my resemblance and mistake me for her cruel lover. She's welcome to the comfort of it. What one *can* do in the case I shall be glad to do. But can a ghost haunt a ghost? I *am* a ghost!"

Mr. Searle stared a moment, and then smiling superbly: "I could almost believe you are!" he said.

"O brother — cousin," cried Miss Searle, with the gentlest yet most appealing dignity, "how can you talk so horribly?"

This horrible talk, however, evidently possessed a potent magic for my friend; and his imagination, chilled for a while by the frigid contact of his kinsman, begun to glow again with its earlier fire. From this moment he ceased to mind his *p*'s and *q*'s, to care what he said or how he said it, so long as he expressed the passionate satisfaction which the scene about him infused into his heart. As he talked I ceased even mentally to protest. I have wondered since that I should not have resented the exhibition of so rank and florid an egotism. But a great frankness for the time makes its own law, and a great passion its own channel. There was, moreover, an immense sweetness in the manner of my friend's speech. Free alike from either adulation or envy, the very soul of it was a divine apprehension, an imaginative mastery, free as the flight of Ariel, of the rich facts beneath whose earthly shadow our entertainers sat darkened and at loss, unable, as the saying goes, to see the forest on account of the trees.

"How does the look of age come?" he demanded, at dessert. "Does it come of itself, unobserved, unrecorded, unmeasured? Or do you woo it and set baits and traps for it, and watch it like the dawning brownness of a meerschau pipe, and nail it down when it appears, just where it peeps out, and light a votive taper beneath it and give thanks to it daily? Or do you forbid it and fight it and resist it, and yet feel

it settling and deepening about you, as irresistible as fate?"

"What the deuce is the man talking about?" said the smile of our host.

"I found a gray hair this morning," said Miss Searle.

"Good heavens! I hope you respected it," cried Searle.

"I looked at it for a long time in my little glass," said his cousin, simply.

"Miss Searle, for ten years to come, can afford to be amused at gray hairs," I said.

"Ten years hence I shall be forty-three."

"That's my age," said Searle. "If I had only come here ten years ago! I should have had more time to enjoy the feast, but I should have had less of an appetite. I needed to get famished for it!"

"Why did you wait for the starving-point?" asked Mr. Searle. "To think of these ten years that we might have been enjoying you!" And at the thought of these wasted ten years Mr. Searle broke into a violent nervous laugh.

"I always had a notion, — a stupid, vulgar notion, if there ever was one, — that to come abroad properly one ought to have a pot of money. My pot was too nearly empty. At last I came with my empty pot!"

Mr. Searle coughed with an air of hesitation. "You're a — you're in 'limited circumstances'?"

My friend apparently was vastly tickled to have his bleak situation called by so soft a name. "Limited circumstances!" he cried with a long, light laugh: "I'm in no circumstances at all!"

"Upon my word!" murmured Mr. Searle, with an air of being divided between his sense of the indecency and his sense of the rarity of a gentleman taking just that tone about his affairs. "Well — well — well!" he added, in a voice which might have meant everything or nothing; and proceeded, with a twinkle in his eye, to finish a glass of wine. His sparkling eye, as he drank,

encountered mine over the top of his glass, and, for a moment, we exchanged a long deep glance,—a glance so keen as to leave a slight embarrassment on the face of each. “And you,” said Mr. Searle, by way of carrying it off, “how about your circumstances?”

“O, his,” said my friend, “his are unlimited! He could buy up Lockley Park!” He had drank, I think, a rather greater number of glasses of port—I admit that the port was infinitely drinkable—than was to have been desired in the interest of perfect self-control. He was rapidly drifting beyond any tacit dissuasion of mine. A certain feverish harshness in his glance and voice warned me that to attempt to direct him would simply irritate him. As we rose from table he caught my troubled look. Passing his arm for a moment into mine, “This is the great night!” he whispered. “The night of experience, the night of destiny!”

Mr. Searle had caused the whole lower region of the house to be thrown open and a multitude of lights to be placed in convenient and effective positions. Such a marshalled wealth of ancient candlesticks and flambeaux I had never beheld. Nighed against the dark panellings, casting great luminous circles upon the pendent stiffness of sombre tapestries, enhancing and completing with admirable effect the vastness and mystery of the ancient house, they seemed to people the great rooms, as our little group passed slowly from one to another, with a dim, expectant presence. We had a delightful hour of it. Mr. Searle at once assumed the part of *cicerone*, and—I had not hitherto done him justice—Mr. Searle became agreeable. While I lingered behind with Miss Searle, he walked in advance with his kinsman. It was as if he had said, “Well, if you want the old place, you shall have it, metaphysically, at least!” To speak vulgarly, he rubbed it in. Carrying a great silver candlestick in his left hand, he raised it and lowered it and cast the light hither and thither, upon

pictures and hangings and bits of carving and a hundred lurking architectural treasures. Mr. Searle knew his house. He hinted at innumerable traditions and memories, and evoked with a very pretty wit the figures of its earlier occupants. He told a dozen anecdotes with an almost reverential gravity and neatness. His companion attended, with a sort of brooding intelligence. Miss Searle and I, meanwhile, were not wholly silent.

“I suppose that by this time,” I said, “you and your cousin are almost old friends.”

She trifled a moment with her fan, and then raising her homely candid gaze: “Old friends, and at the same time strangely new! My cousin—my cousin,”—and her voice lingered on the word,—“it seems so strange to call him my cousin; after thinking these many years that I had no cousin! He’s a most singular man.”

“It’s not so much he as his circumstances that are singular,” I ventured to say.

“I’m so sorry for his circumstances. I wish I could help him in some way. He interests me so much.” And here Miss Searle gave a rich, mellow sigh. “I wish I had known him a long time ago. He told me that he is but the shadow of what he was.”

I wondered whether Searle had been consciously playing upon the fancy of this gentle creature. If he had, I believed he had gained his point. But in fact, his position had become to my sense so charged with opposing forces, that I hardly ventured wholly to rejoice. “His better self just now,” I said, “seems again to be taking shape. It will have been a good deed on your part, Miss Searle, if you help to restore him to soundness and serenity.”

“Ah, what can I do?”

“Be a friend to him. Let him like you, let him love you! You see in him now, doubtless, much to pity and to wonder at. But let him simply enjoy awhile the grateful sense of your nearness and dearness. He will be a bet-

ter and stronger man for it, and then you can love him, you can respect him without restriction."

Miss Searle listened with a puzzled tenderness of gaze. "It's a hard part for poor me to play!"

Her almost infantine gentleness left me no choice but to be absolutely frank. "Did you ever play any part, at all?" I asked.

Her eyes met mine, wonderingly; she blushed, as with a sudden sense of my meaning. "Never! I think I have hardly lived."

"You've begun now, perhaps. You have begun to care for something outside the narrow circle of habit and duty. (Excuse me if I am rather too outspoken: you know I'm a foreigner.) It's a great moment: I wish you joy!"

"I could almost fancy you are laughing at me. I feel more trouble than joy."

"Why do you feel trouble?"

She paused, with her eyes fixed on our two companions. "My cousin's arrival," she said at last, "is a great disturbance."

"You mean that you did wrong in recognizing him? In that case, the fault is mine. He had no intention of giving you the opportunity."

"I did wrong, after a fashion! But I can't find it in my heart to regret it. I never shall regret it! I did what I thought proper. Heaven forgive me!"

"Heaven bless you, Miss Searle! Is any harm to come of it? I did the evil; let me bear the brunt!"

She shook her head gravely. "You don't know my brother!"

"The sooner I *do* know him, then, the better!" And hereupon I felt a dull irritation which had been gathering force for more than an hour explode into sudden wrath. "What on earth *is* your brother?" I demanded. She turned away. "Are you afraid of him?" I asked.

She gave me a tearful sidelong glance. "He's looking at me!" she murmured.

I looked at him. He was standing with his back to us, holding a large Venetian hand-mirror, framed in *rococo* silver, which he had taken from a shelf of antiquities, in just such a position that he caught the reflection of his sister's person. Shall I confess it? Something in this performance so tickled my sense of the picturesque, that it was with a sort of blunted anger that I muttered, "The villain!" Yet I felt passion enough to urge me forward. It seemed to me that by implication I, too, was being covertly watched. I should not be watched for nothing! "Miss Searle," I said, insisting upon her attention, "promise me something."

She turned upon me with a start and the glance of one appealing from some great pain. "O, don't ask me!" she cried. It was as if she were standing on the verge of some sudden lapse of familiar ground and had been summoned to make a leap. I felt that retreat was impossible, and that it was the greater kindness to beckon her forward.

"Promise me!" I repeated.

Still with her eyes she protested. "O, dreadful day!" she cried, at last.

"Promise me to let him speak to you, if he should ask you, any wish you may suspect on your brother's part notwithstanding."

She colored deeply. "You mean," she said, — "you mean that he — has something particular to say."

"Something most particular!"

"Poor cousin!"

I gave her a deeply questioning look. "Well, poor cousin! But promise me."

"I promise," she said, and moved away across the long room and out of the door.

"You're in time to hear the most delightful story!" said my friend, as I rejoined the two gentlemen. They were standing before an old sombre portrait of a lady in the dress of Queen Anne's time, with her ill-painted flesh tints showing livid in the candlelight against her dark drapery and back-

ground. "This is Mistress Margaret Searle, — a sort of Beatrix Esmond, — who did as she pleased. She married a paltry Frenchman, a penniless fiddler, in the teeth of her whole family. Fair Margaret, I honor you! Upon my soul, she looks like Miss Searle! Pray go on. What came of it all?"

Mr. Searle looked at his kinsman for a moment with an air of distaste for his boisterous homage and of pity for his crude imagination. Then resuming, with a very effective dryness of tone: "I found a year ago, in a box of very old papers, a letter from Mistress Margaret to Cynthia Searle, her elder sister. It was dated from Paris and dreadfully ill-spelled. It contained a most passionate appeal for — a — for pecuniary assistance. She had just been confined, she was starving and neglected by her husband; she cursed the day she left England. It was a most dismal effusion. I never heard that she found means to return."

"So much for marrying a Frenchman!" I said, sententiously.

Mr. Searle was silent for some moments. "This was the first," he said, finally, "and the last of the family who has been so d—d un-English!"

"Does Miss Searle know her history?" asked my friend, staring at the rounded whiteness of the lady's heavy cheek.

"Miss Searle knows nothing!" said our host, with zeal.

This utterance seemed to kindle in my friend a generous opposing zeal. "She shall know at least the tale of Mistress Margaret," he cried, and walked rapidly away in search of her.

Mr. Searle and I pursued our march through the lighted rooms. "You've found a cousin," I said, "with a vengeance."

"Ah, a vengeance?" said my host, stiffly.

"I mean that he takes as keen an interest in your annals and possessions as yourself."

"O, exactly so!" and Mr. Searle burst into resounding laughter. "He

tells me," he resumed, in a moment, "that he is an invalid. I should never have fancied it."

"Within the past few hours," I said, "he's a changed man. Your place and your kindness have refreshed him immensely."

Mr. Searle uttered the little shapeless ejaculation with which many an Englishman is apt to announce the concussion of any especial courtesy of speech. He bent his eyes on the floor frowningly, and then, to my surprise, he suddenly stopped and looked at me with a penetrating eye. "I'm an honest man!" he said. I was quite prepared to assent; but he went on, with a sort of fury of frankness, as if it was the first time in his life that he had been prompted to expound himself, as if the process was mightily unpleasant to him and he was hurrying through it as a task. "An honest man, mind you! I know nothing about Mr. Clement Searle! I never expected to see him. He has been to me a—a—" And here Mr. Searle paused to select a word which should vividly enough express what, for good or for ill, his kinsman had been to him. "He has been to me an *amazement*! I have no doubt he is a most amiable man! You'll not deny, however, that he's a very odd style of person. I'm sorry he's ill! I'm sorry he's poor! He's my fiftieth cousin! Well and good! I'm an honest man. He shall not have it to say that he was not received at my house."

"He, too, thank Heaven! is an honest man!" I said, smiling.

"Why the deuce, then," cried Mr. Searle, turning almost fiercely upon me, "has he established this underhand claim to my property?"

This startling utterance flashed backward a gleam of light upon the demeanor of our host and the suppressed agitation of his sister. In an instant the jealous soul of the unhappy gentleman revealed itself. For a moment I was so amazed and scandalized at the directness of his attack that I lacked words to respond. As soon as he had

spoken, Mr. Searle appeared to feel that he had struck too hard a blow. "Excuse me, sir," he hurried on, "if I speak of this matter with heat. But I have seldom suffered so grievous a shock as on learning, as I learned this morning from my solicitor, the monstrous proceedings of Mr. Clement Searle. Great Heaven, sir, for what does the man take me? He pretends to the Lord knows what fantastic passion for my place. Let him respect it then. Let him, with his tawdry parade of imagination, imagine a tithe of what I feel. I love my estate; it's my passion, my life, myself! Am I to concede a round fraction of it to a beggarly foreigner, a man without means, without proof, a stranger, an adventurer, a Bohemian? I thought America boasted that she had land for all men! Upon my soul, sir, I have never been so shocked in my life."

I paused for some moments before speaking, to allow his passion fully to expend itself and to flicker up again if it chose; for on my own part it seemed well that I should answer him once for all. "Your really absurd apprehensions, Mr. Searle," I said, at last,—"your terrors, I may call them,—have fairly overmastered your common sense. You are attacking a man of straw, a creature of base illusion; though I'm sadly afraid you have wounded a man of spirit and of conscience. Either my friend has no valid claim on your estate, in which case your agitation is superfluous; or he has a valid claim —"

Mr. Searle seized my arm and glared at me, as I may say; his pale face paler still with the horror of my suggestion, his great keen eyes flashing, and his radiant hair erect and quivering with the force of sensation.

"A valid claim!" he whispered. "Let him try it!"

We had emerged into the great hall of the mansion and stood facing the main doorway. The door stood open into the noble porch, through whose stone archway I saw the garden glittering in the blue light of a full moon.

As Mr. Searle uttered the words I have just repeated, I beheld my companion come slowly up into the porch from without, bareheaded, bright in the outer moonlight, dark then in the shadow of the archway, and bright again in the lamplight on the threshold of the hall. As he crossed the threshold the butler made his appearance at the head of the staircase on our left, faltered visibly a moment on seeing Mr. Searle; but then, perceiving my friend, he gravely descended. He bore in his hand a small plated salver. On the salver, gleaming in the light of the suspended lamp, lay a folded note. Clement Searle came forward, staring a little and startled, I think, by some fine sense of a near explosion. The butler applied the match. He advanced toward my friend, extending salver and note. Mr. Searle made a movement as if to spring forward, but controlled himself. "Tottenham!" he shouted, in a strident voice.

"Yes, sir!" said Tottenham, halting.

"Stand where you are. For whom is that note?"

"For Mr. Clement Searle," said the butler, staring straight before him as if to discredit a suspicion of his having read the direction.

"Who gave it to you?"

"Mrs. Horridge, sir." (The house-keeper.)

"Who gave it Mrs. Horridge?"

There was on Tottenham's part just an infinitesimal pause before replying.

"My dear sir," broke in Searle, completely sobered by a scene of violated courtesy, "is n't that rather my business?"

"What happens in my house is my business; and mighty strange things seem to be happening." Mr. Searle had become exasperated to that point that, a rare thing for an Englishman, he compromised himself before a servant.

"Bring me the note!" he cried. The butler obeyed.

"Really, this is too much!" cried my companion, affronted and helpless.

I was disgusted. Before Mr. Searle had time to take the note, I possessed myself of it. "If you have no regard for your sister," I said, "let a stranger, at least, act for her." And I tore the disputed thing into a dozen pieces.

"In Heaven's name," cried Searle, "what does this horrid business mean?"

Mr. Searle was about to break out upon him; but at this moment his sister appeared on the staircase, summoned evidently by our high-pitched and angry voices. She had exchanged her dinner-dress for a dark dressing-gown, removed her ornaments, and begun to disarrange her hair, a heavy tress of which escaped from the comb. She hurried downward, with a pale, questioning face. Feeling distinctly that, for ourselves, immediate departure was in the air, and divining Mr. Tottenham to be a butler of infinite intuitions and extreme celerity, I seized the opportunity to request him, *sotto voce*, to send a carriage to the door without delay. "And put up our things," I added.

Our host rushed at his sister and seized the white wrist which escaped from the loose sleeve of her dress. "What was in that note?" he demanded.

Miss Searle looked first at its scattered fragments and then at her cousin. "Did you read it?" she asked.

"No, but I thank you for it!" said Searle.

Her eyes for an instant communed brightly with his own; then she transferred them to her brother's face, where the light went out of them and left a dull, sad patience. An inexorable patience he seemed to find it: he flushed crimson with rage and the sense of his unhandsoneness, and flung her away. "You're a child!" he cried. "Go to bed."

In poor Searle's face as well the gathered serenity was twisted into a sickened frown and the reflected brightness of his happy day turned to blank confusion. "Have I been dealing these

three hours with a madman?" he asked, plaintively.

"A madman, yes, if you will! A man mad with the love of his home and the sense of its rounded integrity! I have held my tongue till now, but you have been too much for me. Who are you, what are you? From what paradise of fools do you come, that you fancy I shall cut off a piece of my land, my home, my heart, to toss to you? Forsooth, I shall break my diamond! Prove your infernal claim! There is n't *that* in it!" And he kicked one of the bits of paper on the floor.

Searle received this broadside gaping. Then turning away, he went and seated himself on a bench against the wall and rubbed his forehead amazedly. I looked at my watch, and listened for the wheels of our carriage.

Mr. Searle went on. "Was n't it enough that you should have practised against my property? Need you have come into my very house to practise against my sister?"

Searle put his two hands to his face. "Oh, oh, oh!" he softly roared.

Miss Searle crossed rapidly and dropped on her knees at his side.

"Go to bed, you fool!" shrieked her brother.

"Dear cousin," said Miss Searle, "it's cruel that you are to have thus to think of us!"

"O, I shall think of you!" he said. And he laid a hand on her head.

"I believe you have done nothing wrong!" she murmured.

"I've done what I could," her brother pursued. "But it's arrant folly to pretend to friendship when this abomination lies between us. You were welcome to my meat and my wine, but I wonder you could swallow them. The sight spoiled my appetite!" cried the furious little man, with a laugh. "Proceed with your case! My people in London are instructed and prepared."

"I have a fancy," I said to Searle, "that your case has vastly improved since you gave it up."

"Oho! you don't feign ignorance then!" and he shook his flaming *chevelure* at me. "It is very kind of you to give it up!" And he laughed resoundingly. "Perhaps you will also give up my sister!"

Searle sat in his chair in a species of collapse, staring at his adversary. "O miserable man!" he moaned at last. "I fancied we had become such friends!"

"Boh! you imbecile!" cried our host.

Searle seemed not to hear him. "Am I seriously expected," he pursued, slowly and painfully, — "am I seriously expected — to — to sit here and defend myself — to prove I have done nothing wrong? Think what you please." And he rose, with an effort, to his feet. "I know what *you* think!" he added, to Miss Searle.

The carriage wheels resounded on the gravel, and at the same moment the footman descended with our two portmanteaus. Mr. Tottenham followed him with our hats and coats.

"Good God!" cried Mr. Searle; "you are not going away!" This ejaculation, under the circumstances, had a grand comicality which prompted me to violent laughter. "Bless my soul!" he added; "of course, you're going."

"It's perhaps well," said Miss Searle, with a great effort, inexpressibly touching in one for whom great efforts were visibly new and strange, "that I should tell you what my poor little note contained."

"That matter of your note, madam," said her brother, "you and I will settle together!"

"Let me imagine its contents," said Searle.

"Ah! they have been too much imagined!" she answered simply. "It was a word of warning. I knew something painful was coming."

Searle took his hat. "The pains and the pleasures of this day," he said to his kinsman, "I shall equally never forget. Knowing you," and he offered his hand to Miss Searle, "has been

the pleasure of pleasures. I hoped something more was to come of it."

"A deal too much has come of it!" said our host, irrepressibly.

Searle looked at him mildly, almost benignantly, from head to foot; and then closing his eyes with an air of sudden physical distress: "I'm afraid so! I can't stand more of this." I gave him my arm and crossed the threshold. As we passed out I heard Miss Searle burst into a torrent of sobs.

"We shall hear from each other yet, I take it!" cried our host, harassing our retreat.

Searle stopped and turned round on him sharply, almost fiercely. "O foolish man!" he cried.

"Do you mean to say you shall not prosecute?" screamed the other. "I shall force you to prosecute! I shall drag you into court, and you shall be beaten — beaten — beaten!" And this gentle verb continued to ring in our ears as we drove away.

We drove, of course, to the little wayside inn whence we had departed in the morning so free, in all broad England, of either enemies or friends. My companion, as the carriage rolled along, seemed utterly overwhelmed and exhausted. "What a dream!" he murmured stupidly. "What an awakening! What a long, long day! What a hideous scene! Poor me! Poor woman!" When we had resumed possession of our two little neighboring rooms, I asked him if Miss Searle's note had been the result of anything that had passed between them on his going to rejoin her. "I found her on the terrace," he said, "walking a restless walk in the moonlight. I was greatly excited; I hardly know what I said. I asked her, I think, if she knew the story of Margaret Searle. She seemed frightened and troubled, and she used just the words her brother had used, 'I know nothing.' For the moment, somehow, I felt as a man drunk. I stood before her and told her, with great emphasis, how sweet Margaret Searle had

married a beggarly foreigner, in obedience to her heart and in defiance of her family. As I talked the sheeted moonlight seemed to close about us, and we stood in a dream, in a solitude, in a romance. She grew younger, fairer, more gracious. I trembled with a divine loquacity. Before I knew it I had gone far. I was taking her hand and calling her 'Margaret!' She had said that it was impossible; that she could do nothing; that she was a fool, a child, a slave. Then, with a sudden huge conviction, I spoke of my claim against the estate. 'It exists, then?' she said. 'It exists,' I answered, 'but I have foregone it. Be generous! Pay it from your heart!' For an instant her face was radiant. 'If I marry you,' she cried, 'it will solve the trouble.' 'In our marriage,' I affirmed, 'the trouble will melt away like a raindrop in the ocean.' 'Our marriage!' she repeated, wonderingly; and the deep, deep ring of her voice seemed to shatter the crystal walls of our illusion. 'I must think, I must think!' she said; and she hurried away with her face in her hands. I walked up and down the terrace for some moments, and then came in and met you. This is the only witchcraft I have used!"

The poor fellow was at once so excited and so exhausted by the day's events, that I fancied he would get little sleep. Conscious, on my own part, of a stubborn wakefulness, I but partly undressed, set my fire a-blazing, and sat down to do some writing. I heard the great clock in the little parlor below strike twelve, one, half past one. Just as the vibration of this last stroke was dying on the air the door of communication into Searle's room was flung open, and my companion stood on the threshold, pale as a corpse, in his nightshirt, standing like a phantom against the darkness behind him. "Look at me!" he said, in a low voice, "touch me, embrace me, revere me! You see a man who has seen a ghost!"

"Great Heaven, what do you mean?"

"Write it down!" he went on. "There, take your pen. Put it into dreadful words. Make it of all ghost-stories the ghostliest, the truest! How do I look? Am I human? Am I pale? Am I red? Am I speaking English? A woman! A ghost! What was I born for? What have I lived for? To see a ghost!"

I confess there came upon me, by contact, a great supernatural shock. I shall always feel that I, too, have seen a ghost. My first movement — I can't smile at it even now — was to spring to the door, close it with a great blow, and then turn the key upon the gaping blackness from which Searle had emerged. I seized his two hands; they were wet with perspiration. I pushed my chair to the fire and forced him to sit down in it. I kneeled down before him and held his hands as firmly as possible. They trembled and quivered; his eyes were fixed, save that the pupil dilated and contracted with extraordinary force. I asked no questions, but waited with my heart in my throat. At last he spoke. "I'm not frightened, but I'm — O, EXCITED! This is life! This is living! My nerves — my heart — my brain! They are throbbing with the wildness of a myriad lives! Do you feel it? Do you tingle? Are you hot? Are you cold? Hold me tight — tight — tight! I shall tremble away into waves — waves — waves, and know the universe and approach my Maker!" He paused a moment and then went on: "A woman — as clear as that candle — far clearer! In a blue dress, with a black mantle on her head, and a little black muff. Young, dreadfully pretty, pale and ill, with the sadness of all the women who ever loved and suffered pleading and accusing in her dead dark eyes. God knows I never did any such thing! But she took me for my elder, for the other Clement. She came to me here as she would have come to me there. She wrung her hands and spoke to me. 'Marry me!' she moaned; 'marry me and right me!' I sat up in bed just as I sit here, looked at her,

heard her, — heard her voice melt away, watched her figure fade away. Heaven and earth! Here I am!"

I make no attempt either to explain my friend's vision or to discredit it. It is enough that I felt for the hour the irresistible contagion of his immense sensation. On the whole, I think my own vision was the more interesting of the two. He beheld but the transient, irresponsible spectre; I beheld the human subject, hot from the spectral presence. Nevertheless, I soon recovered my wits sufficiently to feel the necessity of guarding my friend's health against the bad results of excitement and exposure. It was tacitly established that, for the night, he was not to return to his room; and I soon made him fairly comfortable in his place by the fire. Wishing especially to obviate a chill, I removed my bedding and wrapped him hugely about with multitudinous blankets and counterpanes. I had no nerves left either for writing or sleep; so I put out my lights, renewed the fire and sat down on the opposite side of the hearth. I found a kind of solemn entertainment in watching my friend. Silent, swathed and muffled to his chin, he sat rigid and erect with the dignity of his great adventure. For the most part his eyes were closed; though from time to time he would open them with a vast steady expansion and gaze unblinking into the firelight, as if he again beheld, without terror, the image of that blighted maid. With his cadaverous, emaciated face, his tragic wrinkles, intensified by the upward glow from the hearth, his drooping black mustache, his transcendent gravity, and a certain high fantastical air in the flickering alternations of his brow, he looked like the vision-haunted knight of *La Mancha*, nursed by the Duke and Duchess. The night passed wholly without speech. Towards its close I slept for half an hour. When I awoke the birds had begun to twitter of another day. Searle sat unperturbed, staring at me. We exchanged a long look; I felt with a pang that his glittering eyes had tasted

their last of natural sleep. "How is it? are you comfortable?" I asked.

He gazed for some time without replying. Then he spoke with a strange, innocent grandiloquence and with pauses between his words, as if an inner voice were slowly prompting him. "You asked me, when you first knew me, what I was. 'Nothing,' I said, — 'nothing.' Nothing I have always deemed myself. But I have wronged myself. I'm a personage! I'm rare among men! I'm a haunted man!"

Sleep had passed out of his eyes: I felt with a deeper pang that perfect sanity had passed out of his voice. From this moment I prepared myself for the worst. There was in my friend, however, such an essential gentleness and conservative patience that to persons surrounding him the worst was likely to come without hurry or violence. He had so confirmed a habit of good manners that, at the core of reason, the process of disorder might have been long at work, without finding a faithless servant to transmit its messages or subverting these serried and investing sentinels. As morning began fully to dawn upon us, I brought our grotesque vigil to an end. Searle appeared so weak that I gave him my hands to help him to rise from his chair; he retained them for some moments after rising to his feet, from an apparent inability to keep his balance. "Well," he said, "I've seen one ghost, but I doubt of my living to see another. I shall soon be myself as brave a ghost as the best of them. I shall haunt Mr. Searle! It can only mean one thing, — my near, dear death."

On my proposing breakfast, "This shall be my breakfast!" he said; and he drew from his travelling-sack a phial of some habitual narcotic. He took a strong dose and went to bed. At noon I found him on foot again, dressed, shaved, and apparently refreshed. "Poor fellow!" he said, "you have got more than you've bargained for, — a ghost-encumbered comrade. But it won't be for long." It

immediately became a question, of course, whither we should now direct our steps. "As I have so little time," said Searle, "I should like to see the best, the best alone." I answered that, either for time or eternity, I had imagined Oxford to be the best thing in England; and for Oxford in the course of an hour we accordingly departed.

Of Oxford I feel small vocation to speak in detail. It must long remain for an American one of the supreme gratifications of travel. The impression it produces, the thoughts it generates, in an American mind, are too large and various to be compassed by words. It seems to embody with an undreamed completeness and overwhelming massiveness a dim and sacred ideal of the Western intellect, — a scholastic city, an appointed home of contemplation. Truly, no other spot in Europe, I imagine, extorts from our barbarous hearts so passionate an admiration. A braver pen than mine must enumerate the splendid devices by which it performs this great office. I can bear testimony only to the dominant tone of its effect. Passing through the streets innumerable in which the obverse longitude of the hoary college walls seem to maintain an antique stillness, a mediæval vacancy, you feel this to be the most dignified of towns. Over all, through all, the great corporate fact of the University prevails and penetrates, like some steady bass in a symphony of lighter chords, like the mediæval and mystical presence of the Empire in the linked dispersion of lesser states. The plain Gothic of the long street-fronts of the colleges — blessed seraglios of culture and leisure — irritate the fancy like the blank harem-walls of Eastern towns. Within their arching portals, however, you perceive more sacred and sunless courts and the dark verdure grateful and restful to bookish eyes. The gray-green quadrangles stand forever open with a noble and trustful hospitality. The seat of the humanities is stronger in the admonitory shadow of her great name than

in a marshalled host of wardens and beadles. Directly after our arrival my friend and I strolled vaguely forth in the luminous early dusk. We reached the bridge which passes beneath the walls of Magdalen and saw the eight-spired tower, embossed with its slender shaftings, rise in temperate beauty — the perfect prose of Gothic — wooing the eyes to the sky, as it was slowly drained of day. We entered the little monkish doorway and stood in that dim, fantastic outer court, made narrow by the dominant presence of the great tower, in which the heart beats faster and the swallows niche more lovingly in the tangled ivy, I fancied, than elsewhere in Oxford. We passed thence into the great cloister, and studied the gaunt stone images along the entablature of the arcade, which transmit to the smiling present the grim conceits of the founders. I was pleased to see that Searle became extremely interested; but I very soon began to fear that the influence of the place would prove too potent for his unbalanced imagination. I may say that from this time forward, with my unhappy friend, I found it hard to distinguish between the play of fancy and the labor of thought, and to fix the balance between perception and illusion. He had already taken a fancy to confound his identity with that of the earlier Clement Searle; he now began to speak almost wholly as from the imagined consciousness of his Old-World kinsman.

"This was my college, you know," he said; "the noblest in all Oxford. How often I have paced this gentle cloister, side by side with a friend of the hour! My friends are all dead, but many a young fellow as we meet him, dark or fair, tall or short, reminds me of them. Even Oxford, they say, feels about its massive base the murmurs of the tide of time; there are things eliminated, things insinuated! Mine was ancient Oxford, — the fine old haunt of rank abuses, of precedent and privilege. What cared I, who was a perfect gentleman, with my pockets

full of money? I had an allowance of two thousand a year."

It became evident to me, on the following day, that his strength had begun to ebb, and that he was unequal to the labor of any large exploration. He read my apprehension in my eyes, and took pains to assure me that I was right. "I am going down hill. Thank Heaven it's an easy slope, coated with English turf and with an English churchyard at the foot." The almost hysterical emotion produced by our adventure at Lockley Park had given place to a broad, calm satisfaction, in which the scene around us was reflected as in the depths of a lucid lake. We took an afternoon walk through Christ-Church Meadow,—worthy of its sounding name!—and at the river-bank procured a boat, which I pulled up the stream to Iffley, to "Iffley church, the church that crowns the hill," and to the slanting woods of Nuneham,—the sweetest, flattest, reediest stream-side landscape that the heart need demand. Here, of course, we encountered in hundreds the mighty lads of England, clad in white flannel and blue, immense, fair-haired, magnificent in their youth, lounging down the current in their idle punts, in friendly couples, or in solitude possibly pregnant of scholastic honors; or pulling in straining crews and hoarsely exhorted from the near bank. When with this freighted channel of masculine motion, you think of the verdant quietude and the blooming sanctities of the college gardens, you can't but esteem that the youth of England have their porridge well salted. As my companion found himself less and less able to walk, we repaired on three successive days to these various gardens and spent long hours sitting in their greenest places. The perfect weather continued, securely transmitted from hour to hour, hushing them each into a golden silence of gratitude, fitfully broken by a breezy murmur of disbelief. These scholastic domains seemed to us the fairest possible things in England and the ripest and sweetest fruits

of the English system. Locked in their antique verdure, guarded (as in the case of New College) by gentle battlements of silver gray, outshoudering the matted leafage of centenary vines, filled with perfumes and privacy and memories, with students lounging bookishly on the turf (as if tenderly to spare it the pressure of their boot-heels), and with the great conservative presence of the college front appealing gravely from the restless outer world, they seem places to lie down on the grass in forever, in the happy faith that life is all a vast old English garden, and time an endless English afternoon. This charmed seclusion was especially grateful to my friend, and his sense of it reached its climax, I remember, on the last afternoon of our three, as we sat worshipping in the spacious garden of St. John's. The long college façade here broods over the lawn with a more effective air of property than elsewhere. Searle fell into unceasing talk and exhaled his swarming impressions with a tender felicity and an odd union of wisdom and folly which I can but partly reproduce. Every student who passed us was the subject of an extemporized romance, and every feature of the place the theme of a lyric rhapsody. My friend's whole being, indeed, seemed now more and more to tremble with the racking act of vision; and if I had been asked on what sole condition his life might be prolonged, I would have said on that of sudden blindness.

"Is n't it all," he demanded, "a delightful lie? Might n't one fancy this the very central point of the world's heart, where all the echoes of the world's life arrive only to falter and die? Listen! The air is thick with arrested voices. It is well there should be such places, shaped in the interest of factitious needs; framed to minister to the book-begotten longing for a medium in which one may dream unawaked, and believe unconfuted; to foster the sweet illusion that all is well in this weary world, all perfect and rounded, mellow and complete in this sphere

of the pitiful unachieved and the dreadful uncommenced. The world's made! work's over! Now for leisure! England's safe! Now for Theocritus and Horace, for lawn and sky! What a sense it all gives one of the composite life of England, and how essential a factor of the educated British consciousness one omits in not thinking of Oxford! Thank Heaven they had the wit to send me here in the other time. I'm not much with it, perhaps; but what should I have been without it? The misty spires and towers of Oxford, seen far off on the level, have been all these years one of the constant things of memory. Seriously, what does Oxford do for these people? Are they wiser, gentler, richer, deeper? At moments, when its massive influence surges into my mind like a tidal wave, I feel a certain injury in the shock; I beseech the waters with a passionate voice. My soul reverts to the naked background of our own education, the dead white wall before which we played our parts. I assent to it all with a sort of desperate calmness; I bow to it with a dogged pride. We are nursed at the opposite pole. Naked come we into a naked world. There is a certain grandeur in the absence of a *mise en scène*, a certain heroic strain in those young imaginations of the West, which find nothing made to their hands, which have to concoct their own mysteries and raise high into our morning air, with a ringing hammer and nails, the castles in which they dwell. *Noblesse oblige*: Oxford obliges. What a horrible thing not to respond to the obligations here contracted! If you pay the pious debt to the last farthing of interest, you bear upon your forehead her great benediction; but if you let it stand unhonored, you are far more blankly uncredited, I deem, than the most unschooled and unstamped of Americans. But for better or worse, in a myriad private hearts, think how she must be loved! How the youthful sentiment of mankind seems visibly to brood upon her! Think of the young lives

now taking color in her corridors and cloisters. Think of the centuries' tale of dead lads,—dead alike with the close of the young days to which these haunts were a present world and the ending of the larger lives which a sterner mother-scene has gathered into her massive history. What are those two young fellows kicking their heels over on the grass, there? One of them has the Saturday Review; the other—upon my soul, the other has Artemus Ward! Where do they live, how do they live, to what end do they live? Miserable boys! How can they read Artemus Ward under those windows of Elizabeth? What do you think loveliest in all Oxford? The poetry of certain windows. Do you see that one yonder, the second of those lesser bays, with the broken mullion and open casement? That used to be the window of a Pylades of mine, a hundred years ago. Remind me to tell you the story of that broken mullion. Don't tell me it's not a common thing to have one's Pylades at another college. Pray, was I pledged to common things? He was a charming fellow. By the way, he was a good deal like you. Of course his cocked hat, his long hair in a black ribbon, his cinnamon velvet suit, and his flowered waistcoat, made a difference! We gentlemen used to wear swords."

There was something surprising and impressive in my friend's gushing magniloquence. The poor disheartened *flâneur* had turned rhapsodist and seer. I was particularly struck with his having laid aside the diffidence and shy self-consciousness, which had marked him during the first days of our acquaintance. He was becoming more and more a disembodied observer and critic; the shell of sense, growing daily more transparent and tenuous, transmitted unallayed the tremor of his quickened spirit. He revealed an unexpected faculty for becoming acquainted with the lounging gownsmen whom we met in our vague peregrinations. If I left him for ten minutes, I was sure to find him, on my return, in

earnest conversation with some affable wandering scholar. Several young men with whom he had thus established relations invited him to their rooms and entertained him, as I gathered, with boisterous hospitality. For myself, I chose not to be present on these occasions; I shrunk partly from being held in any degree responsible for his vagaries, and partly from witnessing that painful aggravation of them which I feared might be induced by champagne and youthful society. He reported those adventures with less eloquence than I had fancied he might use; but, on the whole, I suspect that a certain method in his madness, a certain firmness in his most melting *bonhomie*, had insured him perfect respect. Two things, however, became evident,—that he drank more champagne than was good for him, and that the boyish grossness of his entertainers tended rather, on reflection, to disturb in his mind the pure image of Oxford. At the same time it completed his knowledge of the place. He dined in Hall in half a dozen colleges, and aluded afterwards to these banquets with a sort of religious brevity and relish. One evening, at the close of one of these entertainments, he came back to the hotel in a cab, accompanied by a friendly student and a physician, and looking deadly pale and exhausted. He had swooned away on leaving table, and had remained so stubbornly unconscious as to excite great alarm among his companions. The following twenty-four hours, of course, he spent in bed; but on the third day he declared himself strong enough to go out. On reaching the street his strength again forsook him, and I insisted upon his returning to his room. He besought me with tears in his eyes not to shut him up. "It's my last chance," he said. "I want to go back for an hour to that garden of St. John's. Let me look and feel; to-morrow I die." It seemed to me possible that with a Bath-chair the expedition might be accomplished. The hotel, it appeared, possessed such an article: it

was immediately produced. It became necessary hereupon that we should have a person to propel the chair. As there was no one available on the spot, I prepared to perform the office; but just as Searle had got seated and wrapped (he had come to suffer acutely from cold), an elderly man emerged from a lurking-place near the door, and, with a formal salute, offered to wait upon the gentleman. We assented, and he proceeded solemnly to trundle the chair before him. I recognized him as an individual whom I had seen lounging shyly about the hotel doors, at intervals during our stay, with a depressed air of wanting employment and a hopeless doubt of finding any. He had once, indeed, in a half-hearted way, proposed himself as an amateur *cicerone* for a tour through the colleges; and I now, as I looked at him, remembered with a pang that I had declined his services with untender curtness. Since then, his shyness, apparently, had grown less or his misery greater; for it was with a strange, grim avidity that he now attached himself to our service. He was a pitiful image of shabby gentility and the dinginess of "reduced circumstances." He imparted an original force to the term "seedy." He was, I suppose, some fifty years of age; but his pale, haggard, unwholesome visage, his plaintive, drooping carriage, and the irremediable decay of his apparel, seemed to add to the burden of his days and experience. His eyes were bloodshot and weak-looking, his handsome nose had turned to purple, and his sandy beard, largely streaked with gray, bristled with a month's desperate indifference to the razor. In all this rusty forlornness there lurked a visible assurance of our friend's having known better days. Obviously, he was the victim of some fatal depreciation in the market value of pure gentility. There had been something terribly pathetic in the way he fiercely merged the attempt to touch the greasy rim of his antiquated hat into a rounded and sweeping bow, as from jaunty equal to

equal. Exchanging a few words with him as we went along, I was struck with the perfect refinement of his tone and manner of speech.

"Take me by some long roundabout way," said Searle; "so that I may see as many college walls as possible."

"You can wander without losing your way?" I said to our attendant.

"I ought to be able to, sir," he said, after a moment, with pregnant gravity. And as we were passing Wadham College, "That's my college, sir," he added.

At these words Searle commanded him to stop and come and stand in front of him. "You say that is *your* college?" he demanded.

"Wadham might deny me, sir; but Heaven forbid I should deny Wadham. If you'll allow me to take you into the quad, I'll show you my windows, thirty years ago!"

Searle sat staring, with his huge, pale eyes, which now had come to usurp the greatest place in his wasted visage, filled with wonder and pity. "If you'll be so kind," he said, with immense politeness. But just as this degenerate son of Wadham was about to propel him across the threshold of the court, he turned about, disengaged his hands, with his own hand, from the back of the chair, drew him alongside of him and turned to me. "While we are here, my dear fellow," he said, "be so good as to perform this service. You understand?" I smiled sufferance at our companion, and we resumed our way. The latter showed us his window of thirty years ago, where now a rosy youth in a scarlet smoking-fez was puffing a cigarette in the open lattice. Thence we proceeded into the little garden, the smallest, I believe, and certainly the sweetest of all the bosky resorts in Oxford. I pushed the chair along to a bench on the lawn, wheeled it about toward the façade of the college, and sat down on the grass. Our attendant shifted himself mournfully from one foot to the other. Searle eyed him open-mouthed. At length he broke

out: "God bless my soul, sir, you don't suppose that I expect you to stand! There's an empty bench."

"Thank you," said our friend, bending his joints to sit.

"You English," said Searle, "are — *impayables*! I don't know whether I most admire you or protest against you! Now tell me: who are you? what are you? what brought you to this?"

The poor fellow blushed up to his eyes, took off his hat and wiped his forehead with a ragged handkerchief. "My name is Rawson, sir. Beyond that, it's a long story."

"I ask out of sympathy," said Searle. "I have a fellow-feeling! You're a poor devil; I'm a poor devil, too."

"I'm the poorer devil of the two," said the stranger, with a little emphatic nod of the head.

"Possibly. I suppose an English poor devil is the poorest of all poor devils. And then you have fallen from a height. From Wadham College as a gentleman commoner (is that what they called you?) to Wadham College as a Bath-chair man! Good heavens, man, the fall's enough to kill you!"

"I did n't take it all at once, sir. I dropped a bit one time and a bit another."

"That's me, that's me!" cried Searle, clapping his hands.

"And now," said our friend. "I believe I can't drop further."

"My dear fellow," and Searle clasped his hand and shook it, "there's a perfect similarity in our lot."

Mr. Rawson lifted his eyebrows. "Save for the difference of sitting in a Bath-chair and walking behind it!"

"O, I'm at my last gasp, Mr. Rawson."

"I'm at my last penny, sir."

"Literally, Mr. Rawson?"

Mr. Rawson shook his head, with a world of vague bitterness. "I have almost come to the point," he said, "of drinking my beer, and buttoning my coat figuratively; but I don't talk in figures."

Fearing that the conversation had taken a turn which might seem to cast a rather fantastic light upon Mr. Rawson's troubles, I took the liberty of asking him with great gravity how he made a living.

"I don't make a living," he answered, with tearful eyes, "I can't make a living. I have a wife and three children, starving, sir. You wouldn't believe what I have come to. I sent my wife to her mother's, who can ill-afford to keep her, and came to Oxford a week ago, thinking I might pick up a few half-crowns by showing people about the colleges. But it's no use. I have n't the assurance. I don't look decent. They want a nice little old man with black gloves, and a clean shirt, and a silver-headed stick. What do I look as if I knew about Oxford, sir?"

"Dear me," cried Searle, "why did n't you speak to us before?"

"I wanted to; half a dozen times I have been on the point of it. I knew you were Americans."

"And Americans are rich!" cried Searle, laughing. "My dear Mr. Rawson, American as I am, I'm living on charity."

"And I'm not, sir! There it is. I'm dying for the want of charity. You say you're a pauper; it takes an American pauper to go bowling about in a Bath-chair. America's an easy country."

"Ah me!" groaned Searle. "Have I come to Wadham gardens to hear the praise of America?"

"Wadham gardens are very well!" said Mr. Rawson; "but one may sit here hungry and shabby, so long as one is n't too shabby, as well as elsewhere. You'll not persuade me that it's not an easier thing to keep afloat yonder than here. I wish I were there, that's all!" added Mr. Rawson, with a sort of feeble-minded energy. Then brooding for a moment on his wrongs: "Have you a brother? or you, sir? It matters little to you. But it has mattered to me with a vengeance! Shabby as I sit here, I have a brother with his five

thousand a year. Being a couple of years my senior, he gorges while I starve. There's England for you! A very pretty place for *him*!"

"Poor England!" said Searle, softly.

"Has your brother never helped you?" I asked.

"A twenty-pound note now and then! I don't say that there have not been times when I have sorely tried his generosity. I have not been what I should. I married dreadfully amiss. But the devil of it is that he started fair and I started foul; with the tastes, the desires, the needs, the sensibilities of a gentleman,—and nothing else! I can't afford to live in England."

"This poor gentleman," said I, "fancied a couple of months ago that he could n't afford to live in America."

"I'd change chances with him!" And Mr. Rawson gave a passionate slap to his knee.

Searle reclined in his chair with his eyes closed and his face twitching with violent emotion. Suddenly he opened his eyes with a look of awful gravity. "My friend," he said, "you're a failure! Be judged! Don't talk about chances. Don't talk about fair starts and foul starts. I'm at that point myself that I have a right to speak. It lies neither in one's chance nor one's start to make one a success; nor in anything one's brother can do or can undo. It lies in one's will! You and I, sir, have had none; that's very plain! We have been weak, sir; as weak as water. Here we are, sitting staring in each other's faces and reading our weakness in each other's eyes. We are of no account!"

Mr. Rawson received this address with a countenance in which heartfelt conviction was oddly mingled with a vague suspicion that a proper self-respect required him to resent its unflattering candor. In the course of a minute a proper self-respect yielded to the warm, comfortable sense of his being understood, even to his light dishonor. "Go on, sir, go on," he said. "It's

wholesome truth." And he wiped his eyes with his dingy handkerchief.

"Dear me!" cried Searle. "I've made you cry. Well! we speak as from man to man. I should be glad to think that you had felt for a moment the side-light of that great undarkening of the spirit which precedes — which precedes the grand illumination of death."

Mr. Rawson sat silent for a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground and his well-cut nose more deeply tinged by the force of emotion. Then at last, looking up: "You're a very good-natured man, sir; and you'll not persuade me that you don't come of a good-natured race. Say what you please about a chance, when a man's fifty — degraded, penniless, a husband and father — a chance to get on his legs again is not to be despised. Something tells me that my chance is in your country, — that great home of chances. I can starve here, of course; but I don't want to starve. Hang it, sir, I want to live. I see thirty years of life before me yet. If only, by God's help, I could spend them there! It's a fixed idea of mine. I've had it for the last ten years. It's not that I'm a radical. I've no ideas! Old England's good enough for me, but I'm not good enough for England. I'm a shabby man that wants to get out of a room full of staring gentlefolks. I'm forever put to the blush. It's a perfect agony of spirit. Everything reminds me of my younger and better self. O, for a cooling, cleansing plunge into the unknown and the unknown! I lie awake thinking of it."

Searle closed his eyes and shivered with a long-drawn tremor which I hardly knew whether to take for an expression of physical or of mental pain. In a moment I perceived it was neither. "O my country, my country, my country," he murmured in a broken voice; and then sat for some time abstracted and depressed. I intimated to our companion that it was time we should bring our *séance* to a close, and he, without hesitating, possessed himself

of the little hand-rail of the Bath-chair and pushed it before him. We had got half-way home before Searle spoke or moved. Suddenly in the High Street, as we were passing in front of a chop-house, from whose open doors there proceeded a potent suggestion of juicy joints and suet puddings, he motioned us to halt. "This is my last five pounds," he said, drawing a note from his pocket-book. "Do me the favor, Mr. Rawson, to accept it. Go in there and order a colossal dinner. Order a bottle of Burgundy and drink it to my immortal health!" Mr. Rawson stiffened himself up and received the gift with momentarily irresponsive fingers. But Mr. Rawson had the nerves of a gentleman. I saw the titillation of his pointed finger-tips as they closed upon the crisp paper; I noted the fine tremor in his empurpled nostril as it became more deeply conscious of the succulent flavor of the spot. He crushed the crackling note in his palm with a convulsive pressure.

"It shall be Chambertin!" he said, jerking a spasmodic bow. The next moment the door swung behind him.

Searle relapsed into his feeble stupor, and on reaching the hotel I helped him to get to bed. For the rest of the day he lay in a half-somnolent state, without motion, or speech. The doctor, whom I had constantly in attendance, declared that his end was near. He expressed great surprise that he should have lasted so long: he must have been living for a month on a cruelly extorted strength. Toward evening, as I sat by his bedside in the deepening dusk, he aroused himself with a purpose which I had vaguely felt gathering beneath his quietude. "My cousin, my cousin," he said, confusedly. "Is she here?" It was the first time he had spoken of Miss Searle since our exit from her brother's house. "I was to have married her," he went on. "What a dream! That day was like a string of verses, rhymed hours. But the last verse is bad measure. What's the rhyme to 'love'?" *Above.* Was she a simple person, a sweet person?

Or have I dreamed it? She had the healing gift; her touch would have cured my madness. I want you to do something. Write three lines, three words: 'Good by; remember me; be happy.'" And then after a long pause: "It's strange a man in my condition should have a wish. Need a man eat his breakfast before his hanging? What a creature is man! what a farce is life! Here I lie, worn down to a mere throbbing fever-point; I breathe and nothing more, and yet I *desire*! My desire lives. If I could see her! Release it and let me die."

Half an hour later, at a venture, I despatched a note to Miss Searle: "*Your cousin is rapidly dying. He asks to see you.*" I was conscious of a certain unkindness in doing so. It would bring a great trouble, and no power to face the trouble. But out of her distress, I fondly hoped a sufficient energy might be born. On the following day my friend's weakness became so complete that I began to fear that his intelligence was altogether gone. But towards evening he rallied awhile, and talked in a maudering way about many things, confounding the memories of the past weeks and those of bygone years in a ghastly monotonous jumble. "By the way," he said suddenly, "I have made no will. I have n't much to bequeath. Yet I've something." He had been playing listlessly with a large signet ring on his left hand, which he now tried to draw off. "I leave you this," working it round and round vainly, "if you can get it off. What mighty knuckles! There must be such knuckles in the mummies of the Pharaohs. Well, when I'm gone! Nay, I leave you something more precious than gold, — the sense of a great kindness. But I have a little gold left. Bring me those trinkets." I placed on the bed before him several articles of jewelry, relics of early elegance: his watch and chain, of great value, a locket and seal, some shirt-buttons and scarf-pins. He trifled with them feebly for some moments, murmuring va-

rious names and dates associated with them. At last, looking up with a sudden energy, "What's become of Mr. Rawson?"

"You want to see him?"

"How much are these things worth?" he asked, without heeding me. "How much would they bring?" And he held them up in his weak hands. "They have a great weight. Two hundred pounds? I am richer than I thought! Rawson — Rawson — you want to get out of this awful England?"

I stepped to the door and requested the servant, whom I kept in constant attendance in the adjoining sitting-room, to descend and ascertain if Mr. Rawson was on the premises. He returned in a few moments, introducing our shabby friend. Mr. Rawson was pale, even to his nose, and with his grave agitation had an air of great distinction. I led him up to the bed. In Searle's eyes, as they fell on him, there shone for a moment the light of a high fraternal greeting.

"Great God!" said Mr. Rawson, fervently.

"My friend," said Searle, "there is to be one American the less. Let there be one the more. At the worst, you'll be as good a one as I. Foolish me! Take these trinkets; let them help you on your way. They are gifts and memories, but this is a better use. Heaven speed you! May America be kind to you. Be kind, at the last, to your own country!"

"Really, this is too much; I can't," our friend protested in a tremulous voice. "Do get well, and I'll stop here!"

"Nay; I'm booked for my journey, you for yours. I hope you don't suffer at sea."

Mr. Rawson exhaled a groan of helpless gratitude, appealing piteously from so awful a good fortune. "It's like the angel of the Lord," he said, "who bids people in the Bible to rise and flee!"

Searle had sunk back upon his pillow, exhausted: I led Mr. Rawson back into the sitting-room, where in

three words I proposed to him a broad valuation of our friend's trinkets. He assented with perfect good-breeding ; they passed into my possession and a second bank-note into his.

From the collapse into which this beneficent interview had plunged him, Searle gave few signs of being likely to emerge. He breathed, as he had said, and nothing more. The twilight deepened : I lit the night-lamp. The doctor sat silent and official at the foot of the bed ; I resumed my constant place near the head. Suddenly Searle opened his eyes widely. "She'll not come," he murmured. "Amen ! she's an English sister." Five minutes passed. He started forward. "She has come, she is here !" he whispered. His words conveyed to my mind so absolute an assurance, that I lightly rose and passed into the sitting-room. At the same moment, through the opposite door, the servant introduced a lady. A lady, I say ; for an instant she was simply such ; tall, pale, dressed in deep mourning. The next moment I had uttered her name — "Miss Searle !" She looked ten years older.

She met me, with both hands extended, and an immense question in her face. "He has just spoken your name," I said. And then, with a fuller consciousness of the change in her dress and countenance : "What has happened ?"

"O death, death !" said Miss Searle. "You and I are left."

There came to me with her words a sort of sickening shock, the sense of some grim *escamotage* of poetic justice. "Your brother ?" I demanded.

She laid her hand on my arm, and I felt its pressure deepen as she spoke. "He was thrown from his horse in the park. He died on the spot. Six days have passed. — Six months !"

She took my arm. A moment later we had entered the room and approached the bedside. The doctor withdrew. Searle opened his eyes and looked at her from head to foot. Suddenly he seemed to perceive her mourning. "Already !" he cried, audibly ; with a smile, as I believe, of pleasure.

She dropped on her knees and took his hand. "Not for you, cousin," she whispered. "For my poor brother."

He started in all his deathly longitude as with a galvanic shock. "Dead ! *he* dead ! Life itself !" And then, after a moment, with a slight rising inflection : "You are free ?"

"Free, cousin. Sadly free. And now — *now* — with what use for freedom ?"

He looked steadily a moment into her eyes, dark in the heavy shadow of her musty mourning veil. "For me," he said, "wear colors !"

In a moment more, death had come, the doctor had silently attested it and Miss Searle had burst into sobs.

We buried him in the little churchyard in which he had expressed the wish to lie ; beneath one of the mightiest of English yews and the little tower than which none in all England has a softer and older gray. A year has passed. Miss Searle, I believe, has begun to wear colors.

H. James Jr.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

SUN-SPOTS appear to have been noticed occasionally for more than a thousand years, being mistaken at first for planets crossing the disk of the sun. One of the first fruits of the invention of the telescope was their discovery by Galileo and Fabricius to be appendages to the sun; and its rotation on its own axis, in a little less than a month, determined from them. From that time they have been objects of frequent observation and increasing interest, as the principal means of studying the physical constitution of the sun; and never so much so as at the present time, when the spectroscope and photography are added to the means of observation.

Many theories have been advanced with regard to them. Galileo thought they were pitchy scum, surmounted by clouds, thrown up from the heated body of the sun, and wafted round on an illuminated atmosphere. But his means of observation were imperfect. It did not occur to him to use a colored glass, and his observations were confined to periods when the sun was near the horizon or veiled by clouds or fog. When they came to be better observed, this theory was abandoned, as well as many others that succeeded it. About 1773 Professor Alexander Wilson, of Glasgow, advanced another theory, founded upon a careful examination of the aspect of the spots; which, with some modifications from late discoveries, obtains at the present time. His idea was that they were conical cavities in the illuminated surface of the sun, analogous to cyclones in the atmosphere of the earth, showing a darker stratum of the sun at the bottom. The normal condition of a well-developed sun-spot may be described as consisting of a very dark centre, varying in shape, called the umbra, which is the lower and darker stratum at the bottom of the vortex,

surrounded by a gray marginal disk, much larger, called the penumbra, which is the conical or funnel-shaped cavity in the luminous surface. Sometimes a still darker spot is seen on the umbra, called the nucleus, which is presumed to be an opening into a still lower stratum. The sun rotates in about $25\frac{1}{2}$ days; but as the earth advances in its orbit in the same direction, its apparent rotation to us is 27.3 days; and the average passage of a spot across the disk is about $13\frac{1}{2}$ days. As the spot first makes its appearance on the eastern edge of the hemisphere, it is seen only as a long, narrow line of the penumbra, — as if one were approaching the crater of a volcano from a level, and got sight of the opposite side of the crater. The next day, as it advances, a glimpse of the umbra is seen, as if over the edge of the nearest side of the cone, and so on, till it approaches the centre of the disk, and gives a view into the whole cavity, as if one were suspended in a balloon directly over the crater. As the spot rotates towards the western edge these aspects are reversed. It was from these appearances that Wilson founded his theory. We know now, that what we see of the sun, except through these spots, and at the time of a total eclipse, is an intensely luminous envelope, called the photosphere, consisting of incandescent metallic gases, in which iron, copper, sodium and many other metals are held in a gaseous condition by the intense heat. The idea now is that these gases, becoming cooled by contact with external space, or a cooler external atmosphere, are precipitated, and rush in descending currents towards the centre, breaking away the photosphere, and exposing lower and less luminous strata. This is confirmed by the spectroscope, which shows the presence of descending currents in the penumbra; and by stereo-

scopic views, which present the spots as funnel-shaped cavities. It was once thought that the umbra was part of a solid crust of the sun, if there is anything solid there, but the spectro-scope shows it to be composed of incandescent gases, in constant agitation, and it would doubtless appear luminous, were it not in such juxtaposition with the photosphere.

But this is not the only aspect of sun-spots. They are often seen in small patches of dark umbra, without any penumbra, sometimes singly, but oftener in groups; appearing, through a telescope of moderate size, like black beads dropped upon the luminous surface. They must be several hundred miles in diameter, however, to be seen at all. Many of these close up without any further development; and late observations this season suggest the possibility that they may sometimes be vents, through which ascending currents of flame may be rising. Others increase in size, develop the penumbra, and assume the normal type. In this condition they seem to be endowed with a degree of permanence; not only passing across the disk of the sun, but returning in subsequent rotations. A few have been traced through six rotations. Sometimes they appear and disappear quite suddenly. Well-developed spots, two or three times the diameter of the earth, were seen one day last summer, where there was nothing but the unbroken photosphere the day before; others have disappeared in one or two days. Sometimes they increase to vast proportions, separate into fragments, throw off large patches of penumbra, with little or no umbra, scatter, and disappear. In this last condition the cavities seem to become much more shallow than before, and the penumbra widely diffused, so that the umbra may be traced quite near the edge of the sun.

Accompanying the spots are to be seen lines and wreaths of luminous matter, more brilliant than the photosphere, reminding one of snow-drifts seen in sunshine, which are called

flaculæ. Stereoscopic views show them to be elevated ridges of the luminous matter of the photosphere, crowded up into corrugations by the disturbing forces which form the spots.

Sun-spots have received more or less attention from almost every astronomer since their discovery. But two men have distinguished themselves by their devotion to them,—Holfath Schwabe of Dessau, and Richard C. Carrington of Red Hill in England. Schwabe has spent forty years in observing them, and collecting and analyzing all the information to be obtained from other sources. Carrington erected an observatory for their examination, and made very accurate drawings of them, from a graduated screen, every fine day for eight years, from 1853 to 1861; the result of which was published in a beautiful quarto volume, which received the gold medal from the French Academy of Science. From all these sources some progress has been made in the study of their habits. It has been ascertained that they are governed by periodic laws. They increase gradually, in numbers and size, till they reach a maximum; and then decrease to a minimum, going through the cycle in about $10\frac{1}{2}$ years. During the maximum not a day passes without their appearance, and they may be often counted by scores and hundreds, while the region they frequent is corrugated with flaculæ. In the minimum they become very rare, many weeks passing without one, and the surface of the photosphere is quite smooth. This periodicity is found to coincide with the distance of the planet Jupiter from the sun, the maximum with the greatest distance; though the nature of the relation has not yet been ascertained. A careful analysis of Carrington's observations has lately shown other minor fluctuations, which coincide with the movements of Venus and the Earth, thus confirming the probability of planetary influence; and it will be fair to infer that the other planets exert similar influences, in proportion to their size and distance.

This becomes very suggestive with regard to the phenomena of those variable stars which periodically vary in brilliancy. It has been calculated that the difference in the luminous surface of our sun, at the maximum and minimum of spots, is sufficient to make it a variable star, with a cycle of $10\frac{1}{2}$ years. We have only to suppose a variable star to be accompanied by planets of adequate size, or orbits sufficiently eccentric, to account for almost any amount of variability.

It has also been ascertained that the spots are chiefly confined to two zones, between the latitude of 10° and 30° , corresponding to the cyclonic regions on the earth. At the minimum periods a few lap over into the equatorial regions; then, as they increase, they break out about the latitude of 30° and gradually spread over the whole zone. A few extend beyond 30° , but never into the polar regions. In five thousand three hundred observed by Carrington, but one reached the latitude of $47\frac{1}{2}^\circ$.

While they rotate with the photosphere they also have a proper motion of their own, the laws of which are not yet established. They recede from, and approach each other. The late W. C. Bond noted one that passed over the sun's disk in twelve days, which would indicate a movement of its own of more than ten thousand miles a day. Carrington found that they moved faster in low latitudes than in high, and that they had a drift towards the equator. Whether these movements are owing to proper motions in the spots, or currents in the photosphere, is yet to be ascertained. There seems to be a disposition in them to preponderate in the northern hemisphere. It has been decidedly so this season; and one side of the sun has been more spotted than the opposite. This suggests the question, whether they may not be connected with tides in the photosphere. We know it is relatively thin, and an ocean of gas must be much more sensitive to external influences than one of water.

It has also been ascertained that

the maxima and minima coincide with the variations of the magnet on the earth, thus establishing a correlation with our planet. This has been sometimes manifested in a more spasmodic manner by magnetic storms and brilliant auroras. The most remarkable of these occurred on the 1st September, 1859. On that day Messrs. Carrington and Hodgson were simultaneously observing the same spot, at places remote from each other, when they were surprised by the sudden appearance and passage of a brilliant stream of light over the umbra. It was found that at the same moment the self-registering magnets at Kew indicated a violent and unusual oscillation, which was followed by a great magnetic and electric storm. Telegraphic communication was interrupted. In this country the operators disconnected the batteries and worked by the fluid with which the atmosphere was surcharged. Some stations were set on fire, and some operators injured by excessive discharges of electricity; and very brilliant auroras were seen in both hemispheres for two or three days, that at the north extending to Cuba. Thus the whole earth seemed to thrill in response to this movement on the sun.

There is a strong impression that hot and dry weather on land is coincident with the maximum of sun-spots. But we have not yet accumulated accurate meteorological observations sufficiently extended in time and space to decide this question. During the past year we have been passing through one of the maximum periods of demonstration, and not a day has passed without their appearance, while they have often been present in scores and even hundreds. Sometimes large spots, groups, and bands have been perfectly visible to the eye, only screened by a colored or smoked glass. In March there was a magnificent pear-shaped cluster, probably one hundred and fifty thousand miles long, nearly twenty times the diameter of the earth. In November an immense spot was visible, apparently breaking up, throw-

ing off large patches of penumbra, and exhibiting an uncommonly large nucleus. In the latter half of August a grand procession of groups occupied the northern zone, visible to the screened eye as a dusky girdle, like one of the bands of Jupiter. When the opposite side of the sun was turned, only three small spots were seen, the minimum of the season. But on the next rotation the whole procession reappeared, somewhat altered, but quite recognizable. One of those spots was very remarkable, passing through extraordinary changes and most picturesque forms. On the 20th of September it was measured at an observatory in England, the penumbra found to be seventy-two thousand miles long and fifty thousand miles wide, and the umbra thirty-one thousand five hundred miles long. There was room enough on the penumbra to place fifty spheres the size of the earth. On the 26th it had separated into two penumbrae, each containing two pear-shaped umbra, with all their apices pointing towards a common centre of motion, while a vast river of penumbra, marked with small dots of umbra, flowed around the southern spot and through the space between them, more than one hundred thousand miles long, towards the sun's centre. But another interest attaches to this spot.

It is well known that when the sun is totally eclipsed, there are tongues or columns of rosy light, seen here and there along the edge of the sun, projecting beyond the disk of the moon, called prominences or protuberances, which are entirely invisible at other times to the most powerful telescope, owing to the superior brilliancy of the photosphere, and which the spectroscope has shown to be luminous gas, in which the lines of hydrogen and magnesium have been found. During the last two years these have not only been analyzed, but also revealed to sight by the spectroscope.

During the past summer Professor C. A. Young of Dartmouth College has been diligently observing them, with a

new compound spectroscope, designed by himself, and constructed by Alvan Clark and Sons of Cambridgeport. He has not only seen them around the sun, but also on its disk, and has even photographed one of them. One of them he describes as rising in a column of light ninety thousand miles high, and then spread out in the shape of a mushroom. Others rose in parallel columns, and were then deflected at right angles towards each other. One was composed of separate luminous clouds ten or fifteen thousand miles long, one above the other, as if thrown out in separate jets. Once he caught sight of a single cloud soaring up diagonally at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles in a second; all indicating the existence of an extensive atmosphere outside the photosphere.

On the 28th of September, at 4 P. M. he was observing the southern umbra of this spot, when he discovered one of these protuberances issuing, or as he expresses it "originating from," this spot. He held it in sight for an hour, during which it gradually faded. He analyzed it, and found it identical with the protuberances around the edge of the sun. He drew its form. He measured it and found it to be one hundred and thirty thousand miles long; thus establishing for the first time a connection between the spots and the protuberances. This spot, considering the vast area over which it was spread, the velocity of motion indicated by its rapid changes of form, and its connection with the protuberance, is the most interesting of the season, and illustrates in a striking manner the prodigious forces active on the sun's surface.

It will be seen that sun-spots are of much interest as objects of astronomical observation, and important as elucidating that great problem which is now exercising so many acute minds, What is a sun? Whence does it derive its light and heat, the sources, under Providence, of all life and energy to the surrounding planets? We have just been passing through one of the inter-

esting periods of their maximum demonstration, and yet no regular and systematic observations of these spots have been made at any New England observatory; not for want of interest, but for lack of means. At Cambridge, with a telescope and meridional circle unsurpassed in size and excellence, and a superintendent able, skilful, and earnest, the funds are insufficient to employ an adequate corps of observers to work the instruments to their full capacity of usefulness. At Dartmouth

one of our ablest observers is deficient in both instruments and assistants. Will not some of our wealthy men, who are looking for wise methods of bestowing their abundance, place our observatories in a condition of efficiency? They are means of education, not local or temporary, but for the whole world and all time.

NOTE. I learn from Professor Young that the magnetic record at Greenwich for 28th September indicated an unusual disturbance, simultaneous with the appearance of the protuberance which he observed.

J. J. Dixwell.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

IV.

I AM glad, my young friend, you have been reading so many of Hawthorne's books since we last met, and I do not at all wonder at the deep impression his style has made upon you. He was, indeed, a consummate artist, and I do not remember a single slovenly passage in all his acknowledged writings. It was a great privilege, and one that I can never sufficiently estimate, to have known him personally through so many years. He was unlike any other author I have met, and there were qualities in his nature so sweet and commendable, that, through all his shy reserve, they sometimes asserted themselves in a marked and conspicuous manner. I have known rude people, who were jostling him in a crowd, give way at the sound of his low and almost irresolute voice, so potent was the gentle spell of command that seemed born of his genius.

Although he was apt to keep aloof from his kind, and did not hesitate frequently to announce by his manner that

"Solitude to him
Was blithe society, who filled the air
With gladness and involuntary songs,"

I ever found him, like Milton's Ra-

phael, an "affable" angel, and inclined to converse on whatever was human and good in life.

I will go on, if you care to hear them, and read to you some more extracts from the letters he wrote to me, while he was engaged on "The Marble Faun." On the 11th of February, 1860, he writes from Leamington in England (I was then in Italy):—

"I received your letter from Florence, and conclude that you are now in Rome, and probably enjoying the Carnival,—a tame description of which, by the by, I have introduced into my Romance.

"I thank you most heartily for your kind wishes in favor of the forthcoming work, and sincerely join my own prayers to yours in its behalf, but without much confidence of a good result. My own opinion is, that I am not really a popular writer, and that what popularity I have gained is chiefly accidental, and owing to other causes than my own kind or degree of merit. Possibly I may (or may not) deserve something better than popularity; but looking at all my productions, and especially this latter one, with a cold or critical eye, I can see that they do not make their appeal to the popular

mind. It is odd enough, moreover, that my own individual taste is for quite another class of works than those which I myself am able to write. If I were to meet with such books as mine, by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them.

"To return to my own moonshiny Romance; its fate will soon be settled, for Smith and Elder mean to publish on the 28th of this month. Poor Ticknor will have a tight scratch to get his edition out contemporaneously; they having sent him the third volume only a week ago. I think, however, there will be no danger of piracy in America. Perhaps nobody will think it worth stealing. Give my best regards to William Story, and look well at his Cleopatra, for you will meet her again in one of the chapters which I wrote with most pleasure. If he does not find himself famous henceforth, the fault will be none of mine. I, at least, have done my duty by him, whatever delinquency there may be on the part of other critics.

"Smith and Elder persist in calling the book 'Transformation,' which gives one the idea of Harlequin in a pantomime; but I have strictly enjoined upon Ticknor to call it 'The Marble Faun; a Romance of Monte Beni.'"

In one of his letters written at this period, referring to his design of going home, he says:—

"I shall not have been absent seven years till the 5th of July next, and I scorn to touch Yankee soil sooner than that. . . . As regards going home I alternate between a longing and a dread."

Returning to London from the Continent, in April, I found this letter, written from Bath, awaiting my arrival:—

"You are welcome back. I really began to fear that you had been assassinated among the Apennines or killed in that outbreak at Rome. I have taken passages for all of us in the steamer which sails the 16th of June. Your berths are Nos. 19 and

20. I engaged them with the understanding that you might go earlier or later, if you chose; but I would advise you to go on the 16th; in the first place, because the state-rooms for our party are the most eligible in the ship; secondly, because we shall otherwise mutually lose the pleasure of each other's company. Besides, I consider it my duty towards Ticknor and towards Boston, and America at large, to take you into custody and bring you home; for I know you will never come except upon compulsion. Let me know at once whether I am to use force.

"The book (*The Marble Faun*) has done better than I thought it would; for you will have discovered, by this time, that it is an audacious attempt to impose a tissue of absurdities upon the public by the mere art of style and narrative. I hardly hoped that it would go down with John Bull; but then it is always my best point of writing, to undertake such a task, and I really put what strength I have into many parts of this book.

"The English critics generally (with two or three unimportant exceptions) have been sufficiently favorable, and the review in the *Times* awarded the highest praise of all. At home, too, the notices have been very kind, so far as they have come under my eye. Lowell had a good one in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Hillard an excellent one in the *Courier*; and yesterday I received a sheet of the May number of the *Atlantic* containing a really keen and profound article by Whipple, in which he goes over all my works, and recognizes that element of unpopularity which (as nobody knows better than myself) pervades them all. I agree with almost all he says, except that I am conscious of not deserving nearly so much praise. When I get home, I will try to write a more genial book; but the Devil himself always seems to get into my inkstand, and I can only exorcise him by pensful at a time.

"I am coming to London very soon, and mean to spend a fortnight of next

month there. I have been quite homesick through this past dreary winter. Did you ever spend a winter in England? If not, reserve your ultimate conclusion about the country until you have done so."

We met in London early in May, and, as our lodgings were not far apart, we were frequently together. I recall many pleasant dinners with him and mutual friends in various charming seaside and country-side places. We used to take a run down to Greenwich or Blackwall once or twice a week, and a trip to Richmond was always grateful to him. Bennoch was constantly planning a day's happiness for his friend, and the hours at that pleasant season of the year were not long enough for our delights. In London we strolled along the Strand, day after day, now diving into Bolt Court, in pursuit of Johnson's whereabouts, and now stumbling around the Temple, where Goldsmith at one time had his quarters. Hawthorne was never weary of standing on London Bridge, and watching the steamers plying up and down the Thames. I was very much amused by his manner towards importunate and sometimes impudent beggars, scores of whom would attack us even in the shortest walk. He had a mild way of making a severe and cutting remark, which used to remind me of a little incident which Charlotte Cushman once related to me. She said a man in the gallery of a theatre (I think she was on the stage at the time) made such a disturbance, that the play could not proceed. Cries of "Throw him over" arose from all parts of the house, and the noise became furious. All was tumultuous chaos until a sweet and gentle female voice was heard in the pit, exclaiming, "No! I pray you don't throw him over! I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over, but — *kill him where he is.*"

One of our most royal times was at a parting dinner at the house of Barry Cornwall. Among the notables present were Kinglake and Leigh Hunt. Our kind-hearted host and his admirable

wife greatly delighted in Hawthorne, and they made this occasion a most grateful one to him. I remember when we went up to the drawing-room to join the ladies after dinner, the two dear old poets, Leigh Hunt and Barry Cornwall, mounted the stairs with their arms round each other in a very tender and loving way. Hawthorne often referred to this scene as one he would not have missed for a great deal.

His renewed intercourse with Motley in England gave him peculiar pleasure, and his genius found an ardent admirer in the eminent historian. He did not go much into society at that time, but there were a few houses in London where he always seemed very happy.

I met him one night at a great evening party, looking on from a nook a little removed from the full glare of the *soirée*. Soon, however, it was whispered about that the famous American romance writer was in the room, and an enthusiastic English lady, a genuine admirer and intelligent reader of his books, ran for her album and attacked him for "a few words and his name at the end." He looked dismally perplexed, and turning to me said imploringly in a whisper, "For pity's sake, what shall I write? I can't think of a word to add to my name. Help me to something." Thinking him partly in fun, I said, "Write an original couplet, — this one for instance, —

'When this you see,
Remember me,'"

and to my amazement he stepped forward at once to the table, wrote the foolish lines I had suggested, and shutting the book, handed it very contentedly to the happy lady.

We sailed from England together in the month of June, as we had previously arranged, and our voyage home was, to say the least, a very unusual one. We had calm, summer, moonlight weather, with no storms. Mrs. Stowe was on board, and in her own cheery and delightful way she enlivened the passage with some capital stories of her early life.

When we arrived at Queenstown, the captain announced to us that, as the ship would wait there six hours, we might go ashore and see something of our Irish friends. So we chartered several jaunting-cars, after much tribulation and delay in arranging terms with the drivers thereof, and started off on a merry exploring expedition. I remember there was a good deal of racing up and down the hills of Queenstown, much shouting and laughing, and crowds of beggars howling after us for pence and beer. The Irish jaunting-car is a peculiar institution, and we all sat with our legs dangling over the road in a "dim and perilous way." Occasionally a horse would give out, for the animals were sad specimens, poorly fed and wofully driven. We were almost devoured by the ragamuffins that ran beside our wheels, and I remember the "sad civility" with which Hawthorne regarded their clamors. We had provided ourselves before starting with much small coin, which, however, gave out during our first mile. Hawthorne attempted to explain our inability further to supply their demands, having, as he said to them, nothing less than a sovereign in his pocket, when a voice from the crowd shouted, "Bedad, your honor, I can change that for ye"; and the knave actually did it on the spot.

Hawthorne's love for the sea amounted to a passionate worship; and while I (the worst sailor probably on this planet, as you know, from yachting experiences with me, my dear Jack,) was longing, spite of the good company on board, to reach land as soon as possible, Hawthorne was constantly saying, in his quiet, earnest way, "I should like to sail on and on forever, and never touch the shore again." He liked to stand alone in the bows of the ship and see the sun go down, and he was never tired of walking the deck at midnight. I used to watch his dark, solitary figure under the stars, pacing up and down some unfrequented part of the vessel, musing and half melancholy. Sometimes he would lie down

beside me and commiserate my unquiet condition. Seasickness, he declared, he could not understand, and was constantly recommending most extraordinary dishes and drinks, "all made out of the *artist's* brain," which he said were sovereign remedies for nautical illness. I remember to this day some of the preparations which, in his revelry of fancy, he would advise me to take, a farrago of good things almost rivalling "Oberon's Feast," spread out so daintily in Herrick's "Hesperides." He thought, at first, if I could bear a few roc's eggs beaten up by a mermaid on a dolphin's back, I might be benefited. He decided that a gruel made from a sheaf of Robin Hood's arrows would be strengthening. When suffering pain, "a right gude willie-waught," or a stiff cup of hemlock of the Socrates brand, before retiring, he considered very good. He said he had heard recommended a dose of salts distilled from the tears of Niobe, but he did not approve of that remedy. He observed that he had a high opinion of hearty food, such as potted owl, with Minerva sauce, airy tongues of sirens, stewed ibis, livers of Roman Capitol geese, the wings of a Phoenix, not too much done, love-lorn nightingales cooked briskly over Aladdin's lamp, chicken-pies made of fowls raised by Mrs. Carey, Nautilus chowder, and the like. Fruit, by all means, should always be taken by an uneasy victim at sea, especially Atalanta pippins and purple grapes raised by Bacchus & Co. Examining my garments one day as I lay on deck, he thought I was not warmly enough clad, and he recommended, before I took another voyage, that I should fit myself out in Liverpool with a good warm shirt from the shop of Nessus & Co. in Bold Street, where I could also find stout seven-league boots to keep out the damp. He knew another shop, he said, where I could buy raven-down stockings, and sable clouds with a silver lining, most warm and comfortable for a sea voyage.

His own appetite was excellent, and day after day he used to come on

deck after dinner and describe to me what he had eaten. Of course his accounts were always exaggerations, for my amusement. I remember one night he gave me a running catalogue of what food he had partaken during the day, and the sum total was convulsing from its absurdity. Among the viands he had consumed, I remember he stated there were "several yards of steak," and a "whole warrenful of Welsh rabbits." The "divine spirit of Humor" was upon him during many of those days at sea, and he revelled in it like a careless child.

That was a voyage, indeed, long to be remembered, and I shall always look back upon it as the most satisfactory "sea turn" I ever happened to experience. I have sailed many a weary, watery mile since then, dear Jack, but *Hawthorne* was not on board!

The summer after his arrival home he spent quietly in Concord, at the Wayside, and illness in his family made him at times very sad. In one of his notes to me he says:—

"I am continually reminded nowadays of a response which I once heard a drunken sailor make to a pious gentleman, who asked him how he felt: 'Pretty d—d miserable, thank God!' It very well expresses my thorough discomfort and forced acquiescence."

Occasionally he wrote requesting me to make a change, here and there, in the new edition of his works then passing through the press. On the 23d of September, 1860, he writes:—

"Please to append the following note to the foot of the page, at the commencement of the story called 'Dr. Heidegger's Experiment,' in the 'Twice-Told Tales': 'In an English Review, not long since, I have been accused of plagiarizing the idea of this story from a chapter in one of the novels of Alexander Dumas. There has undoubtedly been a plagiarism, on one side or the other; but as my story was written a good deal more than twenty years ago, and as the novel is of considerably more recent date, I take pleasure in thinking that M.

Dumas has done me the honor to appropriate one of the fanciful conceptions of my earlier days. He is heartily welcome to it; nor is it the only instance, by many, in which the great French romancer has exercised the privilege of commanding genius by confiscating the intellectual property of less famous people to his own use and behoof.'"

Hawthorne was a diligent reader of the Bible, and when sometimes, in my ignorant way, I would question, in a proof-sheet, his use of a word, he would almost always refer me to the Bible as his authority. It was a great pleasure to hear him talk about the Book of Job, and his voice would be tremulous with feeling, as he sometimes quoted a touching passage from the New Testament. In one of his letters he says to me:

"Did not I suggest to you, last summer, the publication of the Bible in ten or twelve 12mo volumes? I think it would have great success, and, at least (but, as a publisher, I suppose this is the very smallest of your cares), it would result in the salvation of a great many souls, who will never find their way to heaven, if left to learn it from the inconvenient editions of the Scriptures now in use. It is very singular that this form of publishing the Bible in a single bulky or closely printed volume should be so long continued. It was first adopted, I suppose, as being the universal mode of publication at the time when the Bible was translated. Shakespeare, and the other old dramatists and poets, were first published in the same form; but all of them have long since been broken into dozens and scores of portable and readable volumes; and why not the Bible?"

During this period, after his return from Europe, I saw him frequently at the Wayside, in Concord. He now seemed very happy in the dwelling he had put in order for the calm and comfort of his middle and later life. He had added a tower to his house, in which he could be safe from intrusion,

and where he could muse and write. Never was poet or romancer more fitly shrined. Drummond at Hawthornden, Scott at Abbotsford, Dickens at Gad's Hill, Irving at Sunnyside, were not more appropriately sheltered. Shut up in his tower, he could escape from all the tumult of life, and be alone with only the birds and the bees in concert outside his casement. The view from this apartment, on every side, was lovely, and Hawthorne enjoyed the charming prospect as I have known few men to enjoy nature.

His favorite walk lay near his house, indeed it was part of his own grounds, a little hillside, where he had worn a foot-path, and where he might be found in good weather, when not employed in the tower. While walking to and fro on this bit of rising ground, he meditated and composed innumerable romances that were never written, as well as some that were. Here he first announced to me his plan of "The Dooliver Romance," and, from what he told me of his design of the story as it existed in his mind, I always thought it would have been the greatest of his books. A very enchanting memory is left of that morning when he laid out the whole story before me as he intended to write it. The plot was a grand one, and I tried to tell him how much I was impressed by it. Very soon after our interview, he wrote to me:—

"In compliance with your exhortations, I have begun to think seriously of that story, not, as yet, with a pen in my hand, but trudging to and fro on my hilltop. . . . I don't mean to let you see the first chapters, till I have written the final sentence of the story. Indeed the first chapters of a story ought always to be the last written. . . . If you want me to write a good book, send me a good pen; not a gold one, for they seldom suit me; but a pen flexible and capacious of ink, and that will not grow stiff and rheumatic the moment I get attached to it. I never met with a good pen in my life."

Time went on, the war broke out, and he had not the heart to go on with his

new Romance. During the month of April, 1862, he made a visit to Washington with his friend Ticknor, to whom he was greatly attached. While on this visit to the capital, he sat to Leutze for a portrait. He took a great fancy to the artist, and, while he was sitting to him, wrote a long letter to me. I will read an extract from it:—

"I stay here only while Leutze finishes a portrait, which I think will be the best ever painted of the same unworthy subject. One charm it must needs have,—an aspect of immortal jollity and well-to-doness; for Leutze, when the sitting begins, gives me a first-rate cigar, and when he sees me getting tired, he brings out a bottle of splendid champagne; and we quaffed and smoked yesterday, in a blessed state of mutual good-will, for three hours and a half, during which the picture made a really miraculous progress. Leutze is the best of fellows."

In the same letter he thus describes the sinking of the Cumberland, and I know of nothing finer in its way:—

"I see in a newspaper that Holmes is going to write a song on the sinking of the Cumberland; and feeling it to be a subject of national importance, it occurs to me that he might like to know her present condition. She lies with her three masts sticking up out of the water, and careened over, the water being nearly on a level with her maintop,—I mean that first landing-place from the deck of the vessel, after climbing the shrouds. The rigging does not appear at all damaged. There is a tattered bit of a pennant, about a foot and a half long, fluttering from the tip-top of one of the masts; but the flag, the ensign of the ship (which never was struck, thank God), is under water, so as to be quite invisible, being attached to the gaff, I think they call it, of the mizzen-mast; and though this bald description makes nothing of it, I never saw anything so gloriously forlorn as those three masts. I did not think it was in me to be so moved by any spectacle of the kind. Bodies still occasionally float up from it. The

Secretary of the Navy says she shall lie there till she goes to pieces, but I suppose by and by they will sell her to some Yankee for the value of her old iron.

"P. S. My hair really is not so white as this photograph, which I enclose, makes me. The sun seems to take an infernal pleasure in making me venerable, — as if I were as old as himself."

Hawthorne has rested so long in the twilight of impersonality, that I hesitate sometimes to reveal the man even to you, my dear boy. This very day Sainte-Beuve has made me feel a fresh reluctance in unveiling my friend, and there seems almost a reproof in these words, which I will read to you, *en passant*, from the eloquent French author: —

"We know nothing or nearly nothing of the life of La Bruyère, and this obscurity adds, it has been remarked, to the effect of his work, and, it may be said, to the piquant happiness of his destiny. If there was not a single line of his unique book, which from the first instant of its publication did not appear and remain in the clear light, so, on the other hand, there was not one individual detail regarding the author which was well known. Every ray of the century fell upon each page of the book and the face of the man who held it open in his hand was veiled from our sight."

Beautifully said, as usual with Sainte-Beuve, but I venture, notwithstanding such eloquent warning, to proceed.

After his return home from Washington, Hawthorne sent to me, during the month of May, an article for the Atlantic Monthly, which he entitled "Chiefly about War-Matters." The paper, excellently well done throughout, of course, contained a personal description of President Lincoln, which I thought, considered as a portrait of a living man, and drawn by Hawthorne, it would not be wise or tasteful to print. The office of an editor, dear Jack, is a disagreeable one sometimes, and the case of Hawthorne on Lincoln disturbed me not a little. After reading the man-

uscript, I wrote to the author, and asked his permission to omit his description of the President's personal appearance. As usual, for he was the kindest and sweetest of contributors, the most good-natured and the most amenable man to advice I ever knew, he consented to my proposal, and allowed me to print the article with the alterations. If you turn to the paper, dear Jack (you will find it in the number for July, 1862), you will observe there are several notes; all of these were written by Hawthorne himself. He complied with my request without a murmur, but he always thought I was wrong in my decision. He said the whole description of the interview and the President's personal appearance were, to his mind, the only parts of the article worth publishing. "What a terrible thing," he complained, "it is to try to let off a little bit of truth into this miserable humbug of a world." President Lincoln is dead, and as Hawthorne once wrote to me, "Upon my honor, it seems to me the passage omitted has an historical value," I will read to you, verbatim, what I advised my friend, both on his own account and the President's, not to print nine years ago. Hawthorne and his party had gone into the President's room, annexed, as he says, as supernumeraries to a deputation from a Massachusetts whip-factory, with a present of a splendid whip to the Chief Magistrate: —

"By and by there was a little stir on the staircase and in the passage-way, and in lounged a tall, loose-jointed figure, of an exaggerated Yankee port and demeanor, whom (as being about the homeliest man I ever saw, yet by no means repulsive or disagreeable) it was impossible not to recognize as Uncle Abe.

"Unquestionably, Western man though he be, and Kentuckian by birth, President Lincoln is the essential representative of all Yankees, and the veritable specimen, physically, of what the world seems determined to regard as our characteristic qualities. It is the

strangest and yet the fittest thing in the jumble of human vicissitudes, that he, out of so many millions, unlooked-for, unselected by any intelligible process that could be based upon his genuine qualities, unknown to those who chose him, and unsuspected of what endowments may adapt him for his tremendous responsibility, should have found the way open for him to fling his lank personality into the chair of state, — where, I presume, it was his first impulse to throw his legs on the council-table, and tell the Cabinet Ministers a story. There is no describing his lengthy awkwardness, nor the uncouthness of his movement; and yet it seemed as if I had been in the habit of seeing him daily, and had shaken hands with him a thousand times in some village street; so true was he to the aspect of the pattern American, though with a certain extravagance which, possibly, I exaggerated still further by the delighted eagerness with which I took it in. If put to guess his calling and livelihood, I should have taken him for a country schoolmaster as soon as anything else. He was dressed in a rusty black frock-coat and pantaloons, unbrushed, and worn so faithfully that the suit had adapted itself to the curves and angularities of his figure, and had grown to be an outer skin of the man. He had shabby slippers on his feet. His hair was black, still unmixed with gray, stiff, somewhat bushy, and had apparently been acquainted with neither brush nor comb that morning, after the disarrangement of the pillow; and as to a nightcap, Uncle Abe probably knows nothing of such effeminacies. His complexion is dark and sallow, betokening, I fear, an insalubrious atmosphere around the White House; he has thick black eyebrows and an impending brow: his nose is large, and the lines about his mouth are very strongly defined.

“The whole physiognomy is as coarse as one as you would meet anywhere in the length and breadth of the States; but, withal, it is redeemed, illuminated,

softened, and brightened, by a kindly though serious look out of his eyes, and an expression of homely sagacity, that seems weighted with rich results of village experience. A great deal of native sense; no bookish cultivation, no refinement; honest at heart, and thoroughly so, and yet, in some sort, sly, — at least, endowed with a sort of tact and wisdom that are akin to craft, and would impel him, I think, to take an antagonist in flank, rather than to make a bull-run at him right in front. But, on the whole, I liked this sallow, queer, sagacious visage, with the homely human sympathies that warmed it; and, for my small share in the matter, would as lief have Uncle Abe for a ruler as any man whom it would have been practicable to put in his place.

“Immediately on his entrance, the President accosted our member of Congress, who had us in charge, and, with a comical twist of his face, made some jocular remark about the length of his breakfast. He then greeted us all round, not waiting for an introduction, but shaking and squeezing everybody’s hand with the utmost cordiality, whether the individual’s name was announced to him or not. His manner towards us was wholly without pretence, but yet had a kind of natural dignity, quite sufficient to keep the forwarder of us from clapping him on the shoulder and asking for a story. A mutual acquaintance being established, our leader took the whip out of its case, and began to read the address of presentation. The whip was an exceedingly long one, its handle wrought in ivory (by some artist in the Massachusetts State Prison, I believe), and ornamented with a medallion of the President, and other equally beautiful devices; and along its whole length there was a succession of golden bands and ferrules. The address was shorter than the whip, but equally well made, consisting chiefly of an explanatory description of these artistic designs, and closing with a hint that the gift was a suggestive and emblematic one, and

that the President would recognize the use to which such an instrument should be put.

"This suggestion gave Uncle Abe rather a delicate task in his reply, because, slight as the matter seemed, it apparently called for some declaration, or intimation, or faint foreshadowing of policy in reference to the conduct of the war, and the final treatment of the Rebels. But the President's Yankee aptness and not-to-be-caughtness stood him in good stead, and he jerked or wiggled himself out of the dilemma with an uncouth dexterity that was entirely in character; although, without his gesticulation of eye and mouth, — and especially the flourish of the whip, with which he imagined himself touching up a pair of fat horses, — I doubt whether his words would be worth recording, even if I could remember them. The gist of the reply was, that he accepted the whip as an emblem of peace, not punishment; and, this great affair over, we retired out of the presence in high good-humor, only regretting that we could not have seen the President sit down and fold up his legs (which is said to be a most extraordinary spectacle), or have heard him tell one of those delectable stories for which he is so celebrated. A good many of them

are afloat upon the common talk of Washington, and are certainly the aptest, pithiest, and funniest little things imaginable: though, to be sure, they smack of the frontier freedom, and would not always bear repetition in a drawing-room, or on the immaculate page of the Atlantic."

So runs the passage which caused some good-natured discussion nine years ago, between the contributor and the editor. I see by your looks, dear Jack, that you think I was squeamish, perhaps, not to have been willing to print this matter at that time. Others, no doubt, will share your opinion, but as both President and author have long ago met on the other side of criticism and magazines, we will leave the subject to their decision, they being most interested in the transaction. I did what seemed best in 1862. In 1871 "circumstances have changed" with both parties, and I venture to-day what I hardly dared then.

And now, dear boy, let us take an energizing walk as far as Cory's Hill, before dinner. We shall see the new moon over our right shoulders, if we are careful to look in the proper direction, and thus secure to ourselves good luck for the whole month.

COUNT RUMFORD.*

THE name of Count Rumford was a very familiar one in the ears of our fathers and grandfathers. For many years he was a very famous man on both sides of the Atlantic, and his fame was an honest one, of which his fellow-countrymen, though not his fellow-citizens, might be justly proud. Though his American contemporaries

had lived during the days of the Revolutionary War and felt the natural antipathy to such of their countrymen as had taken sides with the Crown in that great struggle, they seem to have condoned the offence of Benjamin Thompson sooner and more entirely than that of many others who were no greater sinners than he. The eminence which he attained so early and maintained so long, his civil and scientific distinction, and his reputation as a philanthropist and a philosopher, as well

* Memoir of Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford. With Notices of his Daughter. By GEORGE E. ELLIS. Published in connection with an edition of his Complete Works, by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Boston. 1871.

as his success as a courtier, probably had a softening influence upon their patriotic prejudices, or rather their just censures, in regard to him. He had given intelligence and counsel to the Ministry of Lord North in the closet, and had drawn his sword in the field to reduce the rebellious subjects of George III. to obedience and loyalty, and had received the honor of knighthood as a mark of his Majesty's sense of his services. But the brilliant career upon which he entered and the European fame which he acquired soon after the independence of the United States was established, gratified the pride and touched the imagination of the people whom he always loved though he had turned his back upon them, and led them to forgive and forget the sins or the errors of his youth. And he himself made what amends he could for his youthful endeavors to defeat the independence of his country by liberal endowments for her advancement in science and the useful arts. The lapse of five-and-fifty years since his death have naturally swept him and his memory beyond the knowledge of the mass of the present generation. Very many doubtless have no idea whatever excited by his name, or only that of the "Roasters" bearing it, which may yet possibly survive in some old-fashioned kitchens as well as in the memories which go back to the old days of smoke-jacks and wood-fires, when that invention was the latest of economical devices. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, therefore, have done wisely as well as gratefully in collecting and reprinting the works of Count Rumford, their chiefest benefactor, and thus providing the monument to his memory that would have best pleased himself; and, yet more, in procuring his Life to be written by the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, who has brought to his work a zeal, a skill, and an industry which has exhausted his subject and given to literature one of the most interesting biographies in the language. In the brief monograph for which only the crowded pages of

the Atlantic can find room, all we can hope to do is, to direct the curiosity of its readers to the fuller and richer narrative of Count Rumford's biographer.

The career of Count Rumford, though romantic from the changes of condition, the diversities of scene, and the varieties of society through which it conducted him, was the natural result of opportunities well seized and ably improved. Its several steps followed each other regularly enough; but they never could have led him up to the social heights he reached, had he not had the original constitution and the acquired aptitude that enabled him to make sure of each successive foothold in his ascent. He came of a good New England yeoman race, which took root in the soil at the time of the emigration of Winthrop, and had flourished well there. He was born March 26, 1753, in the pleasant town of Woburn, where the farm-house in which its most famous son first saw the light is yet shown with an honest pride. In the frugal plenty of a New England farmer's family Benjamin Thompson passed his childhood, a handsome, lively, intelligent boy. His father dying when he was but three years old, his mother married a neighboring farmer, whom Dr. Ellis takes pains to vindicate from some charges of step-parental unkindness which Count Rumford was understood by some of his European friends to have made against him. His warm affection for his mother, of which he gave abundant proofs as long as she lived, would seem to show that his home could not have been an unhappy one. He went to the excellent school of Master Fowle, where a few things were taught well, as was the old-fashioned way of those times. Happily for him school grammars were not yet invented, and consequently he wrote easy, idiomatic English all his life. He had a marked turn for the mathematics and for mechanics, and began unconsciously to prepare himself for his later labors by his boyish inventions and contrivances. But he

had no vocation whatever for the business of the farm, and so an apprenticeship to trade was looked out for him, and an advantageous one was found in Salem, under the roof and behind the counter of Mr. John Appleton. Whether he relished the details of the shop any better than those of the farm would seem doubtful, but he did not waste his time in idleness. In his leisure hours, and possibly in hours when he should have been otherwise busy, he improved himself greatly in drawing, in which he became a proficient, and in algebra, geometry, astronomy, and the higher mathematics, so that before he was fifteen he had calculated an eclipse. In these studies he was probably assisted by the Rev. Thomas Barnard, the minister on the North Parish, and his son Thomas, then keeping the grammar school, and afterwards an eminent divine and man of science. In 1769 he left Salem and became apprentice to Mr. Hopestill Capen, a dealer in the multifarious matters known then as dry goods, of his residence with whom and his value as a shopboy there appears to be but little record. That he still continued his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties appears from an account in a memorandum-book he kept of the various articles he procured to make an electrical machine. Two years later, in 1771, he turned his back upon the shop and his face towards the more attractive study of medicine. In those days before medical schools, the student in a manner apprenticed himself to some doctor by courtesy, — for as yet M. D.'s were not, — and young Thompson became an inmate of the family and a pupil, in what he could teach, of Dr. John Hay of Woburn. Here he was diligent in business and showed his zeal for improvement by walking from Woburn to Cambridge, about eight miles, to attend the lectures of John Winthrop, LL. D., the Hollisian Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. That eminent man little thought that the travel-stained lad who sat at his feet, grateful for the

privilege of his instructions, would be within ten years his associate in that learned and illustrious body. In his youth Thompson enjoyed one of the greatest blessings which can be bestowed on a young man of promise, — an intelligent, steady, judicious friend, several years older than himself. This was Loammi Baldwin, afterwards colonel in the Revolutionary Army, and subsequently an engineer of the first class. This friendship endured as long as Colonel Baldwin lived, and was inherited by his three sons, all of them eminent men in the same line as their father, and by the daughter of Count Rumford. To the youngest of these gentlemen, Mr. George Rumford Baldwin, who is still living, Dr. Ellis was indebted for much valuable material for his work.

But fate had higher things in store for young Thompson than the life of a New England country doctor. Going to Rumford in New Hampshire, now Concord, to keep the grammar school there, his handsome face, fine person, and the native elegance of his manners, won the affections of a rich widow, Rolfe by name, who bestowed upon him her fortune and mature charms. He was but nineteen, while she was thirty-three, with one son, to whom a daughter was added in fulness of time, who was afterwards the Countess Sarah de Rumford. This marriage may be regarded as the point upon which his fortunes turned, as it was the occasion of introducing him into a higher sphere of society than any he had yet entered, whose political coloring naturally gave a tinge to the opinions of an ambitious youth. His predecessor, Colonel Rolfe, was one of the principal gentlemen of the Province, whose respectability Mr. Carlyle himself must admit, as it is established by the fact of his keeping, not "a gig," but a curricule. Mrs. Thompson's father, too, the Rev. Timothy Walker, was a man of public as well as parochial importance, who had been sent three times to England on provincial business. On their wedding tour, therefore, the bride naturally

directed the wheels of the curricule to the centre of New Hampshire high life at Portsmouth, where she introduced her young husband to Governor John Wentworth, afterwards Sir John and a baronet, in recognition of his loyal services, who graduated at Harvard in 1755 along with a man of a very different career, President John Adams. The colonial discontents were then fast ripening into rebellion, and Governor Wentworth doubtless was on the lookout for promising young men whom he could attract or secure to the royal side in the conflict likely to ensue. The manners, appearance, and position, through his rich marriage, of young Thompson, drew his Excellency's attention to him, and he appointed him Major of the Second New Hampshire Regiment. The officers over whose heads he was thus summarily raised were naturally ill-pleased at this arbitrary interference with their promotion, and this was doubtless an element of the suspicions as to Thompson's patriotism, which helped decide his choice of sides. He had also been with his wife to Boston, and received flattering attentions from Governor Gage and the brilliant circle of Tory society of which he was the head, and the extinction of which was a serious, if an unavoidable, loss to Massachusetts and the country. At any rate, with cause or without, violent suspicions were excited as to the patriotism of Thompson, and he was summoned before a committee of the inhabitants of Concord to give an account of himself. Though no evidence could be found against him to justify his condemnation even by such a tribunal, a few months later he had intelligence of an intended visit of a mob, and only avoided its violence by a timely retreat to Woburn. Thither, however, the same jealous suspicions pursued him and at last resulted in his arrest and confinement for trial. He was discharged after a trial by the town of Woburn, to whom his case had been referred by the Provincial Congress, after which he visited Cambridge, and, it has been supposed, endeavored to

obtain a commission from Washington. If so, he was disappointed, the doubts as to the sincerity of his patriotism probably standing in his way, confirmed by the undisguised distrust of the New Hampshire officers, who refused to have anything to do with him. Thompson, who was not inclined to be a martyr, and who certainly was no hero, determined to seek his fortune elsewhere. So he was driven by his half-brother to some point on the shore of Narragansett Bay, in October, 1775, and took boat for the Scarborough man-of-war, by which he was brought round to Boston, then closely besieged by the Continental army.

Thompson soon proceeded to England and reported himself at the War Office. Either the information he could give, or his attractive manners and appearance, recommended him to the especial notice of Lord George Germain, the War Secretary. He received a clerkship in the office, and was in such favor with his chief that he dined and supped almost every day at his Lordship's house. He pursued his scientific experiments in his leisure hours, which were directed mainly at that time to improvements in the manufacture of gunpowder and of artillery. His undoubted talents, aided by his agreeable address, introduced him to men of rank and to men of science, — among others to Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society. At five or six and twenty he was elected a Fellow of that Society, — we rather think the only man who attained that distinction at so early an age. It must have been an intoxicating success for a young man so fond of pleasure and distinction, to find himself transported from the narrow and provincial circles in which his life had been passed, to the society of the great and the learned of the metropolis and received by them on a footing of such gratifying equality. At seven-and-twenty he was made Under Secretary of State for the Northern Department, which office he retained till the impending fall of Lord George Germain, his especial patron, —

compelled by the ill-success of the war and the persistent and fierce attacks of the mighty Opposition of that day, — caused him to resign. During these years of prosperity Thompson must have been the subject of much talk and we fear of some envy to the unfortunate little colony of impoverished loyalists who were living from hand to mouth in London. One of the most respectable of them, Samuel Curwen of Salem, must have been particularly struck by the changes which a dozen years had produced, when he found himself humbly soliciting the interposition in his favor of “a young man,” who “when a shop-lad to his next neighbor, ever appeared active, good-natured, and sensible,” and who was then an Under Secretary! On leaving this office, Thompson was commissioned as lieutenant-colonel, and proceeded to America some time in the autumn of 1781, to raise his regiment. He was probably on the ocean at the time when the Surrender of Cornwallis gave the finishing stroke to the war for the subjugation of America. On arriving at Charleston he received the command of what was left of the royal cavalry there. The only actual brush with the enemy which he appears ever to have had was a successful one, and the more flattering as it was against “Marion’s Men,” famous in story and song. For this success he was thanked in General Orders by General Leslie. He soon proceeded to New York, and was employed in no glorious services on Long Island, where his memory is yet unfragrant in men’s minds. Still they were such as to call forth high praise in the despatches of Sir Guy Carleton and to procure for him the full rank of colonel in the army, which secured him half-pay for life.

Had Thompson’s career ended here he would have been remembered, if at all, only as a lucky adventurer, promoted above his deserts for ignoble services against the country of his birth. A higher destiny awaited him, which he proceeded at once to meet. The general peace having fortunately closed

the career of arms to his ambition, he obtained leave to travel on the Continent. His crossing of the Channel is immortalized by a letter of Gibbon, who was his fellow-passenger, to Lord Sheffield, and who calls him “Mr. Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philosopher Thompson.” The great historian records also the fact that his companion had three horses with him, which were not the most agreeable fellow-passengers. Oddly enough, the prosperous Tory had also for a fellow-passenger one who had suffered a year’s imprisonment in the Tower for the treason of serving their common country, and who could hardly have regarded the well-mounted Colonel with much complacency. This was Henry Laurens, sometime President of Congress, and one of the commissioners for negotiating the Treaty of 1783. At Strasburg Colonel Thompson met Prince Maximilian, the nephew of the reigning Elector of Bavaria, a young man of twenty-seven. The graces of Thompson’s person and address doubtless recommended him to the favor of the young prince, who introduced him to his uncle. This petty sovereign must have had a discerning of spirits, for he almost immediately sought the services of the new-comer both in a civil and military capacity. Not inclined to baffle Fortune, Thompson returned to England to obtain the royal permission. This was not only granted, but the honor of knighthood superadded, and he returned to Munich Sir Benjamin Thompson, soon to reach higher honors. On his arrival the Elector made him General Aide de Camp and Colonel of Cavalry, and took him into his most intimate confidence. Although his first promotion in the Electoral service was military, the attention of Sir Benjamin was mainly given to the organizing of those victories of peace on which his just renown depends.

For the details of the reformations he introduced into the military and civil affairs of Bavaria we must refer our readers to the exhaustive and deeply interesting pages of Dr. Ellis. We

have room only for the briefest outline of them. Suffice it to say that he succeeded in solving the difficult problem of reconciling the apparently incompatible conditions of a regular soldier and an industrious husbandman and intelligent laborer, improving his moral and physical surroundings while adding to his comfort and increasing his efficiency. His second labor was a more truly herculean one than this, and was completely successful. Bavaria was eaten up by pauperism and beggary, in town and country. This had been long the despair of her ministers of state and of religion. It was reserved for an adventurer from beyond seas to free the state from these cleaving mischiefs. Thompson laid his plans so wisely and took his precautions so prudently that the miracle was accomplished in one day. On the morning of the 1st of January, 1790, the hosts of beggary went forth in their strength to spoil the land. Before night they were all under arrest and the next morning humanely provided for. The helpless and impotent were made more comfortable than they had ever been before, while the sturdy and able-bodied were set to work and made useful members of society. And this was done with so much discretion and wise humanity, that no vested interest or even prejudice was disturbed, while the whole population breathed freer at being released from this odious burden. Even the ancient guild of the beggars was so tenderly dealt with that they blessed the change which had abolished it; and on one occasion when their benefactor was ill, they went in procession to the cathedral to offer up prayers for his recovery; and on another, they set apart an hour every day for the same service in his behalf. For his other efforts in the direction of agriculture, of the improvement of breeds, of the introduction of new edibles and notably of the potato, of economy in the preparation of food, all tending to the material and physical comfort of all classes, but especially of the poor, we must again refer the reader to Dr. Ellis. One of

his achievements, however, must not be omitted. Near Munich lay a neglected waste of forest and swamp, which had neither use nor beauty, though capabilities for both. These he seized and literally made the desert blossom, turning it into a picturesque park, with pleasure-grounds and a model farm, for the pleasure of the inhabitants; it is still known as "the English Garden," and fitly marked by a monument in honor of its contriver.

After the death of the Emperor Joseph II., in February, 1790, the Elector of Bavaria exercised the imperial functions as Vicar of the Empire, until the election of Leopold II. He used his temporary authority to elevate his American friend to the rank of a count of the Holy Roman Empire, — of which Voltaire once sneeringly said that it was neither Holy nor Roman, nor an Empire, — and in selecting the place from which his title was to be taken the new count made choice of Rumford, the scene of his earliest worldly prosperity. He also received the order of the White Eagle, having been before invested with that of St. Stanislas. Neither his public duties nor his honors, however, diverted Count Rumford from his scientific experiments, especially as to heat, nor from the preparation of his essays, the object of which was to spread the knowledge of his various successful attempts to improve the condition of mankind. All his philosophical speculations had this end in view; and to whatever parts of the Continent his travels might take him, he endeavored to leave behind him improved conditions as to the economy of heat, applied to cookery and the saving of fuel. In 1795 he returned to England for the purpose of printing his *Essays*, and renewing his old associations there. He was received with great distinction. During his residence in London he took great pains to make known his various inventions for the construction of fireplaces, the cure of smoky chimneys, the economical application of heat for the warmth of houses and in the preparation of food,

giving his own personal attention to the least inviting details. It was at this visit that he established the fund for the Rumford Medals to be awarded by the President and Council of the Royal Society to the author of the most useful discovery as to Light or Heat. The first award was made to himself. About the same time he made a similar foundation for America, and intrusted its charge and the dispensation of the medals it was to furnish to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. By his last will Count Rumford made Harvard College his residuary legatee for the purpose of founding a professorship to teach the application of Science to the Arts of Life. To the professorship thus established the University has owed the public instructions of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, Mr. Daniel Treadwell, Mr. E. N. Horsford, and it is now worthily filled by Dr. Wolcott Gibbs.

All this time the wife and daughter of Count Rumford remained in America, where the former died in 1792, in her fifty-third year. His marriage had been no doubt, on his side, a *mariage de convenance*, and he appears to have borne the absence of his elderly wife with much resignation. We do not know that there is any evidence as to how she felt about this separation, the years of which she spent at Concord, New Hampshire, in the house built by her first husband, Colonel Rolfe, perhaps as happily, and certainly more tranquilly, than if she had followed her volatile husband in all his erratic career. Their only daughter, Sarah, whom he had left a child of two or three years old, was now grown up to womanhood and her father "wished exceedingly to be personally acquainted" with her. This not unnatural or unreasonable desire was gratified in the spring of 1796, when the young Countess Sarah rejoined her father in London. She was in her twenty-second year, a well-grown young woman, not uncomely, and with as good an education as was given in those days to girls. Her father treated her with

great kindness, though now and then annoyed by the mistakes into which she fell through her inexperience in etiquette and in economy. In her old age she wrote down, for the gratification of one of her friends, her recollections of her life, which Dr. Ellis was permitted to use, and from which he has judiciously made ample extracts. It makes no pretensions to literary excellence, but is an artless, ingenuous, lively account of her adventures, her love-passages, her differences with her father, her experience of society, and of the way of living, so new to her, of London and Munich, such as a cheerful old lady, in gossiping mood, might give to an intimate and intelligent friend, over the tea-table or the embroidery-frame. We only regret that the inexorable limitations of this article must preclude our giving our readers such extracts as we would gladly lay before them. In London the young Countess was introduced into the circle of her father's friends, among whom, were Lord and Lady Palmerston, the parents of the famous minister, and Sir Joseph and Lady Banks. At the house of the latter she was occasionally admitted to the dinners which the President gave to the Fellows of the Royal Society, and thus had an opportunity, which she properly esteemed, of listening to the conversation of many of the most eminent men of the time. In the autumn of the same year the Count and his daughter returned to Munich, and arrived at the moment when the independence of Bavaria was threatened by the French under Moreau on the one side, and the Austrians under the Archduke Charles on the other. The Elector, on leaving his dominions for Saxony, invested Rumford with full civil and military authority in his place, and it was owing to the spirit and skill with which the Count exercised these functions that the neutrality of the Electorate was maintained for a while longer.

On the return of the Elector to Munich, Count Rumford was appointed to the head of the Department of General

Police, which we take to have been the most responsible and important ministry in the government. These duties he performed in an admirable manner, all the time continuing his speculations and experiments for the improvement of men's condition. The account given by his daughter, in the sketch just mentioned, of the court life at Munich, of their manner of living, of her lovers and friends, and of the tours she took with her father, are entertaining in a high degree, and his readers will thank Dr. Ellis for having given them so much of it. But we must pass it all over in reluctant silence. In 1798 the Elector, as a marked proof of his approbation and friendship, appointed Count Rumford his Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, and he and his daughter proceeded thither in the early autumn. To his great regret and mortification, the king refused to receive him in his diplomatic capacity, on the ground that he was still a British subject, and, as such, could not properly represent a foreign sovereign. At this time he had serious thoughts of returning to America and settling in Cambridge for the rest of his life. And the knowledge of this fact, made known to Mr. Adams's government by Mr. Rufus King, then in London on public business, procured for him the offer of the organization and superintendence of the Military Academy, then in contemplation, and the post of Inspector-General of Artillery. Count Rumford's purpose of coming to America, which he seems very sincerely to have intended, was deferred by the plan, long contemplated, which he was now able to carry into effect, of an institution which should bring science more immediately in contact with the daily life and actual business of mankind, and especially of the laboring portion of it. As soon as his rejection as Bavarian plenipotentiary was decided, he applied himself, with his usual zeal and skill in organizing, to the establishment of the Royal Institution for the Diffusion of Science and Useful Knowledge and the

Encouragement of Useful Inventions and Improvements. His proposals were met with great liberality, and the necessary funds at once subscribed,—a result largely due, doubtless, to the reputation their author had already acquired and the confidence felt in his knowledge and experience. The Royal Institution was chartered in 1800, and is still in active and useful existence, an enduring monument of its founder. Rumford's original plan was to make it the means of "teaching the practical application of scientific discoveries to the improvement of arts and manufactures and to the increase of domestic comfort and convenience." And his plan included a museum, so to speak, of various useful inventions, with models actually at work for the instruction of mechanics, and particularly such as related to the economical application of heat to warming houses and cooking food, though all other inventions were to be welcomed. The Institution went into successful operation on the 25th of March, being Lady Day, 1800, and remained for some time under the superintendence of Count Rumford himself, who had rooms in the building provided for it in Albemarle Street. This must have been a sacrifice of his personal comfort, as it required him to leave a house in Brompton Row, which he had fitted up after his own heart as a model private residence. It was long shown as one of the curiosities of London; but we believe it was never imitated in all its eccentric arrangements by any one else. To this home he returned after living at the Institution for some eighteen months, and resided there mainly till he finally left England, in May, 1802.

The interesting details touching the Royal Institution our readers will find set forth at large by Dr. Ellis. It is enough to say here, that the plan of Count Rumford was found to be impracticable to the extent he had proposed for it, and that the Institution gradually became a means for the advancement of science itself, rather

than for its application to the immediate uses of life. But as Science always sooner or later descends from her airy heights to dwell among the homes and haunts of men, the philanthropic purpose of the founder of the Institution cannot be said to have been defeated or hardly delayed. It has been of infinite value for the impulse it has given to chemistry, through the labors of Davy and Faraday, of which it was the scene, while the lectures of Sydney Smith, and Sir John Lubbock and Max Müller, among many others, show that metaphysics, the philosophy of human origin, and philological research, have not been neglected. The intense labors of Count Rumford for many years, the jealousies and vexations to which his later years in the Elector's service had subjected him, and the mortification incident to his rejection as a *diplomate*, had affected his health and his temper also. It is a melancholy fact, that philosophers are not always philosophical, and there is too much reason to believe that the later months of his connection with his Institution were imbibited by differences, not to say quarrels, with his associates and subordinates. And his personal interest in it, after leaving England, was naturally diminished by what he must have regarded as its perversion from the uses for which he had devised it. But the impress of his genius which he left upon it, and the vitality his energy imparted to it, still remain full and perfect, and will keep his memory fresh in the minds of those who receive its benefits as long as it shall exist.

We have now seen Count Rumford at the height of his reputation, which was very great and extensive at the beginning of this century, and at the summit of his prosperity. The favor of the Elector he found undiminished on his visits to Munich, and he had every gratification that public and private recognition of his good service to mankind could give him. After the preliminaries of the peace of Amiens had opened France to English travel,

Count Rumford visited Paris, where he had a most brilliant and gratifying reception, which he described as "simply enchantment." It was the culmination of his happier days. The later years of his life were darkened by imperfect health and domestic infelicities. During this visit to Paris he made the acquaintance of Madame Lavoisier, the widow of the great chemist, who, when condemned to the guillotine by the Revolutionary tribunal, asked in vain for a few days more of life, merely that he might finish some experiments on which he was engaged. She was a handsome woman, of fine manners and a large fortune, and of suitable age, being four years younger than he, and there seemed to be every probability that the marriage which was arranged between them, and which took place in 1804, would be a congenial and happy one. They had a large house, with two acres of land about it, in the very heart of Paris, near the Champs Elysées, where they received the best company in Paris. A dinner every Monday to philosophers, members of the Institute, and celebrated ladies, and a reception, as it would be called in this country, every Thursday to all the polite world, made the house in the Rue d'Anjou a gay centre of science and of fashion. But though gay, it was not a happy one. Indeed, the young Countess implies that the very gayety was a main cause of the domestic discrepancies of her father and step-mother. His taste was for retirement and study, and these interruptions irritated and annoyed him. Then he had lived for twenty years a bachelor's life, and had been accustomed to find ladies only too yielding and affectionately inclined towards him, for his principles and his life were by no means free from the laxity, in that regard, of the countries in which he had lived so long. His manners, too, by the evidence of his admiring friend Cuvier, had suffered change since the days of their earlier fascination, and it is likely that his disagreements with Madame Lavoisier de Rumford — as she chose to be styled, to the disgust of the

Count — were not marked by the suavity and grace of his antenuptial courtesy. That "there were faults on both sides," according to the good-natured formula of the world in such cases, we think is plain as to this one. If it were true, as he wrote to his daughter, that after their grand Monday's dinners, they "lived on the bits the rest of the week," it hardly justified him in locking the gate of the porter's lodge and taking away the keys in the faces of a large party which had been invited, as he thought, for the express purpose of vexing him. But then again, great as was her provocation, when she poured boiling water over his beautiful flowers, of which he was passionately fond, we think it must be allowed that Madame transcended the allowable limits of matrimonial expostulation. When matters had reached this pass the wisest thing that they could do was to undo, as far as possible, the foolish thing they had done in ever coming together. So on the 30th of June, 1809, they separated, amicably as far as money matters were concerned, the Count removing to a house at Auteuil and Madame remaining in that in the Rue d'Anjou. Though separated, they remained on civil terms and occasionally met; and when the daughter presently arrived from America, whither she had returned ten years before, her step-mother showed her kindly attentions. In this house, remarkable as having been the residence of Madame Helvetius, between whom and Franklin the gossips of the day had made a match, and in our time as the scene of the murder of Victor Noir by that worthy scion of the *lowest* Empire, Pierre Bonaparte, the Count spent the rest of his life, and here he died after a very short illness, on the 21st of August, 1814, in his sixty-second year.

Count Rumford was neither a hero nor a saint. He loved pleasure and distinctions and celebrity, and his life was filled to overflowing with all these. But he won his fame and his rank by good service to mankind, the benefits of which survive him to this day. He

was the first to look at the dreadful problems of pauperism and mendicity in the light of science and the laws of human nature, and to endeavor to solve them on scientific and humane principles. His success was great in this direction, and showed how society might be relieved in a good measure of the burden of pauperism and mendicity, while at the same time improving the habits and the comfort of the dependent classes. His precepts are at this moment applied to practice in the public charitable institutions of this city. Besides his efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the very poorest classes, he gave most of his time and attention to considering how the comforts of all conditions might be increased and cheapened by improvements in chimneys, in grates and fireplaces, in kitchen apparatus, and in the preparation of food. Many of his specific inventions may have become obsolete, but almost every one that has taken their place, having for its object the economizing of heat and the saving of fuel, owes its perfection, if not its existence, to the principles which he developed. His "Roasters" have passed away; but the ovens of our best anthracite ranges are constructed, as we believe, on precisely his idea of the best method of conducting heat around the cavity containing the food. The angle which the backs of our open fireplaces make with the mouth of the chimney, improving the draught and increasing the warmth, we owe to him. Indeed, we enter into the labors of Count Rumford every day of our lives, without knowing it or thinking of him. And he had his exceeding great reward. His homely efforts for the daily comfort of mankind led him to the discoveries which have made his name illustrious as a philosopher. His great contributions to science in the development of the correlation and destructibility of forces, of the relations or rather the identity of force and heat, place him among the foremost discoverers in the world of science. By his experiments he over-

threw the theories as to the nature of heat, which had been taken for granted by natural philosophers from the time of Aristotle, and established the true doctrine upon which every succeeding advance of knowledge in that direction rests, and without which none could have been made. The mighty and beneficent agents of light and heat were the objects of his intense study, that he might ascertain how they could best be made to answer the benevolent intentions of the Creator in promoting the happiness of mankind. And his forecasting mind provided fit honors to be bestowed, on either continent, after his death, on his successors in the same line of investigation and discovery. Dr. Ellis's account of the methods and results of Rumford's experiments is lucid and interesting in a high

degree, and we doubt not will lead many of his readers to the Essays themselves, from which it is taken. We again commend this very valuable and most entertaining work, which, it is proper to say, is a labor of love on the part of the author and a free gift to the Academy of Arts and Sciences, to the reading public, assured that they will think we have spoken none too highly of the industry, candor, and literary skill which mark its execution. And we also believe that they will leave it with the conviction that its subject, whatever may have been his vanities, his weaknesses, and his infirmities of temper and of life, was one who loved his fellow-men, and who deserved, by his services in their behalf, the great and beneficent name he has left behind him as a philosopher and a philanthropist.

Edmund Quincy.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Sixth Edition, revised, with Additions. Two Volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THIS was the earliest of the series of admirable books in which Mr. Parkman has recounted the story of the struggle between the French and English for supremacy on this continent. The volumes first appeared twenty years ago. Since that time American history has been enriched by nothing so much as by the author's successive books relating to the Jesuit missions, to the enterprises of La Salle, to the Huguenots in Florida, and to the career of Champlain. In his Preface to the present edition of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" Mr. Parkman expresses his hope of continuing the series up to the extinction of French power in North America, and says that the present history will then form a sequel, "and its introductory chapters will be in a certain sense a summary of what has preceded."

Few historians have had so free, so wide,

so rich a field. It contains nearly all that is picturesque and romantic in our early annals, and it is opulent in what other epochs and aspects of our national life are lamentably poor in. Mr. Parkman has been worthy his opportunity, and, as is now well known, has brought to his work, not only taste, sympathy, and skill, but the ceaseless and conscientious industry in which alone the great histories of our day are written. He has not only made thorough research into all the written and printed materials of history, he has not only profoundly studied it, but he has as far as possible lived it; and when he tells us concerning the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," "I chose the subject of this book as affording better opportunities than any other portion of American history for portraying forest life and the Indian character, and I have never seen reason to change this opinion," we are to receive his confirmed judgment as that of one who has taken the testimony of savage life by actual acquaintance with it, and of the wilderness by sojourn in it. This personal contact, as we may call it, with his theme, gives Mr. Parkman's book a

high and almost unique value ; and at every step we feel that we follow a guide who is not only perfectly familiar with the way, but has no disposition to romance any of its features. Yet his very truth enchants us, and the effect of his long patience, his faithful study, his experience and observation, is to fascinate us with the picture he paints.

It is, to be sure, a tragical picture, and the fascination is rarely a pleasant one. When the English, in 1763, took possession of all the French territory west of the Mississippi, they made their dominion, as they were apt to do, positive, insolent, and aggressive, and rendered it easy for Pontiac, a great chief of the Ottawas, to unite the alarmed and offended tribe in a war against the forts and settlements. This war began with the siege of Detroit, and the destruction of all the other military posts on the Lakes, and it continued for nearly two years along the whole English frontier, from New York to the Carolinas, ending of course with the temporary reduction of the Indians and the death of Pontiac. Mr. Parkman sketches the French war which preceded this conspiracy, but mainly devotes himself to the study of the Indian insurrection in all its circumstances of treachery, outrage, and mutual atrocity. A series of events which otherwise could only become known through the partial and desultory narratives of the times, restores under his pen the whole epoch to the reader, and that wild, picturesque, perilous frontier life of a hundred years ago breathes again on his page. We share the hopes and fears of the remote beleaguered garrison of Detroit ; we witness the terrible fate of the other garrisons ; we see the havoc and the misery of the settlements ; we feel the dead passions of the day against the terrible foe ; we take sides in the quarrels of Quakers and Presbyterians, and condemn or palliate the Paxton Boys in their massacres ; we behold the motives that guide the savages ; we follow them to their camps and councils ; we march with Bouquet on his romantic invasion of the far-off wilderness of Ohio, and receive with him the submission of the desperate, unreconciled tribes. Yes, it is a fascinating book, rich in adventure, in chance of field and foray, and in the sombre pathos which attaches to the fate of a race so hopelessly wild that it seems scarcely to have the right of life at the cost of so much more life to a civilized people. Seems ; for

who shall decide whether it would have been well to leave for their hunting-grounds the vast harvest-fields that feed our millions, and whether they had a real claim to the lands they feebly and sparsely possessed before us ? On the whole, the impression one gets from Mr. Parkman is that of great forbearances on the part of the English toward the Indians at the close of the war ; in reward of which, perhaps, the English have multiplied, and the Indians have utterly perished. Happily for our repute for generosity and mercy, it was found impracticable or unnecessary to infect the hostile tribes with small-pox, as the commander-in-chief recommended, though we have always acted upon the suggestion of a subordinate officer to decimate them with rum. The idea of hunting them with dogs, which there was not time to put in effect at that time, was afterwards felicitously revived in the Florida war.

Very likely we dwell too much upon a work which has already taken a place in literature above our praise. But we cannot let this occasion of a new edition pass without expressing the satisfaction and pride with which we have read it, or commending it most heartily to all who have not read it. We are not as a people very familiar with our own history. Here is a mirror of one of its most striking phases ; the provincial politics and the frontier passions in conflict with the jealousy and hate of the forests, and all the accessory beauty and grandeur of Nature in her ever-various, ever-impressive moods.

Episodes and Lyric Pieces. By ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS. New York : Leypoldt and Holt.

MR. WEEKS'S sins are certainly not of a sort to make one very patient with him ; they have been committed so often, and by so many people, and have been so constantly discovered and exposed, that it seems a little intolerable in him to be guilty of them ; for he is a man of talent, with a faculty for original expression. Yet, though every line of his blank verse reeks of Tennyson, and almost every phrase, epithet, and mental attitude suggests him, and nearly every light is reflected from him, one cannot help feeling that Mr. Weeks is something of a poet on his own account ; and reading other pieces, one finds a grace

and beauty in his sentiment, which will not let him be roughly or mercilessly used by honest criticism. In quantity the case is quite against him. The great part of his verse is imitative, as little redeemed by new or authentic touches as any imitative verse that we know. But in quality, the affair is not so bad. Three or four pieces, perhaps not so many, make us feel that here is a spring from the heart of nature and not a mere pipe (if Mr. Weeks will forgive a figure not meant in disrespect) from which the Tennysonian fluid, laid on now-adays in all minds with the modern improvements, can be drawn at will. Nothing in his volume, we believe, suggested this fact till we came to a poem called "A Winter Evening," and nothing then so much as the lines,

"Along the moss-grown shaky wall,
The gray-green mossy rocks that sleep
Luxurious in the flattering light
Of sunshine all day long, and keep
Warm sides to feel of in the night."

Here, at least, we believed was something that had come to the poet through his own flesh and blood, and not through any one else's decasyllables; and we were quite willing to like, when we reached it, the pretty little fancy in

"GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS.

"'T is too late to find her flowers
Such as I should rather give —
Such as sad and sunlit hours
Equally have taught to live.

"How can these, that never guessed
How the evil helps the good —
How can these to her suggest
Aught of what I wish they could?

"How can these that never felt
Doubt and fear and hope deferred,
Ere the snows began to melt,
Ere the frozen earth was stirred;

"How can these that never thrilled
In the midst of their distress,
With the hope of hope fulfilled —
How can these my thought express?

"Yet, because perhaps they may
Please her once or twice to see,
Let them go and have their day,
Happier than they ought to be!"

There is also a good sonnet, and Mr. Weeks's own, called "In the Meadow"; and here are some lines better yet, and testifying delicate observation and sensitive-ness:—

"RARA AVIS.

"Standing in shade, beside a path that lay
Full in the sunlight of the afternoon,
A gush of song from some bird far away
I heard arise and sink again as soon;

"And still I listened, but no more I heard,
And all I saw was on the sunny ground
The flying shadow of an unseen bird,
No sooner come, than gone without a sound.

"And so a song that I have never heard
Surpasses all that I shall ever hear,
And by the shadow of a vanished bird
The rest are darkened and not very dear."

As for nearly all the other poems, it seems a pity that they should have been printed; or if they must be printed, that the poet—who knows as well as any reader that the inspiration is not his—should not avow his imitation, and frankly label his pieces, "In the manner of —." We do not know whether we are more or less aggrieved with Mr. Weeks, because, as we have shown, he can write poetry of his own.

The William Henry Letters. By MR. A. M. DIAZ. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE reluctance which one feels to speak of a charming book lest he do it the injustice of overpraise need not trouble us with respect to "The William Henry Letters," for the reason simply that, taking the book for just what it attempts to be, it would be hard, if not impossible, to overpraise it. If you like you can find fault with it for being what it is, though we see no cause for this; but there is no question that it is exactly and thoroughly true; that it is as much a part of life as the blossoms and the final pippins are part of an apple-tree. It is nothing more than the letters which a good, hearty, wholesome-spirited country-bred boy of ten years writes home from school to his grandmother, telling her of his adventures in this first absence from her doting care and love. In some introductory passages, and some other passages interspersing the letters, the author makes us personally acquainted with this grandmother of William Henry, and his father and his Uncle Jacob, and his Uncle Jacob's family, who are all country-people living in New England, and are so natural and individual, from the oldest to the youngest, that the only incredible thing about them is that they do not step out of the book, and

confront us as flesh-and-blood presences. Mrs. Diaz's success in depicting them, in setting so simply and easily before us their character and circumstances, makes us feel that the elders, not to say the betters, of the children have a claim upon her faculty which she ought to satisfy. But perhaps as it is, we enjoy better than the boys themselves would the reality of William Henry's boyishness: they might not find anything extraordinary in it; and whereas we find it an almost exceptional thing in literature, they might only look upon him as a boy like any other boy, not knowing the extreme difficulty of painting a boy so as to make him like any other boy. Still, they cannot help liking him, we are certain, and we hope that some of the older boys will feel what a great gift—even if they do not understand what a very rare gift it is—portrays him. Among American women, Mrs. Diaz has no better as a humorist of the purest and kindest quality.

Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit.

[*Pictures of the Intellectual Life of our Time.*] Von JULIAN SCHMIDT. Leipzig.

Heine's Leben und Werke. [*Heine's Life and Works.*] Von ADOLF STRODTMANN. 2 Bände. Berlin.

Letzte Gedichte und Gedanken von HEINRICH HEINE. [*Last Poems and Thoughts of HEINRICH HEINE.*] Hamburg.

Leitfaden zur Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur. [*Guide to the History of German Literature.*] Von HEINRICH KURZ. Leipzig.*

THESE volumes are not the very latest German publications, but they are books of lasting interest and especially recommend themselves to American readers. Heine has always been a favorite with English-speaking people, and it is well known that the first complete collection of his works was published in Philadelphia. One of the volumes mentioned below gives us more of his fascinating poetry and keen wit, while his biography enables us to form a more accurate opinion about his claims to our admiration. Whatever opinion we may form about the man, no one will deny the perfection of his genius.

Schmidt is, we fear, only too little known in this country; and if any are tempted to

consult his larger works by the reading of these essays, we feel confident that they will be repaid.

Those who are already familiar with him will gladly welcome this new volume from his pen, and those to whom he is still a stranger cannot help being attracted by the tempting list of the subjects of these essays.

The works by which he has established his reputation as a critic are his two histories of German literature from 1689 to Lessing's death and from that time to the present, and his history of French literature since 1789. These works are thorough and valuable. Although at times we find in him a certain lack of sympathy for æsthetic beauty, we cannot help respecting the cool intelligence, which, if it renders him less enthusiastic for poetic merit, yet, perhaps, makes his judgment of other literary qualities only the more accurate. In his treatment of them, he shows no lack of industry, sympathy, and cool sense. The last is perhaps his chief characteristic. He keeps his head most admirably. His style too is lively and often witty.

In this volume he has collected various essays which have appeared during the last few years in different German publications. As readers of English, we are tempted by articles on Scott, Bulwer, and George Eliot. For those who are familiar with Tourguénief and Erckmann-Chatrion there are essays on these authors, one on Sainte-Beuve, others which supplement Schmidt's history of German literature, and a few on the present condition of European literature, which have almost as much interest for all of us as would a bit of our own biography.

Scott receives generous praise for his novels, which it is pleasant to see at a time when this great author's fame seems to be waning in the presence of so many and able successors, and full credit for the enormous influence which he has exercised upon them and upon the writers of history.

The essay upon Bulwer is well worth reading. He is an author at whom it is becoming rather the fashion to sneer. In fact, Schmidt almost apologizes for the space he devotes to him, but adds: "This contempt is as unmerited as the former boundless admiration. It is true his power is far inferior to that of Scott and Dickens, and of all the different problems which he has brought forward, there is not one which he has satisfactorily solved, but, historically considered, he plays an important part.

* These books can be found with Schönhof and Müller, in Boston.

He had genuine and original thoughts, and although he was exposed to the danger of overestimating his own feelings and productions, he has yet plenty of real material." Again: "In his moral problems he has often failed, but it is to his praise that he has attempted them. At least he always tries to lead us into a great, rich, strong life, to busy our fancy with the highest questions of humanity." In short, he was an idealist, and he cared for questions which other English novelists, Dickens and Thackeray for example, ignore. The author's remarks on George Eliot will probably be more generally agreed to: "I know no living writer who can compare with her in regard to the power of penetrating into and seizing the moral kernel of life." Although her types are few, she is distinguished from Thackeray and Dickens by the accuracy of her delineations, as well as by the depth and truth of her psychological studies. Dickens does not trouble himself about what he does not get by inspiration, and Thackeray, although the number of his characters is greater, does not see beneath the surface, which, it is true, he paints correctly, but he penetrates no deeper. George Eliot, on the other hand, goes to the very depths of the human heart; "for her, life is no carnival, but a bitter, deep, and holy earnestness; she moves in no realm of shadows, but among living people with an immortal soul." Again: "Dickens has either a passionate fondness or aversion for his characters; if there is one he does not like he boxes his ears as soon as he appears," and he is equally unreasonable with his favorites. "Thackeray does the same to those he does not like; he more rarely reaches full sympathy." George Eliot is decidedly different, "she does not love this one or that one according to her fancy, but she loves life as such, for she believes in life; . . . she regards the sinner, not as a self-satisfied judge, but with the warm sympathy of her own consciousness of wrong." The problem which almost all of her novels treat is, "What is sin? How does it come to man? And how may it be atoned for?" After this introduction there follow full analyses of her various stories, a method which Schmidt applies to all the novelists of whom he writes. The essay on Tourguénieff is extremely good, while Erckmann-Chatrian are hardly treated so satisfactorily.

The first essays of the volume, those upon the present state of European literature,

contain an investigation of the realism of to-day, and a comparison between the time from about the beginning of the century to the year 1848, and the twenty years since; for that is the date which Schmidt regards as sharply dividing the practical present from the idealism of the past. Although he was born in 1818, and consequently was only thirty years old in 1848, he feels that he belongs to the previous generation, and he contrasts its enthusiastic belief in the future with the cooler and more critical spirit of to-day. He is too experienced a judge to condemn this, solely because it is new. "The men of the present are thoroughly in earnest, their sceptical investigations are simply to ferret out the truth, it is impossible for them to mistake windmills for giants. Scepticism and pessimism are for them only steps of transition; their method is different from ours, but in their aims and effort they are of our flesh and blood." He hopes for the best from the future of Germany, from the realization of the dream of so many of its thinkers, and although we belong to the generation of sceptics and pessimists, it is a hope in which we gladly join.

In this change in the modern spirit the influence of Heine was certainly considerable, and can be well studied in these volumes, though we imagine that hardly any reader will go through them faithfully. Fervent youth who dote upon Heine's songs will not have the patience, nor will older persons have the time. To say that the book is complete, when it consists of one thousand pages, is but faint praise; but it is more than complete, it has supplements on every possible subject. For instance, it is well known that Heine studied at Göttingen; the author gives us a history of the University at some length, and so with the other events of his life. There is a long history of the German literature, an account of St. Simonism, of the politics of Europe, etc., all of which is valuable and generally interesting, but likely to chill the heart of the impatient American reader.

Not unnaturally the book gives us many interesting particulars about Heine himself. The veil of mystery is taken from the fair one who jilted him; it was his cousin Amalie Heine, a daughter of his rich uncle Solomon Heine, and not a purely imaginary person, as has always seemed very possible. We have full accounts of his youth, of his friends, his political career, his marriage, and

his last sad illness. On the whole, the book leaves a disagreeable impression of Heine upon us. In spite of his exquisite grace as a poet and his unparalleled wit, the man behind it all is very petty. His vanity gave him no rest. His whole life, his treatment of his friends, his lack of seriousness (a far different thing from the presence of wit), make him a disappointing character. His apologists acknowledge most of his personal faults, but seek to outweigh them by what seems to us undue praise for what he did in the cause of liberty. But in fact he fought rather with the boldness of an adventurer than with the faith of an earnest soldier. After he had devoted himself to the struggle for liberty, we find him seeking a place under the Prussian government. He wrote to Varnhagen: "Here I am becoming very serious, almost German; I think it must be the beer. I have often a longing for the capital, that is, for Berlin. When I am well again I shall try whether I can live there. In Bavaria I have become a Prussian. With whom do you advise me to enter into communication in order to secure a successful return?" In fact it was for the same purpose that he had some years before embraced Christianity. About his conversion he wrote: "I am now becoming a genuine Christian; I am sponging on the rich Jews." When his plan failed he tried hard to get a professorship at the Munich University. To praise more than the skill of such an ally seems to us to be degrading the cause. A great deal he undoubtedly did; no one's wit was keener, no one's style was more fascinating, but the promise of a moderate salary would have turned him against the ranks of those with whom he fought. Whether his vagabondism would have let him stay on the side of conservatism is doubtful, but that is not to his praise. In fact he was only a brilliant man, and it is for his brilliancy alone that he deserves our praise. Freedom is too holy a thing to need such defenders as he.

The book abounds with specimens of his wit; for instance, one evening the conversation happened to turn to the thick and muddy appearance of the Seine after it had passed through Paris. Baron Rothschild said that he had visited the river near its source, and that the water there was as clear as crystal. "Your father," interrupted Heine, "is said to have been a very honest man." Speaking of his illness he said: "The doctors may try to reassure

me, but I have nothing to expect save a wretched, lingering sickness, probably full of changes. There is some consolation in that. When one wakes up a morning stone-deaf, he forgets for a time that he had become blind only a few days before. And what is the object of it all? There is none. I am not to be improved. I have always respected Jehovah, he need not make a martyr of me. Still this bitter suffering may be an advertisement of the collected edition of my works for the benefit of my publisher and my wife."

The absence of an index to these two volumes is a bit of cruelty to the reader almost amounting to a crime.

It is to the author of this life that we are indebted for another volume of Heine's works. The title is not a perfectly accurate one, for the poems were written at various years of his life, only a few during his last illness, and most of the thoughts are from notes made before that time. The poems are of the various kinds which appear in his other volumes,—sentimental, satirical, cynical, and scurrilous. The longest is one called "Bimini," which describes Don Juan Ponce de Leon's search for the fountain of youth. We will translate into prose a few of the verses. Those who know the melody of Heine's poetry can best appreciate the baldness of this version. "Lonely on the shore of Cuba stands a man, gazing at his image reflected in the water. This man is old, but his bearing Spanish-like and stiff, his strange dress half a sailor's, half a soldier's. . . . As if entreating he stretches out his hands, shakes his head, and sighing, says to himself: 'Is this Juan Ponce de Leon, who, as page, carried the haughty train of the alcade's daughter?' That lad was slim and merry, and the golden locks played about his careless, rosy head. All the ladies of Seville knew the sound of his horse's hoofs, and flew to the window when he rode through the street. Is that Juan Ponce de Leon, the terror of the Moors, who cut off the heads of the Turks, as if they were thistle-tops? . . . With years came seriousness and ambition, and I followed Columbus on his second voyage. Never shall I forget the mildness of his looks. Silently he suffered, and only told his woes by night to the stars and waves. When the admiral returned to Spain I entered Ojeda's service, and shipped with him for adventure. Don Ojeda was a knight from top to toe, no better was there at King

Arthur's Round Table. Fighting was his soul's pleasure. Laughing merrily he fought the savages, who in countless bands surrounded him. . . . Later I became companion-in-arms of Bilbao, this hero, as bold as Ojeda, but shrewder in his plans. . . . To him Spain owes a hundred kingdoms, greater than Europe, richer than Venice and Flanders. For reward for the hundred kingdoms greater than Europe and richer than Venice and Flanders they gave him a hempen necklace, a rope, and like a criminal he was hanged in the market-place at San Sebastian. . . . I have now acquired what all eagerly covet, royal favor, glory, and honors, and the Calatrava order. I am governor, own a hundred thousand pesos, gold in bars, jewels, sacks of the richest pearls. Alas! at the sight of these pearls I become sad, for I think it were better that I had teeth as in my youth. . . . Ah! happier than we are the trees, for the winter-wind robs them all of their leaves at the same time, but we men live each his years; while it is winter with one it is spring with another. And the old man feels with double pang his weakness, at the sight of youth's wanton strength. Shake from my limbs, O blessed Virgin, this wintry age, which whitens my head with snow, and freezes my blood; tell the sun to breathe the glow into my veins, and the spring to awaken the nightingale within my breast." The poem, as this extract will show, is like many of the *Romanzero*. "Zur Teleologie" is the title of a characteristic fragment of another style of Heine: "God gave us two eyes that we might see clearly, to believe what we read one eye would have been enough. God gave us two, that we might look about and see how fair he has made the world, to the delight of men's eyes. Still while staring in the street we ought to use our eyes and not let people tread on our corns, which bother us so much when we wear tight boots. God gave us only one nose, because we could not have put two in a glass, and should have had to lap up our wine. God gave us only one mouth, because two mouths would have been too

many. With one mouth man talks already too much nonsense, and if he had two he would only guzzle and lie still more. If his mouth is full now, he must hold his peace, but if he had two he would lie while eating," etc., etc. The last poems, "Zum 'Lazarus'" are sad and bitter.

The thoughts are witty like everything he said. He thought in witticisms. For example, in regard to immortality he says: "God has manifested nothing which proves an existence after death, nor does Moses speak of it. Perhaps God is not pleased that the pious count so surely upon it. In his fatherly kindness he is perhaps keeping it as a surprise for us." Following this we find: "Among no people has the belief in immortality been stronger than among the Celts; one could borrow money from them to return it in another world. Pious Christian usurers should mould their lives after this model."

The volume contains Heine's letters to his wife written during his visits to Germany in the years 1843 and 1844, which are more amiable than what he prepared for publication, and a few fragmentary additions to his already published writings.

Let us briefly call attention to an excellent book, the "*Leitfaden zur Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur* by Heinrich Kurz."

The student of German literature will find it a most useful manual. In a compact and well-arranged form we have a synoptical history of German literature from the earliest times. The older authors are treated with greater fulness, but about the later we get just that information for which we might otherwise have to hunt for half a day. He gives us the principal dates in each author's life, a list of his works with the date and place of publication, and a word of intelligent criticism. The author also gives us a list of his various authorities. In regard to the arrangement nothing could be desired. The book is well printed, and the mere fact that it is a German book, with a full index, is alone almost merit enough to demand that it be mentioned, so many are almost useless from omission of an index.

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THE DESCENT OF FIRE.

"Il faut que la cœur devienne ancien parmi les anciennes choses, et la plénitude de l'histoire ne se dévoile qu'à celui qui descend, ainsi disposé, dans le passé. Mais il faut que l'esprit demeure moderne, et n'oublie jamais qu'il n'y a pour lui d'autre foi que la foi scientifique." — LITTRÉ.

IN the course of my last summer's vacation, which was spent at a small inland village, I came upon an unexpected illustration of the tenacity with which conceptions descended from prehistoric antiquity have now and then kept their hold upon life. While sitting one evening under the trees by the roadside, my attention was called to the unusual conduct of half a dozen men and boys who were standing opposite. An elderly man was moving slowly up and down the road, holding with both hands a forked twig of hazel, shaped like the letter Y inverted. With his palms turned upward, he held in each hand a branch of the twig in such a way that the shank pointed upward; but every few moments, as he halted over a certain spot, the twig would gradually bend inwards and downwards until it had assumed the likeness of a Y in its natural position, where it would remain pointing to something in the ground beneath. One by one the bystanders proceeded to try the experiment, but with no variation

in the result. Something in the ground seemed to fascinate the bit of hazel, for it could not pass over that spot without bending down and pointing to it.

My thoughts reverted at once to Jacques Aymar and Dousterswivel, as I perceived that these men were engaged in sorcery. During the long drought more than half the wells in the village had become dry, and here was an attempt to make good the loss by the aid of the god Thor. These men were seeking water with a divining-rod. Here, alive before my eyes, was a superstitious observance, which I had supposed long since dead and forgotten by all men except students interested in mythology.

As I crossed the road to take part in the ceremony a farmer's boy came up, stoutly affirming his incredulity, and offering to show the company how he could carry the rod motionless across the charmed spot. But when he came to take the weird twig he trembled with an ill-defined feeling of insecurity

as to the soundness of his conclusions, and when he stood over the supposed rivulet the rod bent in spite of him, as was not so very strange. For, with all his vague scepticism, the honest lad had not, and could not be supposed to have, the *foi scientifique* of which Littré speaks.

Hereupon I requested leave to try the rod; but something in my manner seemed at once to excite the suspicion and scorn of the sorcerer. "Yes, take it," said he, with uncalled-for vehemence, "but you can't stop it; there's water below here, and you can't help its bending, if you break your back trying to hold it." So he gave me the twig, and awaited, with a smile which was meant to express withering sarcasm, the discomfiture of the supposed scoffer. But when I proceeded to walk four or five times across the mysterious place, the rod pointing steadfastly toward the zenith all the while, our friend became grave and began to philosophize. "Well," said he, "you see, your temperament is peculiar; the conditions ain't favorable in your case; there are some people who never can work these things. But there's water below here, for all that, as you'll find, if you dig for it; there's nothing like a hazel-rod for finding out water."

Very true: there are some persons who never can make such things work; who somehow always encounter "unfavorable conditions" when they wish to test the marvellous powers of a clairvoyant; who never can make "Planchette" move in conformity to the requirements of any known alphabet; who never see ghosts, and never have "presentiments," save such as are obviously due to association of ideas. The ill-success of these persons is commonly ascribed to their lack of faith; but, in the majority of cases, it might be more truly referred to the strength of their faith, — faith in the constancy of nature, and in the adequacy of ordinary human experience as interpreted by science. *La foi scientifique* is an excellent preventive against that obscure, though not un-

common, kind of self-deception which enables wooden tripods to write and tables to tip and hazel-twigs to twist upside-down, without the conscious intervention of the performer. It was this kind of faith, no doubt, which caused the discomfiture of Jacques Aymar on his visit to Paris,* and which has in late years prevented persons from obtaining the handsome prize offered by the French Academy for the first authentic case of clairvoyance.

But our village friend, though perhaps constructively right in his philosophizing, was certainly very defective in his acquaintance with the time-honored art of rhabdomanancy. Had he extended his inquiries so as to cover the field of Indo-European tradition, he would have learned that the mountain-ash, the mistletoe, the white and black thorne, the Hindu asvattha, and several other woods, are quite as efficient as the hazel for the purpose of detecting water in times of drought; and in due course of time he would have perceived that the divining-rod itself is but one among a large class of things to which popular belief has ascribed, along with other talismanic properties, the power of opening the ground or cleaving rocks, in order to reveal hidden treasures. Leaving him in peace, then, with his bit of forked hazel, to seek for cooling springs in some future thirsty season, let us endeavor to elucidate the origin of this curious superstition.

The detection of subterranean water is by no means the only use to which the divining-rod has been put. Among the ancient Frisians it was regularly used for the detection of criminals; and the reputation of Jacques Aymar was won by his discovery of the perpetrator of a horrible murder at Lyons. Throughout Europe it has been used from time immemorial by miners for ascertaining the position of veins of metal; and in the days when talents

* See the story of Aymar in Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, Vol. I. pp. 57-77. The learned author attributes the discomfiture to the uncongenial Parisian environment; which is a style of reasoning much like that of my village sorcerer, I fear.

were wrapped in napkins and buried in the field, instead of being exposed to the risks of financial speculation, the divining-rod was employed by persons covetous of their neighbors' wealth. If Boulatruelle had lived in the sixteenth century, he would have taken a forked stick of hazel when he went to search for the buried treasures of Jean Valjean. It has also been applied to the cure of disease, and has been kept in households, like a wizard's charm, to insure general good-fortune and immunity from disaster.

As we follow the conception further into the elf-land of popular tradition, we come upon a rod which not only points out the situation of hidden treasure, but even splits open the ground and reveals the mineral wealth contained therein. In German legend, "a shepherd, who was driving his flock over the Ilsenstein, having stopped to rest, leaning on his staff, the mountain suddenly opened, for there was a springwort in his staff without his knowing it, and the princess [Ilse] stood before him. She bade him follow her, and when he was inside the mountain she told him to take as much gold as he pleased. The shepherd filled all his pockets, and was going away, when the princess called after him, 'Forget not the best.' So, thinking she meant that he had not taken enough, he filled his hat also; but what she meant was his staff with the springwort, which he had laid against the wall as soon as he stepped in. But now, just as he was going out at the opening, the rock suddenly slammed together and cut him in two."*

Here the rod derives its marvellous properties from the enclosed springwort, but in many cases a leaf or flower is itself competent to open the hillside. The little blue flower, forget-me-not, about which so many sentimental associations have clustered, owes its name to the legends told of its talismanic virtues.† A man, travelling on

a lonely mountain, picks up a little blue flower and sticks it in his hat. Forthwith an iron door opens, showing up a lighted passageway, through which the man advances into a magnificent hall, where rubies and diamonds and all other kinds of gems are lying piled in great heaps on the floor. As he eagerly fills his pockets his hat drops from his head, and when he turns to go out the little flower calls after him, "Forget me not!" He turns back and looks around, but is too bewildered with his good fortune to think of his bare head or of the luck-flower which he has let fall. He selects several more of the finest jewels he can find, and again starts to go out; but as he passes through the door the mountain closes amid the crashing of thunder, and cuts off one of his heels. Alone, in the gloom of the forest, he searches in vain for the mysterious door: it has disappeared forever, and the traveller goes on his way, thankful, let us hope, that he has fared no worse.

Sometimes it is a white lady, like the Princess Ilse, who invites the finder of the luck-flower to help himself to her treasures, and who utters the enigmatical warning. The mountain where the event occurred may be found almost anywhere in Germany, and one just like it stood in Persia, in the golden prime of Haroun Alraschid. In the story of the Forty Thieves, the mere name of the plant *sesame* serves as a talisman to open and shut the secret door which leads into the robbers' cavern; and when the avaricious Cassim Baba, absorbed in the contemplation of the bags of gold and bales of rich merchandise, forgets the magic formula, he meets no better fate than the shepherd of the Ilsenstein. In the story of Prince Ahmed, it is an enchanted arrow which guides the young adventurer through the hillside to the grotto of the Peri Banou. In the tale of Baba Abdallah, it is an ointment rubbed on the eyelid which reveals at a single glance all the treasures hidden in the bowels of the earth.

The ancient Romans also had their

* Kelly, Indo-European Folk-Lore, p. 177.

† The story of the luck-flower is well told in verse by Mr. Baring-Gould, in his *Silver Store*, p. 115, seq.

rock-breaking plant, called *Saxifraga*, or "sassafras." And the further we penetrate into this charmed circle of traditions the more evident does it appear that the power of cleaving rocks or shattering hard substances enters, as an indispensable element, into the primitive conception of these treasure-showing talismans. Mr. Baring-Gould has given an excellent account of the rabbinical legends concerning the wonderful schamir, by the aid of which Solomon was said to have built his temple. From Asmodeus, prince of the Jann, Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, wrested the secret of a worm no bigger than a barley-corn, which could split the hardest substance. This worm was called schamir. "If Solomon desired to possess himself of the worm, he must find the nest of the moor-hen, and cover it with a plate of glass, so that the mother bird could not get at her young without breaking the glass. She would seek schamir for the purpose, and the worm must be obtained from her." As the Jewish king did need the worm in order to hew the stones for that temple which was to be built without sound of hammer, or axe, or any tool of iron,* he sent Benaiah to obtain it. According to another account, schamir was a mystic stone which enabled Solomon to penetrate the earth in search of mineral wealth. Directed by a Jinni, the wise king covered a raven's eggs with a plate of crystal, and thus obtained schamir which the bird brought in order to break the plate.

In these traditions, which may possibly be of Aryan descent, due to the prolonged intercourse between the Jews and the Persians, a new feature is added to those before enumerated: the rock-splitting talisman is always found in the possession of a bird. The same feature in the myth reappears on Aryan soil. The springwort, whose marvellous powers we have noticed in the case of the Ilsestein shepherd, is obtained, according to Pliny, by stopping up the hole in a tree where a wood-

pecker keeps its young. The bird flies away, and presently returns with the springwort, which it applies to the plug, causing it to shoot out with a loud explosion. The same account is given in German folk-lore. Elsewhere, as in Iceland, Normandy, and ancient Greece, the bird is an eagle, a swallow, an ostrich, or a hoopoe.

In the Icelandic and Pomeranian myths the schamir, or "raven-stone," also renders its possessor invisible, — a property which it shares with one of the treasure-finding plants, the fern.* In this respect it resembles the ring of Gyges, as in its divining and rock-splitting qualities it resembles that other ring which the African magician gave to Aladdin, to enable him to descend into the cavern where stood the wonderful lamp.

In the North of Europe schamir appears strangely and grotesquely metamorphosed. The hand of a man that has been hanged, when dried and prepared with certain weird unguents and set on fire, is known as the hand of glory; and as it not only bursts open all safe-locks, but also lulls to sleep all persons within the circle of its influence, it is of course invaluable to thieves and burglars. I quote the following story from Thorpe's "Northern Mythology": "Two fellows once came to Huy, who pretended to be exceedingly fatigued, and when they had supped would not retire to a sleeping-room, but begged their host would allow them to take a nap on the hearth. But the maid-servant, who did not like the looks of the two guests, remained by the kitchen door and peeped through a chink, when she saw that one of them drew a thief's hand from his

* "We have the receipt of fern-seed. We walk invisible." — Shakespeare, Henry IV.

According to one North German tradition, the luck-flower also will make its finder invisible at pleasure. But, as the myth shrewdly adds, it is absolutely essential that the flower be found by accident: he who seeks for it never finds it! Thus all cavils are skillfully forestalled, even if not satisfactorily disposed of. The same kind of reasoning is favored by our modern dealers in mystery: somehow the "conditions" always are absent whenever a scientific observer wishes to test their pretensions.

* 1 Kings vi. 7.

pocket, the fingers of which, after having rubbed them with an ointment, he lighted, and they all burned except one. Again they held this finger to the fire, but still it would not burn, at which they appeared much surprised, and one said, 'There must surely be some one in the house who is not yet asleep.' They then hung the hand with its four burning fingers by the chimney, and went out to call their associates. But the maid followed them instantly and made the door fast, then ran up stairs, where the landlord slept, that she might wake him, but was unable, notwithstanding all her shaking and calling. In the mean time the thieves had returned and were endeavoring to enter the house by a window, but the maid cast them down from the ladder. They then took a different course, and would have forced an entrance, had it not occurred to the maid that the burning fingers might probably be the cause of her master's profound sleep. Impressed with this idea she ran to the kitchen and blew them out, when the master and his men-servants instantly awoke, and soon drove away the robbers." The same event is said to have occurred at Stainmore in England; and Torquemada relates of Mexican thieves that they carry with them the left hand of a woman who has died in her first childbed, before which talisman all bolts yield and all opposition is benumbed. In 1831 "some Irish thieves attempted to commit a robbery on the estate of Mr. Naper, of Loughcrew, county Meath. They entered the house armed with a dead man's hand with a lighted candle in it, believing in the superstitious notion that a candle placed in a dead man's hand will not be seen by any but those by whom it is used; and also that if a candle in a dead hand be introduced into a house, it will prevent those who may be asleep from awaking. The inmates, however, were alarmed, and the robbers fled, leaving the hand behind them."*

In the Middle Ages the hand of glory was used, just like the divining-rod, for the detection of buried treasures.

Here, then, we have a large and motley group of objects — the forked rod of ash or hazel, the springwort and the luck-flower, leaves, worms, stones, rings, and dead men's hands — which are for the most part competent to open the way into cavernous rocks, and which all agree in pointing out hidden wealth. We find, moreover, that many of these charmed objects are carried about by birds, and that some of them possess, in addition to their generic properties, the specific power of benumbing people's senses. What, now, is the common origin of this whole group of superstitions? And since mythology has been shown to be the result of primeval attempts to explain the phenomena of nature, what natural phenomenon could ever have given rise to so many seemingly wanton conceptions? Hopeless as the problem may at first sight seem, it has nevertheless been solved. In his great treatise on "The Descent of Fire," Dr. Kuhn has shown that all these legends and traditions are descended from primitive myths explanatory of the lightning and the storm-cloud.*

To us, who are nourished from childhood on the truths revealed by science, the sky is known to be merely an optical appearance due to the partial absorption of the solar rays in passing through a thick stratum of atmospheric air; the clouds are known to be large masses of watery vapor, which descend in rain-drops when sufficiently condensed; and the lightning is known to be a flash of light accompanying an electric discharge. But these conceptions are extremely recondite, and have been attained only through centuries of philosophizing and after careful observation and laborious experiment. To the untaught mind of a child or of an uncivilized man, it seems far more natural and plausible to regard the sky as a solid dome of blue crystal,

* Henderson, *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England*, p. 202.

* Kuhn, *Die Herabkunft des Feuers und des Göttertranks*. Berlin, 1859.

the clouds as snowy mountains, or perhaps even as giants or angels, the lightning as a flashing dart or a fiery serpent. In point of fact, we find that the conceptions actually entertained are often far more grotesque than these. I can recollect once framing the hypothesis that the flaming clouds of sunset were transient apparitions, vouchsafed us by way of warning, of that burning Calvinistic hell with which my childish imagination had been unwisely terrified; and I have known of a four-year-old boy who thought that the snowy clouds of noonday were the white robes of the angels hung out to dry in the sun.* My little daughter is anxious to know whether it is necessary to take a balloon in order to get to the place where God lives, or whether the same end can be accomplished by going to the horizon and crawling up the sky; † the Mohammedan of old was working at the same problem when he called the rainbow the bridge Es-Sirat, over which souls must pass on their way to heaven. According to the ancient Jew, the sky was a solid plate, hammered out by the gods, and spread over the earth in order to keep up the ocean overhead; but the plate was full of little windows, which were opened whenever it became necessary to let the rain come through. With equal plausibility the Greek represented the rainy sky as a sieve in which the daughters of Danaos were vainly trying to draw water; while to the Hindu the rain-clouds were celestial cattle milked by the wind-god. In primitive Aryan lore, the sky was itself a blue sea, and the clouds were ships sailing over it; and an English legend tells how one of these ships once caught its anchor on a gravestone in the churchyard, to the great astonish-

ment of the people who were coming out of church. Charon's ferry-boat was one of these vessels, and another was Odin's golden ship, in which the souls of slain heroes were conveyed to Valhalla. Hence it was once the Scandinavian practice to bury the dead in boats; and in Altmark a penny is still placed in the mouth of the corpse, that it may have the means of paying its fare to the ghostly ferryman.* In such a vessel drifted the Lady of Shalott on her fatal voyage; and of similar nature was the dusky barge, "dark as a funeral-scarf from stem to stern," in which Arthur was received by the black-hooded queens.†

But the fact that a natural phenomenon was explained in one way did not hinder it from being explained in a dozen other ways. The fact that the sun was generally regarded as an all-conquering hero did not prevent its being called an egg, an apple, or a frog squatting on the waters, or Ixion's wheel, or the eye of Polyphemos, or the stone of Sisyphos, which was no sooner pushed up to the zenith than it rolled down to the horizon. So the sky was not only a crystal dome, or a celestial ocean, but it was also the Aleian land through which Bellerophon wandered, the country of the Lotoseaters, or again the realm of the Graiai beyond the twilight; and finally it was personified and worshipped as Dyaus or Varuna, the Vedic prototypes of the Greek Zeus and Ouranos. The clouds,

* See Kelly, *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, p. 120; who states also that in Bengal the Garrows burn their dead in a small boat, placed on top of the funeral-pile.

In their character of cows, also, the clouds were regarded as psychopomps; and hence it is still a popular superstition that a cow breaking into the yard foretokens a death in the family.

† The sun-god Freyr had a cloud-ship called Skithblathnir, which is thus described in *Sasent's Prose Edda*: "She is so great, that all the Æsir, with their weapons and war-gear, may find room on board her"; but "when there is no need of faring on the sea in her, she is made . . . with so much craft that Freyr may fold her together like a cloth, and keep her in his bag." This same virtue was possessed by the fairy pavilion which the Peri Banou gave to Ahmed; the cloud which is no bigger than a man's hand may soon overspread the whole heaven, and shade the Sultan's army from the solar rays.

* "Still in North Germany does the peasant say of thunder, that the angels are playing skittles aloft, and of the snow, that they are shaking up the feather-beds in heaven." — Baring-Gould, *Book of Werewolves*, p. 172.

† "The Polynesians imagine that the sky descends at the horizon and encloses the earth. Hence they call foreigners *papalangi*, or 'heaven-burst-ers,' as having broken in from another world outside." — Max Müller, *Chips*, II. 268.

too, had many other representatives besides ships and cows. In a future paper it will be shown that they were sometimes regarded as angels or houris; at present it more nearly concerns us to know that they appear, throughout all Aryan mythology, under the form of birds. It used to be a matter of hopeless wonder to me that Aladdin's innocent request for a roc's egg to hang in the dome of his palace should have been regarded as a crime worthy of punishment by the loss of the wonderful lamp; the obscurest part of the whole affair being perhaps the Jinni's passionate allusion to the egg as his master: "Wretch! dost thou command me to bring thee my master, and hang him up in the midst of this vaulted dome?" But the incident is to some extent cleared of its mystery when we learn that the roc's egg is the bright sun, and that the roc itself is the rushing storm-cloud which, in the tale of Sindbad, haunts the sparkling starry firmament, symbolized as a valley of diamonds.* According to one Arabic authority, the length of its wings is ten thousand fathoms. But in European tradition it dwindles from these huge dimensions to the size of an eagle, a raven, or a woodpecker. Among the birds enumerated by Kuhn and others as representing the storm-cloud are likewise the wren or "kinglet" (French *roitelet*); the owl, sacred to Athene; the cuckoo, stork, and sparrow; and the red-breasted robin, whose name Robert was originally an epithet of the lightning-god Thor. In certain parts of France it is still believed that the robbing of a wren's nest will render the culprit liable to be struck by lightning. The same belief was formerly entertained in Teutonic countries with respect to the robin; and I suppose

that from this superstition is descended the prevalent notion, which I often encountered in childhood, that there is something peculiarly wicked in killing robins.

Now, as the raven or woodpecker, in the various myths of schamir, is the dark storm-cloud, so the rock-splitting worm or plant or pebble which the bird carries in its beak and lets fall to the ground is nothing more or less than the flash of lightning carried and dropped by the cloud. "If the cloud was supposed to be a great bird, the lightnings were regarded as writhing worms or serpents in its beak. These fiery serpents, *ελικίαι γραμμοειδῶς φερόμενοι*, are believed in to this day by the Canadian Indians, who call the thunder their hissing."*

But these are not the only mythical conceptions which are to be found wrapped up in the various myths of schamir and the divining-rod. The persons who told these stories were not weaving ingenious allegories about thunder-storms; they were telling stories, or giving utterance to superstitions, of which the original meaning was forgotten. The old grannies who, along with a stoical indifference to the fate of quails and partridges, used to impress upon me the wickedness of killing robins, did not add that I should be struck by lightning if I failed to heed their admonitions. They had never heard that the robin was the bird of Thor; they merely rehearsed the remnant of the superstition which had survived to their own times, while the essential part of it had long since faded from recollection. The reason for regarding a robin's life as more sacred than a partridge's had been forgotten; but it left behind, as was natural, a vague recognition of that mythical sanctity. The primitive meaning of a myth fades away as inevitably as the primitive meaning of a word or phrase; and the rabbins who told of a worm which shatters rocks no more thought of the writhing thunderbolts than the modern reader thinks of oys-

* Euhemerism has done its best with this bird, representing it as an immense vulture or condor or as a reminiscence of the extinct dodo. But a Chinese myth, cited by Klaproth, well preserves its true character when it describes it as "a bird which in flying obscures the sun, and of whose quills are made water-funs." See *Nouveau Journal Asiatique*, Tom. XII. p. 235. The big bird in the Norse tale of the "Blue Belt" belongs to the same species.

* Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, Vol. II. p. 146.

ter-shells when he sees the word *astracism*, or consciously breathes a prayer as he writes the phrase *good by*. It is only in its callow infancy that the full force of a myth is felt, and its period of luxuriant development dates from the time when its physical significance is lost or obscured. It was because the Greek had forgotten that Zeus meant the bright sky, that he could make him king over an anthropomorphic Olympus. The Hindu Dyaus, who carried his significance in his name as plainly as the Greek Helios, never attained such an exalted position; he yielded to deities of less obvious pedigree, such as Brahma and Vishnu.

Since, therefore, the myth-tellers recounted merely the wonderful stories which their own nurses and grandmas had told them, and had no intention of weaving subtle allegories or wrapping up a physical truth in mystic emblems, it follows that they were not bound to avoid incongruities or to preserve a philosophical symmetry in their narratives. In the great majority of complex myths, no such symmetry is to be found. A score of different mythical conceptions would get wrought into the same story, and the attempt to pull them apart and construct a single harmonious system of conceptions out of the pieces must often end in ingenious absurdity. If Odysseus is unquestionably the sun, so is the eye of Polyphemos, which Odysseus puts out. But the Greek poet knew nothing of the incongruity, for he was thinking only of a superhuman hero freeing himself from a giant cannibal; he knew nothing of Sanskrit, or of comparative mythology, and the sources of his myths were as completely hidden from his view as the sources of the Nile.

We need not be surprised, then, to find that in one version of the schamir-myth the cloud is the bird which carries the worm, while in another version the cloud is the rock or mountain which the talisman cleaves open; nor need we wonder at it, if we find stories

in which the two conceptions are mingled together without regard to an incongruity which in the mind of the myth-teller no longer exists.*

In early Aryan mythology there is nothing by which the clouds are more frequently represented than by rocks or mountains. Such were the Symplegades, which, charmed by the harp of the wind-god Orpheus, parted to make way for the talking ship Argo, with its crew of solar heroes. Such, too, were the mountains Ossa and Pelion, which the giants piled up one upon another in their impious assault upon Zeus, the lord of the bright sky. As Mr. Baring-Gould observes: "The ancient Aryan had the same name for cloud and mountain. To him the piles of vapor on the horizon were so like Alpine ranges, that he had but one word whereby to designate both.† These great mountains of heaven were opened by the lightning. In the sudden flash he beheld the dazzling splendor within, but only for a moment, and then, with a crash, the celestial rocks closed again. Believing these vaporous piles to contain resplendent treasures of which partial glimpse was obtained by mortals in a momentary gleam, tales were speedily formed, relating the adventures of some who had succeeded in entering these treasure-mountains."

This sudden flash is the smiting of the cloud-rock by the arrow of Ahmed, the resistless hammer of Thor, the spear of Odin, the trident of Poseidon, or the rod of Hermes. The forked streak of light is the archetype of the divining-rod in its oldest form,—that in which it not only indicates the hidden treasures, but, like the staff of the Ilsestein shepherd, bursts open the enchanted crypt and reveals them to the astonished wayfarer. Hence the

* The Sanskrit myth-teller indeed mixes up his materials in a way which seems ludicrous to a Western reader. He describes Indra (the sun-god) as not only cleaving the cloud-mountains with his sword, but also *cutting off their wings* and hurling them from the sky. See Burnouf, *Bhāgavata Purāna*, VI. 12, 26.

† The Sanskrit *parvata*, a bulging or inflated body, means both "cloud" and "mountain."

one thing essential to the divining-rod, from whatever tree it be chosen, is that it shall be forked.

It is not difficult to comprehend the reasons which led the ancients to speak of the lightning as a worm, serpent, trident, arrow, or forked wand; but when we inquire why it was sometimes symbolized as a flower or leaf, or when we seek to ascertain why certain trees, such as the ash, hazel, white-thorn, and mistletoe, were supposed to be in a certain sense embodiments of it, we are entering upon a subject too complicated to be satisfactorily treated within the limits of the present paper. It has been said that the point of resemblance between a cow and a comet, that both have tails, was quite enough for the primitive word-maker: it was certainly enough for the primitive myth-teller.* Sometimes the pinnate shape of a leaf, the forking of a branch, the tri-cleft corolla, or even the red color of a flower, seems to have been sufficient to determine the association of ideas. The Hindu commentators of the Veda certainly lay great stress on the fact that the palasa, one of their lightning-trees, is trident-leaved. The mistletoe branch is forked, like a wish-bone,† and so is the stem which bears the forget-me-not or wild scorpion grass. So too the leaves of the Hindu *figus religiosa* resemble long spear-heads.‡ But in

* In accordance with the mediæval "doctrine of signatures," it was maintained "that the hard, stony seeds of the Gromwell must be good for gravel, and the knotty tubers of scrophularia for scrophulous glands; while the scaly pappus of scaliosa showed it to be a specific in leprosy diseases, the spotted leaves of pulmonaria that it was a sovereign remedy for tuberculous lungs, and the growth of saxifrage in the fissures of rocks that it would disintegrate stone in the bladder." Prior, Popular Names of British Plants, Introd., p. xiv. See also Chapiel, La Doctrine des Signatures. Paris, 1866.

† Indeed, the wish-bone, or forked clavicle of a fowl, itself belongs to the same family of talismans as the divining-rod.

‡ The ash, on the other hand, has been from time immemorial used for spears in many parts of the Aryan domain. The word *æsc* meant, in Anglo-Saxon, indifferently "ash-tree," or "spear"; and the same is, or has been, true of the French *fresne* and the Greek *μελία*. The root of *æsc* appears in the Sanskrit *as*, "to throw" or "lance," whence *āsa*, "a bow," and *asanā*, "an arrow." See Pictet, Origines Indo-Européennes, I. 222.

many cases it is impossible for us to determine with confidence the reasons which may have guided primitive men in their choice of talismanic plants. In the case of some of these stories, it would no doubt be wasting ingenuity to attempt to assign a mythical origin for each point of detail. The ointment of the dervise, for instance, in the Arabian tale, has probably no special mythical significance, but was rather suggested by the exigencies of the story, in an age when the old mythologies were so far disintegrated and mingled together that any one talisman would serve as well as another the purposes of the narrator. But the lightning-plants of Indo-European folklore cannot be thus summarily disposed of; for however difficult it may be for us to perceive any connection between them and the celestial phenomena which they represent, the myths concerning them are so numerous and explicit as to render it certain that some such connection was imagined by the myth-makers. The superstition concerning the hand of glory is not so hard to interpret. In the mythology of the Finns, the storm-cloud is a black man with a bright, copper hand; and in Hindustan, Indra Savitâr, the deity who slays the demon of the cloud, is golden-handed. The selection of the hand of a man who has been hanged is probably due to the superstition which regarded the storm-god Odin as peculiarly the lord of the gallows. The man who is raised upon the gallows is placed directly in the track of the wild huntsman, who comes with his hounds to carry off the victim; and hence the notion, which, according to Mr. Kelly, is "very common in Germany and not extinct in England," that every suicide by hanging is followed by a storm.

The paths of comparative mythology are devious, but we have now pursued them long enough, I believe, to have arrived at a tolerably clear understanding of the original nature of the divining-rod. Its power of revealing treasures has been sufficiently ex-

plained; and its affinity for water results so obviously from the character of the lightning-myth as to need no further comment. But its power of detecting criminals still remains to be accounted for.

In Greek mythology, the being which detects and punishes crime is the Erinyes, the prototype of the Latin Fury, figured by late writers as a horrible monster with serpent locks. But this is a degradation of the original conception. The name *Erinyes* did not originally mean *Fury*, and it cannot be explained from Greek sources alone. It appears in Sanskrit as *Saranyu*, a word which signifies the light of morning creeping over the sky. And thus we are led to the startling conclusion that, as the light of morning reveals the evil deeds done under the cover of night, so the lovely Dawn, or Erinyes, came to be regarded under one aspect as the terrible detector and avenger of iniquity. Yet startling as the conclusion is, it is based on established laws of phonetic change, and cannot be gainsaid.

But what has the avenging daybreak to do with the lightning and the divining-rod? To the modern mind the association is not an obvious one: in antiquity it was otherwise. Myths of the daybreak and myths of the lightning often resemble each other so closely that, except by a delicate philological analysis, it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. The reason is obvious. In each case the phenomenon to be explained is the struggle between the day-god and one of the demons of darkness. There is essentially no distinction to the mind of the primitive man between the Panis, who steal Indra's bright cows and keep them in a dark cavern all night, and the throttling snake Ahi or Echidna, who imprisons the waters in the stronghold of the thunder-cloud and covers the earth with a short-lived darkness. And so the poisoned arrows of Bellerophon, which slay the storm-dragon, differ in no essential respect from the shafts with which

Odysseus slaughters the night-demons who have for ten long hours beset his mansion. Thus the divining-rod, representing as it does the weapon of the god of day, comes legitimately enough by its function of detecting and avenging crime.

But the lightning not only reveals strange treasures and gives water to the thirsty land and makes plain what is doing under cover of darkness; it also sometimes kills, benumbs, or paralyzes. Thus the head of the Gorgon Medusa turns into stone those who look upon it. Thus the ointment of the dervise, in the tale of Baba Abdallah, not only reveals all the treasures of the earth, but instantly thereafter blinds the unhappy man who tests its powers. And thus the hand of glory, which bursts open bars and bolts, benumbs also those who happen to be near it. Indeed, few of the favored mortals who were allowed to visit the caverns opened by sesame or the luck-flower, escaped without disaster. The monkish tale of "The Clerk and the Image," in which the primeval mythical features are curiously distorted, well illustrates this point.

In the city of Rome there formerly stood an image with its right hand extended and on its forefinger the words "strike here." Many wise men puzzled in vain over the meaning of the inscription; but at last a certain priest observed that whenever the sun shone on the figure, the shadow of the finger was discernible on the ground at a little distance from the statue. Having marked the spot, he waited until midnight, and then began to dig. At last his spade struck upon something hard. It was a trap-door, below which a flight of marble steps descended into a spacious hall, where many men were sitting in solemn silence amid piles of gold and diamonds and long rows of enamelled vases. Beyond this he found another room, a *gynacium* filled with beautiful women reclining on richly embroidered sofas; yet here, too, all was profound silence. A superb banquetting-hall next met his as-

tonished gaze ; then a silent kitchen ; then granaries loaded with forage ; then a stable crowded with motionless horses. The whole place was brilliantly lighted by a carbuncle which was suspended in one corner of the reception-room ; and opposite stood an archer, with his bow and arrow raised, in the act of taking aim at the jewel. As the priest passed back through this hall, he saw a diamond-hilted knife lying on a marble table ; and wishing to carry away something wherewith to accredit his story, he reached out his hand to take it ; but no sooner had he touched it than all was dark. The archer had shot with his arrow, the bright jewel was shivered into a thousand pieces, the staircase had fled, and the priest found himself buried alive.*

Usually, however, though the lightning is wont to strike dead, with its basilisk glance, those who rashly enter its mysterious caverns, it is regarded rather as a benefactor than as a destroyer. The feelings with which the myth-making age contemplated the thunder-shower as it revived the earth paralyzed by a long drought, are shown in the myth of Oidipous. The Sphinx, whose name signifies "the one who binds," is the demon who sits on the cloud-rock and imprisons the rain, muttering dark sayings which none but the all-knowing sun may understand. The flash of solar light which causes the monster to fling herself down from the cliff with a fearful roar, restores the land to prosperity. But besides this, the association of the thunder-storm with the approach of summer has produced many myths in which the lightning is symbolized as the life-renewing wand of the victorious sun-god. Hence the use of the divining-rod in the cure of disease ; and hence the large family of schamir-myths in which the dead are restored

to life by leaves or herbs. In Grimm's tale of the Three Snake Leaves, "a prince is buried alive (like Sindbad) with his dead wife, and seeing a snake approaching her body, he cuts it in three pieces. Presently another snake, crawling from the corner, saw the other lying dead, and going away soon returned with three green leaves in its mouth ; then laying the parts of the body together so as to join, it put one leaf on each wound, and the dead snake was alive again. The prince, applying the leaves to his wife's body, restores her also to life."* In the Greek story, told by Ælian and Apollodoros, Polyidos is shut up with the corpse of Glaukos, which he is ordered to restore to life. He kills a dragon which is approaching the body, but is presently astonished at seeing another dragon come with a blade of grass and place it upon its dead companion, which instantly rises from the ground. Polyidos takes the same blade of grass, and with it resuscitates Glaukos. The same incident occurs in the Hindu story of Panch Phul Ranee, and in Fouqué's "Sir Elidoc," which is founded on a Breton legend.

We need not wonder, then, at the extraordinary therapeutic properties which are in all Aryan folk-lore ascribed to the various lightning-plants. In Sweden sanitary amulets are made of mistletoe-twigs, and the plant is supposed to be a specific against epilepsy and an antidote for poisons. In Cornwall children are passed through holes in ash-trees in order to cure them of hernia. Ash rods are used in some parts of England for the cure of diseased sheep, cows, and horses ; and in particular they are supposed to neutralize the venom of serpents. The notion that snakes are afraid of an ash-tree is not extinct even in the United States. The other day I was told, not by an old granny, but by a man fairly educated and endowed with a very unusual amount of good common-sense, that a rattlesnake will sooner go through

* Compare Spenser's story of Sir Guyon, in the "Faëry Queen," where, however, the knight fares better than this poor priest. Usually these lightning-caverns were like Ixion's treasure-house, into which none might look and live. This conception is the foundation of the story of Blue-Beard and of the Arabian tale of the third one-eyed Calender.

* Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, Vol. I. p. 161.

fire than creep over ash leaves or into the shadow of an ash-tree. Exactly the same statement is made by Pliny, who adds that if you draw a circle with an ash rod around the spot of ground on which a snake is lying, the animal must die of starvation, being as effectually imprisoned as Ugolino in the dungeon at Pisa. In Cornwall it is believed that a blow from an ash stick will instantly kill any serpent. The ash shares this virtue with the hazel and fern. A Swedish peasant will tell you that snakes may be deprived of their venom by a touch with a hazel wand; and when an ancient Greek had occasion to make his bed in the woods, he selected fern leaves if possible, in the belief that the smell of them would drive away poisonous animals.*

But the beneficent character of the lightning appears still more clearly in another class of myths. To the primitive man the shaft of light coming down from heaven was typical of the original descent of fire for the benefit and improvement of the human race. The Sioux Indians account for the origin of fire by a myth of unmistakable kinship; they say that "their first ancestor obtained his fire from the sparks which a friendly panther struck from the rocks as he scampered up a stony hill."† This panther is obviously the counterpart of the Aryan bird which drops schamir. But the Aryan imagination hit upon a far more remarkable conception. The ancient Hindus obtained fire by a process similar to that employed by Count Rumford in his experiments on the generation of heat by friction. They first wound a couple of cords around a pointed stick in such a way that the unwinding of the one would wind up the other, and then, placing the point of the stick against a circular disk of wood, twirled it rapidly by alternate pulls on the two strings. This instrument is called a *chark*, and is still used in South Africa,‡ in Aus-

tralia, in Sumatra, and among the Vedahs of Ceylon. The Russians found it in Kamtschatka; and it was formerly employed in America, from Labrador to the Straits of Magellan.* The Hindus churned milk by a similar process;† and in order to explain the thunder-storm, a Sanskrit poem tells how "once upon a time the Devas, or gods, and their opponents, the Asuras, made a truce, and joined together in churning the ocean to procure amrita, the drink of immortality. They took Mount Mandara for a churning-stick, and, wrapping the great serpent Sesha round it for a rope, they made the mountain spin round to and fro, the Devas pulling at the serpent's tail, and the Asuras at its head."‡ In this myth the churning-stick, with its flying serpent-cords, is the lightning, and the amrita, or drink of immortality, is simply the rain-water, which in Aryan folk-lore possesses the same healing virtues as the lightning. "In Sclavonic myths it is the water of life which restores the dead earth, a water brought by a bird from the depths of a gloomy cave."§ It is the celestial soma or mead which Indra loves to drink; it is the ambrosial nectar of the Olympian gods; it is the charmed water which in the Arabian Nights restores to human shape the victims of wicked sorcerers; and it is the elixir of life which mediæval philosophers tried to discover, and in quest of which Ponce de Leon traversed the wilds of Florida.

* Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 238.

"Jacky's next proceeding was to get some dry sticks and wood, and prepare a fire, which, to George's astonishment, he lighted thus. He got a block of wood, in the middle of which he made a hole; then he cut and pointed a long stick, and inserting the point into the block, worked it round between his palms for some time and with increasing rapidity. Presently there came a smell of burning wood, and soon after it burst into a flame at the point of contact. Jacky cut slices of shark and roasted them."—Reade, *Never too Late to Mend*, Chap. XXXVIII.

† The production of fire by the drill is often called *churning*, e. g. "He took the *uwati* [chark], and sat down and churned it, and kindled a fire." Callaway, *Zulu Nursery Tales*, I. 174.

‡ Kelly, *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, p. 39. Bournouf, *Bhāgavata Purāna*, VIII. 6, 32.

§ Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, p. 149.

* Kelly, *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, pp. 147, 183, 186, 193.

† Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 151.

‡ Callaway, *Zulu Nursery Tales*, I. 173, Note 12.

The most interesting point in this Hindu myth is the name of the peaked mountain Mandara, or Manthara, which the gods and devils took for their churning-stick. The word means "a churning-stick," and it appears also, with a prefixed preposition, in the name of the fire-drill, *pramantha*. Now Kuhn has proved that this name, *pramantha*, is etymologically identical with Prometheus, the name of the beneficent Titan, who stole fire from heaven and bestowed it upon mankind as the richest of boons. This sublime personage was originally nothing but the celestial drill which churns fire out of the clouds; but the Greeks had so entirely forgotten his origin that they interpreted his name as meaning "the one who thinks beforehand," and accredited him with a brother, Epimetheus, or "the one who thinks too late." The Greeks had adopted another name, *trypanon*, for their fire-drill, and thus the primitive character of Prometheus became obscured.

I have said above that it was regarded as absolutely essential that the divining-rod should be forked. To this rule, however, there was one exception, and if any further evidence be needed to convince the most sceptical that the divining-rod is nothing but a symbol of the lightning, that exception will furnish such evidence. For this exceptional kind of divining-rod was made of a pointed stick rotating in a block of wood, and it was the presence of hidden water or treasure which was supposed to excite the rotatory motion.

In the myths relating to Prometheus, the lightning-god appears as the originator of civilization, sometimes as the creator of the human race, and always as its friend,* suffering in its behalf the most fearful tortures at the hands of the jealous Zeus. In one story he creates man by making a clay image and infusing into it a spark of the fire

which he had brought from heaven; in another story he is himself the first man. In the Peloponnesian myth Phoroneus, who is Prometheus under another name, is the first man, and his mother was an ash-tree. In Norse mythology, also, the gods were said to have made the first man out of the ash-tree Yggdrasil. The association of the heavenly fire with the life-giving forces of nature is very common in the myths of both hemispheres, and in view of the facts already cited it need not surprise us. Hence the Hindu Agni and the Norse Thor were patrons of marriage, and in Norway, the most lucky day on which to be married is still supposed to be Thursday, which in old times was the day of the fire-god.* Hence the lightning-plants have divers virtues in matters pertaining to marriage. The Romans made their wedding torches of whitethorn; hazel-nuts are still used all over Europe in divinations relating to the future lover or sweetheart;† and under a mistletoe bough it is allowable for a gentleman to kiss a lady. A vast number of kindred superstitions are described by Mr. Kelly, to whom I am indebted for many of these examples.

Thus we reach at last the completed conception of the divining-rod, or as it is called in this sense the wish-rod, with its kindred talismans, from Aladdin's lamp and the purse of Bedreddin Hassan, to the Sangreal, the philosopher's stone, and the goblets of Oberon and Tristram. These symbols of the reproductive energies of nature, which give to the possessor every good and perfect gift, illustrate the uncurbed belief in the power of wish which the ancient man shared with modern children. In the Norse story of Frodi's quern, the myth assumes a whimsical

* We may, perhaps, see here the reason for making the Greek fire-god Hephaistos the husband of Aphrodite.

† "Our country maidens are well aware that triple leaves plucked at hazard from the common ash are worn in the breast, for the purpose of causing prophetic dreams respecting a dilatory lover. The leaves of the yellow trefoil are supposed to possess similar virtues."—Harland and Wilkinson, Lancashire Folk-Lore, p. 20.

* In the Vedas the rain-god Soma, originally the personification of the sacrificial ambrosia, is the deity who imparts to men life, knowledge, and happiness. See Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, p. 85.

shape. The prose Edda tells of a primeval age of gold, when everybody had whatever he wanted. This was because the giant Frodi had a mill which ground out peace and plenty and abundance of gold withal, so that it lay about the roads like pebbles. Through the inexcusable avarice of Frodi, this wonderful implement was lost to the world. For he kept his maid-servants working at the mill until they got out of patience, and began to make it grind out hatred and war. Then came a mighty sea-rover by night and slew Frodi and carried away the maids and the quern. When he got well out to sea, he told them to grind out salt, and so they did with a vengeance. They ground the ship full of salt and sank it, and so the quern was lost forever, but the sea remains salt unto this day.

Mr. Kelly rightly identifies Frodi with the sun-god Fro or Freyr, and observes that the magic mill is only another form of the fire-churn, or chark. According to another version the quern is still grinding away and keeping the sea salt, and over the place where it lies there is a prodigious whirlpool or maelstrom which sucks down ships.

In its completed shape, the lightning-wand is the *caduceus*, or rod of Hermes. I observed, in the preceding paper, that in the Greek conception of Hermes there have been fused together the attributes of two deities who were originally distinct. The Hermes of the Homeric Hymn is a wind-god; but the later Hermes Agoraios, the patron of gymnasia, the mutilation of whose statues caused such terrible excitement in Athens during the Peloponnesian War, is a very different personage. He is a fire-god, invested with many solar attributes, and represents the quickening forces of nature. In this capacity the invention of fire was ascribed to him as well as to Prometheus; he was said to be the friend of mankind, and was surnamed Ploutodotes, or "the giver of wealth."

The Norse wind-god Odin has in like manner acquired several of the

attributes of Freyr and Thor. His lightning-spear, which is borrowed from Thor, appears by a comical metamorphosis as a wish-rod which will administer a sound thrashing to the enemies of its possessor. Having cut a hazel stick, you have only to lay down an old coat, name your intended victim, wish he was there, and whack away: he will howl with pain at every blow. This wonderful cudgel appears in Dase's tale of "The Lad who went to the North Wind," with which we may conclude this discussion. The story is told, with little variation, in Hindustan, Germany, and Scandinavia.

The North Wind, representing the mischievous Hermes, once blew away a poor woman's meal. So her boy went to the North Wind and demanded his rights for the meal his mother had lost. "I have n't got your meal," said the Wind, "but here's a tablecloth which will cover itself with an excellent dinner whenever you tell it to." So the lad took the cloth and started for home. At nightfall he stopped at an inn, spread his cloth on the table, and ordered it to cover itself with good things, and so it did. But the landlord, who thought it would be money in his pocket to have such a cloth, stole it after the boy had gone to bed, and substituted another just like it in appearance. Next day the boy went home in great glee to show off for his mother's astonishment what the North Wind had given him, but all the dinner he got that day was what the old woman cooked for him. In his despair he went back to the North Wind and called him a liar, and again demanded his rights for the meal he had lost. "I have n't got your meal," said the Wind, "but here's a ram which will drop money out of its fleece whenever you tell it to." So the lad travelled home, stopping over night at the same inn, and when he got home he found himself with a ram which did n't drop coins out its fleece. A third time he visited the North Wind, and obtained a bag with a stick in it

which, at the word of command, would jump out of the bag and lay on until told to stop. Guessing how matters stood as to his cloth and ram, he turned in at the same tavern, and going to a bench lay down as if to sleep. The landlord thought that a stick carried about in a bag must be worth something, and so he stole quietly up

to the bag, meaning to get the stick out and change it. But just as he got within whacking distance, the boy gave the word, and out jumped the stick and beat the thief until he promised to give back the ram and the tablecloth. And so the boy got his rights for the meal which the North Wind had blown away.

John Fiske.

MAY-FLOWERS

IF you catch a breath of sweetness,
And follow the odorous hint
Through woods where the dead leaves rustle,
And the golden mosses glint,

Along the spicy sea-coast,
Over the desolate down,
You will find the dainty May-flowers
When you come to Plymouth town.

Where the shy Spring tends her darlings,
And hides them away from sight,
Pull off the covering leaf-sprays,
And gather them, pink and white,

Tinted by mystical moonlight,
Freshened by frosty dew,
Till the fair, transparent blossoms
To their pure perfection grew.

Then carry them home to your lady,
For flower of the spring is she, —
Pink and white, and dainty and slight,
And lovely as lovely can be.

Shall they die because she is fair,
Or live because she is sweet?
They will know for which they were born,
But you — must wait at her feet.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

ORGANIZATION OF LABOR: ITS AGGRESSIVE PHASES.

ASSOCIATION is a distinctive principle of modern life. Out of the development of its economic uses there have come also startling phases of a contest which, under some form or another, has always agitated society. Each successive struggle has enlarged the boundaries of the agitation. But there has never been seen before any practical attempt to realize unity by organizing the greater portion of the race — those who labor — for self-protection, mutual development, and even class ascendancy. The promulgation of the idea and the experiment have been left to the present, and have resulted from resistance to a force which, however beneficent when rightfully controlled, has been made more than subservient to the selfish interests of a class and of individuals.

The contest is that between labor and capital, and the movement specially under consideration is directed by the International Workingmen's Association. Naturally enough the chief seat of the struggle and the origin of the organization are found in countries where feudalism has graven most deeply dividing lines, and where those social forces which the era of industry and commerce creates, acting only in the interests of capital, seek to maintain the old order and its class advantages, while striving at the same time to obtain fuller direction of the new. A world-wide federation of labor bears in its statement the idea of fraternity. Its roots are far down in the "earth, earthy," while its summit seeks the heavens. There may be Utopias within its shadow, but there must also be generous and genuine truth to give form and substance to a purpose so grand, a spirit so comprehensive.

In outlining this remarkable movement, which I have selected for an exposition of the aggressive side of the labor question, it is necessary to

sketch the present condition of the sturdy trades unions. Hitherto these have been chiefly protective and defensive. They now seem to be growing creative, developing sociological forces which demand the attention alike of those who investigate principles and those who administer affairs.

It is not the writer's design to attack, defend, or excuse, but to analyze and state, so that the reader may perceive with him the extent and character of a movement which promises to be fundamental, — one of those elemental efforts which impress society for centuries after their guiding impulses have passed away. Although this is a class-movement, and is therefore narrow to a certain degree, as have been all that have preceded, it should be borne in mind that the laboring class comprises seven tenths of mankind. Their efforts at unity are in many respects the healthiest of all signs. Let us know what the millions aspire to do and be. Society will be the gainer by every quickening movement. Its foundations are made more secure by discussions which are inclusive of all interests. The wider the range of open agitation, the less dangerous it becomes to order and progress. Whatever concerns each concerns all, and one may be sure that the present movement among laboring people in all civilized countries towards widely extended organization needs only to be examined impartially, to reveal correctives for errors and justice for wrongs that may exist on either side of the issues involved. There is one thing that cannot be done safely, that is, to ignore or simply denounce these organizations. They must be met and considered in a spirit of fairness. It is impossible for millions of men to combine, without having some just reasons for such action; nor can there exist a movement almost as wide and per-

vading as civilization, unless there be forces underlying it which will permanently affect the condition of man.

In the growth of this movement the idea of individual self-help, as well as of protective organization, seems to have come from the British agitators. France has given equality and enthusiasm, but always lacked individual effort and individual liberty, looking to an outside force, that of the government or community, for direction and assistance. Germany, in its discussions, has brought to the movement the aspiration for unity which is so thoroughly a part of its intellectual life, and by the broad generalizations which are characteristic thereof has given to it the cosmical aspect now being rapidly developed. Yet the British trades unions afforded the groundwork. Through their experience alone could the initiative have been formed.

Since 1849 the European democratic movement has passed into other hands. The aspects of to-day are very different from those that then controlled. It is claimed that it is no longer aristocratic privilege, but organized power, in the form of capital growing yearly more potent through economic association, with which democracy must contend, either to overthrow or control. Just now, to overthrow seems most desirable to the many; but to the wiser even if more radical minority control is possible and pre-eminently more desirable. Although such ideas as these were not prominent in dictating the efforts that followed recovery from the overwhelming defeat of Republicanism in 1849, they have in great part grown out of those efforts.

In Great Britain the working leaders turned their attention to amelioration. For fifteen years, or until our war was closing, there was little or nothing done directly for political results. Co-operation on the one side and trades-unionism on the other were the great levers which were used. The latter has proven an especially powerful agency

of the new democratic propagandism; co-operation, as developed in England, having lost much of its earlier socialistic character. But this is aside from the general scope of the present paper, which has to do with the growth of the international movement, with its far-reaching ideas and aims.

The trades unions of Great Britain, as of other countries, find their prototypes in the ancient guilds,—organizations, however, whose characteristics are much more strongly preserved in what we know of Chinese associations for similar purposes or in the Russian *arteels*, than they are in the great amalgamated trades societies like those formed by the engineers, the carpenters, the miners, or our American "Knights of St. Crispin." The invention of labor-saving machinery, and consequently the association of capital, destroyed the guilds,—leagues of master and man, working employer and employee. They also created and rendered necessary, according to the defenders of trades unions, the existence of such organizations.

It is, however, within the last two decades that trades unions have become really formidable. It is only within the last, in fact since the triumph of the American Republic over slavery has given such impetus to all radical agitation in Europe, that the movement has passed out of the mere defensive into the constructive, or, as I fear many will affirm, the destructive, phase it is now assuming. The Sheffield unions, or that of the bricklayers at Birmingham, illustrate what was too common in the earlier stages, when combination and conspiracy laws made all attempts of English workmen to unite, in order to increase their wages, criminal offences punishable with imprisonment and even transportation. The ugly shadow of those days is projected into the present, but very rarely elsewhere than in communities where workmen keep themselves aloof from the larger and better influences which have followed the efforts at unity of

action. Masses of men seldom conspire; they may revolt and do bad things in the blind fury of passion, but the plot and cabal, whose mischievous aim can be attained only by stealth, share the open discussion which must inevitably follow in the wake of widespread organization. There is no positive means of ascertaining the exact number and membership of British trades unions. There was a Trades Directory published in 1861, giving a list of four hundred and eight towns in which unions or their branches were established. In 1867 the leading unionists estimated their membership at about seven hundred thousand, and since that date the societies have grown more rapidly than at any previous period. It is believed now they do not number less than eight hundred and fifty thousand members. Even with so large a membership, they only contain a small percentage of the various trades, except perhaps where these are actually close corporations, like the thirty-three small trades of Sheffield. Still, the unions exercise a controlling influence over their trades, as much probably from the genuine spirit of comradeship which is exhibited as from the direct aid the organization affords in any emergency. The building trades, for instance, are estimated to employ about nine hundred thousand persons, more than the entire membership of all trade societies. Only about one hundred thousand persons are members of the masons', plasterers', carpenters', and other unions connected with the occupations of building. The cities contain the largest number of society-men, averaging from seventy to ninety per cent of each of the principal trades.

The most powerful union existing, though not the most numerous, is that of the "Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, Millwrights, and Pattern-Makers." It had in 1867 (the last year for which I have been able to find official data) a membership of thirty-four thousand, belonging to three hundred and eight branches, located in Great Britain, Ireland, France, the

United States, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the West Indies. There was a cash balance of five hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and eighty-five dollars in its treasury, and an annual income of over three hundred and eighty thousand dollars. So perfect has its organization become since 1850, that strikes are almost unknown, and this because capital has found out it pays better to arbitrate than "lock out." It is a fact worthy of note, and proves that these societies are not, as some would believe, unmixed evils; that the larger their growth and the more perfect their organization, the less inclination is there to resort to strikes, and the more ready are both sides to listen to reason. Organization among the men has made strikes too costly to themselves and the employers.

The "Amalgamated Carpenters," quoted by Professor Beasley as the best union in existence, numbers eight thousand members, has one hundred and eighty-seven branches, and a fund on hand of seventy thousand dollars. The operative masons number eighteen thousand; the bricklayers, twelve thousand; the plasterers, eight thousand; the general union of tailors, twelve thousand; ironfounders, twelve thousand; boiler-makers, nine thousand; London tailors, seven thousand; Scotch carpenters, five thousand; power-loom weavers, five thousand; locomotive engineers and firemen, fifteen thousand; with sixty-four branches and an annual income of about thirty-five thousand dollars. These societies are not federal but individual, so to speak, nor must it be supposed that the large funds they gather and disburse are used wholly in aggressive movements. By far the larger portion of their dues are applied to beneficent purposes. Up to 1866, for instance, the "Amalgamated Engineers" disbursed (a period of fifteen years being included) \$2,443,585, of which amount \$1,399,200 had been devoted to assisting men out of work, including those "on strikes." Not

more than a third of this went directly to the latter purpose, while \$1,024,385 is reported as expended directly for such objects as sickness, superannuation, accidents, funerals, etc.

But, large as are these distinct unions, the necessity of co-operation as well as the normal tendency of this movement for industrial and social reconstruction inspired active efforts for the federation of different societies. Most of these movements have been represented in trades councils, alliances, conferences, labor parliaments, and congresses. The "Miners' National Association," an affiliated group of societies, has a membership of fifty thousand. London, Manchester, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, Glasgow, Leeds, in fact, all the great manufacturing centres, have local trades councils or conferences, meeting regularly and representing from three thousand to one hundred thousand men respectively. A number of general conferences have been held, at Sheffield, Preston, Manchester, and London, in which the attending delegates have represented all the leading trades and from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand members. The annual Trades Congress for 1870 (the third I believe) met on Monday, October 24th. The following statement of the subjects for discussion, will illustrate the character and scope of these assemblies:—

1. Trades' unions and legislation.
2. Mines regulation bill; the truck system and weekly payment of wages.
3. Employment of women and children in agriculture, factories, and workshops.
4. Convict labor *versus* free labor.
5. Application of arbitration and conciliation in trade disputes.
6. Reduction of the hours of labor.
7. Co-operation and industrial partnerships.
8. Taxation, imperial and local.
9. Education, primary and technical.
10. Direct representation of labor in Parliament.

11. International fraternization of labor, war standing armies, and their injurious effect on industry.

12. Utilization of waste lands and unemployed labor.

Nor have the debates of these congresses been unworthy the themes. On the contrary, those that I have heard or read show close, concise, and logical power of statement and reasoning, clear conception of facts and their application, and a capacity for pressing points in debate, which would do credit to any legislative body in the world.

It is easy to perceive how, when the suggestion and opportunity came, the men were ready, prepared by such an agitation as this involved, to frame the international movement which has greatly exercised the governments of Europe.

One fact should not be omitted, as it illustrates forcibly the power the associative principle will possess, when once fully understood and applied by the masses for their own advancement. From a careful examination of parliamentary and other returns made in 1867, I estimate that at that date the wages class in Great Britain had accumulated funds to the amount of \$437,216,660 specie. This vast sum belonged to the various co-operative, friendly, benefit, building, loan, and other similar societies, to the trades unions, or was deposited in the various savings banks. About one half was in the latter institutions. The basis of this calculation includes only those deposits and investments belonging to persons who receive wages. If the workmen of England and America could once be made to realize the enormous power involved in such an aggregation of their small means, it would not be long before the character of the whole contest between labor and capital would change; the former would become self-employing, and the latter would seek opportunity to invest with it at moderate interest.

No very accurate estimates can be obtained of the Continental trades

unions membership, for nearly every European government has had these organizations under open or secret surveillance. Italy has a very complete network of semi-political trades societies, of which Garibaldi is the honorary president. It numbers about four hundred and fifty branches, has a membership of about one hundred and twenty thousand, and a fund of about three hundred thousand dollars. In Italy strikes have been quite frequent during the last five years, as also in France, Belgium, and Austria; in each of which countries the combination laws have been greatly modified. But this aggressive activity has been promoted by the growth of the international movement and the energy of its propaganda. In Spain four thousand workingmen's societies are reported. They form the principal sources of the republican agitation there. In Denmark and Sweden the agitation is just beginning to make itself perceptible, and but recently, even in Asiatic Turkey, I read of a formidable strike occurring among persons employed on some public works. The Khedive of Egypt will probably find himself surprised some day by disturbances among the populations he has so skilfully made subservient to the aggrandizement of his own wealth, without the slightest regard to their condition or welfare.

The International Workingmen's Association, which at the present time assumes great political importance and is likely still more to disturb the victorious equanimity of the Prussian king and his great Minister, as it previously had the repose of their now captive rival, Napoleon III., is an organization whose animating impulse was at first so to instruct and unite the workingmen of Continental Europe, that, when strikes or other struggles occurred in Great Britain between employer and employed, the former should not be able to defeat the latter by sending to France, Belgium, Germany, or Switzerland, and, under the inducement of better wages, fill the recusants' places

in England with this foreign labor. Such was the practical point achieved by the association, but very much more than this is involved and has already resulted from its organization and efforts.

The name of George Odger has become familiar to the readers of the Atlantic through Justin McCarthy's attractive paper, "Some English Workingmen," as well as to the general reader, from the frequency with which during the last few years it has appeared in all English political movements. It is a name that should be honored by loyal Americans, for this country has had no truer and few more useful friends in Great Britain than the London shoemaker. Associated with a chosen few of his own order,—as Thomas Mottershead, silk-weaver; George Howell, bricklayer, since secretary of the Reform League; William Cramer and Robert Applegarth, carpenters; John G. Eccarius, tailor; and a few others,—Mr. Odger by his tireless efforts and devotion kept alive an agitation for the Union cause against all the efforts of Southern agents to induce the London workingmen especially to lead in a demand on the British government for a forcible raising of the Southern blockade in order to procure cotton. Few persons on this side of the Atlantic know how near those agents came to being successful, though all can realize what would have been the disastrous results to us of such action by the British government. Mr. Odger was the representative man among the English leaders of the efforts which organized the International Association. The first meeting was held at St. Martin's Hall, London, September 28, 1864. The membership was composed of such English trades societies as adhered to the idea, under the influence of the men I have named and of others, of different nationalities, resident for the most part in London. The organization was formed by chairman, treasurer, general secretary, general executive council, corresponding secreta-

ries for different countries named and their affiliated sections therein.

At the present time the latter officers are sometimes residents of the countries they represent, though in most cases they live in London or Switzerland; both localities being tolerably safe for men of marked radicalism, — a statement hardly true of any other portion of Europe. The general council is chosen at each annual congress, and always with reference to the fact that the members reside in London, the head-quarters of the movement. So a majority of them are English; Robert Applegarth, secretary of the Amalgamated Carpenters' Union, and one of the very best specimens of the workingmen so favorably described by Mr. McCarthy, is the chairman. There are twenty-one members, among them being several whose names I have already given. Cowell Stepney, one of the council, is a gentleman in the extreme conventional sense, being a brother-in-law, I believe, of the Tory Earl of Carnarvon, and himself a person of means and high culture. He has long been a student of socialistic efforts, and is known in England as an advanced radical of the philosophic school. The chairman, William Townshend, is an active and influential man among his class. The treasurer, John Weston, is known as a writer on class issues; while the general secretary, J. George Eccarius (who is also corresponding secretary for the United States), is a man of far more than ordinary power as thinker and writer. He is a Swiss by birth, resident in London since 1849. Speaking German and French as well as English, he is a very useful man apart from his intellectual value. He is the author of a vigorous work entitled "Refutation of the Economical Doctrines of John Stuart Mill," which was reviewed at length by leading English journals. He is a practised journalist, being now employed as a London correspondent by one of the leading New York dailies, and doing considerable special work for the London Times and Daily

News. France is represented by Eugene Dupon Karl Marx, who is also secretary for Germany and Russia; he is one of the ablest writers on socialism in Europe, and author of an important work in German entitled *Das Kapital*, which is deemed the gospel of the new movement. There are likewise secretaries for Belgium, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, Hungary, Italy, Poland, and Denmark. These officers conduct the correspondence with the various sections and countries which they represent. Among those affiliated with the movement in Germany and elsewhere in Europe are such men as Dr. Jacobi, the turner Bebel of Leipsic, a leading member of the North German Parliament; Diezzen of Elberfeld, a tanner, and author of an able review of the various metaphysical systems; Liebknecht, and the other leaders of the Lasalle or Socialist-Democratic party of Germany. In Spain, France, and Italy the movement has a strong hold. Henri Rochefort may be at present considered the political leader of the labor movement in France, though there are a number of able workingmen who are more directly its representatives. As to membership, about one third of the English trades unions have connected themselves more or less directly with the International Association. In France, 433,785 unionists are co-operating; in Switzerland, 42,326; in Germany, 150,000; in Spain, about 20,000; in Austria and Hungary, 100,000; Belgium has an affiliated membership of about 20,000; Italy, one of at least 100,000; while in Holland, Denmark, and even Russia, there are sections organizing. The American National Labor Union, with its membership of over 200,000, is in full sympathy. A great deal of sympathetic affiliation exists in Poland, Russia, and other countries, which has found expression at the different congresses only through independent delegates, who are able to defy the government opposition. A number of newspapers sustain the international movement; some only

generally, like the Paris "Marseilles" and the London "Beehive" (trades union organ), but most of them accept its programme and are its declared organs. There are two German weeklies and one French published at Geneva and Zurich; three in French and one in Flemish, published in Liege and other Belgian towns; one in Spanish at Barcelona; while in Germany the Berlin daily "Zukunft," Dr. Jacobi's organ, advocates this movement, as also do weeklies published at Vienna and Leipsic. Besides, there are papers published in Bohemia, Hungary, and Italy which sustain the general policy of the International Association.

Since the organization of the association, in 1864, four annual congresses have assembled. The first was held in September, 1866, at Geneva; the second met at Lausanne, the third at Brussels, and the fourth at Basle. The fifth was called at Mayence, but its assembling was rendered impossible by the Franco-Prussian war, to the policy of which, on either side, its membership is strongly opposed. At the Geneva congress about forty delegates were present. There were a few delegates from Paris, Lyons, and Brussels, but the majority were either English, or refugees resident in Great Britain or Switzerland. Fifty-five delegates were present at Lausanne. Sixteen were French, twenty-nine Swiss, six English, three German, and one Italian. The English delegates were the ablest and most influential. The Brussels congress attracted general attention, owing to the fact that the Belgian ministry had given indications of a determination not to permit its assembling. Very serious disturbances had occurred previously at Verviers, resulting in the calling out of troops and firing on the people, causing the death of a leading member of the Belgian section. The Basle congress was marked by a considerable accession of German influence, several of the great democratic associations having sent delegates. For the first time the United States were represented, the

National Labor Union having at its Philadelphia congress elected a prominent member to attend the International Congress. The Socialistic-Democratic party of North Germany is a movement of those who hold that changes in the political situation is the first thing to be desired and worked for. Among these they advocate state aid rather than that self-help policy which is the aim of the economic reform, under whose impetus the co-operative and credit bank system of Germany has been built up; this party has given in its adhesion to the international programme. An industrial congress which met at Nuremberg (the fifth held by the same party) in 1868 made the following declarations, which form so concise a statement of the general aim of their movement that I give a translation entire:—

"1. The emancipation of the working classes must be achieved by the working classes themselves. The struggle for their emancipation is not a struggle for class privileges or monopolies, but for equality of rights and duties, and for the abolition of the privileges of every class.

"2. The economical dependence of the workingman on the man who has monopolized the instruments of labor is the principle of slavery, whatever form it may assume, of social misery, of intellectual inferiority, and of political subjection.

"3. The political movement is the indispensable means of effecting the economical enfranchisement of the working class. The social question is therefore inseparable from the political question; the solution of the first depends on the solution of the second, and is only possible under a democratic government.

"Considering, also, that the efforts hitherto made for economical emancipation have heretofore failed from want of union between the different branches of labor in each country and the non-existence of fraternal ties between the working classes of different countries; that the emancipation of labor is not

a local problem nor a national problem, but a social problem coextensive with modern society, the solution of which depends on the theoretical and practical co-operation of the most advanced nations; the fifth congress of German workmen resolve that they will unite their efforts with those of the International Workmen's Association."

The adoption of this platform created a schism, the delegates of sixty-one associations adhering, while those of thirty-two withdrew. It is charged now that that astute politician, Count Bismarck, has since made adroit use of this division still further to hinder the movements of the more radical majority. Bebel and Liebknecht are among the prominent leaders of the latter, whose views are also sustained by Dr. Jacobi. This party grows in numbers and influence, and has already been a source of trouble to the Prussian government by its undisguised opposition to the continuance of the war against the French Republic, and more especially to the policy of territorial acquisition favored by so many Germans.

Having stated the general purposes, aims, and strength claimed by this new and imposing politico-socialist movement, it is proper to give closer details and explanations, in order that we may comprehend its intentions more clearly. At the organization the following declaration was made:—

"The central council shall form an international agency between the different co-operating associations, so that the workmen in one country be constantly informed of the movements of their class in every other country; that an inquiry into the social state of the different countries of Europe be made simultaneously, and under a common direction; that the questions of general interest mooted in one society be ventilated by all; and that when immediate practical steps should be needed, as, for instance, in case of international quarrels, the action of the associated societies be simultaneous and uniform. Whenever it seems opportune, the central council shall take the initiative

of proposals to be laid before the different national or local societies."

The governing idea of this movement is that society is entering upon one of its great constructive epochs. The danger which the leading workmen foresee and are combating is, that it threatens to become feudal or oligarchic, only shifting the governing force from an aristocracy of class and caste to a plutocracy of money and commerce. According to this view, it is capital which is revolutionizing society through the economic advantages and necessities of association. The rise of the manufacturing system, as well as the rapid growth of that of exchange or banking, with the facilities afforded by the enormous progress of the great cities and the convergence and radiation to and from them of the scientific highways and messengers,—railways, steamboats, and telegraphs,—have given to capital, as such, an enormous and controlling influence. The factory system, with its costly machinery continually improved by scientific discovery, is converting workmen into a mere proletarian class, dependent upon associated or aggregated wealth for the means of obtaining a livelihood. According to the statement of an American writer who is connected with the international movement, "it is the evident tendency of the times to change all production into capitalist production, and to divide society into two classes,—capitalists, who own everything, and hands, who own nothing, but depend for their livelihood entirely on the capitalist class. At least, it is inevitable that production on a large scale, being cheaper, more scientific and thorough, and economizing time, force, and capital, should finally do entirely away with production on a small scale. When at last the soil is bought up by a few, when all the branches of labor are carried on exclusively, or almost exclusively, by machines, when all the capital of a country is in the possession of a moneyed aristocracy, who, consequently, will also frame all the laws, where shall the enormous

majority of poor men go to find some more profitable employment, to make themselves independent, or to enter by co-operation into competition with the large capitalist producer?"

The same writer has stated in a strong and succinct manner the general objects aimed at by the International Association and discussed in the four congresses already referred to.

"It is useless for the working people of one nation to attempt to remodel society; there must be a combination of all the nations, and, meantime, attempts at a forcible revolution ought to be discouraged. The new society ought to be founded on *universal education*. Every individual ought to be developed, by all educational means at the disposal of science and art, into a truly humane being. . . . A society thus prepared for its great task will best know how to legislate for a new order of things. One thing, however, is clear, to wit, that such a future legislation will have to accommodate itself to the economical laws of the age. It will have to render production scientific, and to establish it on the largest possible scale. All new inventions and discoveries, instead of redounding, as now, to the benefit of the few and to the enslaving of the many, must be converted into means of reducing the toils of all, of beautifying life, and ennobling humanity. All the great indispensable means of existence, as lands, mines, machines, and means of communication, must be the *common property of all*, and must be made so gradually. Nothing can reasonably be private property, but the product of labor, *one's own labor*."

At Geneva and Lausanne especially considerable discussion was given to the question of education. All united in demanding that it should be general and thorough, but as to how and by whom it should be provided, there was some difference of opinion. Great reluctance is expressed by the French and some German delegates at intrusting the state with the control of education. At Brussels especially, where French influences prevailed, state edu-

cation was regarded with hostility by a majority. The term was considered equivalent to enforcing a political system of training such as it was affirmed Prussia had established. To make good subjects and soldiers, rather than good citizens and men, was the present purpose of European state education. Such a view was opposed to that set forth in the discussions referred to. The common schools of this country were cited as an example of a general system, sustained by taxation, which did not train the children for the support of any special political form. Taking the average of the educational debates the necessity for making compulsory attendance a leading feature of any common-school system was generally acknowledged.

Opposition to standing armies has been a leading topic for debate. In the Lausanne and Brussels congresses, proposals for a general strike among the workmen as a means of resisting the inauguration of any wars but those for defence or resistance to tyranny, were debated at length. The following resolutions were adopted at Brussels:—

"The International Association calls upon workingmen to pronounce against war, to oppose it by all the means in their power, to refuse to countenance assassinations, and to organize a propaganda for the education of the poor."

"The International Workmen's Congress recommends workingmen to abstain from all work in the event of war breaking out in their respective countries. The Congress reckons upon the solidarity of workingmen of all countries for this strike of the people against war."

Co-operation has of course been a fruitful source of discussion. There are diverse views on the advantages accruing to the working classes, as such, of enterprises like the Rochdale Equitable Pioneer's Stores or the Schultze-Delitzsch's Credit Banks. The French delegates, as well as some of the Germans at Brussels, declared that their effect was not to ameliorate the condi-

tion of the laboring class, but only to lift up a comparatively limited number of individuals into the ranks of the middle class, and that thereby their chief tendency would be to make a fourth and more degraded class out of the great body of those laborers whose limited means, intelligence, and opportunities were such as rendered it impossible for them to unite successfully in movements like those named. The opposition to isolated co-operative efforts grows out of devotion to a larger ideal, and aims, whether wisely or not, to obtain first the right political conditions, and then by combined effort, with favorable legislation, seek the elevation of all through the operation of some understood laws which would result in an equitable, not equal, distribution of the earnings of labor. But the general tendency favors co-operative enterprises. At the Lausanne congress the following declarations were made on motion of Alfred A. Walton, an English delegate, who has written with considerable power against the British land system:—

"1. The congress urges upon the members of the International Workingmen's Association in the various countries the necessity of using their influence to induce trades societies to apply a portion of their reserve funds to the establishment of co-operative productive concerns as the best means of utilizing the credit which they now give to the middle classes and governments for the purposes of their own emancipation.

"2. Those societies who do not deem it expedient to embark in co-operative production of their own, ought, by means of their funds, to facilitate the establishment and carrying on of such concerns, and use efforts to establish a system of credits based upon the securities and means of those who invoke its aid, and to found a system of co-operative banking which would enable them to issue promissory notes irrespective of metallic reserves."

Opposition to the present system of banking is a leading feature of all

these assemblies. It is a noticeable fact that among the working class in all countries, where these agitations have found their way, there is a widespread conviction that banking, as now conducted, is a fruitful source of the inequality of conditions. Trading and speculative capital is believed to find in it a potent instrument for making "the rich richer and the poor poorer." This antagonism should be borne in mind. All the congresses have declared that banks of credit and issue should be controlled only by the state, which should advance money to the producer and merchant on proper security. The principle underlying the German credit banks received indorsement, and larger applications of the idea of associated guaranties were recommended by suggesting that trades unions and similar societies could safely bank on their united credits, loaning money and receiving deposits. A declaration of principles, submitted at the last congress, is now pending for the consideration of the next body, and as it expresses the views embraced in this agitation, it is here given:—

"1. That interest upon capital, under whatever form, is a tax levied upon the labor of to-day for the benefit of those who have already been enriched by the labor of yesterday; and that if these persons have a right to accumulate, they have not a right to do it at the expense of others.

"2. That in consequence, interest upon capital is a permanent source of injustice and inequality, and that all co-operative associations who persevere in the system transfer the principles of egotism from the individual to the collectivity.

"3. That political and economical creations, such as loan associations and the privileges accorded, whether to financial societies, railway companies, assurance companies, etc., increase to a frightful extent the spoliative power of interest upon capital, and solidarize the interests of governments and those of capitalists.

"4. That the interest taken by dis-

count companies carries the action of interest upon capital to its utmost excess of immorality.

"5. That the application of the principle of solidarity by workmen on a large scale is the sole practical means at their disposal to struggle against the feudality of capital. The committee propose the foundation of an international organization, a workingmen's bank, to make credit democratic and equal; and to simplify the intercourse between producers and consumers; that is to say, to relieve labor from the predominance of capital, and transform capital into the servant of labor."

The debates on the duties of trades unions were quite remarkable. In the Brussels congress especially their relations to the general effort at industrial reconstruction were the subject of spirited discussion.

Capital, the speakers urged, is concentrated social force, while labor was only working force. Trades unions were concentrating this into power, and a readjustment of economic relations would give the classes they organize social as well as mere industrial vigor. From this stand-point the duty of trades unions, it was argued, was to concentrate on the wages system, denounced as slavery and destined to be overthrown. The unions must, therefore, become centres of social and political activity, as well as instruments of direct warfare on, or resistance to, capital. Strikes were declared to be but clumsy if necessary machinery, and it was urged that information be obtained and discussion had as to the most advisable means of making the producing classes their own employers and factors. A wide distinction was apparent between these theorists and the general management of the co-operative supply system, especially as manifested in the English co-operative stores. The congress urged its various sections to consider co-operative production as the one thing essential, and especially to eschew the mere joint-stock company plan, which was denounced bitterly as tending only to

make the workmen capitalists in a small way.

There is another duty the international movement imposes upon its sections, which if properly carried out would be of very great service. It is to institute inquiries into the general condition of labor. The following schedule was adopted at Brussels, to be modified, of course, by local necessities:—

1. Name of industry.
2. Age and sex of those employed.
3. Number employed.
4. Wages or salaries: (a) apprentices; (b) wages by day or piece work; (c) scale paid by middle men; weekly and yearly average.
5. (a) Hours of work in factories; (b) with small employers or at home; (c) night-work or day-work, time employed.
6. Meal-times and treatment.
7. Workshops and their conditions; over-crowding, ventilation, gas-light, cleanliness, etc.
8. Nature of occupation and effect upon physical condition.
9. Moral condition. Education, facilities for.
10. State of trade; whether uniform, by the year or season, or fluctuating, exposed to foreign competition, excess of labor, etc.

Also as to emigration, the distribution of labor, and the means of, or necessity for, a more thorough organization.

The circumstances governing different nations cause diversity as to methods among the delegates and sections of the international movement, but as to the principles that should govern their efforts there is a general harmony. All agree that it is essential to the rightful position of labor, that the form of society for which they strive shall be so far communistic in character as to require that the land, mines, water-courses, forests, all means of intercommunication, whether of travel or intelligence, banks, and the costly machinery needed for manufacturing and other purposes of scientific production, shall

be the property of the community, used only for the common benefit. In the most moderate statement that can be made of their views, these instrumentalities of civilization and production are considered as public trusts charged with private remuneration. The debates at Brussels and Basle on the communal ownership of land and machinery were quite spirited. I condense the best statement of the opinions expressed, as well as define the positions occupied by delegates of the several nationalities.

The English members were self-announced as communists. Their interpretation of the term is much more limited than that usually given it. Webster defines communism as specially meaning "the doctrine of a community of property." This doctrine has found no direct supporters in either of the four congresses whose discussions are under review; especially is it rejected by the English delegates, who are strenuous supporters of the individual's right to the control of all he earns by his own labor and skill. Herein lies an important difference between the socialism under discussion and the communism which has formed the basis alike of Fourier's, Owen's, Cabot's, Baleuf's, St. Simon's, and other similar speculations. The common interest or control is to extend only to natural elements for the sustaining of life or the leading artificial agencies which so greatly enhance its comforts, the possession of which by classes or individuals as property must, according to the view under consideration, in the end make them the masters of all social and political forms.

The German delegates agreed in the main with the English. A majority of the French and Belgian delegates also concurred, though their mode of stating these views was more impassioned.

The British agitators propose to make land the chief or only source of state revenue. Such a change in its tenure would as a practical question go a long way towards relieving that people of the burden imposed by the

national debt. So eminent an economist as John Stuart Mill indorses a principle of similar character. The Land-Tenure Reform League, of which he is president, announces as one of its cardinal principles the right of the state to tax the unearned or artificial increase of value of land. I quote from memory and may not give their statement of this principle *verbatim*, though I am confident of its essential correctness. The "unearned increase" refers to that constant rise in artificial value, especially in and around cities and towns, which is so fruitful a cause of speculation. The English and German delegates alike demand scientific cultivation of the land, are opposed to the minute subdivisions which are characteristic of France and Belgium, and see clearly that farm-life must be made attractive through associative economies and co-operative labor, or become so repugnant a business as to be abandoned to the landed capitalists and his proletarian help.

Most of the French and Belgian delegates announced themselves as "mutualists." They declare that as a counterpoise to the communal control over the soil, by the railroads and telegraphs as well as banking, in order to maintain individual liberty, it is necessary to give the soil or its use to the person actually cultivating the same. They supported a freehold tenure, by which a state tax should be substituted for the land-owner's rental. The laborer should own his tools. The tiller of the soil should therefore control it. Such views as these, less communistic in character, so far as land is concerned, than the positions assumed by either the English or Germans, were set forth by the most ultra of the Parisian delegates. Their enunciation shows the changes made in the minds of the socialistic *ouvriers* of that metropolis, by the progress of economic science. They used the same argument in demanding that machinery—the tools of labor—should be controlled by the laborer. One Frenchman, Tollien of Paris, offered a reso-

lution declaring it to be the duty of the International Association to advise resistance to the introduction of new machinery, calculated to displace labor, until guaranties were first obtained that such introduction should not be a source of injury to the workmen. The resolution was not acted upon and is not likely to be adopted. From the same point of view they demand the organization of banking or credit as a "public function" and for the common benefit. The term "mutualists," or its equivalent noun, was thus defined by a Belgian: "Mutualism desires that all commodities or services be exchanged for their equivalents. It desires that the workingman become the owner of the whole of what he produces. But the soil is not a product of man's labor, and consequently is not a fit subject of exchange. What is produced from it, and the increase of value use and cultivation gives, not the soil itself, is all the agriculturist is entitled to enjoy. The soil is the prime origin of all capital, therefore it must be deemed inalienable in the collective humanity. Mutualism desires the reciprocity of guaranties, therefore society has need of such from those to whom it intrusts the cultivation of the land. Collective ownership is that guaranty. Protection in the results of labor and the enjoyment thereof, is the community's guaranty to the individual."

A programme so antagonistic to the old order, so revolutionary in its aim, as well as so extensive in its operation, has naturally aroused the active hostility of European governments. There was in the very constitution of this movement something different from all that preceded it, in that it necessarily eschewed secrecy, and aimed to obtain its objects by peaceful revolution. Its violence, if it could be so called, would be of a negative character, as action upon the suggestion that in order to resist the inauguration of unjust war there should be a general strike among the workmen of any one country, they to be sustained by the

pecuniary and moral aid of their fellows elsewhere. It is not to be wondered at that the International Association and its various sections should be made victims of government persecution. In France for the last two years before the war with Prussia the secret police of Napoleon had been occupying itself chiefly in planning bogus conspiracies for the assassination of their master, and then charging them upon the leaders of the Paris section of this movement. Twenty-eight members were condemned to various terms of imprisonment under this persecution. At Vienna nine members have been sentenced, to and are now serving terms of, imprisonment for six years and lesser terms. There have been armed attacks, provoked, as members of the association declare, by the fears of the governments and not the actions of the assailed sections: in Belgium, at Charleroi, Verviers, L'Epine, and Seraing; in France, at Aubin, Ricarmie, and Creuzot; in Spain, at Barcelona; and in Austria, at Olmütz, Rechenberg, and Turnau. In Russia one member has been sentenced to death and numbers have been sent to Siberia. Trials have occurred at all the chief towns of France, and at several points in North Germany. All these facts testify to the fears aroused by this agitation, the methods of which are in striking contrast with previous revolutionary programmes in Europe. The general secretary, Eccarius, stated the essential distinction when, in a letter written before the present war, rebutting the charge of regicide conspiracy made against Tollien and other Paris internationals, he said: "The people never conspire, and this is the movement of the peoples."

In bringing this article to a close, it is proper and essential to state the condition and character of the related movement in the United States. Political action is here always the earliest thing aimed at. The freedom of the ballot naturally leads men to organize for success through that potent in-

strumentality. Hence the first formidable manifestation made of a labor-reform issue comes before us in the form of a political party. It is of course true that the social and economic issues involved have modified to some extent the political aspects. But it has now fairly assumed the distinctive American character. In Europe all such movements are perforce revolutionary; in the United States they are reformatory. In the one instance it is necessary to overthrow; in the other the means are available to reform and modify existing laws and to change customs and tendencies by means of free and open agitation.

The "National Labor Union," a loose sort of federative association, grew out of the trades union, but has nearly lost its direct relations therewith, being now in the main representative of a number of political clubs and leagues, known as "labor unions," which are the chief representatives of the political labor movement in America. It owes its existence remotely, of course, to the fear of the adverse influences of capital, which it has been shown pervades so many active minds among the producing classes, but more directly to the collisions that are constantly occurring and to the discontent produced by the heavy but necessary taxation resulting from the war. The "National Labor Union" was organized at Baltimore in 1866, by the second of a series of annual Labor Congresses, the first of which met at Louisville, in 1865, and the last in August, 1870, at Cincinnati. Until 1869 the National Union did not announce the formation of a distinct political party, though there had been a number of local and sporadic efforts, chiefly in Massachusetts. At the last elections this movement placed tickets in nomination in three several States, besides making nominations for Congress in about one third of the districts.

The annual sessions of the Labor Congress have been held in Louisville, Baltimore, Chicago, New York, Phila-

delphia, and Cincinnati. There have been notable features in these gatherings, prominent among which have been the acceptance on equal terms as members of female and colored delegates. In the official constitution of the National Union a lady has been elected, and is now serving as second vice-president; while a colored man represents one of the great Central States in the executive board or council.

It is claimed that there have been represented at the annual congresses from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand affiliated members. The loss of the distinctive trades or class character, through the direct assumption of a political object, owing to the fact that many unions have a prohibition of political action as organizations, will, it should seem, greatly reduce the direct membership, though labor on the stump may swell their vote to more than the proportions claimed. The platform is simple enough, and not nearly as radical as that put forward by their European *confrères*. However, the germ is the same and the end will be also. The National Labor Union denounces private banking and the national banks, and demands the issue by the government of "Paper Tokens," to be stamped and accepted as money, inter-convertible into a three per cent interest-bearing bond; the public debt as now existing being funded into this new form, and the same made to represent all national values. The first difficulty, of course, with this panacea is that it aims to pay a debt in a medium never dreamed of when the debt was contracted. It makes that medium, having no intrinsic value, nor extrinsic either, except so far as the nation choose to give it such by accepting it as currency, take the place of specie or other medium of exchange, and then it makes a perpetual debt, with a fixed rate of interest, the measure of its value.

This is the chief feature of their programme. On the land policy, which is fundamental with the European agitators, the American movement contents

itself with demanding that all public lands shall hereafter be reserved to homestead uses, thus opposing the granting of any more of its area in aid of railroads or other internal improvements. It supports eight hours as the legal measure of a working day. On the introduction of Chinese labor, it takes ground in support of voluntary emigration, but bitterly denounces the contract system, demands the abrogation of the Burlingame treaty, and declares that all contract labor must be prohibited under heavy penalties. Our Mongolian "man and brother" receives but little countenance or sympathy from the labor reformers. It is, however, only just to say that, with the majority of such delegates as were at Philadelphia and Cincinnati, both of which assemblages the writer attended as a journalist, the motive was not one of race hostility or of feeling against the Chinaman as such, but a lively dread that his condition makes him a convenient instrument in the hands of oligarchic capital wherewith to destroy aspiring and ambitious labor. According to them the cry for cheapening production by lessening the price of labor, through the introduction of the Chinese, is only a cloak to cover the increase of gain by the speculative and employing capitalists. The major portion of the Chinese labor which will be imported for some time to come will be used in enterprises and employments from the reduced cost of construction or of production in which the general public will derive no benefit whatever. Certainly the annual tens of thousands saved on the employment of Chinese by a railroad company will not increase the value of the road to the public or decrease the cost of their use if it one mill on all the thousands saved by the contractors in wages paid.

The American Union urges co-operation as a means of amelioration. It demands that the pecuniary cost of wars shall be directly borne by the wealth of the land, as the physical cost is borne by the people. These are the main features of their platform.

American trades unions are just beginning to assume a formidable national aspect. Locally they have long been vigorous, and certain trades have been and are as well organized as their English brethren. In one trade the American has gone beyond his elder and forerunner. I refer to the "Knights of St. Crispin," the largest trades union in the world. Its membership is variously estimated at from sixty to eighty thousand; in the State of Massachusetts at nearly thirty thousand. Its future progress will be regarded with more than ordinary interest, because there is now being organized within it one of the most extensive schemes of co-operation ever projected. The details of this, as far as the writer has been able to obtain them, must be deferred to a second paper, in which co-operative enterprises as illustrating the ameliorative tendencies of the labor movement will be treated.

At the present time there are in the United States thirteen national and international trades unions, having nine hundred and ninety-two branches, and a membership of about three hundred thousand persons. The "Knights of St. Crispin" report three hundred branches. The "Iron Moulders' Union" has two hundred and four branches, and seventeen thousand members. The "Typographical Union" has one hundred and twelve branches, and six thousand members. The bricklayers have a membership of fifteen thousand. In the cities of New York and Brooklyn there are about one hundred unions, with a membership of seventy thousand, and funds to the amount of sixty thousand dollars. In the State of New York the membership of different unions is set down at about twenty-five thousand. The anthracite miners in Pennsylvania are reported at thirty thousand enrolled in two organizations. One of these, like the Crispins, is stated to be engaged in perfecting a combined scheme of co-operative labor. It is an encouraging sign of the American labor movement

and societies, that they show a strong desire to enter as organized bodies into production and self-employment, using their funds in that direction rather than in wasteful and imbittering strikes. It is but a tendency as yet, though the ability of some recognized leaders and the plans now being perfected, as well as the existence of several successful co-operative foundries and shoe shops in various places, indicate both intention and aptitude.

I have endeavored in this paper to

give certain aspects of the movement under consideration in a clear, friendly, and unprejudiced spirit, seeking to impress upon the reader the full force of the aims of the agitation, because it seems necessary that efforts so important should be fully comprehended. In another paper it is my purpose to present in the same form of summary and generalization the character and result of the principal efforts at co-operation both in Europe and this country.

Richard F. Hinton.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."

THE words of this old war-song of the clan Campbell seem almost prophetic of the proud career of its representative family, that of Argyle, which is one of the oldest of the great governing houses of Great Britain. Whether the family and clan Campbell can be traced in descent to the ancient kings of Scotland or not, they are of Gaelic origin, as are the other Highland tribes, and they occupy an honorable and elevated position among their peers. The tie that unites the clans at present is but a nominal one, far different from that of past centuries, but each member feels the ancient pride and interest in every great event or exploit of any of the clan, be it the ducal head or the humblest of its number. What that strong feudal and patriarchal government was that the chief of a Highland sept exercised and the clansmen obeyed is an interesting question; and, well as Sir Walter Scott and other writers have delineated the customs and habits of these sturdy mountaineers, it may not be uninteresting here to notice some of their peculiarities, and the relation in which they stood to the rest of their countrymen.

The Highlanders were far different from their Lowland neighbors, and

must not be confounded with them, for, though both were Scotch, the clans were composed of half-savage mountaineers who viewed with contempt the peaceful and quiet lives of the farmers of the Lowlands; they, in turn, dreaded the half-naked, lawless thieves, — for many of them were nothing better, — who lived by levying black-mail on them, and stealing their cattle when their fierce demands were not complied with. At the first signal of war between the clans, the agricultural population, which by tribute of cattle was under the protection of either of the clans engaged in the conflict, was visited by all the horrors of the strife; houses were razed, families slain or captured, flocks driven off, and farms laid waste. Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, one of the staunch supporters of Charles I., was received by James II. at Whitehall, and knighted by his hand, but he paid him a very unflattering compliment, saying to his courtiers as he appeared, "Take care of your pockets, my lords, here comes the king of thieves." That remark was almost as appropriate to any of the Highland chiefs, for if they did not approve of the mode taken by their followers for support in peace or revenge in war, they certainly did not discourage it.

Till the rebellion of 1745 thoroughly roused and enraged England, there was a most profound ignorance, contempt, and loathing for the Highlands of Scotland and their inhabitants. The English who were inquisitive enough about the manners and customs of the savages of North America and Africa, Asia and South America, were strangely misinformed as to the wild population of the Scotch mountains, and had no desire to add to their knowledge. Goldsmith was one of the few Englishmen who early ventured to explore the wild beauties of the Highlands; he certainly was not wanting in taste or sensibility for the grand and picturesque scenes of other countries; he pronounced the landscape of Holland, trim and level, infinitely more agreeable to him, saying of Scotland: "There hills and rocks intercept every prospect." An earlier writer in 1730 says: "It is a part of the creation left undressed; rubbish thrown aside when the magnificent fabric of the world was created; as void of form as the natives are indigent of morals and good manners." It was almost as unknown land as the centre of Africa now is to the modern traveller; the savage manners, the dirt and laziness of the Highlanders, were disagreeable and alarming, and formed an effectual bar to any study of their virtues, such as they were, with the traveller who had to encounter so many dangers and discomforts in his observations.

They had intermingled the good and bad qualities of all uncivilized people, and their code of honor and morality was very different from that which is common in peaceful and prosperous communities. Robbery was a calling not merely innocent among them, but honorable, and they scorned any kind of labor, preferring a life of wild depredation. A Lowland Scot, Colonel Cleland, about 1685, describes the Highlander: "For a disobliging word, she'll dirk her neighbor o'er the board. If any ask her of her drift, forsooth her nainself lives by theft." And the writers of the period agree quite unani-

mously in this rhyming account of them. Scott puts into the mouth of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, in *Rob Roy*, the following words, "Now, sir, it's a sad and awful truth, that there is neither work, nor the very fashion nor appearance of work, for the tae half of these puir creatures"; that is to say, that the agriculture, the pasturage, the fisheries, and every species of honest industry about the country, cannot employ the one moiety of the population, let them work as lazily as they like, — and they *do* work as if a plough or a spade burnt their fingers; and "ye hae still mony thousands and thousands o' lazy lang-legged Hieland gillies that will neither work nor want, and maun gang thigging and sorning about on their acquaintance, or live by doing the laird's bidding be 't right or be 't wrong, living by stealing, reiving, or lifting cows, and the like depredations. A thing deplorable in ony Christian country, and the lairds are as bad as the loons."

Like all barbarous people, their ideas of truth and right were very limited, and law and order had no force among them. They were hospitable to strangers, but would hardly have protected the claim of an alien against their own clan, so strongly were they imbued with attachment and respect for their chief and clan. Mrs. Grant, in her interesting book on the Highlanders, says: "If twenty persons saw a trespass committed, no one durst, or indeed would be inclined, to witness in favor of a stranger against their own clan. They might have reversed the boast of the philosopher, and said, they loved truth well, but Plato and Socrates (i. e. Donald and Malcolm) better." They were very superstitious and full of imagination and poetry. Each chief had a bard or minstrel, who in glowing strains sung the clan's great deeds and feats of daring in war or the chase, and would attempt to propitiate by laudatory verse the spirits which they believed inhabited the mountain streams and passes; these minstrels were also seers, and foretold coming

events. We read of their gift of second sight, and the manner in which, wrapped in bull's hides, they awaited the inspiration which was to reveal the future. The religion of a great part of the Highlands was a mixture of popery and almost pagan superstition, but among those who professed the Covenanters' faith were the Campbells.

The chief retained the old sway till near the middle of the last century, and joined to that an almost patriarchal relation to his people. "He was taught from the cradle to consider the meanest individual of his clan as his kinsman and his friend, whom he was born to protect and bound to regard. He was taught, too, to venerate old age, to respect genius, and to place an almost implicit dependence on the counsels of the elders of his clan. There is no instance of a chieftain's taking any step of importance without the consent of the elders of his tribe." "Each chief then was the centre and head of a miniature court, attended by guards, armor-bearers, musicians, an hereditary orator, an hereditary poet-laureate, and he kept a rude state, dispensed rude justice, waged wars, and concluded treaties." Many writers have presented with brilliant touch paintings of the old Highland life; whatever was repulsive was thrown into the background, all that was graceful and noble was brought forward, and the old Gaelic manners and customs have never been displayed in the simple light of truth. Up to the middle of the last century they were despised and scorned; then, when the old barriers of clan and feudal government were swept away, their claymores and scythes taken from them, and the use of the national garb interdicted, thus destroying forever the original of the picture; romance must needs invest their barbarous though picturesque life with its bright fascination. Macaulay, in his brilliant history, gives an excellent sketch of them, though he says: "All that is possible is to produce an imperfect likeness by the help of two portraits, of which one is a coarse caricature and the other a masterpiece of flattery."

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The Highland mode of fighting, even as late as 1745, under the standard of Charles Edward, was simply rushing at the enemy, claymore and dirk in hand; those who had muskets threw them away after once firing them. By the impetuous fury of their onset they even turned the flank of the charge of cavalry. Before the English had learned their mode of warfare, it inspired great terror and made the Highlanders victorious; for with a single stroke of their powerful weapons they would sever a man's head from his body. Their savage conduct made even Dundee, cruel as he was, revolt at it, and he said in wrath at the sight of blazing buildings on one occasion, "I would rather carry a musket in a respectable regiment than be the captain of such a gang of thieves." The first sight and sound of cannon, which they called *musket's mother*, so alarmed them that, in the reign of James VI., the Earls of Huntley and Erol gained a great victory over a numerous Highland army, commanded by the Earl of Argyle, at Glenlivet. And the old ballad of "Bonnie George Campbell," who

"Rade out on a day, —
Saddled and bridled and gallant rode he,
Home came his gude horse,
But never came he,"

gave no unfaithful picture of the destruction in the ranks of Argyle that day. In another ballad on the battle of the Bridge of Dee these lines occur:

"The Hielandmen are pretty men
For target and claymore,
But yet they are but naked men
To face the cannon's roar."

At the battle of Preston Pans, in the rebellion of 1745, one witness said the rebels "advanced *with a swiftness* not to be conceived"; and Sir John Cope said their motion "*was so very rapid* that the whole line was broken in a few minutes." Lord Loudon, in his account, confirmed by every eye-witness, says, "As soon as the Highlanders approached on foot, immediately a panic struck them." The Regulars

were horror-struck at the very appearance of those wild fighters and fled before them several times; but in the end discipline had its effect, and the want of order and the ungovernable temper and punctiliousness of the clansmen lost the last battle for the Stuarts, for Mr. Home says that the defection of the Macdonalds at the battle of Culloden was owing to their rage at being stationed on the *left* of the army instead of the right. In consequence of this they retreated, "*without having attempted to attack, sword in hand.*" No entreaties would prevail on them to forego their ancient right, as they felt it to be.

Macaulay says, "The clan Campbell, the children of Diarmid, had become in the Highlands what the Bourbons had become in Europe. A peculiar dexterity, a peculiar plausibility of address, a peculiar contempt for all the obligations of good faith, was ascribed, with or without reason, to the dreaded race. 'Fair and false as a Campbell,' became a proverb. It was said that MacCallum More after MacCallum More, with unwearied, unscrupulous, and unrelenting ambition, annexed mountain after mountain and island after island to the original domains of his house. Some tribes had been expelled from their territory, some compelled to pay tribute, some incorporated with the conquerors. At length the number of fighting men who bore the name of Campbell was sufficient to meet in the field of battle the combined forces of all the other western clans. It was during those civic troubles which commenced in 1638 that the power of this aspiring family reached the zenith. The Marquis of Argyle was the head of a party as well as the head of a tribe. The knowledge that he could bring into the field the claymores of five thousand half-heathen mountaineers added to his influence among the austere Presbyterians who filled the Privy Council and the General Assembly at Edinburgh. His influence at Edinburgh added to the terror which he inspired among the mountains." And his influence, as well

as that of his descendants at the head of the clan, was felt even in the heart of London long after, till "that terrible cornet of horse," Pitt, on his entrance into power in the councils of the nation, either originated or first adopted the plan of turning an immense evil — the military spirit and training of the Scottish clans — to account in a most powerful and efficient branch of the English Army. Since that time the bonnet and plaid of the Highlanders have mingled with the more civilized uniform of the English soldier in many a hard-fought field, but never have they met as foes on British ground.

"My name is Argyle; you may think it strange,
To live at the court and never to change."

That almost sacred book, the "Peerage," so dear to the hearts of the English, which Thackeray so enjoyed a slap at, tells us that eight centuries ago Gillespie Campbell acquired by his marriage with an heiress the lordship of Lochow, and from him are descended all the Campbells. Sir Colin Campbell first received the surname of More, or Great, and the chief of the house still is called in Gaelic MacCallum More, the Great Campbell. They gradually rose in importance and eminence, and at length received the highest title accorded a subject in the kingdom, that of Duke, in 1701. At that time the ducal rank was very charily bestowed, and one might count the dukes on one's fingers. That rank and honor which had become extinct in the reign of Elizabeth was before that reserved for princes of the blood; even Warwick, the "king-maker," was but an earl; the title was revived by James, and the monarchs of the house of Stuart, noted for their lavish gifts of rank, still limited its bestowal to princes of the blood, favorites, great generals, and the unacknowledged offspring of kings. During the reign of Charles I., Archibald Campbell, Lord Lorn, was the representative of the great Argyle family, and later the holder of its titles and estates, as his father was incapacitated as a Catholic from holding his honors. Archibald Earl of Argyle and first Mar-

quis, — for he was raised to that dignity by Charles in 1641, — was early an influential member of the Privy Council of Scotland, and the great supporter of the interests of the Covenanters. Later he became the avowed leader of that party against the attempts of Charles to force on them a regular church government, and extirpate what remained of the spirit of stanch old John Knox. The king and Archbishop Laud wished to substitute Laud's favorite observances of form and ceremonial for what one writer has called "its meagre, uncomely, beggarly worship"; and that its forms satisfied the possessors of its belief mattered not to these zealous opponents of the kirk. Masson says of Laud's fitness for understanding the Presbyterian spirit in Scotland, "Far away on the banks of the Thames sits Laud, as ignorant of Scotland as Kamtchatka, but trying to govern it through the sixpenny post." The service-book which was forced on the kirk was received on a memorable Sunday in 1637 with great dislike. "In St. Giles Cathedral, in the midst of prelates, lords, and magistrates, Jenny Geddes hurls her stool at the bishop's head, and, backed by the wilder element in the congregation, breaks up the service in uproar and riven benches. In the other kirks there is as little success; the whole city is in riot." Premeditated or not, the riot in Edinburgh was understood by the whole Scottish nation. Repeated attempts to use the service-book were failures, and a great part of the nation united in the signing of the Covenant, whole congregations standing up, men, women, and children, and swearing in affirmation to it, *en masse*.

The Earl of Argyle was the master-spirit of the Covenanters, whose deep convictions and rather harsh views of religion Charles had outraged by his attempts to introduce Anglican forms of worship. He was adored by his own clan, whose interests he had studied, even to the injury of other Highland sept; he placed the welfare of the sons of Diarmid, and that of the signers of

the Covenant, before his adherence and loyalty to Charles. In that, however, he was among a great and never-to-be-forgotten company of men, who, stern in their belief of justice and right, opposed the arbitrary and unconstitutional measures of the king, — measures which caused, after long years of struggle, the final discomfiture of the Stuart family. Those were the times that brought forward men like Milton, Hampden, Pym, Cromwell, and Eliot, and made Milton the calm and dignified defender of the people of England against the *Defensio Regio* of Salmasius, who addresses them as, "Englishmen! who toss the heads of kings as so many tennis-balls; who play with crowns as if they were bowls; who look upon sceptres as so many crooks." It was no play that cost Charles his head, but the deep and earnest protest of injured men against a long course of unwise, unjust, and oppressive government, and one of the events in the long struggle of the English people to free themselves from the tyranny which they were suffering. "The Marquis was perhaps more of a politician than a statesman, more of a party leader than a warrior," says Scott, and he also gives us a picture of the Covenanter: "His dark complexion, furrowed forehead, and down-cast look gave him the appearance of one frequently engaged in the consideration of important affairs, and who had acquired by long habit an air of gravity and mystery, which he cannot shake off even when there is nothing to conceal. He had a cast in his eyes which had procured him in the Highlands the nickname of Gillespie Grumach (or the grim). Something there was cold in his address and sinister in his look."

To him was opposed the Marquis of Montrose, and the war-cry of "Argyle and the Covenant!" was the signal for some disastrous defeats of the Campbells, who were routed on several occasions by Montrose. He wasted the whole country of Argyle, and wrote to Charles after his exploits in burning

and slaughtering: "My march was through almost inaccessible mountains, where I could have no guide but cow-herds; the difficultest march of all was over the Lochaber Mountains, which we at last surmounted, and came on the back of the enemy when they least suspected us." He declared that a few victories in Scotland would reinstate the king, with uncontrolled power, on the throne of Great Britain.

Argyle was conspicuous among the opponents of Charles, and by his submission to Cromwell was preparing the way for his own ruin; the return of Charles II. "to enjoy his own again," was the commencement of bloody reprisals against the Presbyterians and Puritans, who had fought against the first Charles, and Argyle was among the victims. "The excellent art of forgetfulness," commended by Clarendon, was not practised; and, not content with wreaking vengeance on the living, the dead were not suffered to rest in their graves. Pepys, in his Diary, says, "There hath lately been a great clapping up of some old statesmen." And Evelyn chronicles the disgusting spectacle of hanging at Tyburn the bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton as among "the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!" The Marquis had hastened to London to offer his homage to the king, who, if Burnet is to be believed, — and the report seems to be corroborated by the events that followed, — allowed Argyle, by a verbal equivocation in answer to his son on the receipt of the letter of the Marquis, to suppose that he would be safe in personally paying his respects to Charles. He was, however, at once seized and sent back to Scotland to be tried, and was beheaded in 1661. His son and successor, Archibald, had been a warm adherent of Charles I., and during his detention in Scotland was one of those who tried to soften the rigor of his confinement. "He brought," says Burnet, "all persons that the king had a mind to speak with, at all hours, to him, and was in all respects not only faithful but zealous." A bitter quarrel

ensued between the Marquis and his son, who soon was openly fighting at the head of a regiment for Charles, at the disastrous battles of Dunbar and Worcester. He was exempted from Cromwell's act of grace of 1654, but submitted himself soon after with the king's permission, and was compelled to give large security for his peaceable conduct; he continued an object of suspicion, and suffered frequent imprisonment till the restoration of Charles, when he was graciously received by that monarch. He endangered his own life in attempting to save his father from his unhappy fate; for his strenuous efforts to avert his death brought upon him the enmity of those in power in Scotland, and he was condemned to death, but was pardoned by Charles, and later restored to his hereditary rank, offices, and estates. For many years his life of tranquillity amid Highland magnificence was undisturbed, and he enjoyed the confidence of the king.

The Test Act, the apparent object of which was to provide for the security of the Protestant belief, was then laid before the Scottish Parliament. It in reality was found to consist of an affirmation of the king's supremacy, and of passive obedience; of an abjuration of the Covenant, and other like measures; and the clause for the reformed religion was at length introduced as an amendment, through the vigilance of the party opposed to the court. It was then proposed that princes of the blood should be exempted from the oath; Argyle, true to his convictions formerly expressed, strongly opposed this, but after long debate the mass of contradiction and obscurity which resulted from these articles was passed. On taking the oath which was tendered to the members of the Privy Council, Argyle prefaced the ceremony by a verbal declaration that he took the test-oath as far "as it is consistent with itself and the Protestant religion." That greatly offended James, and he was almost immediately after dismissed from his place in the Privy Coun-

cil. Certainly, as Bishop Burnet, in speaking of his former persecution, exclaims with emphatic simplicity, "Argyle was born to be the signallest instance in an age of rigor, or rather of the mockery of justice." He was soon arrested and committed to the castle of Edinburgh on the charges of high treason, leasing making, and perjury; and as the judges before whom he was brought were equally divided in their opinion, one old judge, superannuated and worn out with fatigue, was dragged from his bed to give the casting vote against the prisoner. Convicted of these crimes, he was sentenced to death again, but was respited by Charles. Fearing the mercy and justice of the king who so meanly rewarded his old friends, he managed to escape from prison disguised as a page holding up the train of his sister-in-law, Lady Sophia Lindsay. It is said that his place of concealment in London was made known to the king, who replied when it was proposed to seize him, "For shame! What, hunt a hunted partridge!" The remark seems not unlike the inconsistency of Charles.

The Marquis finally succeeded in escaping to Holland, and remained there for nearly three years; then James II. ascended the throne, and a spirit of vengeance instantly filled the mind of Argyle. The idea of an invasion of Scotland inspired him, and without the means and almost without a plan he determined on the rash enterprise. He communicated his design to Monmouth, but the latter refused then to co-operate with him. Having received aid from some friends in Amsterdam, with a few of his companions in exile he set sail for his own country of Lorn. He met with an overwhelming opposition, and was completely defeated. He fled, as Lord Fountainhall quaintly describes it, "on a little pony," and was overtaken by two "men of Sir John Shaw's, who would have had his pony to carry their baggage." He fired his pistol at them, "and thereafter took the water Inchinan. But a webster, dwelling there, hearing the noise, came with

a broadsword." The webster would not quit Argyle, though the other two men would have let him go for gold; and finally "the webster gave him a great pelt over the head with his sword, that he damped him so that he fell into the river, and in the fall cried, 'Ah, the unfortunate Argyle!'" He was captured and carried to Edinburgh, where he was beheaded at the Market Cross in a few days, 1685, under the unjust sentence passed on him in 1682. He showed wonderful calmness and dignity. He had written his epitaph on the day before his execution; "and the heroic satisfaction of conscience expressed in it," to use the words of Lord Oxford, give it a title to notice which its poetic merits might claim in vain; we extract a few lines from it:—

"No stain of error, no black vice's brand,
Was that which chased me from my native land:
Love to my country (sentenced twice to die)
Constrained my hands forgotten arms to try."

Charles II. had predicted to the Prince of Orange, in 1681, that "he was confident, whenever the Duke (James II.) should come to reign, he would be so restless and violent that he could not hold it four years to an end," says Burnet; and any one who knew his views and temper might with reason have made the same prediction, so soon to be verified; for he commenced his reign in 1685 and fled in 1689. James complacently records of his Scottish administration, that he "stifled at its birth a commotion of the fanatical party which then happened to break out"; and he wonders how men could apprehend danger from Popery, "while they overlooked the imminent danger of being swallowed up by Presbytery and fanaticism." Evelyn, whose spirit of loyalty must have been sorely shaken by various acts of both Charles and James, records his amazement at the consecration of a Romish bishop at Whitehall: "I could not have believed I should ever have seen such things in the king of England's palace." Colley Cibber, in his life, describes this period and adds: "Yet, in the height of our secure and wanton defiance of

him, we of the vulgar had no further notion of any remedy for this evil than a satisfied presumption that our numbers were too great to be mastered by his mere will and pleasure; that, though he might be too hard for our laws, he would never be able to get the better of our nature; and that to drive us all into Popery and slavery, he would find, would be teaching an old lion to dance." James tried all that persuasion, force, and tyranny would do to obstruct the progress of the seventeenth century, but he might have held the royal power to his death, had not the fears of the people been increased by the birth of a prince. Evelyn notes in his Diary: "A young prince born, which will cause disputes." And for long years the throne of Great Britain was rendered an uneasy seat for its occupant by that event. The birth of an heir to the throne, born of a Catholic mother and destined to follow in the bigoted steps of his father, precipitated the Revolution.

When William of Orange landed in England, it is said that a noble lord who was not alarmed at the report of an army of thirty thousand men, hearing that it was only twenty thousand, began to be afraid; being told the Prince had with him but fourteen thousand soldiers, he cried, "We are undone." When he was asked the reason "why he was afraid of so small a number, when he seemed no way afraid of thirty thousand," he answered: "An army of thirty thousand could not conquer England; but no man could come here with an army of fourteen thousand, if he was not sure of finding a great many traitors among us." There were, besides many disaffected in England, great numbers of noblemen and gentlemen who had fled to Holland for protection. William was kept well informed of the state of feeling in England. He was aware of the unhappy rule of James, who had become the tyrant of his people, and the abject slave and pensioner of the great enemy of William and Protestantism, the king of France.

Among the noblemen who had found refuge at the court of William was the Marquis of Argyle, whose father had been executed in 1685. One writer says he was not "so distinguished by an excess of the gloomy fury of Puritanism, and of the republican taint which is inseparable from it, as his ancestors; the caution probably inspired by the sanguinary visitations of vengeance which of late had fallen on his family had rendered him more moderate." He was well received by William, and rendered himself very serviceable to him through his intimate knowledge of Scottish affairs. He accompanied the Prince on his bloodless invasion of England, and his titles and estates were soon restored to him. He has been suspected of treating with the agents of James. Burnet, without giving us any hint of his previous connection with them, says: "The Earl of Argyle withdrew himself from them." James makes a slight allusion to the Earl in his Memoirs, but, as if to complete the confusion which those hints cause, we find he was most influential in Scotland; and William declared on a certain occasion, that he "got more truth from Argyle than from all the rest of his countrymen, for that he had the courage to speak out what others durst not even hint at." That seems rather direct testimony in his favor; one writer interprets it by supposing "that he had secretly betrayed the design to the king, and was rewarded accordingly." The greatest known stain on his character is that of his tacit approval of the massacre of Glencoe, in which part of his own regiment was the agent employed. That cruel extermination of a thievish tribe was highly resented in the Highlands, and it was found necessary to direct a commission of inquiry into it to several persons of rank. Macaulay mentions him in a very unflattering manner. He says: "Argyle was, in personal qualities, one of the most insignificant of the long line of nobles who have borne that great name. He was the descendant of emi-

nent men and the parent of eminent men. He was the grandson of one of the ablest of Scottish politicians, the son of one of the bravest and most true-hearted of Scottish patriots, the father of one MacCallum More, renowned as a warrior and as an orator, as the model of every courtly grace, and as the judicious patron of arts and letters, and of another MacCallum More, distinguished by talents for business and command, and by skill in the exact sciences. Both of such an ancestry and of such a progeny Argyle was unworthy. He had been guilty of the crime, common enough among Scottish politicians, but in him disgraceful, of tampering with the agents of James, while professing loyalty to William. Still, Argyle had the importance inseparable from high rank, vast domains, extensive feudal rights, and almost boundless patriarchal authority." Though the burden of Scottish affairs, especially in Parliament, and of responsibility for the counsels by which they were directed, rested for many years chiefly on himself, he seems to have sought no reward except increase of dignity, for which he solicited William, who long hesitated to grant his request. Writing to his friend Cartaret, Argyle says, "I must think it strange if the king scruple me my title, after all that is past." It was, however, delayed till 1701, when he was created Duke of Argyle, with the addition of the numerous titles, some of them formerly in the family of the Marquis of Lorn and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount of Lochow and Glenila, Baron Inverary, Mull, Morvern, and Tiry.

John, the great Duke of Argyle, his son, was born in 1678, and throughout a long career was a worthy representative of the name he bore. We have several sketches of him left by his contemporaries, and it is easy to observe that the usual fate of high position, talents, and success in life was his; for all these concomitants of fortune raised for him many enemies. His greatness excited the envy and ill-will of many, as much as his haughty and

rather overbearing manners. Among the many sharp remarks that fell from his lips was a retort on one occasion, at a meeting, to an opponent, "that a grain of honesty was worth a cart-load of gold," and he had a blunt and sometimes uncourtly honesty and plainness of speech. He distinguished himself as a brave and prudent commander, and showed undaunted courage and brilliant daring in action. He served on the Continent, and was in many battles, — at Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, at the sieges of Ostend, Lille, Ghent, and Tournay and Mons; at the latter place he joined an attacking corps at the moment it was shrinking from the onset, and rushing, open-breasted, among the men, exclaimed, "You see, brothers, I have no concealed armor; I am equally exposed with you. I require none to go where I shall refuse to venture." His spirited appeal so roused the men that the assault was successful. The Duke used his powerful influence at a critical moment for the fortunes of the house of Hanover, that of the death of Queen Anne; and by his prompt and sudden appearance before the Privy Council with the Duke of Somerset added great strength to the cause of the Protestant succession. He was prominently engaged in the field in suppressing the rebellion of 1715. For his powerful support of the house of Hanover he was well rewarded by his elevation in the English peerage, to which he had been raised by Anne as Earl of Greenwich and Baron Chatham. He was created Duke of Greenwich by George I., and held many high offices of state, among others that of hereditary Lord Steward of the Household and Field Marshal of all the forces.

The Duke united many great qualities with some small ones; and great as was his birth and ancestry, and nobly as his talents, loyalty, and services to Queen Anne and the house of Hanover were requited by both sovereigns, still he was ambitious of office and desirous of power. He has been accused

of many interested motives ; but all that can with justice be alleged against him is more than counterbalanced by his virtues. The great Duke of Marlborough, noted for his beauty, avarice, and generalship, had some difficulty with the Duke of Argyle, and wrote to his vixen wife : " I cannot have a worse opinion of anybody than I have of the Duke of Argyle." Another enemy left a character of him : " He was extremely forward in effecting what he aimed at and designed, which he owned and promoted aboveboard, being altogether free of the least share of dissimulation, and his word so sacred that one might assuredly depend upon it. His head ran more upon the camp than the court ; and it appears that nature dressed him up accordingly, being altogether incapable of the servile dependency and flattering insinuations requisite in the last, and endued with that cheerful, lively temper and personal valor esteemed and necessary in the other." Lord Hervey, himself the object of abuse and satire from Pulteney and Pope, has left, among other sharp and severe word-portraits of his contemporaries, male and female, those of John, Duke of Argyle, and his brother Lord Isla, later the third Duke of Argyle. It is difficult for his caustic pen, which does not spare royalty itself, to refrain from abuse of these two men, who were so unfortunate as to differ from him in their views. The Duke was much of the time in opposition to the court party, not being withheld from expressing his dislike of any measures or persons. Hervey says of him : " As he was an ambitious man, he envied Sir Robert Walpole ; as he was a military man, he disliked him ; as a Scotchman, he hated him. His pride made him detest the possessor of any power superior to his own ; and as the opinion of his own height and merit, joined to an insatiable avarice, made him think he never could have his due in honorary employments or enough in lucrative ones, so he was always asking and always receiving, yet never obliged and never contented.

His Grace commanded a great many followers in the House of Commons ; and by being often hungry and often fed, was often in and often out of humor with the administration. He was haughty, passionate, and peremptory, gallant, and a good officer, with very good parts, and much more reading and knowledge than generally falls to the share of a man educated a soldier, and born to so great title and fortune."

Sir Walter Scott has left us a more agreeable sketch of the Duke's character, which gives one an idea of the regard in which his contemporaries held him, for he was extremely popular among them. " Few names," he says, " deserve more honorable mention in the history of Scotland during this period than that of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. His talents as a statesman and a soldier were generally admitted ; he was not without ambition, but ' without the illness that attends it,' — without that irregularity of thought and aim, which often excites great men in his peculiar situation (for it was a very peculiar one) to grasp the means of raising themselves to power at the risk of throwing a kingdom into confusion. He was alike free from the ordinary vices of statesmen, namely, falsehood and dissimulation ; and from those of warriors, — inordinate and violent thirst after self-aggrandizement. His popularity with a discontented and warlike people was supposed to be a subject of jealousy at court, where the power to become dangerous is sometimes of itself obnoxious, though the inclination is not united with it." The unhappy and divided condition of Scotland after the rebellion of 1715 caused much disaffection to the government, and the factious and discontented would gladly have claimed the great MacCallum More as their leader ; but he chose a course more safe and honorable. Argyle, in a spirited speech on the Porteous Bill, stated his own position towards the nation and the court as well as any of his biographers : " I appeal," said he, " to the House, to the nation, if I can be justly branded

with the infamy of being a jobber of votes, a buyer of boroughs, the agent of corruption for any purpose, or on behalf of any party! Consider my life; examine my actions in the field and in the cabinet, and see where there lies a blot that can attach to my honor. I have shown myself the friend of my country, the loyal subject of my king. I am ready to do so again, without an instant's regard to the frowns or smiles of a court. I have experienced both, and am prepared with indifference for either." Pope has distinguished him as

"Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

And Thomson characterized his oratory as combining the charm of youth and the force of manhood with the depth of age.

The Duke dying without male heirs, his brother Archibald, Earl of Isla, succeeded him in his Scottish titles, but his English honors became extinct. Macaulay's character of Lord Isla we already have had in connection with that of his brother, but we learn more of him from other sources. In the singular interview of Lord Stair with Queen Caroline, when he attempted, for himself and others, to prejudice her against Sir Robert Walpole's measures, the man whom she disliked and coarsely jeered at as "that poor man, *avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées, et ce vilain ventre*," the minister whose power she respected and valued, he said to her: "No greater proof can be given of the infinite sway this man has usurped over you, madam, than in the very instance I have given of his first personal injury to me, which is the preference he has given Lord Isla to me on every occasion, both here and in Scotland; for what cannot that man persuade you to, who can make *you*, madam, love a Campbell?" There were reasons for her Majesty's dislike of the Duke and his brother, and it was a strong proof of Walpole's power that his sense of Lord Isla's usefulness did always prevail over the private dislike of the

Queen. Hervey says of Walpole: "No man ever was blessed with a clearer head, a truer or quicker judgment, or a deeper insight into mankind; he continued in power longer than any first minister in this country, since Lord Burleigh, ever did. Every project was of his forming, conducting, and executing; as he had infinite application and long experience, so he had great method and a prodigious memory, with a mind and spirit that were indefatigable." After that eulogium of Walpole, Hervey bears strong testimony to Lord Isla's ability, for he writes of him: "He was the man on whom Sir Robert Walpole depended entirely for the management of all Scotch affairs. A man of parts, quickness, knowledge, temper, dexterity, and judgment," but, "a man of little truth, little honor, little principle, and no attachment but to his interest." He left no heirs and was followed by his cousin, John Campbell, who had been a groom of the bedchamber to George II. when Prince of Wales. He was colonel of the Campbell regiment, and served in Scotland in 1745. He married the beautiful Miss Bellenden, celebrated by Pope and Gay, Hervey and Walpole. The last wrote: "She was incontestably the most agreeable, most insinuating, and the most likable woman of her time; made up of every ingredient likely to engage or attach a lover." She rejected the royal but not very delicate advances of the Prince, and married Colonel Campbell; from them the present Duke is lineally descended. One of their sons married a daughter of Ralph Izard of South Carolina.

John, the fourth Duke, was followed by his son in 1770. He had married the widow of James, Duke of Hamilton, Elizabeth, the youngest Miss Gunning, one of the three sisters so celebrated in their day for their wit and beauty. She had been married clandestinely to the Duke of Hamilton at Keith's Chapel, May fair at half an hour after midnight with the ring of a bed-curtain, says Horace Walpole. The Duke of Argyle was followed by

his son George William in 1806, and he was succeeded by John, the seventh Duke, his brother, who died in 1847, and was the father of George Douglas Campbell, the present Duke, whose descent can be traced through eight centuries, from the first Campbell who was Lord of Lochow. He unites in his person the titles and honors of that long line of ancestry. He is Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Argyle, K. T. P. C. Marquis of Lorn and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount Lochow and Glenila, Lord of Inverary, Mull, Morvern, and Tiry, in the peerage of Scotland; Baron Sundridge and Hamilton in the peerage of England. His offices are those of hereditary Master of the Queen's Household, and Keeper of the great seal of Scotland, Admiral of the Western Isles, Keeper of Dunoon Castle, of Dunstaffnage, and Carrick; one of her Majesty's counsellors for Scotland, Lord-Lieutenant and hereditary sheriff of Argyle. He has been twice Lord Privy Seal, for a time Postmaster-General, and now holds the office of Secretary of State for India under the Gladstone administration. He sits in the House of Lords as Baron Sundridge, and his son John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, by courtesy the Marquis of Lorn, is a member of the House of Commons for Argyleshire.

The marriage of the Marquis with the Princess Louise, sentimentally heralded to the public at Oxford by Mr. Vernon Harcourt, as "a matter so interesting, both in its political and its historic importance, one which will secure the hearty sympathy and approval of the English people," has excited much comment and wonder; but Mrs. Grundy, at first disposed to grumble that the Princess preferred a true-born Briton to some petty potentate or adventurous poverty-stricken foreign Prince, now feels that it is well that the nineteenth century should show a more just appreciation of the sacredness of marriage, and not subordinate the feelings of the individual to the possible advantage of the nation.

Thackeray, in 1849, contributed to the columns of Punch some imaginary extracts from newspapers of 1869, in which he, in his inimitable style and with almost prophetic foresight, assumes to give from the Snobsever an item on royal marriages. In it he says "are the nobles of our country, who have been free for hundreds of years, who have shown in every clime the genius, the honor, the splendor of Britain,—are these, we ask, in any way inferior to a Prince (however venerable) of Sachs-Schlippen-schloppen, or a Grand Duke of Pigwitz Gruntenstein? Why, we ask, shall not Anglo-Saxon princes or princesses wed with free Anglo-Saxon nobles, themselves the descendants, if not the inheritors, of kings?" And he adds that a "little bird" has whispered that an alliance will shortly be formed between a member of the royal family and one whose "distinguished parents are 'frae the North,' whose name is known and beloved throughout the wide dominions of Britain's sway in India, at the admiralty, at the home and colonial offices, in both Houses of Parliament, and who are allied with that great and illustrious family, who have rendered such priceless services to the country in the maintenance of *that* cause for which Hampden bled on the field, while they paid their part on the scaffold." An amusing caricature of the court circular style of newspaper writers, and verified in a wonderful degree!

The Thunderer has assured the nation mysteriously that her Majesty had a great problem to solve and has solved it satisfactorily; which we translate, that gossip says the attachment of the Marquis to the Princess is not a new one, but her mother favored the suit of the heir to the throne of Holland, William of Orange, till finding that, in the words of the old nursery rhyme, her daughter was "the maiden all for Lorn," she gave her consent to the marriage. The Marquis has greatly changed since his mother-in-law wrote in her "Journal of our Life in the High-

lands" of him as a "dear, white, fat, fair little fellow," and so immortalized his appearance at that early age. What new honors he may add to those already in the possession of his ancient house cannot be foretold, but he must claim high culture, ability, and brilliant qualities to have won the heart of the fair and accomplished Louise, the flower of English princesses of the house of Hanover. Dryden says, "None but the brave deserves the fair," and the amount of moral courage shown by the Marquis in braving destiny in the form of a princess of the blood royal, gives him no common claim to our admiration. The first occasion on which a princess of England married a subject was when Mary, the daughter of Henry VII., the young widow of Louis XII. of France, ran away with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; there have been marriages solemnized between other members of the royal family and subjects, but we believe the last acknowledged marriage with a prince or princess was when James II., then Duke of York, married Anne Hyde, in 1661. She died before he ascended the throne, but left two daughters, Mary and Anne, who were both queens of England.

We have spoken especially of the Campbells of the house of Argyle, but within the last century have lived three men who bore that name, and are connected with the fortunes of the clan; three men of mark, the first in literature, the second noted for "extraordinary industry" and legal ability, the last a brilliant warrior and undaunted soldier in an epoch celebrated for its men of thought and action, — Thomas Campbell the poet, John Lord Campbell, and Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.

After that of the poet Campbell, the name of "Plain John Campbell," the skilful and successful lawyer, arrests attention. Miss Martineau, in her graphic sketch for the London Daily News, says that he delighted in calling himself so, "while all his hearers knew all the while that there was not such a man for getting on in the

three kingdoms." He said less in later years about "his plainness and humility, and the paternal manse, but he had exhibited these things so often in his electioneering speeches and official addresses that he was best known as plain John Campbell to the last." He was born in Fifeshire in 1781. He was wonderfully industrious, and worked at the study of law with the added labor of parliamentary reporter and theatrical critic of the Morning Chronicle, a London paper. It is needless to detail the drudgery and application which gained him professional success and fame. He held various law offices of the Crown, that of Attorney-General and Chancellor of Ireland. The latter place he, with a kind regard for his friend Lord Plunket's age and infirmity and his own ends, caused him to be asked to resign that he might enjoy its advantages. That office he held but for a single day, and then became the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. About that time he began to write his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," of which work one writer says, "The style is entertaining, the facts anything he chose to make them, and the spirit depreciatory to the last degree." Sir Charles Wetherell, at a dinner in London, addressed Lord Campbell thus: "Then there is my noble and biographical friend who has added a new terror to death." Lord St. Leonards, in his little book on the Misrepresentations in the Lives, adds, "I have lived to find that he has left behind him a new terror to life," referring of course to the lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham. He was made Chief Justice in 1850, and attained the highest honor of his profession in the Lord Chancellorship in 1859. He died in 1861. Miss Martineau says: "Heartfelt respect and intimate friendship were not necessary to him; and he would probably have been quite content with the knowledge that, after his death, he would be held up as an example of the social success obtainable in our fortunate land by energy and assiduity, steadily reaching forward to the prizes of ambition."

The life of Lord Clyde embraces some of the most daring and brilliant achievements of this century. He was born in Glasgow in 1792, and entered the army in 1802; he served in the Peninsula until 1814. In 1842 he became colonel, and served against the Chinese. He distinguished himself as general of brigade in India, and commanded the Highland Brigade in the Crimean War, contributing to the victories of Alma and Balaklava. He was made Major-general in 1854, and the next year received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. In 1857 Sir Colin was appointed Commander in Chief of the Army of India, and departed to suppress the Sepoy mutiny. His relief of Lucknow is one of the memorable and thrilling events of his time and a bright spot amid the horrors of that terrible mutiny. Later he defeated the Sepoys at Cawnpore and crushed the rebellion. He was raised to the peerage in 1858 as Lord Clyde, and died in 1863. The writer has seen at Wilton House, the ancient seat of the Earls of Pembroke, where Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia,"—which alone would give an added charm to that classic and beautiful spot, the abode of so much genius and

talent in times past,—a quaint bronze cannon sent by Lord Clyde from India to his noble friend Lord Herbert of Lea, and regarded by the family as one of their most valued possessions. So highly is it esteemed for the giver's sake, that it is accorded a conspicuous place in one of the finest collections of ancient Greek and Roman art, and mediæval painting, sculpture, and architecture. So long-gone centuries are united to modern times in our mind as we think of that peerless Englishman the noble Sidney, and feel that as yet the time lamented by Burke as "that of sophisters, economists, and calculators," is not come, great and noble men yet live, and the age of chivalry is *not* gone. True chivalry was never more triumphant than in this era of the world's history, though under the same form as of old, and near the garb of ancient and heroic daring. Courage and heroism are alike, whether shown on that old battle-field of the world, Europe, in the arena of politics or literature, in the field against well-trained armies, and polished commanders, or under the burning sun of India, with its fell diseases, battling against maddened and infuriated savages.

G. A. E.

VOX POPULI.

WHEN Mazárvan the Magician
Journeyed westward through Cathay,
Nothing heard he but the praises
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended
When he came to Khaledan;
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets;
Every province hath its own;
Camaralzaman is famous,
Where Badoura is unknown!

Henry W. Longfellow.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XV.

IN the battle of life the new generation is always beating the old, outwitting it, outfighting it, outnumbering it, and driving it off the field.

But we will not enlarge upon this huge reflection; it would carry us far beyond the limits of our story. We will simply say, before dismounting from its elephantine back, that because Kate Beaumont was a child, she was too much for a father. When her bristly, grisly genitor, one of the most combative and domineering of men, propounded to her his notion of sending her on a visit to her sister, she at once dissipated it by saying that she would rather not go.

"Don't want to make Nellie a visit!" replied Peyton Beaumont, believing that he ought to insist, and doubting whether he could.

"Why, papa!" said Kate, in a tone of good-natured wonder and reproof. "Have you forgotten?"

"Forgotten what?"

"Don't you really know what I mean?" persisted the girl, a little chagrined.

"Pon my honor, I don't."

"O papa! My birthday! Nineteen next Tuesday."

"Bless my body!" exclaimed Beaumont, looking uncommonly ashamed of himself. "Bless my body, how could I forget it! Well, of course I knew it all the while. It had only slipped my mind for a—" Here he recollected his conspiracy with Mrs. Chester, and fell suddenly dumb, querying whether his mind were not beginning to fail him.

"Of course I want to keep it here," said Kate.

"Of course you do," assented Beaumont, ready to knock down anybody who objected to it.

"Why should n't Nellie come to us?" asked Kate.

"She shall," declared Beaumont. "Write her a letter and ask her to come. Give her my best love, and tell her I insist upon it."

It was in vain that Mrs. Chester made assault upon this new disposition of events as soon as she heard of it.

"No danger, I tell you," interrupted Beaumont, his temper rising at her opposition, as a wave breaks into roar and foam over a reef. "I tell you there's no danger whatever. Kate is not only a devilish brilliant girl,—yes, devilish brilliant, by heavens, if I do say it,—but she's a girl of extraordinary common sense. If I should hint to her the trouble which might come from her marrying a McAlister; if I should once say to her, 'Now, Kate, you see it might separate us,' she never would think of it. I tell you, I trust to her common sense. And by heavens," he added, his eyebrows beginning to bristle, "I want you to trust to it."

As Mrs. Chester had no efficient quantity of the grace in question, she did not believe in it as a motive of action with other people.

"Well, good by to the Kershaw estate," she replied, trying to bring the financial point of view to bear upon her brother.

"Good by to it and welcome!" roared Beaumont, indignant at this thrusting of filthy lucre under his honorable nose. "What the deuce do I care for the Kershaw estate? I am a Beaumont, and the descendant of Beaumonts. Who the deuce are you? I thought we looked only to honor, in our family. Money! You can't turn my head by talking money. I know the value of the thing. But, by heavens, I would n't swerve a hair for the sake of it. I'd blow my brains out first. And as for Kate's marrying against my wishes, you know she won't do it and

I know it. There's no use in talking about it."

"No, there's no use in talking about it," replied Mrs. Chestèr, with what might be called a snapping-turtle irony.

Stung by her brother's charge that she was no true Beaumont, angered by his inconvenient obstinacy, and still more by his loud, overbearing voice, she suddenly and petulantly gave up her hopeless contest (as a child drops a hammer which has cracked its fingers), and marched off with short, spunky stampings, reminding one of that famous step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Her hips had become of late years an inch or so too wide to permit her to locomote thus with grace or dignity. They gave her skirts a quick, jerking swing, which, as seen from behind, was more farcical than majestic. The fat washerwoman or chambermaid of low comedy walks by preference in this manner. As Peyton Beaumont looked after her, he grinned with a kind of amused rage, and muttered, "My God, what a goose Marian can make of herself!"

But after Mrs. Chester had got to her room, and had, so to speak, stuck out her lips behind the door for half an hour, she discovered some consolation and hope in the fact that Nellie Armitage was coming. She remembered Nellie as a "true Beaumont," full of the family pride and passion and spirit, the fieriest perhaps of Peyton's children. Was it not likely that such a woman would retain much of the feeling of the ancient family feud? Was it not almost certain that she would violently oppose a match between her only sister and a McAlister? Poor, bewitched, unreasonable, almost irrational Mrs. Chester plucked up her spirit a little as she looked forward to Nellie's arrival.

At last Mrs. Armitage came, bringing her two children with her, but not her husband. This young woman (then only twenty-four years old) bore a certain resemblance to her father. She was of a medium height, with a

figure more compact than is usual in American women, her chest being uncommonly full, her shoulders superbly plump, and her arms solid. Her complexion was a clear brunette, without color; her hair a very dark chestnut and slightly wavy; her eyes brown, steady, and searching. Barring that the cheekbones were a trifle too broad and the lower jaw a trifle too strong, her face was a handsome one, the front view being fairly oval and the profile full of spirit. There was something singular in her expression; it was a beseeching air, alternating with an air of resistance; she seemed in one moment to implore favor, and in the next to stand at bay. To all appearance it was the face of a woman who had had a stirring and trying heart-history. You could not study it long without wishing to know what had happened to her.

She greeted her relatives with the quick, effervescent excitability of her Huguenot race. A minute or two later she was absorbed, indifferent, almost stony. It seemed as if something must have partly paralyzed the woman's affections, rendering their action intermittent.

"Kate has grown up very handsome," she quietly and thoughtfully remarked to her father, when she was alone with him.

"By Jove!" trumpeted Peyton Beaumont, unable to brag sufficiently of his favorite child, and falling into eloquent silence before the great subject, like a heathen prostrating himself to his idol.

"I hope she will have a happy life of it," added Nellie, with the air of one within prison-gates who wishes well to those without.

"Why should n't she?" demanded the father, lifting his stormy eyebrows as an excited eagle ruffles his feathers. "She has everything she can want, and we are all devoted to her. The baby, you know!" he explained, as if apologizing to his eldest daughter for so loving the youngest.

"It is all well enough now. But she may get married by and by."

"Ah!" growled Beaumont, glancing

at her with an air of comprehension, half pitiful and half angry.

Mrs. Armitage revealed no more ; if she was not happy in her own marriage, she was not disposed to say so ; either she had been born with more discretion than was usual with Beaumonts, or she had acquired it.

"So the feud is ended," was her next observation.

"Well, yes ; that is, you know—well, we get along," said the father. "We are giving those fellows a chance to behave themselves."

He felt obliged to apologize to a Beaumont for having given up one of the antiquities and glories of the family.

"Of course you know best," replied Nellie, with that indifferent air which she had at times, and which made her appear so unlike her race.

"You see this young McAlister had the luck to place us under immense obligations to him," continued the old fighting-cock. "And devilish lucky it was for that blockhead his brother. Vincent would have shot him as sure as Christmas is coming."

"And how about Kate ? Is she likely to marry this Frank McAlister ?"

"Likely to marry the Old Harry !" snorted Beaumont, indignant at being spurred up to this ugly subject again. "Who the deuce told you that nonsense ?"

"Aunt Marian wrote to me about it."

"Aunt Marian is a babbling busy-body," returned Beaumont, thrusting his hands fiercely into his pockets, as if feeling for a brace of derringers.

"She told me not to tell you of her letter, and so I thought it best to tell you," added Nellie.

"By Jove ! you know her," replied Marian's brother, bursting into a laugh. "By Jove, it's amazing how she lacks common sense," he added, as if his breed were famous for it. "In a general way, — I'm fairly obliged to own it, — whatever Marian wants done had better not be done. It's astonishing !"

"If there is any such courtship going on, I want it stopped," continued Nellie, somewhat of the family excitability beginning to sparkle in her eyes.

Peyton Beaumont, vain and self-opinionated and pugnacious as he was, would always listen to those privileged, those almost sacred creatures, his children.

"Look here, Nellie, I'm glad you came down," he said. "I want to talk to you about this very thing. Not that there is any danger, — O no !" he explained, motioning away the supposition with his thick, hairy hand. "But then, if things should go on, there might be trouble. That is, you understand, the thing is just possible, — I don't say probable, mind, I say possible."

"It must not be possible," declared Nellie.

"You think so ?" stared Beaumont, a little bothered. Considering his own weakness in the presence of Kate, was he absolutely sure that he could put the match outside of the possibilities, in case she should prefer to bring it inside ?

"Certainly I think so," affirmed Mrs. Armitage, firing up in a way which left no doubt as to her being a true Beaumont. "See here, I want at least one woman in the world to succeed ; I want Kate to have a happy married life. If she marries a McAlister, what are the chances for it ? You know that family, and you know our own. How long will the two travel together ? You know as well as I do that the old quarrel is pretty sure to come up again. Then where will Kate be ? A woman who is forced to fight her own flesh and blood, God help her !"

She said much more to this effect ; perhaps she repeated herself a little, as emotional people are apt to do ; she was very much in earnest, and hardly knew how to stop.

"Well, of course !" neighed Beaumont, quite roused by her excitement, as one horse rears because another plunges. "The thing cannot, must not, and shall not be allowed. I'll see to it."

"You'll see to it!" repeated Nellie, amused in spite of her anxiety, and good-naturedly laughing him to scorn.

"What d'ye mean?" queried the father, trying to raise his bristles.

"You'll just see that every one of your idiots of children does exactly what he or she pleases," explained Nellie.

"Nonsense!" growled Beaumont, marching off with all his peacock plumage spread. To prove to himself that he possessed paternal austerity, he took advantage of the first opportunity to fall afoul of Tom, giving him a lively blowing up for birching a negro. Only, the lecture being concluded, he drew his cigar-case and presented the youngster with one of his costliest Havanas, the two thereupon smoking what might pass for the calumet of peace.

The case of Frank and Kate soon came up between Mrs. Armitage and Mrs. Chester.

"Of course not," haughtily affirmed Nellie, when her aunt had declared that the McAlister match would never do. "I have discussed the matter with papa. We will attend to it."

This was saying that the affair was none of Mrs. Chester's business; and that lady so understood the remark, and trembled with wrath accordingly. The two were treading on the verge of an old battle-ground which had been many times fought over between them. Mrs. Chester, an advisory and meddling creature, felt in all her veins and nerves that she was a Beaumont, and that whatever concerned any of that race concerned her. This pretension, so far at least as it extended to the children of Peyton Beaumont, Nellie had always violently combated, even from infancy. One of her earliest recollections was of scratching Aunt Marian for trying to slap Tom. The fight had been renewed many times, the niece gaining more and more victories as she grew older, for she was a cleverer woman than Mrs. Chester, and also a braver. It need not be said that, while there was no outrageous

and disreputable quarrel, there was no fervent love lost between them. But although Aunt Marian did not adore Nellie, and was at the moment considerably irritated against her, she did not, under present circumstances, care to fight her.

"Of course you and your father will do what is proper," she said, putting on that air of sulphuric-acid sweetness which so many tartarly people have at command, and which profits them so little. "You two are Kate's natural guardians," she further conceded. "Certainly!"

She waited to hear something more about the match, but Nellie had no communications to volunteer, and there ensued a brief silence, insupportable to Mrs. Chester.

"Of course you never could give your approval," she ventured to resume, smoothing her niece's hair.

"No!" sharply replied Nellie, who would have answered more graciously if Mrs. Chester had kept her hot hands to herself.

Unamiably as this response was enunciated, the elder lady was so delighted with it that she lost her self-possession, and let out a gush of confidence which was imprudent.

"Kate will have plenty of offers. I know one fine young man who is desperately in love with her. I am sure that your husband's brother —"

Nellie turned upon her with sparkling eyes and quivering nostrils.

"Bent Armitage?" she demanded. "Is *he* courting her?"

"O no," responded Mrs. Chester, discovering her error and at once trying to fib out of it. "I was about to say that Bent, as you call him, told me that Pickens Pendleton was cracked about her."

Which was true enough as regarded Pickens Pendleton, only the tale of it had not come from Bent Armitage.

Well, each of the ladies had made a discovery. Nellie had learned, in spite of her aunt's prompt dodging, that Bent Armitage was wooing Kate; and Mrs. Chester had perceived without

the slightest difficulty that such a match would be sternly disavored by Nellie. Both being thus provided with matter for grave meditation, they found conversing a weary business, and soon separated.

The next important dialogue of this straightforward and earnest Mrs. Armitage was with her sister.

"How you have grown, Kate!" she laughed, turning her about and standing up to her back to back. "Pshaw! you are taller than I am. You ought to know more. I wonder if you do. What did you study abroad?"

"O, everything that is useful," smiled Kate. "Only I don't find that I use it. I think a good cookery-book ought to be the main class-book of every girls' school. I wish I knew a hundred receipts by heart."

"Well, send for a cookery-book, and go to getting them by heart."

"I have," said Kate.

"Pudding-making and love-making are woman's chief business," observed Nellie, shaping her course toward the subject which she had on her mind. "They are both important, but I think the last is the most so. Which do you like best of all the men who come here?"

"I don't like any of them," said Kate, for once driven to fib by an awful heart-breaking, and blushing profoundly over her — was it her guilt?

"O, what a monstrous lie!" laughed Mrs. Armitage.

"Then what do you ask such questions for?" retorted Kate, becoming honest again.

"Because I want to know," said Nellie, looking her earnestly in the face.

"When the young man speaks, I will come and tell you," was the evasive answer.

"But then it will be too late to tell me. Your mind will be already made up, and you will accept him or refuse him, and then advice will be useless."

"O, that is the way it goes?"

"That is the way it went with me."

"Well, you have never repented it,"

said Kate, who knew nothing of her sister's sorrows, if sorrows there were.

"Let me tell you one thing," answered Nellie, roused to fresh resolution by this remark. "Let me tell you whom not to marry. Neither Frank McAlister nor Bent Armitage. If you take the first, you will make trouble for yourself; and if you take the second, he will make trouble for you."

Kate struggled to retain her self-possession, but she was not a little disturbed, and her sister perceived it.

"You don't care for either of them?" demanded Nellie, imploringly. "I don't want it. Papa does n't want it."

"I *won't* care for either of them," was the promise which dropped from Kate's lips before she realized its gravity. There was conscience and discipline in the girl; she instinctively and by habit respected and obeyed her elders; she did it naturally and could not help it. But the moment she had given her pledge she grew pale and tried to turn away from her sister.

"Look here, Kate, this costs you a struggle," said Nellie, slipping her arm around the child's waist and kissing her. "Which one is it?"

Kate made no answer, for she had as much as she could do to catch her breath, and she was for the moment beyond speaking.

"Not Bent Armitage?" begged Nellie.

Kate shook her head.

"The other?"

Kate began to cry.

"O Katie!" said Nellie, and began to cry a little herself, being womanish and Beaumontish to that extent that she could not easily resist the contagion of emotion.

After a moment Kate made a desperate struggle for some small bit of a voice, and broke out, "But I don't care so much about him. Only you surprised me so. You worried me. You —"

"I know, Katie," whispered Nellie, all tenderness now. "I did put things at you too hard. Don't be vexed with

me. I do love you. That is the reason. Well, you can't talk of it now. We won't say a word more now."

"Yes, I can talk of it," declared Kate, collecting her soul bravely. "What is the whole of it? What is it?"

"Suppose there should be another long quarrel with the McAlisters?" began Nellie.

"I know. I have thought of that. I will think of it."

"O, you are pretty sensible, Kate. Well, as for Bent Armitage —"

"You need n't tell me about *him*. It is of no consequence."

"I hope not," said Nellie, too anxious to be quite sure. "Well?"

"You have my promise," declared Kate, firmly.

"Yes," answered Nellie, meditatively.

"Do you suppose I won't keep it?"

"I was n't thinking of that," replied Nellie, who, now that she had gained her point, had a sudden, natural irrational reaction of feeling, and did not find herself positive that the promise ought to be kept. "I was thinking — but never mind now, dear. Another time."

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. ARMITAGE went through a variety of spiritual exercises with regard to this possible match between her sister and Frank McAlister.

At first she had been sternly opposed to it; then the contagion of Kate's emotion caused her to relent somewhat; next she reflected upon the matter by herself, and hardened her heart once more; at last she met the young man, and in consequence experienced a further change.

Although she was prepared to find him agreeable and handsome, she was rather surprised by his grand figure, his fine face, and pleasant address. His lofty stature did not seem to her objectionable or even very odd, for in the midland and back country of South Carolina, where she had passed her

life, the human plant grows luxuriantly, six feet being a common height and six feet four not unique. Moreover, there are probably few women who do not find a certain massive charm in large men. "No wonder," thought Nellie, "that Kate likes this fellow, especially since he saved her life." Nevertheless, she would study him; she would see whether he were half as good as he looked; she would see whether he were good enough to make up for being a McAlister.

There was not much in their interview of the wandering small-talk which is apt to follow introductions; for both Mrs. Armitage and Frank were of that earnest class of souls who usually mean something and say it. The lady, too, had a fervent purpose at heart, and none too much time in which to carry it out.

"Are you going to live at home, Mr. McAlister?" she very soon inquired.

Frank colored; it seemed as if she were asking him whether he meant to live on his father, like so many other sons of well-to-do planters; and he remembered that he had been in Hartland several weeks without doing anything chemical or metallurgical.

"I have n't yet decided where I shall be," he replied. "But I hope before long to find some place where I can earn my own living."

Mrs. Armitage stared; a young gentleman of expectations who wanted to earn his own living was a novelty to her; she was so puzzled that she smiled in a rather blank fashion.

"And how do people earn their own living?" she demanded.

"I want to earn mine by making other people rich."

"I don't understand," said Nellie, more perplexed than ever, and beginning to query whether this McAlister were not jesting with her.

So Frank explained that he had studied metallurgy and commercial chemistry; that he proposed to test mines and phosphate beds, and decide whether they could be worked profitably; and that for such services he

should expect a reasonable compensation.

"But will that get a living?" inquired Mrs. Armitage. Another reflection, which, however, she kept to herself, was, "Is that work for a gentleman?"

"It may not for a time," laughed Frank. "Our people don't care much as yet for their underground wealth. Their eyes are bandaged with cotton. But I have an ambition, Mrs. Armitage. I want to open people's eyes. I want to develop the natural wealth of my State. I want to be a benefactor to South Carolina."

"O, that is right," admitted Nellie, thinking the while that, if he became famous as a benefactor, he might run for Congress.

"Yes, there would be little to do for a time," continued Frank. "So the other part of my plan is to obtain a professorship in some college."

Nellie frowned frankly; he seemed too grand a fellow to be a mere professor; she was already interested in him, and wished him well.

"If you really want a professorship, I should think you might easily get one," she said. "Your father has a great deal of political influence."

The serious young man was tempted to smile in the face of the serious young woman. Of course, scientific enthusiast as he was, he scorned the idea of getting a professorship through his father's wire-pullings, and trusted to earn one by making himself famous, desirable and necessary as a chemist and metallurgist. But it was not worth while, nor perhaps in good taste, to try to render these matters clear to Mrs. Armitage.

"Well, you will not starve; your father will see to that," was her next remark, good-naturedly and smilingly uttered but surely very discouraging.

His father again! It was almost provoking to have his high and mighty and respected parent flung at his head in this persistent manner. So far was Frank from looking to the paternal statesmanship, influence, and acres for

his bread and butter, that he at heart expected to gain pelf as well as honor by his sciences, developing untold wealth and sharing in the profits.

"Do you expect to find gold-mines in Hartland District?" was Nellie's next speech.

"No," patiently responded our scientist, not even marvelling at the depths of her ignorance, though he knew that auriferous ore out of Hartland was less possible than sunbeams out of a cucumber. "I shall have to run about after my work," he added.

He feared that he was damaging his chances as a suitor for Kate; but he was too honorable to tell anything less than the truth.

"Run about," repeated Nellie, quite decided for the moment that he should not have her sister; "I should think it would be pleasanter to stay at home."

Frank was discouraged; nobody hereabout sympathized with his tenderness for chemistry and his passion for metallurgy; sometimes he thought he should have to drop his sciences and go to sleep upon cotton, like the rest of South Carolina.

"You must excuse my frankness," said Mrs. Armitage, who perceived that she had dashed him a little. "It is so strange that I should be talking to you at all! It seems as if I were at liberty to say everything."

"There has been a prodigious breaking of the ice between our families."

"Yes; and you broke it. It was a great thing to do, and you found a grand way to do it."

"It was accident," said Frank, coloring under this praise from Kate's sister.

"I can't thank you enough for saving her," continued Nellie, a little moved. "It is useless to try to do it."

There was a short silence. The young man's spirit was beginning to burgeon and bloom all over with hope. The lady was meditating how she could tear up his hopes, without seeming to him and to herself outrageously ungrateful and hard-hearted.

"Yes, you did a noble thing," she resumed. "I hope you will never have occasion to regret it."

"How!" he exclaimed, in a sudden burst of earnest bass, at the same time starting up and pacing the room. "I beg your pardon," he almost immediately added, and sat down again.

"He is very much in love with her," thought Nellie. "What a dreadful business it is! What shall I say to him?"

She steeled herself with a remembrance of her duty to her sister, and added: "It might have been better if some one else had saved her."

The Chinese wall was broken down; the great subject of Kate Beaumont lay open before them for discussion; and the only question was, whether Frank McAlister could summon breath to enter upon it. For a moment he was like a climber of mountains who should discover a barely traversable path leading to the longed-for summit, and should just then find himself turning dizzy. He absolutely had to make another excursion to the window and back before he was able to say, "Do you think I would take improper advantage of my slight, very slight claim to gratitude?"

"No, I do not," replied the impulsive Nellie, unable to help admiring him for his honesty, his goodness, and his beauty. "I am sure, Mr. McAlister, that you are a gentleman. But have you thought, have you considered? O, how hard it is to say some things! Well, I must speak it out. Here is my young sister under great obligations to you. And you are a McAlister. I know that there is peace now between our families. But how long will it last? Suppose it should not last? Would you like to have your name stand between your wife and her own father and brothers?"

Suddenly remembering that she had assumed that he cared to marry her sister, when he had not yet told her so, Nellie stopped in confusion. It was so like her to spring forward in that instinctive way; it was so like the emo-

tional, headlong race to which she belonged.

"I hope it would never be as you say," groaned the young man, frankly acknowledging the purpose which had been imputed to him.

"Ah — yes," replied Nellie, with a sigh of sympathy. Her opposition was weakening; she found it very hard to withstand this good and handsome lover to his face; she was mightily tempted to get done with him by giving him her sister. Discovering her weakness, and deciding that it was her duty not to yield to it, she hastened to speak her mind while she had one.

"See here, Mr. McAlister. I ask you one thing. I ask it of you as a gentleman; yes, and as a friend. I beg of you that, if ever you should wish to say a word of love to Kate, you will not say it without the full permission of her father."

He came up to her with a bright smile, seized her hand, pressed it, and in his thankfulness kissed it.

Nellie's resolution was almost upset; she came very near saying, "Take her."

"I worship her," he whispered, "But before I say one word, you shall permit it. You and your father shall both permit it."

"O, it all amounts to nothing," returned Nellie, shaking her head with a slightly hysterical laugh. "Such things are said without saying them. If you love her, she will find it out, though you should never speak again."

"But you won't send me away?" begged Frank, his smile suddenly fading and his eyes turning anxious.

"No," said Nellie. "Every woman is a big fool on these subjects. I can't send you away."

And so ended Mrs. Armitage's first attempt to prevent a match between her sister and Frank McAlister. It had been so far from a triumph that she had given the young man a tacit permission to continue some silent sort of courtship, and had at the bottom of her heart become little less than his partisan. She did not deceive herself

as to the result of the onslaught; she admitted that one more such victory would beat her completely; and her sagacious decision was, "I won't say another word about it." It was a resolution, as certain metaphysicians inform us, easier for a woman to make than to keep.

In fact, Nellie was rather an aid than a bar to Frank in his researches after happiness at the Beaumont mansion, inasmuch as she kept Mrs. Chester from balking and worrying him with her venerable assiduities. It must be understood that the cracked old flirt had got over her wrath at the youngster for playing his brother upon her while he himself had walks and talks with her niece. She observed that in these days he never saw Kate alone; and, not knowing the true reason, she guessed that he had tired of her. Consequently she once more had hopes of — the gracious knows what; and with the return of hope came a resurrection of fondness for her Titan.

Now Nellie did not mean to smooth the course of Frank's love; impulsive as she might be, she was no such weathercock as that. But she had grown up in the habit of fighting Aunt Marian; and, moreover, she could not bear to see the old girl make a fool of herself; for did not her absurdities more or less disgrace the family? As soon, therefore, as she perceived that Mrs. Chester was indulging in her time-worn vice of flirting with a man ever so much her junior, she prepared to open fire upon her. The two ladies were sewing by themselves in the breezy veranda, when Mrs. Armitage commenced her bombardment with "What a handsome fellow Frank McAlister is!"

How easily the slyest of us are humbugged when people talk to us about those whom we love! It was of no use to Mrs. Chester that she was a woman, that she was a veteran worldling, that she was an old coquette. The doors of her heart flew open at the sound of the name which was her open sesame; and with a throb of pleasure, with the sincere countenance of a

gratified child she replied "Yes, indeed!"

"He is trying to catch Kate, and I fear he will do it," added the cruel Nellie, sending a straight thrust at the unguarded bosom.

"It would be a most outrageous match," burst out the surprised and tortured Mrs. Chester.

"It would make more than one of us miserable," continued Nellie, turning the blade in the wound; and at the same time she gave her discovered, unhappy, ridiculous, irrational relative a glance of angry scorn. A woman who "loves not wisely" gets little pity from other women; they regard her as men regard a brother-man who loses his estate in silly speculations; perhaps, also, they look upon her as one who cheapens and discredits her sex.

All at once Mrs. Chester understood that Nellie had found her out and was openly flouting her. Exposure and a consciousness of "scorn's unmoving finger" are great helps to beclouded intelligences. Although this widow bewitched was half crazy about Frank McAlister, she could see somewhat of the ridiculousness of her position when another plainly pointed it out to her. She shook with shame and rage; her pale brunette cheek turned ashy; after a little her black eyes sparkled vindictively. But she had enough of self-control to go on with her cuttings and bastings, and to merely mutter, "Yes, the match would make plenty of trouble."

"He is enough to fascinate any woman, young or old," added Nellie, by way of completing her massacre of this mature innocent.

Wonders were accomplished by this short dialogue. Henceforward, so long as Mrs. Armitage remained at the plantation, Aunt Marian ceased making eyes at Frank McAlister, or trying to entrap him into moonlight strolls, or doing anything else that was lovelorn, — at least before witnesses. Her reformation was, however, only external; she was in reality fully possessed by that mighty demon, a heart-affair of

middle life; she was reaping the reward of having passed thirty years in no other habit of mind than that of love-making. She was so far bewitched with Frank McAlister that she would have rushed into the madness of marrying him, had he proposed it. The case may seem incredible to those who have not witnessed something similar. While we all know that elderly men sometimes fall desperately in love with girls, we are not accustomed to see elderly women get into hallucinations over — youngsters. But the marvel sometimes happens; and it happened to poor Mrs. Chester.

In these days she passed much time in her room; sometimes lost in reveries which were alternately sweet and bitter; sometimes trying on dress after dress and ornament after ornament, not to mention perlatinas, etc.; sometimes studying herself in the glass and trying to think herself youthful, or at least not old. Like Southerners in general, she found no embarrassment in the presence of a negro; and so her ancient maid, Miriam, had plenty of opportunity to observe these prinkings and prankings.

"Laws me!" muttered the indignant mawma. "Ef Miss Marian don't oughter have the biggest kind of a spankin'."

There was no reason why Miriam should not guess accurately what was the matter with her mistress. Mrs. Chester was one of those people who must have sympathy; she had always been accustomed to receive it from her faithful chattel; and she demanded it now with a curious frankness.

"I don't see why Mr. McAlister should avoid me," she would say plaintively. Then she would burst out with sudden vexation: "But in these days no woman can get any attention who is over twenty."

"Don't see nuffin perticlar 'bout Mars Frank," muttered Miriam, lying a little for her owner's good.

"O, he is so tall!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, in naïve ecstasy. So tall! Perhaps that was the key to her pos-

session. The jaded flirt, famished after sensations, had been captivated by a physical novelty. Her next passion might be for a dwarf, or for one of the Siamese Twins.

"No woman over twenty has any chance of being noticed here in the country," she presently added, laying on the word *country* an accent of scorn and spite.

"Miss Marian, you's a big piece beyond twenty," exploded Miriam, losing all patience. "You's a young lookin' lady for your age. I allows it. But for all that, you ain't what they calls young no longer. I don' keer, Miss Marian, ef you doos git angry. I'se talkin' for your good, an' I'se gwine to talk a heap, an' I'se gwine to talk it out. You's jess altogeder too old to be friskin' roun' a young feller like Mars Frank McAlister. He ain't a gwine to wanter frisk back, an' you can't make him. Now you jess let him alone. He'll think mo' of you ef you doos; he'll think a heap mo'. An' so'll everybody. Thar! that's what I'se got to say; an' I've said it, thank the Lord; an' I'll say it ag'in."

Mrs. Chester's first impulse, under this benevolently cruel lecture, was to fly at Miriam and kill her; her next and victorious impulse was to cover her face with her hands and shed tears of humiliation and grief.

"Thar now, honey, don't," implored the suddenly softened Miriam. "Don't cry that way. I'se been mighty hash, I knows. The Lord forgive me for hurtin' your feelin's."

And then followed a strange, an almost pathetic scene of weeping on one side and coddling on the other, which only ended when the sorrowful Marian had taken a dose of chloroform and got to sleep. Coming out of her nap refreshed, she wandered through a thorny meditation concerning Frank, and struggled up to the top of an emotional Mount Pisgah whence she looked upon him with her mind's eye, giving up hope of possession. But this resolve left her in an angry state of mind towards him and his family, so that

when she next met her bland and sympathetic friend, Major Lawson, she launched into an invective against the whole race of McAlisters.

"Dear me! Bless my soul!" said the Major, in his most soothing whisper. "I am excessively grieved that your feelings should have been hurt by — by circumstances unknown to me. What have those truly unfortunate people been doing? I trust nothing that an apology will not atone for. Do, my dear old friend, — may I not venture to call you so? — do confide in me. I will see them about it," he declared, grandly assuming an air of sternness, as Hector might have put on his helmet. "I will insist upon an explanation. By heavens I will, my dear friend."

"O, it is nothing of that sort!" returned Mrs. Chester. "There is nothing to have a quarrel about, I suppose. But —" and here she burst out passionately — "they are so — so ungrateful!"

"Un-grate-ful!" gasped the Major, seemingly horror-stricken, — "un-grate-ful!" he chanted, running his voice through four or five flats, sharps, and naturals. "You — you confound me, — you positively do, Mrs. Chester. Wh-at a charge! And they were supposed to be gentlemen. Claim to be such. Pass for such. Ah! — Well?"

And here he looked at her for further explanations, his hands wide-spread with mock sympathy, and his eyes full of real eagerness. In truth, the Major was very anxious, for he did not know but that some serious matter of offence had arisen between the families, and he trembled for his Romeo and Juliet romance.

"I have been as civil as I could be to Mr. Frank McAlister," began Mrs. Chester in a low tone, which was, perhaps, a little tremulous.

The Major's eyes brightened; so that was all the trouble; old flirt jealous about attentions.

"I have certainly shown him all the consideration that a lady can properly show to a gentleman," she continued,

her voice gaining strength, if her reason did not. "I have done it in kindness. His position here was peculiar. So lately introduced among us, and under such trying circumstances! I thought that he needed encouragement, and that some one was bound to give it to him. I have given it. And the result is" — here there was almost a choking in her utterance — "that he avoids me."

"Dear me! But no. It can't be possible. It is n't true," brazenly asserted the Major, alarmed by her evident emotion and fearing the worst results for Romeo and Juliet. "My dear old friend," getting hold of her hand and squeezing it tenderly, "you *must* be mistaken. Forgive me. I am in earnest. I am excited. This is enough to throw any man off his balance. Excuse me for speaking plainly; pardon me for contradicting you. But you *must* be mistaken. Why, it was only yesterday that I was talking with him, and the conversation fell upon yourself, my dear Mrs. Chester, and he was enthusiastic about you. Absolutely enthusiastic," repeated the Major as glibly as if he were telling the truth. "Nothing less than enthusiastic. Why, my dear friend, if he seems to avoid you, it must be attributed to modesty. He is afraid of wearying you, — afraid of wearying you," he reiterated, falling back and gazing at her respectfully, as if she were a wonder of intellect. "Afraid of wearying you," he added, reinforcing his air of deference with a tender smile. "Nothing else. Modest young man. Mod-est! Appreciative, too. Knows your value. Highly appreciative. I happen to know that he appreciates you. Why I happen to know it, — I am his confidant. His confidant," insisted the Major, looking whole volumes of adoration, as if translating them from McAlister.

But we can give no idea of the mellifluousness, the sugar, and sirup, and molasses, of this wondrous flatterer. To appreciate his speeches it was necessary to hear them and to watch him as he exuded them. The petting, the

coaxing, the adulation that there was in his voice and address begged a description. He was a band of music ; he played successively on the harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, flute, violin, and bassoon ; he flew from bass to falsetto and back again with the agility of a squirrel scampering up and down a hickory. The repetitions in which he delighted were invariably distinguished by variations of pitch and manner. He said his impressive thing in baritone, and then he said it in tenor, and then he said it in soprano. He enforced it the first time with a stare, the second time with an arching of the eyebrows, the third time with a long-drawn smile. Nor did he weaken his effects by hasty or indistinct utterance ; he was as deliberate and perspicuous as an experienced judge delivering a charge to an obviously stupid jury ; he made a pause after each important statement, to give you time to swallow and digest it ; and meanwhile he watched you steadily to see how you bore his dosing.

To some straightforward, hard-headed people the flattering, pottering Major was very tiresome. They saw him depart from their presence with the same joy with which you behold a flea hop out of your sleeve where he has been carrying on his inflammatory familiarities. But to Mrs. Chester and other souls, who could endure much complimentary serenading, he was more delightful than nightingales.

Well, he talked an hour, and he soothed his auditor. By dint of playing interminably on the same key, he produced in her what is known to lawyers who have to cajole jurymen as a "favorable state of mind." He made his female Balaam forget that she had come out to curse the McAlisters, and brought her to end the conversation by uttering their praises.

But in doing thus much good he unwittingly did some mischief, for he re-awakened Mrs. Chester's foolish hopes with regard to her giant, and thus opened the way to further complications and furies.

CHAPTER XVII.

So thoroughly deceived was Mrs. Chester by Major Lawson's inventions, that she resolved to come to an explanation with Frank McAlister, and give him to understand that his fears of wearying her with his society were groundless.

We will not detail the conversation that resulted ; we will draw a partial veil over this awkward exposure of an unbalanced mind ; we will skip at once to the finale of the discordant duo. Imagine the confusion and distress of our modest and kind-hearted Titan when Mrs. Chester, after many insinuating preambles, took his hand, pressed it tenderly, and said, "Let us be friends. Will you always be my friend ? My best friend ?"

What made his situation more pitiable was that her agitation (a mixture of anxiety, of womanly shame, and of affection) was so great as to be unconcealable.

"I have no intention of being other than your friend, madam," replied the unfortunately honest youth.

This answer, and especially this "madam," stunned her. She inferred that he would be no more than a friend, and that he looked upon her as an elderly lady. Had he slapped her in the face, he could hardly have stung her more keenly or repulsed her more completely than he did by that title of respect, "madam." Dropping his hand as if it were a hot iron, she recoiled from him a little and walked on in silence, her breast heaving and her lips very near to quivering.

"I hope certainly that we shall always be friends," hastily added Frank, perceiving that he had pained her, and deeply regretting it.

"Certainly," mechanically responded Mrs. Chester, for the moment pathetic and almost tragic. In the next breath she grew angry and continued, with a touch of hysterical irony, "O, certainly, sir ! We understand each other, I believe ! Well, I must go in ! I am afraid of this damp air. Excuse me, sir."

And before Frank could say anything to the purpose, she had forced herself from him and was in the house.

"Upon my honor I don't understand it," muttered the stupefied chemist and mineralogist. "Is it possible that she *really* wants me to *really* flirt with her?"

Such a respect had he for woman-kind that he impatiently dismissed this supposition, as he had often dismissed it before. Because of his born chivalrousness, and still more because of his worship of Kate, he canonized the whole sex.

He was surprised out of his reflections by the apparition of Nellie Armitage from a small, thickly trellised grape-arbor close at his elbow. It was like the dash of a partridge from a thicket at one's feet; or rather it was more like the spring of a tiger from a jungle; at all events, she startled him roundly. He suspected at once that she had overheard his final words with Mrs. Chester, and he grew almost certain of it when he came to notice her manner. Nodding without speaking, she took his arm and walked on rapidly, her nostrils dilated and her quick breath audible. It was evident that she was in a good old-fashioned Beaumont fit of anger.

"Mrs. Armitage," he said, thinking it best to be at least partially frank, "I fear that I have vexed your aunt by an awkward speech of mine."

"I wish you had boxed her ears," broke out Nellie. "I wanted to."

He was enlightened: so Mrs. Chester was really making love to him; at least Mrs. Armitage believed it. He did not know what more to say, and the awkward promenade continued speechlessly.

"I was not in ambush," the lady at last observed. "I was dozing there — no sleep last night — hateful letters. Your talking waked me, and I heard — Well, let us say no more about it. It is abominable. It is disgraceful. So ridiculous! Oh!!"

"I beg your pardon?" queried the anxious Frank. "I must ask one word more. You are not blaming me?"

"You are only too patient, Mr. McAlister. You are a gentleman. Let us say no more about it."

Emerging presently from an alley lined with neglected shrubbery so overgrown that a camel would have been troubled to look over it, they came upon a little stretch of flower-beds and discovered Kate gathering materials for her mantel bouquets, while Bent Armitage stood at her elbow with a basket. Of the four persons who thus met, every one colored more or less with disagreeable surprise.

"I took the liberty of forcing my guardianship on Miss Beaumont," said Bent, looking apologetically at his sister-in-law. "The roses might have wanted to keep her, you know."

Mrs. Armitage gave Frank a glance which said as plainly as eyes could speak, "I confide in your promise."

Then, turning to Bent, she ordained: "You must leave your basket to Mr. McAlister. I want to see you about things at home."

Surrendering his pleasant charge to his rival, the young man followed Nellie, his lamed foot slapping the ground in its usual nonchalant style, and his singular, mechanical smile curling up into his dark red cheek, but his heart very ill at ease.

"Bent," commenced Nellie when they were alone, "I have nothing to say to you about your brother. There is enough to tell, but it is the same old story, and there is no use in telling it. The home that I want to talk to you about is my home here. What business have you strolling off alone with my sister? I told you not to do it."

"A fellow does n't want to have the air of a boor," he muttered sullenly. "Just look at it now. A lady goes by with a basket to pick flowers. Can't a man offer to hold her basket? Is n't he obliged to do it? Would you have him tilt back his chair and go on smoking?"

"O, it's easy explaining," returned Nellie. "But I am not to be trifled with, Bent. You sha'n't court her. If you do, I'll tell my whole story to my

father and brothers. Then we'll see if ever an Armitage enters this house again."

Bent was cowed at once and completely; the threat was clearly a terrible one to him.

"Before God, I don't take Randolph's part," he said. "I know you have cause of complaint enough. I wish to God he was —"

He stopped with a groan. His brother, as he comprehended the matter now in hand, was his evil genius, standing between him and Kate Beaumont. In his grief and anger he had come very near to wishing that that brother was dead.

"I don't sustain him," he resumed. "Besides, Randolph is not a bad fellow at heart. He is naturally a good fellow. You know what it is that makes him raise the devil."

"You are taking the same road," was Nellie's judgment. "You will be just like him."

"Never!" declared Bent. "You shall see."

She marched on with an unbelieving, unpitiful face, and he followed her with the air of a criminal who asks for a remission of sentence, and believes that he asks in vain.

"Well, I must go, I suppose," he said, turning towards his horse as they neared the house. "If you see old Miriam, tell her to pray for me," he added with a smile of bitter humor. "What I want most is to break my neck."

"I am sorry, Bent," replied Nellie, just a little softened. "But depend upon it that I am doing what is best. Just look at it yourself. What sort of a state were you in yesterday? You were —"

She was interrupted by Mrs. Chester calling from her window to Armitage that she wanted to see Mrs. Devine, and would ride home with him.

"Delighted," grinned Bent. "I shall have somebody to cheer me. Misery loves company."

Just as Kate and Frank returned chattering and laughing to the house, the two people who adored them can-

tered hastily away, not sending a look backward.

Whether we want to or not, and whether we find it pleasant or not, we must go back to Mrs. Chester's heart-affairs, trusting soon to come to an end of them. We will not, however, try to analyze her present feelings; the matter is altogether too complicated and indiscriminate. As we value a clear head we must confine ourselves to her intentions, which were lucidly spiteful, mischievous, and full of the devil. It was not Mrs. Devine whom she wanted to see, but that lady's dangerous flirt of a daughter, Jenny; and before the day was out the old coquette and the young one were closeted in camarilla over Kate Beaumont's matrimonial chances.

"You ought to help your cousin," was Mrs. Chester's adroit recommendation.

"Can't he do his own courtship?" sneered Jenny. "You'll be asking me next to fight his duels for him."

"I want him to get her," pursued Mrs. Chester, too much engaged in her own train of thought to notice the sarcasm on her *protégé*. "It would be very pleasant for us all to have her married in the family, as it were. We should n't lose the dear child, you see."

Jenny stared and nearly laughed, for this phrase, "the dear child," struck her as both surprising and humorous, as she knew that Aunt Marian was not given to the family affections, nor even to counterfeiting them.

"Besides, it is so desirable to keep the Kershaw estate in the relationship," continued the eager and absorbed Mrs. Chester. "I must say that I wish poor Bent may succeed."

"And you want me to try to run off with Frank McAlister," laughed Jenny. "That's what you want, is it?"

The elder lady's eyes flashed; she was far enough from wanting *that*.

"I won't do it," added Jenny. "I believe Kate likes him."

"She does n't," affirmed Mrs. Chester.

"Oh!" scoffed Jenny, incredulously.

"I tell you she does n't. Besides, she ought not to. It would be the worst thing in the world for her."

And here came a long argument against a match with a McAlister, going to show that it would surely end in severing Kate from her family, that it would make her miserable for life, etc.

"There is something in that," admitted Jenny. "Yes, you are right; no doubt about it. Well, take me over there and give me a chance. I don't mind trying to help Bent a little."

"O, do say a word or two for the poor fellow. As for Mr. McAlister, you need n't mind him much. Just talk to him now and then a moment, to keep him from getting in Bent's way. Not that he means to get in his way."

"Yes," answered Jenny, absent-mindedly. She was in a reverie about this Mr. McAlister. Suppose he should fall in love with her? Suppose she should fall in love with him? Would it be very bad? Would it be very nice? O dear!

The hospitality of the Beaumont house was illimitable, and nobody was put out when Mrs. Chester brought Jenny Devine to stay a fortnight. On the contrary, the little jilt was heartily welcomed, for she was a favorite with the young men of the family, while Peyton Beaumont still retained his archi-patriarchal fancy for pretty women. As, moreover, Wallace McAlister soon discovered her whereabouts, and two or three other stricken deer came daily to have their wounds enlarged, Jenny had more than beaux enough. But busy as she was with her own affairs, she found time to keep her promise to Mrs. Chester, and even to outrun it. On the very evening of her arrival she held a prolonged bedchamber conference about love matters with Kate Beaumont.

"And so there is going to be no wedding right away?" said Jenny, after some preliminary catechizing.

"No, indeed," replied Kate, with an ostentation of calmness.

"I think he is splendid," continued Jenny, trusting that her friend would

be thrown off her guard and answer, "Isn't he!"

Getting no response, she added, pettingly, "So tall! Such a beautiful complexion! Come now, don't you like him? Don't you like him just a little teeny-taunty bit?"

"I like everybody as much as that," answered Kate, hurrying to a closet on pretence of hanging up a dress.

"Here, come to the light where I can see you," said Jenny, seizing her friend's bare arms and drawing her towards the kerosene lamp which was the Beaumont substitute for gas. "O, how you blush!"

"Anybody would blush, pulled about and catechized in this way," protested Kate. "How awfully strong you are! and impudent! Real impudent!"

"O, tell me a little bit about it," persevered Jenny. "Could you refuse him? If he should come and get on his knees, and make himself only five feet high, and say his little pitty-patty prayer to you, could you refuse him?"

"Yes, I could," declared Kate, amused and perplexed and annoyed all at once.

"O, yes. But would you?"

"I *would*," was the answer, uttered in a changed tone, somewhat solemnizing.

Jenny let go of Kate's hands, studied her suddenly sobered face for an instant, and believed her.

"Well, Kitty, it's awful," she said at last, with a mock-serious twist of her pretty mouth. "Somebody must console the poor man. I'll do it."

After a minute of meditation she added, "And there's my poor cousin cracked after you. Will you take him?"

Kate, who at the moment was ready to cry under such teasing, found a relief in answering this question with something like temper, "No!"

Jenny was so amused by this explosion from her usually quiet friend, that she burst into a shriek of laughter.

"Poor Bent!" she gasped. "Coffee number two. Will they drown themselves, I wonder, or take a cup

of cold pizen together? Pizen, I guess. Mr. McAlister could n't drown himself without going to the seaside. Just imagine them sitting down to arsenic tea and quarrelling for the first drawing."

"Jenny, what does all this mean?" demanded Kate, seriously. "Have you been sent here to pump me?"

"No, no, no, no, no!" chattered Jenny. "Why, wha-t an idea!"

"Excuse me," said Kate. "I must go now. Good night."

And, with an exchange of kisses which strikes us as sweetness wasted, the two girls parted and went to bed, the one to laugh herself to sleep over the interview, and the other to — well, she did not laugh.

The next day, believing that Kate cared little or nothing for Frank McAlister, and believing also that it would be well if she should never learn to care for him, Jenny watched eagerly for the appearance of that giant gentleman, and when he came set her nets for him. She was fearfully and wonderfully successful; she got him away from her friend and got him away from Mrs. Chester; she made him take her to walk and made him take her to ride. She played backgammon with him, and euchre and high-low-jack, crowing over him defiantly when she beat him, and making pretty mouths at him when he beat her. It seemed for two or three days as if she only stayed at the Beaumonts to receive his visits, and as if he only came there to see, her. Something of a romp and a good deal of a chatterer, she had a thousand tricks for occupying and amusing men, and killed time for them without their being aware of it. The field was the more easily her own for two reasons: first, because Kate, mindful of her promise to her sister, had lately taken to holding the McAlister at a distance; and, second, because that young chieftain, discouraged at being treated with reserve and continually hampered by either Mrs. Armitage or Mrs. Chester, had come to a stand in his courtship.

The result of this seeming flirtation between the bothered Frank and the

feather-headed Jenny was a sentimental muddle. Although Kate kept up a smiling face, she did not at heart like the way things were going, and she grew more reserved than ever towards her admirer. Mrs. Chester very rapidly became as jealous of Miss Devine as she had been of Miss Beaumont. Wallace detected the girl whom he loved best in making eyes at his handsome brother, and fell into a state of mind which was likely to rob him of what hair he had left. Nellie Armitage, now that she saw a chance of losing Frank as a brother-in-law, inclined to think that her sister might go farther and fare worse. From all that she could learn of him, she had come to admit that he was morally one of the finest young fellows in the district. He scarcely drank at all; he had never been known to gamble; he had never been engaged in a squabble. There were others, to be sure, as worthy as he; there were Pickens Pendleton and the Rev. Arthur Gilyard and Dr. Mattieson; but Kate could not be got to care about any of them. What if the child should throw Frank McAlister away, only to pick up Bent Armitage? In short, Nellie began to lose distinct recollection of the feud with the McAlisters, and to feel a little anxious, if not a little pettish, over this flirtation of Jenny Devine.

An explosion came, but of course it was neither Kate nor Nellie who brought it about; and equally, of course, it was Mrs. Chester. That sensitive young thing (only forty-five summers, please to remember) let her heart go fully back to Frank as soon as she saw him entangled with Jenny, and lived a year or so of torture in three or four days. It is perhaps impossible to write into credibility the almost insane jealousy with which she watched this girl of nineteen coquetting with this youth of twenty-four. But if you could have seen the spasm which pinched her lips and the snaky sparkle which shot from her eyes when she saw them together, you would have believed in the reality of her passion.

Her emotions were so strong that her reasoning powers, never of any great value, were not worth a straw to her. She forgot that she had done much to start Jenny on her present adventure, and thought of her as an unbidden intruder, impudent, cunning, false, and selfish. She secretly gnashed her teeth at her, and lay in wait to expel her. After a sufficiency of this firing up, she all at once broke through the crust and uttered herself like a volcano.

"I don't know what your mother would say to all this," she began abruptly. Not that she meant to be abrupt; in her excitement it seemed to her that much had been said already; that Jenny and everybody else must know what was upon her mind.

"All what?" demanded the young lady, her eyes opening wide at this sound of coming tempest. She knew, like all Hartland, that Mrs. Chester was a tartar; but she was, nevertheless, surprised by the lunge now made at her; in fact, Mrs. Chester was capable of surprising anybody.

"O, of course," sneered the old coquette, not to be foiled by the supposed arts of a young coquette.

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Chester," declared Jenny, drawing herself up with the hauteur of self-respect, and looking her assailant firmly in the face.

"Then it's my duty to make you understand," was the reply of a woman whose reason was dragging at the heels of her emotion. "I think that, considering you are not at home, you are flirting pretty smartly."

"You must be joking!" said the astounded girl. "Why, you brought me here to — what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," returned Mrs. Chester, perfectly ready to quarrel and fit to go to a *maison de santé*. "You are flirting scandalously."

"Why, you old wretch!" exclaimed Jenny, suddenly and furiously indignant.

"Old! — wretch!" gasped Mrs. Chester, looking as if a strait-jacket would be a blessing to her.

"Where is Mr. Beaumont?" de-

manded Jenny, quite as angry and not a bit intimidated. "I want to see Mr. Beaumont."

Mrs. Chester quailed as a lunatic might who should hear his keeper called for.

"He is not at home," she asserted, which happened to be the case, although she did not know it.

Jenny marched away with the swing of an insulted hoyden; called for her dressing-maid and had her trunks packed; evaded Kate's questions as to the cause of her departure; begged the loan of the Beaumont coach, and drove home. On the way she cried a little, and clenched her small fist a number of times, and laughed hysterically more than once.

Thus ended Jenny's visit to the Beaumonts; but short as it was, it had brought about one important result; it had led Kate's sister to see the value of Kate's lover. That very afternoon, even while Jenny Devine was having her wickedness borne in upon her by Mrs. Chester, Nellie had said to the young man, in her characteristically frank way, "How much have you changed in the last week?"

"Not one bit," was the earnest and honest reply.

"Then I withdraw my opposition," declared Nellie. "You may succeed, if you can."

"I shall speak to her now," returned Frank, his heart throbbing as if it were of volcanic nature and communicated with the internal earthquake forces.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Armitage, quailing a little under the suddenness of the thing, and wishing, as all women do, to prolong a spectacle of courtship. "O, so quick? But you must see my father first," she added, recollecting that obstacle, likely, as she knew, to be no obstacle at all. "You surely will see him first?" she begged, feeling that she had no right to command a man who was invested with the great authority of love. "And he is not at home."

"I shall wait for his return," was the decision of a true lover.

J. W. DeForest.

BUBBLES FROM AN ANCIENT PIPE.

I.

HIRAM HAYS IN STRATFORD.

ONCE I journeyed while the mavis
 O'er the English meadows sang;
 It was bounteous summer weather,—
 All the roads with music rang.

Hiram Hays was my companion,—
 Straight from Boston he had come,—
 Purse as long as John J. Astor's,
 Head as hollow as a drum.

Toward the leafy lanes of Warwick
 Merrily the stage-coach flew,—
 How I clapped my hands and shouted,
 "Soon in *Stratford* we'll be due!"

"What of that?" asked weary Hiram.
 "Shakespeare's county! glorious Will!
 We shall see the spire of Avon
 When we mount up yonder hill!"

"There his home was; there his grave is;
 There his fancies grew sublime;
 There he plumed his mighty pinions,
 Built his fame up for all time."

"Drive on faster! I sha'n't stop *there!*"
 Muttered Mr. Hiram Hays;
 "Shakespeare never would be thought of,
 If he had n't writ them *plays!*"

II.

RIENZI BROWN IN ROME.

"LUPERCAL. The feast of Pan in ancient Rome." — WORCESTER'S *Dictionary*.

RIENZI BROWN, from Cambridge, went with us down to Rome;
 Rienzi was a classic, and felt there "quite at home."

He talked of Julius Cæsar and other ancient "Deads"
 In such a strain we hid away our own untutored heads.

One night,—I can't forget it,—Rienzi entered late
 The tavern of Costanza, quite blown, and cursing fate.

"What ails thee, poor Rienzi," we ventured to inquire,
 "That thus thou art so 'out of sorts' and red with savage ire?"

Then thus replied Rienzi: "All day, by your advice,
 I've spent to find the Lupercal, where the crown was 'offered thrice';

"To find the *hill* I've mounted the top of every dome."
 And then we laughed; and on the morn Rienzi fled from Rome.

III.

FAME.

"COLORED son of Carolina,
 John G. Whittier was thy friend;
 In thy darkest days of danger
 He stood by thee to defend.

"To thy cause he gave his genius,
 And the influence of his fame;
 Speak, and tell me, dusky brother,
 Hast thou ever heard his name?"

Spake the son of Carolina,
 With an elbow on each knee:
 "Neber heered the name o' Whitlyar,—
 T'ink I heered, tho', o' *John G.*"

CASTILIAN DAYS.

IV.

THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE OF CERVANTES.

IN Rembrandt Peale's raw picture of the Court of Death a cadaverous shape lies for judgment at the foot of the throne, touching at either extremity the waters of Lethe. There is something similar in the history of the greatest of Spanish writers. No man knew, for more than a century after the death of Cervantes, the place of his birth and burial. About a hundred years ago the investigations of Rios and Pellicer established the claim of Alcalá de Henares to be his native city; and last year the researches of the Spanish

Academy have proven conclusively that he is buried in the Convent of the Trinitarians in Madrid. But the precise spot where he was born is only indicated by vague tradition; and the shadowy conjecture that has so long hallowed the chapel and cloisters of the Calle Cantarranas has never settled upon any one slab of their pavement.

It is, however, only the beginning and the end of this most chivalrous and genial apparition of the sixteenth century that is concealed from our

view. We know where he was christened and where he died. So that there are sufficiently authentic shrines in Alcalá and Madrid to satisfy the most sceptical pilgrims.

I went to Alcalá one summer day, when the bare fields were brown and dry in their after-harvest nudity, and the hills that bordered the winding Henares were drab in the light and purple in the shadow. From a distance the town is one of the most imposing in Castile. It lies in the midst of a vast plain by the green water-side, and the land approach is fortified by a most impressive wall emphasized by sturdy square towers and flanking bastions. But as you come nearer you see this wall is a tradition. It is almost in ruins. The crenellated towers are good for nothing but to sketch. A short walk from the station brings you to the gate, which is well defended by a gang of picturesque beggars, who are old enough to have sat for Murillo, and revoltingly pitiable enough to be millionnaires by this time, if Castilians had the cowardly habit of sponging out disagreeable impressions with pennies. At the first charge we rushed in panic into a tobacco-shop and filled our pockets with maravedis, and thereafter faced the ragged battalion with calm.

It is a fine, handsome, and terribly lonesome town. Its streets are wide, well built, and silent as avenues in a graveyard. On every hand there are tall and stately churches, a few palaces, and some two dozen great monasteries turning their long walls, pierced with jealous grated windows, to the grass-grown streets. In many quarters there is no sign of life, no human habitations among these morose and now empty barracks of a monkish army. Some of them have been turned into military casernes, and the bright red and blue uniforms of the Spanish officers and troopers now brighten the cloisters that used to see nothing gayer than the gowns of cord-girdled friars. A large garrison is always kept here. The convents are convenient for lodging men and horses. The fields in the

vicinity produce great store of grain and *alfalfa*, — food for beast and rider. It is near enough to the capital to use the garrison on any sudden emergency, such as frequently happens in Peninsular politics.

The railroad that runs by Alcalá has not brought with it any taint of the nineteenth century. The army is a corrupting influence, but not modern. The vice that follows the trail of armies, or sprouts, fungus-like, about the walls of barracks, is as old as war, and links the present, with its struggle for a better life, to the old mediæval world of wrong. These trim fellows in loose trousers and embroidered jackets are the same race that fought and drank and made prompt love in Italy and Flanders and butchered the Aztecs in the name of religion three hundred years ago. They have laid off their helms and hauberks, and use the Berdan rifle instead of the Roman spear. But they are the same careless, idle, dissolute bread-wasters now as then.

The town has not changed in the least. It has only shrunk a little. You think sometimes it must be a vacation, and that you will come again when people return. The little you see of the people is very attractive. Passing along the desolate streets, you glance in at an open door and see a most delightful cabinet picture of domestic life. All the doors in the house are open. You can see through the entry, the front room, into the cool court beyond, gay with oleanders and vines, where a group of women half dressed are sewing and spinning and cheering their souls with gossip. If you enter under pretence of asking a question, you will be received with grave courtesy, your doubts solved, and they will bid you go with God, with the quaint frankness of patriarchal times.

They do not seem to have been spoiled by overmuch travel. Such impressive and Oriental courtesy could not have survived the trampling feet of the great army of tourists. On our pilgrim-way to the cradle of Cervantes we came suddenly upon the superb

façade of the University. This is one of the most exquisite compositions of plateresque in existence. The entire front of the central body of the building is covered with rich and tasteful ornamentation. Over the great door is an enormous escutcheon of the arms of Austria, supported by two finely carved statues, — on the one side a nearly nude warrior, on the other the New World as a feather-clad Indian-woman. Still above this a fine, bold group of statuary, representing, with that reverent *naïveté* of early art, God the Father in the work of creation. Surrounding the whole front as with a frame, and reaching to the ground on either side, is carved the knotted cord of the Franciscan monks. No description can convey the charming impression given by the harmony of proportion and the loving finish of detail everywhere seen in this beautifully preserved façade. While we were admiring it an officer came out of the adjoining *cuartel* and walked by us with jingling spurs. I asked him if one could go inside. He shrugged his shoulders with a *¿Quien sabe?* indicating a doubt as profound as if I had asked him whether chignons were worn in the moon. He had never thought of anything inside. There was no wine nor pretty girls there. Why should one want to go in? We entered the cool vestibule, and were ascending the stairs to the first court, when a porter came out of his lodge and inquired our errand. We were wandering barbarians with an eye to the picturesque, and would fain see the University, if it were not unlawful. He replied, in a hushed and scholastic tone of voice, and with a succession of confidential winks that would have inspired confidence in the heart of a Talleyrand, that if our lordships would give him our cards he had no doubt he could obtain the required permission from the rector. He showed us into a dim, ascetic-looking anteroom in which, as I was told by my friend, who trifles in lost moments with the Integral Calculus, there were seventy-two chairs and one

microscopic table. The wall was decked with portraits of the youth of the college, all from the same artist, who probably went mad from the attempt to make fifty beardless faces look unlike each other. We sat for some time mourning over his failure, until the door opened, and not the porter, but the rector himself, a most courteous and polished gentleman in the black robe and three-cornered hat of his order, came in and graciously placed himself and the University at our disposition. We had reason to congratulate ourselves upon this good fortune. He showed us every nook and corner of the vast edifice, where the present and the past肘ed each other at every turn: here the boys' gymnasium, there the tomb of Valles; here the new patent cocks of the water-pipes, and there the tri-lingual patio where Alonso Sanchez lectured in Arabic, Greek, and Chaldean, doubtless making a choice hash of the three; the airy and graceful *paraninfo*, or hall of degrees, a masterpiece of Moresque architecture, with a gorgeous panelled roof, a rich profusion of plaster arabesques and, *horresco referens*, the walls covered with a bright French paper. Our good rector groaned at this abomination, but said the Gauls had torn away the glorious carved panelling for firewood in the war of 1808, and the college was too poor to restore it. His righteous indignation waxed hot again when we came to the beautiful sculptured pulpit of the chapel, where all the delicate details are degraded by a thick coating of whitewash, which in some places has fallen away and shows the gilding of the time of the Catholic kings.

There is in this chapel a picture of the Virgin appearing to the great cardinal whom we call Ximenez and the Spaniards Cisneros, which is precious for two reasons. The portrait of Ximenez was painted from life by the nameless artist, who, it is said, came from France for the purpose, and the face of the Virgin is a portrait of Isabella the Catholic. It is a good wholesome

face, such as you would expect. But the thin, powerful profile of Ximenes is very striking, with his red hair and florid tint, his curved beak and long, nervous lips. He looks not unlike that superb portrait Raphael has left of Cardinal Medici.

This University is fragrant with the good fame of Ximenez. In the principal court there is a fine medallion of the illustrious founder and protector, as he delighted to be drawn, with a sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other, — twin brother in genius and fortune of the soldier priest of France, the Cardinal-Duke Richelieu. On his gorgeous sarcophagus you read the arrogant epitaph with which he revenged himself for the littleness of kings and courtiers : —

“Prætexam junxi sacco, galeamque galero,
Frater, dux, præsul, cardineusque pater.
Quin, virtute mea junctum est diadema cucullo,
Dum mihi regnanti patuit Gesperia.”

By a happy chance our visit was made in a holiday time, and the students were all away. It was better that there should be perfect solitude and silence as we walked through the noble system of buildings and strove to re-create the student world of Cervantes' time. The chronicle which mentions the visit of Francis I. to Alcalá, when a prisoner in Spain, says he was received by eleven thousand students. This was only twenty years before the birth of Cervantes. The world will never see again so brilliant a throng of ingenuous youth as gathered together in the great university towns in those years of vivid and impassioned greed for letters that followed the revival of learning. The romance of Oxford or Heidelberg or Harvard is tame compared with that electric life of a new-born world that wrought and flourished in Padua, Paris, and Alcalá. Walking with my long-robed, scholarly guide through the still, shadowy courts, under renaissance arches and Moorish roofs, hearing him talking with enthusiasm of the glories of the past and never a word of the events of the present, in his pure, strong, guttural Castilian, no living

thing in view but an occasional Fraanciscan gliding under the graceful arcades, it was not difficult to imagine the scenes of the intense young life which filled these noble halls in that fresh day of aspiration and hope, when this Spanish sunlight fell on the marble and the granite bright and sharp from the chisel of the builder, and the great Ximenez looked proudly on his perfect work and saw that it was good.

The twilight of superstition still hung heavily over Europe. But this was nevertheless the breaking of dawn, the herald of the fuller day of investigation and inquiry.

It was into this rosy morning of the modern world that Cervantes was ushered in the season of the falling leaves of 1547. He was born to a life of poverty and struggle and an immortality of fame. His own city did not know him while he lived, and now is only known through him. Pilgrims often come from over distant seas to breathe for one day the air that filled his baby lungs, and to muse among the scenes that shaped his earliest thoughts.

We strolled away from the University through the still lanes and squares to the Calle Mayor, the only thoroughfare of the town that yet retains some vestige of traffic. It is a fine, long street bordered by stone arcades, within which are the shops, and without which in the pleasant afternoon are the rosy and contemplative shopkeepers. It would seem a pity to disturb their dreamy repose by offering to trade; and in justice to Castilian taste and feeling I must say that nobody does it. Half-way down the street a side alley runs to the right, called Calle de Cervantes, and into this we turned to find the birthplace of the romancer. On one side was a line of squalid, quaint, gabled houses, on the other a long garden wall. We walked under the shadow of the latter and stared at the house-fronts, looking for an inscription we had heard of. We saw in sunny doorways mothers oiling into obedience the stiff horse-tail hair of their daughters. By the grated windows we caught

glimpses of the black eyes and nut-brown cheeks of maidens at their needles. But we saw nothing to show which of these mansions had been honored by tradition as the residence of Roderick Cervantes.

A brisk and practical-looking man went past us. I asked him where was the house of the poet. He smiled in a superior sort of way, and pointed to the wall above my head: "There is no such house. Some people think it once stood here, and they have placed that stone in the garden-wall to mark the spot. I believe what I see. It is all child's play anyhow, whether true or false. There is better work to be done now than to honor Cervantes. He fought for a bigot king, and died in a monk's hood."

"You think lightly of a glory of Castile."

"If we could forget all the glories of Castile it would be better for us."

"*Puede ser*," I assented. "Many thanks. May your Grace go with God!"

"Health and fraternity!" he answered, and moved away with a step full of energy and dissent. He entered a door under an inscription, "Federal Republican Club."

Go your ways, I thought, radical brother. You are not so courteous nor so learned as the rector. But this Peninsula has need of men like you. The ages of belief have done their work for good and ill. Let us have some years of the spirit that denies, and asks for proofs. The power of the monk is broken, but the work is not yet done. The convents have been turned into barracks, which is no improvement. The ringing of spurs in the streets of Alcalá is no better than the rustling of the sandalled friars. If this Republican party of yours cannot do something to free Spain from the triple curse of crown, crozier, and sabre, then Spain is in doleful case. They are at last divided, and the first two have been sorely weakened in detail. The last should be the easiest work.

The scorn of my radical friend did

not prevent my copying the modest tablet on the wall:—

"Here was born Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, author of *Don Quixote*. By his fame and his genius he belongs to the civilized world; by his cradle to Alcalá de Henares."

There is no doubt of the truth of the latter part of this inscription. Eight Spanish towns have claimed to have given birth to Cervantes, thus beating the blind Scian by one town; every one that can show on its church records the baptism of a child so called has made its claim. Yet Alcalá, who spells his name wrong, calling him Carvantes, is certainly in the right, as the names of his father, mother, brother, and sisters are also given, and all doubt is now removed from the matter by the discovery of Cervantes' manuscript statement of his captivity in Algiers and his petition for employment in America, in both of which he styles himself "Natural de Alcalá de Henares."

Having examined the evidence, we considered ourselves justly entitled to all the usual emotions in visiting the church of the parish, Santa Maria la Mayor. It was evening, and from a dozen belfries in the neighborhood came the soft dreamy chime of silver-throated bells. In the little square in front of the church a few families sat in silence on the massive stone benches. A few beggars hurried by, too intent upon getting home to supper to beg. A rural and a twilight repose lay on everything. Only in the air, rosy with the level light, flew out and greeted each other those musical voices of the bells rich with the memories of all the days of Alcalá. The church was not open, but we followed a sacristan in, and he seemed too feeble-minded to forbid. It is a pretty church, not large nor imposing, just the thing to baptize a nice baby in. Through the darkness the high altar loomed before us, dimly lighted by a few candles where the sacristans were setting up the properties for the grand mass of the morrow,—Our Lady of the Snows.

There was much talk and hot discussion as to the placing of the boards and the draperies, and the image of Our Lady seemed unmoved by words unsuited to her presence. We know that every vibration of air makes its own impression on the world of matter. So that the curses of the sacristans at their work, the prayers of penitents at the altar, the wailing of breaking hearts bowed on the pavement through many years, are all recorded mysteriously, in these rocky walls. This church is the illegible history of the parish. But of all its ringing of bells, and swinging of censers, and droning of psalms, and putting on and off of goodly raiment, the only show that consecrates it for the world's pilgrimage is that humble procession that came on the 9th day of October, in the year of Grace 1547, to baptize Roderick Cervantes' youngest child. There could not be an humbler christening. Juan Pardo — John Gray — was the sponsor, and the witnesses were "Baltazar Vazquez, the sacristan, and I who baptized him and signed with my name," says Mr. Bachelor Serrano, who never dreamed he was stumbling into fame when he touched that pink face with the holy water and called the child Miguel. It is my profound impression that Juan Pardo brought the baby himself to the church and took it home again, screaming wrathfully; Neighbor Pardo feeling a little sheepish and mentally resolving never to do another good-natured action as long as he lived.

As for the neophyte, he could not be blamed for screaming and kicking against the new existence he was entering, if the instinct of genius gave him any hint of it. Between the font of St. Mary's and the bier at St. Ildefonso's there was scarcely an hour of joy waiting him in his long life, except that which comes from noble and earnest work.

His youth was passed in the shabby privation of a poor gentleman's house; his early talents attracted the attention of my Lord Aquaviva, the papal Legate, who took him back to Rome in his

service; but the high-spirited youth soon left the inglorious ease of the Cardinal's house to enlist as a private soldier in the sea-war against the Turk. He fought bravely at Lepanto, where he was three times wounded and his left hand crippled. Going home for promotion, loaded with praise and kind letters from the generous bastard, Don Juan of Austria, the true son of the Emperor Charles and pretty Barbara Blumberg, he was captured with his brother by the Moors, and passed five miserable years in slavery, never for one instant submitting to his lot, but wearying his hostile fate with constant struggles. He headed a dozen attempts at flight or insurrection, and yet his thrifty owners would not kill him. They thought a man who bore letters from a prince, and who continued cock of his walk through years of servitude, would one day bring a round ransom. At last the tardy day of his redemption came, but not from the cold-hearted tyrant he had so nobly served. The matter was presented to him by Cervantes' comrades, but he would do nothing. So that Don Roderick sold his estate and his sisters sacrificed their dowry to buy the freedom of the captive brothers.

They came back to Spain still young enough to be fond of glory, and simple-hearted enough to believe in the justice of the great. They immediately joined the army and served in the war with Portugal. The elder brother made his way and got some little promotion, but Miguel got married and discharged, and wrote verses and plays, and took a small office in Seville, and moved with the Court to Valladolid; and kept his accounts badly, and was too honest to steal, and so got into jail, and grew every year poorer and wittier and better; he was a public amanuensis, a business agent, a sub-tax gatherer, — anything to keep his lean larder garnished with scant ammunition against the wolf hunger. In these few lines you have the pitiful story of the life of the greatest of Spaniards, up to his re-

turn to Madrid in 1606, when he was nearly sixty years old.

From this point his history becomes clearer and more connected up to the day of his death. He lived in the new-built suburb, erected on the site of the gardens of the Duke of Lerma, first minister and favorite of Philip III. It was a quarter much affected by artists and men of letters, and equally so by ecclesiastics. The names of the streets indicate the traditions of piety and art that still hallow the neighborhood. Jesus Street leads you into the street of Lope de Vega. Quevedo and Saint Augustine run side by side. In the same neighborhood are the streets called Cervantes, Saint Mary, and Saint Joseph, and just round the corner are the Magdalen and the Love-of-God. The actors and artists of that age were pious and devout madcaps. They did not abound in morality, but they had of religion enough and to spare. Many of them were members of religious orders, and it is this fact which has procured us such accurate records of their history. All the events in the daily life of the religious establishments were carefully recorded, and the manuscript archives of the convents and brotherhoods of that period are rich in materials for the biographer.

There was a special reason for the sudden rise of religious brotherhoods among the laity. The great schism of England had been fully completed under Elizabeth. The devout heart of Spain was bursting under this wrong, and they could think of no way to avenge it. They would fain have roasted the whole heretical island, but the memory of the Armada was fresh in men's minds, and the great Philip was dead. There were not enough heretics in Spain to make it worth while to waste time in hunting them. Philip could say as Narvaez, on his death-bed, said to his confessor who urged him to forgive his enemies, "Bless your heart, I have none. I have killed them all." To ease their pious hearts, they formed confraternities all over Spain, for the worship of the Host. They called

themselves "Unworthy Slaves of the Most Holy Sacrament." These grew at once very popular in all classes. Artisans rushed in, and wasted half their working days in processions and meetings. The severe Suarez de Figueroa speaks savagely of the crowd of Narcissuses and *petits maitres* (a word which is delicious in its Spanish dress of *petimetres*) who entered the congregations simply to flutter about the processions in brave raiment, to be admired of the multitude. But there were other more serious members, — the politicians who joined to stand well with the bigot court, and the devout believers who found comfort and edification in worship. Of this latter class was Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, who joined the Brotherhood in the street of the Olivár in 1609. He was now sixty-two, and somewhat infirm, — a time, as he said, when a man's salvation is no joke. From this period to the day of his death he seemed to be laboring, after the fashion of the age, to fortify his standing in the other world. He adopted the habit of the Franciscans in Alcalá in 1613, and formally professed in the Third Order in 1616, three weeks before his death.

There are those who find the mirth and fun of his later works so inconsistent with these ascetic professions, that they have been led to believe Cervantes a bit of a hypocrite. But we cannot agree with such. Literature was at that time a diversion of the great, and the chief aim of a writer was to amuse. The best opinion of scholars now is that Rabelais, whose genius illustrated the preceding century, was a man of serious and severe life, whose gaulish crudeness of style and brilliant wit have been the cause of all the fables that distort his personal history. No one can read attentively even the Quixote without seeing how powerful an influence was exerted by his religion even upon the noble and kindly soul of Cervantes. He was a blind bigot and a devoted royalist, like all the rest. The mean neglect of the Court never caused his stanch loyalty to swerve.

The expulsion of the Moors, the crowning crime and madness of the reign of Philip III., found in him a hearty advocate and defender. *Non facit monachum cucullus*, — it was not his hood and girdle that made him a monk; he was thoroughly saturated with their spirit before he put them on. But he was the noblest courtier and the kindest bigot that ever flattered or persecuted.

In 1610 the Count of Lemos, who had in his grand and distant way patronized our poet, was appointed Viceroy of Naples, and took with him to his kingdom a brilliant following of Spanish wits and scholars. He refused the petition of the greatest of them all, however, and to soften the blow gave him a small pension, which he continued during the rest of Cervantes' life. It was a mere pittance, a bone thrown to an old hound, but he took it and gnawed it with a gratitude more generous than the gift. From this time forth all his works were dedicated to the Lord of Lemos, and they form a garland more brilliant and enduring than the crown of the Spains. Only kind words to disguised fairies have ever been so munificently repaid, as this young noble's pension to the old genius.

It certainly eased somewhat his declining years. Relieving him from the necessity of earning his daily crust, it gave him leisure to complete and bring out in rapid succession the works which have made him immortal. He had published the first part of *Don Quixote* in the midst of his hungry poverty at Valladolid in 1605. He was then fifty-eight, and all his works that survive are posterior to that date. He built his monument from the ground up, in his old age. The *Persiles* and *Sigismunda*, the *Exemplary Novels*, and that most masterly and perfect work, the *Second Part of Quixote*, were written by the flickering glimmer of a life burnt out.

It would be incorrect to infer that the scanty dole of his patron sustained him in comfort. Nothing more clearly proves his straitened circumstances

than his frequent change of lodgings. Old men do not move for the love of variety. We have traced him through six streets in the last four years of his life. But a touching fact is that they are all in the same quarter. It is understood that his natural daughter and only child, Isabel de Saavedra, entered the Convent of the Trinitarian nuns in the street of Cantarranas — the Singing Frogs — at some date unknown. All the shifting and changing which Cervantes made in these embarrassed years are within a small half-circle, whose centre is his grave and the cell of his child. He fluttered about that little convent like a gaunt old eagle about the cage that guards his callow young.

Like Albert Dürer, like Raphael and Vandyke, he painted his own portrait at this time with a force and vigor of touch which leaves little to the imagination. As few people ever read the *Exemplary Novels*, — more is the pity — I will translate this passage from the Prologue: —

"He whom you see there with the aquiline face, chestnut hair, a smooth and open brow, merry eyes, a nose curved but well proportioned, a beard of silver which twenty years ago was of gold, long mustaches, a small mouth, not too full of teeth, seeing he has but six, and these in bad condition, a form of middle height, a lively color, rather fair than brown, somewhat round-shouldered and not too light on his feet; this is the face of the author of *Galatea* and of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, of him who made the *Voyage to Parnassus*, and other works which are straying about without the name of the owner: he is commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra."

There were, after all, compensations in this evening of life. As long as his dropsy would let him, he climbed the hilly street of the Olivar to say his prayers in the little oratory. He passed many a cheerful hour of gossip with Mother Francisca Romero, the Independent Superior of the Trinitarian Convent, until the time when the Supreme Council, jealous of the free-

dom of the good lady's life, walled up the door which led from her house to her convent and cut her off from her nuns. He sometimes dropped into the studios of Carducho and Caxes, and one of them made a sketch of him one fortunate day. He was friends with many of the easy-going Bohemians who swarmed in the quarter, — Cristóbal de Mesa, Quevedo, and Mendoza, whose writings, Don Miguel says, are distinguished by the absence of all that would bring a "blush to the cheek of a young person,"

"Por graves, puros, castos y excelentes."

In the same street where Cervantes lived and died the great Lope de Vega passed his edifying old age. This phenomenon of incredible fecundity is one of the mysteries of that time. Few men of letters have ever won so marvellous a success in their own lives, few have been so little read after death. The inscription on Lope's house records that he is the author of two thousand comedies and twenty-one million of verses. Making all possible deductions for Spanish exaggeration, it must still be admitted that his activity and fertility of genius was prodigious. In those days a play was rarely acted more than two or three times, and he wrote nearly all that were produced in Spain. He had driven all competitors from the scene. Cervantes, when he published his collection of plays, admitted the impossibility of getting a hearing in the theatre while this "monster of nature" existed. There was a courteous acquaintance between the two great poets. They sometimes wrote sonnets to each other, and often met in the same oratories. But a grand seigneur like Frey Lope could not afford to be intimate with a shabby genius like brother Miguel. In his inmost heart he thought Don Quixote rather low, and wondered what people could see in it. Cervantes, recognizing the great gifts of De Vega, and, generously giving him his full meed of praise, saw with clearer insight than any man of his time that this deluge of

prodigal and facile genius would desolate rather than fructify the drama of Spain. What a contrast in character and destiny between our dilapidated poet and his brilliant neighbor across the way! The one rich, magnificent, the poet of princes and a prince among poets, the "Phoenix of Spanish Genius," in whose ashes there is no flame of resurrection; the other, hounded through life by unmerciful disaster, and using the brief respite of age to achieve an enduring renown: the one, with his twenty millions of verses, has a great name in the history of literature; but the other, with his volume you can carry in your pocket, has caused the world to call the Castilian tongue the language of Cervantes. We will not decide which lot is the more enviable. But it seems a poet must choose. We have the high authority of Sancho for saying,

"Para dar y tener
Seso ha menester."

He is a bright boy who can eat his cake and have it.

In some incidents of the closing scenes of these memorable lives there is a curious parallelism. Lope de Vega and Cervantes lived and died in the same street, now called the Calle de Cervantes, and were buried in the same convent of the street now called Calle de Lope de Vega. In this convent each had placed a beloved daughter, the pledge of an early and unlawful passion. Isabel de Saavedra, the child of sin and poverty, was so ignorant she could not sign her name; while Lope's daughter, the lovely and gifted Marcela de Carpio, was rich in the genius of her father and the beauty of her mother, the high-born María de Lujan. Cervantes' child glided from obscurity to oblivion no one knew when, and the name she assumed with her spiritual vows is lost to tradition. But the mystic espousals of the Sister Marcela de San Felix to the eldest son of God — the audacious phrase is of the father and priest Frey Lope — were celebrated with princely pomp and luxury; grandees of Spain were her sponsors;

the streets were invaded with carriages from the palace, the verses of the dramatist were sung in the service by the Court tenor Florian, called the "Canary of Heaven"; and the event celebrated in endless rhymes by the gentlest poets of the period.

Rarely has a lovelier sacrifice been offered on the altar of superstition. The father, who had been married twice before he entered the priesthood, and who had seen the folly of errant loves without number, twitters in the most innocent way about the beauty and the charm of his child, without one thought of the crime of quenching in the gloom of the cloister the light of that rich young life. After the lapse of more than two centuries we know better than he what the world lost by that life-long imprisonment. The Marquis of Molins, Director of the Spanish Academy, was shown by the ladies of the convent in this year of 1870 a volume of manuscript poems from the hand of Sor Marcela, which prove her to have been one of the vigorous and original poets of the time. They are chiefly mystical and ecstatic, and full of the refined and spiritual voluptuousness of a devout young heart whose pulsations had never learned to beat for earthly objects. M. de Molins is preparing a volume of these manuscripts; but I am glad to present one of the *seguidillas* here, as an illustration of the tender and ardent fantasies of virginal passion this Christian Sappho embroidered upon the theme of her wasted prayers:—

"Let them say to my Lover
That here I lie!
The thing of his pleasure,
His slave am I.

"Say that I seek him
Only for love,
And welcome are tortures
My passion to prove.

"Love giving gifts
Is suspicious and cold;
I have *all*, my Beloved,
When thee I hold.

"Hope and devotion
The good may gain,
I am but worthy
Of passion and pain.

"So noble a Lord
None serves in vain,—
For the pay of my love
Is my love's sweet pain.

"I love thee, to love thee
No more I desire,
By faith is nourished
My love's strong fire.

"I kiss thy hands
When I feel their blows,
In the place of caresses
Thou givest me woes.

"But in thy chastising
Is joy and peace,
O Master and Love,
Let thy blows not cease!

"Thy beauty, Beloved,
With scorn is rife!
But I know that thou lovest me
Better than life.

"And because thou lovest me,
Lover of mine,
Death can but make me
Utterly thine!

"I die with longing
Thy face to see;
Ah! sweet is the anguish
Of death to me!"

This is a long digression, but it will be forgiven by those who feel how much of beautiful and pathetic there is in the memory of this mute nightingale dying with her passionate music all unheard in the silence and shadows. It is to me the most purely poetic association that clings about the grave of Cervantes.

This vein of mysticism in religion had been made popular by the recent canonization of Saint Theresa, the ecstatic nun of Avila. In the ceremonies that celebrated this event there were three prizes awarded for odes to the new saint. Lope de Vega was chairman of the committee of award, and Cervantes was one of the competitors. The prizes it must be admitted were very tempting: first, a silver pitcher; second, eight yards of camlet; and third, a pair of silk stockings. We hope Cervantes' poem was not the best. We would rather see him carry home the stuff for a new cloak and pourpoint, or even those very attractive silk stockings for his shrunk shank, than that silver pitcher which he was too Castilian ever to turn to any sensible use.

The poems are published in a compendium of the time, without indicating the successful ones; and that of Cervantes contained these lines, which would seem hazardous in this colder age, but which then were greatly admired:—

“Breaking all bolts and bars,
Comes the Divine One, sailing from the stars,
Full in thy sight to dwell:
And those who seek him, shortening the road
Come to thy blest abode,
And find him in thy heart or in thy cell.”

The anti-climax is the poet's, and not mine.

He knew he was nearing his end, but worked desperately to retrieve the lost years of his youth, and leave the world some testimony of his powers. He was able to finish and publish the Second Part of Quixote, and to give the last touches of the file to his favorite work, the long-pondered and cherished *Persiles*. This, he assures Count Lemos, will be either the best or the worst work ever produced by mortal man, and he quickly adds that it will not be the worst. The terrible disease gains upon him, laying its cold hand on his heart. He feels the pulsations growing slower, but bates no jot of his cheerful philosophy. “With one foot in the stirrup,” he writes a last farewell of noble gratitude to the viceroy of Naples. He makes his will, commanding that his body be laid in the Convent of the Trinitarians. He had fixed his departure for Sunday, the 17th of April, but waited six days for Shakespeare, and the two greatest souls of that age went into the unknown together, on the 23d of April, 1616.

The burial of Cervantes was as humble as his christening. His bier was borne on the shoulders of four brethren of his order. The upper half of the coffin-lid was open and displayed the sharpened features to the few who cared to see them: his right hand grasped a crucifix with the grip of a soldier. Behind the grating was a sobbing nun whose name in the world was Isabel de Saavedra. But there was no scenic effort or display, such as a few

years later in that same spot witnessed the laying away of the mortal part of Vega-Carpio. This is the last of Cervantes upon earth. He had fought a good fight. A long life had been devoted to his country's service. In his youth he had poured out his blood, and dragged the chains of captivity. In his age he had accomplished a work which folds in with Spanish fame the orb of the world. But he was laid in his grave like a pauper, and the spot where he lay was quickly forgotten. At that very hour a vast multitude was assisting at what the polished academician calls a “more solemn ceremony,” the bearing of the Virgin of Atocha to the Convent of San Domingo el Real, to see if peradventure pleased by the airing, she would send rain to the parching fields.

The world speedily did justice to his name. Even before his death it had begun. The gentlemen of the French embassy who came to Madrid in 1615 to arrange the royal marriages asked the chaplain of the Archbishop of Toledo in his first visit many questions of Miguel Cervantes. The chaplain happened to be a friend of the poet, and so replied, “I know him. He is old, a soldier, a gentleman, and poor.” At which they wondered greatly. But after a while, when the whole civilized world had translated and knew the Quixote by heart, the Spaniards began to be proud of the genius they had neglected and despised. They quote with a certain fatuity the eulogy of Montesquieu, who says it is the only book they have; “a proposition” which Navarrete considers “inexact,” and we agree with Navarrete. He has written a good book himself. The Spaniards have very frankly accepted the judgment of the world, and although they do not read Cervantes much, they admire him greatly, and talk about him more than is amusing. The Spanish Academy has set up a pretty mural tablet on the façade of the convent which shelters the tired bones of the unlucky immortal, enjoying now their first and only repose. In the Plaza of

the Cortes a fine bronze statue stands facing the Prado, catching on his chiselled curls and forehead the first rays of morning that leap over the hill of the Retiro. It is a well-poised, energetic, chivalrous figure, and Mr. Germond de Lavigne has criticised it as having more of the sabreur than the savant. The objection does not seem to us well founded. It is not pleasant for the world to be continually reminded of its meannesses. We do not want to see Cervantes' days of poverty and struggle eternized in statues. We know that he always looked back with fondness on his campaigning days, and even in his decrepit age he called him-

self a soldier. If there were any period in that troubled history that could be called happy, surely it was the time when he had youth and valor and hope as the companions of his toil. It would have been a precious consolation to his cheerless age to dream that he would stand in bronze, as we hope he may stand for centuries, in the unchanging bloom of manhood, with the cloak and sword of a gentleman and soldier, bathing his Olympian brow forever in the light of all the mornings, and gazing, at evening, at the rosy reflex flushing the east, — the memory of the day and the promise of the dawn.

John Hay.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

I.

THE RANGE.

THE western margin of this continent is built of a succession of mountain chains folded in broad corrugations, like waves of stone upon whose seaward base beat the mild small breakers of the Pacific.

By far the grandest of all these ranges is the Sierra Nevada, a long and massive uplift lying between the arid deserts of the Great Basin and the Californian exuberance of grain-field and orchard; its eastern slope, a defiant wall of rock plunging abruptly down to the plain; the western, a long, grand sweep, well watered and overgrown with cool, stately forests; its crest a line of sharp, snowy peaks springing into the sky and catching the *alpenglow* long after the sun has set for all the rest of America.

The Sierras have a structure and a physical character which are individual and unique. To Professor Whitney and his corps of the Geological Survey of California is due the honor of first gaining a scientific knowledge of the

form, plan, and physical conditions of the Sierras. How many thousands of miles, how many toilsome climbs, we made, and what measure of patience came to be expended, cannot be told; but the general harvest is gathered in, and already a volume of great interest (the forerunner of others) has been published.

The ancient history of the Sierras goes back to a period when the Atlantic and Pacific were one ocean, in whose depths great accumulations of sand and powdered stone were gathering and being spread out in level strata.

It is not easy to assign the age in which these submarine strata were begun, nor exactly the boundaries of the embryo continents from whose shores the primeval breakers ground away sand and gravel enough to form such incredibly thick deposits.

It appears most likely that the Sierra region was submerged from the earliest Palæozoic, or perhaps even the Azoic, age. Slowly the deep ocean valley

filled up, until, in the late Triassic period, the uppermost tables were in water shallow enough to drift the sands and clays into wave and ripple ridges. With what immeasurable patience, what infinite deliberation, has nature amassed the materials for these mountains! Age succeeded age; form after form of animal and plant life perished in the unfolding of the great plan of development, while the suspended sands of that primeval sea sunk slowly down and were stretched in level plains upon the floor of stone.

Early in the Jurassic period an impressive and far-reaching movement of the earth's crust took place, during which the bed of the ocean rose in crumpled waves towering high in the air and forming the mountain framework of the Western United States. This system of upheavals reached as far east as Middle Wyoming and stretched from Mexico probably into Alaska. Its numerous ridges and chains, having a general northeast trend, were crowded together in one broad zone whose western and most lofty member is the Sierra Nevada. During all of the Cretaceous period, and a part of the Tertiary, the Pacific beat upon its seaward foot-hills, tearing to pieces the rocks, crumbling and grinding the shores, and, drifting the powdered stone and pebbles beneath its waves, scattered them again in layers. This submarine table-land fringed the whole base of the range and extended westward an unknown distance under the sea. To this perpetual seawearing of the Sierra Nevada base was added the detritus made by the cutting out of cañons, which in great volumes continually poured into the Pacific, and was arranged upon its bottom by currents.

In the late Tertiary period a chapter of very remarkable events occurred. For a second time the evenly laid beds of the sea-bottom were crumpled by the shrinking of the earth. The ocean flowed back into deeper and narrower limits, and, fronting the Sierra Nevada, appeared the present system of Coast

Ranges. The intermediate depression, or sea-trough as I like to call it, is the valley of California, and is therefore a more recent continental feature than the Sierra Nevada. At once then from the folded rocks of the Coast Ranges, from the Sierra summits and the inland plateaus, and from numberless vents caused by the fierce dynamical action, there poured out a general deluge of melted rock. From the bottom of the sea sprung up those fountains of lava whose cooled material forms many of the islands of the Pacific, and, all along the coast of America, like a system of answering beacons, blazed up volcanic chimneys. The rent mountains glowed with outpourings of molten stone. Sheets of lava poured down the slopes of the Sierra, covering an immense proportion of its surface, only the high granite and metamorphic peaks reaching above the deluge. Rivers and lakes floated up in a cloud of steam and were gone forever. The misty sky of these volcanic days glowed with innumerable lurid reflections, and, at intervals along the crest of the range, great cones arose, blackening the sky with their plumes of mineral smoke. At length having exhausted themselves, the volcanoes burned lower and lower, and at last, by far the greater number went out altogether. With a tendency to extremes which "development" geologists would hesitate to admit, nature passed under the dominion of ice and snow.

The vast amount of ocean water which had been vaporized floated over the land, condensed upon hill-tops, chilled the lavas, and finally buried beneath an icy covering all the higher parts of the mountain system. According to well-known laws the overburdened summits unloaded themselves by a system of glaciers. The whole Sierra crest was one pile of snow, from whose base crawled out the ice-rivers, wearing their bodies into the rock, sculpturing as they went the forms of valleys, and, brightening the surface of their tracks by the friction of stones and sand which were bedded, armor-

like, in their nether surface. Having made their way down the slope of the Sierra, they met a lowland temperature of sufficient warmth to arrest and waste them. At last, from causes which are too intricate to be discussed at present, they shrank slowly back into the higher summit fastnesses, and there gradually perished, leaving only a crest of snow. The ice melted, and upon the whole plateau, little by little, a thin layer of soil accumulated, and, replacing the snow, there sprang up a forest of pines, whose shadows fall pleasantly to-day over rocks which were once torrents of lava and across the burnished pathways of ice. Rivers, pure and sparkling, thread the bottom of these gigantic glacier valleys. The volcanoes are extinct, and the whole theatre of this impressive geological drama is now the most glorious and beautiful region of America.

As the characters of the *Zauberflöte* passed safely through the trial of fire and the desperate ordeal of water, so, through the terror of volcanic fires and the chilling empire of ice, has the great Sierra come into the present age of tranquil grandeur.

Five distinct periods divide the history of the range. First, the slow gathering of marine sediment within the early ocean, during which incalculable ages were consumed.

Second, in the early Jurassic period this level sea-floor came suddenly to be lifted into the air and crumpled in folds, through whose yawning fissures and ruptured axes outpoured wide zones of granite. Third, the volcanic age of fire and steam. Fourth, the glacial period, when the Sierras were one broad field of snow, with huge dragons of ice crawling down its slopes, and wearing their armor into the rocks. Fifth, the present condition, which the following chapters will describe, albeit in a desultory and inadequate manner.

From latitude 35° to latitude $39^{\circ} 30'$ the Sierra lifts a continuous chain, the profile culminating in several groups of peaks separated by deep depressed

curves or sharp notches, the summits varying from eight to fifteen thousand feet; seven to twelve thousand being the common range of passes. Near its southern extremity, in San Bernardino County, the range is cleft to the base with magnificent gateways opening through into the desert. From Walker's Pass for two hundred miles northward the sky line is more uniformly elevated; the passes averaging nine thousand feet high, the actual summit a chain of peaks from thirteen to fifteen thousand feet. This serrated snow and granite outline of the Sierra Nevada, projected against the cold clear blue, is the blade of white teeth which suggested its Spanish name.

Northward still the range gradually sinks; high peaks covered with perpetual snow are rarer and rarer. Its summit rolls on in broken forest-covered ridges, now and then overlooked by a solitary pile of metamorphic or irruptive rock. At length, in Northern California, where it breaks down in a compressed medley of ridges, and open, level expanses of plain, the axis is maintained by a line of extinct volcanoes standing above the lowland in isolated positions. The most lofty of these, Mount Shasta, is a cone of lava fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet high, its broad base girdled with noble forests, which give way at eight thousand feet to a cap of glaciers and snow.

Beyond this to the northward the extension of the range is quite difficult to definitely assign, for, geologically speaking, the Sierra Nevada system occupies a broad area in Oregon, consisting of several prominent mountain groups, while in a physical sense the chain ceases with Shasta; the Cascades, which are the apparent topographical continuation, being a tertiary structure formed chiefly of lavas which have been outpoured long subsequent to the main upheaval of the Sierra.

It is not easy to point out the actual southern limit either, because where the mountain mass descends into the Colorado desert it comes in contact with a number of lesser groups of hills, which

ramify in many directions, all losing themselves beneath the tertiary and quaternary beds of the desert.

For four hundred miles the Sierras are a definite ridge, broad and high, and having the form of a sea-wave. Buttresses of sombre-hued rock, jutting at intervals from a steep wall, form the abrupt eastern slopes; irregular forests, in scattered growth, huddle together near the snow. The lower declivities are barren spurs, sinking into the sterile flats of the Great Basin.

Long ridges of comparatively gentle outline characterize the western side, but this sloping table is scored from summit to base by a system of parallel transverse cañons, distant from one another often less than twenty-five miles. They are ordinarily two or three thousand feet deep, falling at times in sheer, smooth-fronted cliffs, again in sweeping curves like the hull of a ship, again in rugged V-shaped gorges, or with irregular, hilly flanks opening at last through gateways of low, rounded foothills out upon the horizontal plain of the San Joaquin and Sacramento.

Every cañon carries a river, derived from constant melting of the perpetual snow, which threads its way down the mountain, — a feeble type of those vast ice-streams and torrents that formerly discharged the summit accumulation of ice and snow while carving the cañons out from solid rock. Nowhere on the continent of America is there more positive evidence of the cutting power of rapid streams than in these very cañons. Although much is due to this cause, the most impressive passages of the Sierra valleys are actual ruptures of the rock; either the engulfment of masses of great size, as Professor Whitney supposes in explanation of the peculiar form of the Yosemite, or a splitting asunder in yawning cracks. From the summits down half the distance to the plains, the cañons are also carved out in broad, round curves by glacial action. The summit gorges themselves are altogether the result of frost and ice. Here, even yet, may be studied the mode of blocking out

mountain peaks; the cracks riven by unequal contraction and expansion of the rock; the slow leverage of ice, the storm, the avalanche.

The western descent, facing a moisture-laden, aerial current from the Pacific, condenses on its higher portions a great amount of water, which has piled upon the summits in the form of snow, and is absorbed upon the upper plateau by an exuberant growth of forest. This prevalent wind, which during most undisturbed periods blows continuously from the ocean, strikes first upon the western slope of the Coast Range, and there discharges, both as fog and rain, a very great sum of moisture; but, being ever reinforced, it blows over their crest, and, hurrying eastward, strikes the Sierras at about four thousand feet above sea-level. Below this line the foothills are oppressed by an habitual dryness, which produces a rusty olive tone throughout nearly all the large conspicuous vegetation, scorches the red soil, and, during the long summer, overlays the whole region with a cloud of dust.

Dull and monotonous in color, there are, however, certain elements of picturesqueness in this lower zone. Its oak-clad hills wander out into the great plain like coast promontories, enclosing yellow, or in spring-time green, bays of prairie. The hill forms are rounded, or stretch in long longitudinal ridges, broken across by the river cañons. Above this zone of red earth, softly modelled undulations, and dull, grayish groves, with a chain of mining towns, dotted ranches and vineyards, rise the swelling middle heights of the Sierras, a broad billowy plateau cut by sharp sudden cañons, and sweeping up, with its dark, superb growth of coniferous forest to the feet of the summit peaks.

For a breadth of forty miles, all along the chain, is spread this continuous belt of pines. From Walker's Pass to Sitka one may ride through an unbroken forest, and will find its character and aspect vary constantly in strict accordance with the laws of altitude

and moisture, each of the several species of coniferous trees taking its position with an almost mathematical precision. Where low gaps in the Coast Range give free access to the western wind, there the forest sweeps downward and encamps upon the foot-hills, and, continuing northward, it advances toward the coast, securing for itself over this whole distance about the same physical conditions; so that a tree which finds itself at home on the shore of Puget's Sound, in the latitude of Middle California has climbed the Sierras to a height of six thousand feet, finding there its normal requirements of damp, cool air. As if to economize the whole surface of the Sierra, the forest is mainly made up of twelve species of coniferæ, each having its own definitely circumscribed limits of temperature, and yet being able successively to occupy the whole middle Sierra up to the foot of the perpetual snow. The average range in altitude of each species is about twenty-five hundred feet, so that you pass imperceptibly from the zone of one species into that of the next. Frequently three or four are commingled, their varied habit, characteristic foliage, and richly colored trunks uniting to make the most stately of forests.

In the centre of the coniferous belt are assembled the most remarkable family of trees. Those which approach the perpetual snow are imperfect, gnarled, storm-bent; full of character and suggestion, but lacking the symmetry, the rich, living green, and the great size of their lower neighbors. In the other extreme of the pine-belt, growing side by side with foot-hill oaks, is an equally imperfect species, which, although attaining a very great size, still has the air of an abnormal tree. The conditions of drought on the one hand, and rigorous storms on the other, injure and blast alike, while the more verdant centre, furnishing the finest conditions, produces a forest whose profusion and grandeur fill the traveller with the liveliest admiration.

Toward the south the growth of the

forest is more open and grove-like, the individual trees becoming proportionally larger and reaching their highest development. Northward its density increases, to the injury of individual pines, until the branches finally interlock, and at last on the shores of British Columbia the trunks are so densely assembled that a dead tree is held in its upright position by the arms of its fellows.

At the one extremity are magnificent purple shafts ornamented with an exquisitely delicate drapery of pale golden and dark blue green; at the other the slender spars stand crowded together like the fringe of masts girdling a prosperous port. The one is a great continuous grove, on whose sunny openings are innumerable brilliant parterres; the other is a dismal thicket, a sort of gigantic canebroke, void of beauty, dark, impenetrable, save by the avenues of streams, where one may float for days between sombre walls of forest. From one to the other of these extremes is an imperceptible transition; only in the passage of hundreds of miles does the forest seem to thicken northward, or the majesty of the single trees appear to be impaired by their struggle for room.

Near the centre is the perfection of forest. At the south are the finest specimen trees, at the north the densest accumulations of timber. In riding throughout this whole region and watching the same species from the glorious ideal life of the south gradually dwarfed toward the north, until it becomes a mere wand; or in climbing from the scattered drought-scourged pines of the foot-hills up through the zone of finest vegetation to those summit crags, where, struggling against the power of tempest and frost, only a few of the bravest trees succeed in clinging to the rocks and to life, — one sees with novel effect the inexorable sway which climatic conditions hold over the kingdom of trees.

Looking down from the summit, the forest is a closely woven vesture, which has fallen over the body of the range,

clinging closely to its form, sinking into the deep cañons, covering the hill-tops with even velvety folds, and only lost here and there where a bold mass of rock gives it no foothold, or where around the margin of the mountain lakes bits of alpine meadow lie open to the sun.

Along its upper limit the forest zone grows thin and irregular; black shafts of alpine pines and firs clustering on sheltered slopes, or climbing in disordered processions up broken and rocky faces. Higher, the last gnarled forms are passed, and beyond stretches the rank of silent, white peaks, a region of rock and ice lifted above the limit of life.

In the north, domes and cones of volcanic formation are the summit, but for about three hundred miles in the south it is a succession of sharp granite *aiguilles* and crags. Prevalent among the granitic forms are singularly perfect conoidal domes, whose symmetrical figures, were it not for their immense size, would impress one as having an artificial finish.

The alpine gorges are usually wide and open, leading into amphitheatres, whose walls are either rock or drifts of never-melting snow. The sculpture of the summit is very evidently glacial. Beside the ordinary phenomena of polished rocks and moraines, the larger general forms are clearly the work of frost and ice; and although this ice-period is only feebly represented to-day, yet the frequent avalanches of winter and freshly scored mountain flanks are constant suggestions of the past.

Strikingly contrasted are the two countries bordering the Sierra on either side. Along the western base is the plain of California, an elliptical basin four hundred and fifty miles long by sixty-five broad; level, fertile, well watered, half tropically warmed; checkered with farms of grain, ranches of cattle, orchard, and vineyard, and homes of commonplace opulence, towns of bustling thrift. Rivers flow over it, bordered by lines of oaks which seem characterless or gone to sleep, when compared with the vitality, the spring,

and attitude of the same species higher upon the foot-hills. It is a region of great industrial future, within a narrow range, but quite without charms for the student of science. It has a certain impressive breadth when seen from some overlooking eminence, or when in early spring its brilliant carpet of flowers lies as a foreground over which the dark pine-land and white crest of the Sierra loom indistinctly.

From the Mexican frontier up into Oregon, a strip of actual desert lies under the east slope of the great chain, and stretches eastward sometimes as far as five hundred miles, varied by successions of bare white ground, effervescing under the hot sun with alkaline salts, plains covered by the low ashy-hued sage-plant, high, barren, rocky ranges, which are folds of metamorphic rocks, and piled-up lavas of bright red or yellow colors; all over-arched by a sky which is at one time of a hot metallic brilliancy, and again the tenderest of evanescent purple or pearl.

Utterly opposed are the two aspects of the Sierras from these east and west approaches. I remember how stern and strong the chain looked to me when I first saw it from the Colorado desert.

It was in early May, 1866. My companion, Mr. James T. Gardner, and I got into the saddle on the bank of the Colorado River, and headed westward over the road from La Paz to San Bernardino. My mount was a tough, magnanimous sort of mule, who at all times did his very best; that of my friend an animal still hardier, but altogether wanting in moral attributes. He developed a singular antipathy for my mule, and utterly refused to march within a quarter of a mile of me; so that over a wearying route of three hundred miles we were obliged to travel just beyond the reach of a shout. Hour after hour, plodding along at a dog-trot, we pursued our solitary way without the spice of companionship, and altogether deprived of the melodramatic satisfaction of loneliness.

Far ahead of us a white line traced across the barren plain marked our road. It seemed to lead to nowhere, except onward over more and more arid reaches of desert. Rolling hills of crude color and low gloomy contour rose above the general level. Here and there the eye was arrested by a towering crag, or an elevated, rocky mountain group, whose naked sides sank down into the desert, unrelieved by the shade of a solitary tree. The whole aspect of nature was dull in color, and gloomy with an all-pervading silence of death. Although the summer had not fairly opened, a torrid sun beat down with cruel severity, blinding the eye with its brilliance, and inducing a painful, slow fever. The very plants, scorched to a crisp, were ready, at the first blast of a sirocco, to be whirled away and ground to dust. Certain bare zones lay swept clean of the last dry stems across our path, marking the track of whirlwinds. Water was only found at intervals of sixty or seventy miles, and, when reached, was more of an aggravation than a pleasure, — bitter, turbid, and scarce; we rode for it all day, and berated it all night, only to leave it at sunrise with a secret fear that we might fare worse next time.

About noon on the third day of our march, having reached the borders of the Chabazon Valley, we emerged from a rough, rocky gateway in the mountains, and I paused while my companion made up his quarter of a mile, that we might hold council and determine our course, for the water question was becoming serious; springs which looked cool and seductive on our maps proving to be dried up and obsolete upon the ground.

A fresh mule and a lively man get along, to be sure, well enough; but after all, it is at best with perfunctory tolerance on both sides, a sort of diplomatic interchange of argument, the man suggesting with bridle, or mildly admonishing with spurs; but when the high contracting parties get tired, the *entente cordiale* goes to pieces, and ac-

tual hostilities open, in which I never knew a man to come out the better.

I had noticed a shambling uncertainty during the last half-hour's trot, and those invariable indicators, "John's" long, furry ears, either lopped diagonally down on one side, or lay back with ill omen upon his neck.

Gardner reached me in a few minutes, and we dismounted to rest the tired mules, and to scan the landscape before us. We were on the margin of a great basin whose gently shelving rim sank from our feet to a perfectly level plain, which stretched southward as far as the eye could reach, bounded by a dim, level horizon, like the sea, but walled in to the west, at a distance of about forty miles, by the high frowning wall of the Sierras. This plain was a level floor, as white as marble, and into it the rocky spurs from our own mountain range descended, like promontories into the sea. Wide, deeply indented white bays wound in and out among the foot-hills, and, traced upon the barren slopes of this rocky coast, was marked, at a considerable elevation above the plain, the shore-line of an ancient sea, — a white stain defining its former margin as clearly as if the water had but just receded. On the dim, distant base of the Sierras the same primeval beach could be seen. This water-mark, the level white valley, and the utter absence upon its surface of any vegetation, gave a strange and weird aspect to the country, as if a vast tide had but just ebbed, and the brilliant scorching sun had hurriedly dried up its last traces of moisture.

In the indistinct glare of the southern horizon, it needed but slight aid from the imagination to see a lifting and tumbling of billows, as if the old tide were coming; but they were only shudderings of heat. As we sat there surveying this unusual scene, the white expanse became suddenly transformed into a placid blue sea, along whose rippling shores were the white blocks of roofs, groups of spire-crowned villages, and cool stretches of green

grove. A soft, vapory atmosphere hung over this sea; shadows, purple and blue floated slowly across it, producing the most enchanting effect of light and color. The dreamy richness of the tropics, the serene sapphire sky of the desert, and the cool, purple distance of mountains, were grouped as by miracle. It was as if Nature were about to repay us an hundred-fold for the lie she had given the topographers and their maps.

In a moment the illusion vanished. It was gone, leaving the white desert unrelieved by a shadow; a blaze of white light falling full on the plain; the sun-struck air reeling in whirlwind columns, white with the dust of the desert, up, up, and vanishing into the sky. Waves of heat rolled like billows across the valley, the old shores became indistinct, the whole lowland unreal. Shades of misty blue crossed over it and disappeared. Lakes with ragged shores gleamed out, reflecting the sky, and in a moment disappeared.

The bewildering effect of this natural magic, and perhaps the feverish thirst, produced the impression of a dream, which might have taken fatal possession of us, but for the importunate braying of Gardner's mule, whose piteous discords (for he made three noises at once) banished all hallucination, and brought us gently back from the mysterious spectacle to the practical question of water. We had but one canteen of that precious elixir left; the elixir in this case being composed of one part pure water, one part sand, one part alum, one part saleratus, with liberal traces of Colorado mud, representing a very disgusting taste, and very great range of geological formations.

To search for the mountain springs laid down upon our maps was probably to find them dry, and afforded us little more inducement than to chase the mirages. The only well-known water was at an oasis somewhere on the margin of the Chabazon, and should, if the information was correct, have been in sight from our resting-place.

We eagerly scanned the distance, but were unable, among the phantom lakes and the ever-changing illusions of the desert, to fix upon any probable point. Indian trails led out in all directions, and our only clew to the right path was far in the northwest, where, looming against the sky, stood two conspicuous mountain piles lifted above the general wall of the Sierra, their bases rooted in the desert, and their precipitous fronts rising boldly on each side of an open gateway. The two summits, high above the magical stratum of desert air, were sharply defined and singularly distinct in all the details of rock-form and snow-field. From their position we knew them to be walls of the San Gorgonio Pass, and through this gateway lay our road.

After brief deliberation we chose what seemed to be the most beaten road leading in that direction, and I mounted my mule and started, leaving my friend patiently seated in his saddle waiting for the *afflatus* of his mule to take effect. Thus we rode down into the desert, and hour after hour travelled silently on, straining our eyes forward to a spot of green which we hoped might mark our oasis.

So incredulous had I become, that I prided myself upon having penetrated the flimsy disguise of an unusually deceptive mirage, and philosophized, to a considerable extent, upon the superiority of my reason over the instinct of the mule, whose quickened pace and nervous manner showed him to be, as I thought, a dupe.

Whenever there comes to be a clearly defined mental issue between man and mule, the stubbornness of the latter is the expression of an adamant moral resolve, founded in eternal right. The man is invariably wrong. Thus on this occasion, as at a thousand other times, I was obliged to own up worsted, and I drummed for a while with Spanish spurs upon the ribs of my conqueror; that being my habitual mode of covering my retreat.

It was the oasis, and not the mirage. John lifted up his voice, now many

days hushed, and gave out spasmodic gusts of baritone, which were as dry and harsh as if he had drunk mirages only for many a day.

The heart of Gardner's mule relented. Of his own accord he galloped up to my side, and, for the first time together, we rode forward to the margin of the oasis. Under the palms we hastily threw off our saddles and allowed the parched brutes to drink their fill. We lay down in the grass, drank, bathed our faces, and played in the water like children. We picketed our mules knee-deep in the freshest of grass, and, unpacking our saddlebags, sent up a smoke to heaven, and achieved that most precious solace of the desert traveller, a pot of tea.

By and by we plunged into the pool, which was perhaps thirty feet long, and deep enough to give us a pleasant swim. The water being almost blood-warm, we absorbed it in every pore, dilated like sponges, and came out refreshed.

It is well worth having one's juices broiled out by a desert sun just to experience the renewal of life from a mild parboil. That About's "Man with the Broken Ear," under this same aqueous renovation, was ready to fall in love with his granddaughter, no longer appears to me odd. Our oasis spread out its disk of delicate green, sharply defined upon the enamel-like desert which stretched away for leagues, simple, unbroken, pathetic. Near the eastern edge of this garden, whose whole surface covered hardly more than an acre, rose two palms, interlocking their cool, dark foliage over the pool of pure water. A low, deserted cabin with wide, overhanging flat roof, which had long ago been thatched with palm-leaves, stood close by the trees.

With its isolation, its strange warm fountain, its charming vegetation varied with grasses, trailing water-plants, bright parterres in which were minute flowers of turquoise blue, pale gold, mauve, and rose, and its two graceful palms, this oasis evoked a strange sen-

timent. I have never felt such a sense of absolute and remote seclusion; the hot, trackless plain and distant groups of mountain shut it away from all the world. Its humid and fragrant air hung over us in delicious contrast with the oven-breath through which we had ridden. Weary little birds alighted, panting, and drank and drank again, without showing the least fear of us. Wild doves fluttering down bathed in the pool and fed about among our mules.

After straining over one hundred and fifty miles of silent desert, hearing no sound but the shoes of our mules grating upon hot sand, after the white glare, and that fever-thirst which comes from drinking alkali-water, it was a deep pleasure to lie under the palms and look up at their slow-moving green fans, and hear in those shaded recesses the mild, sweet twittering of our traveller-friends, the birds, who stayed, like ourselves, overcome with the languor of perfect repose.

Declining rapidly toward the west, the sun warned us to renew our journey. Several hours' rest and frequent deep draughts of water, added to the feast of succulent grass, filled out and rejuvenated our saddle-animals. John was far less an anatomical specimen than when I unsaddled him, and Gardner's mule came up to be bridled with so mollified a demeanor that it occurred to us as just possible that he might forget his trick of lagging behind; but with the old tenacity of purpose he planted his fore feet, and waited till I was well out on the desert.

As I rode, I watched the western prospect. Completely bounding the basin in that direction, rose the gigantic wall of the Sierra, its serrated line sharply profiled against the evening sky. This dark barrier became more and more shadowed, so that the old shore line and the low land, where mountain and plain joined, were lost. The desert melted in the distance into the shadowed masses of the Sierra, which, looming higher and higher, seemed to rise as the sun went down. Scattered

snow-fields shone along its crest; each peak and notch, every column of rock and detail of outline, were black and sharp.

On either side of the San Gorgonio stood its two guardian peaks, San Bernardino and San Jacinto, capped with rosy snow, and the pass itself, warm with western light, opened hopefully before us. For a moment the sun rested upon the Sierra crest, and then, slowly sinking, suffered eclipse by its ragged black profile. Through the slow hours of darkening twilight a strange ashy gloom overspread the desert. The forms of the distant mountain chains behind us, and the old shore line upon the Sierra base, stared at us with a strange weird distinctness. At last all was gray and vague, except the black silhouette of the Sierras cut upon a band of golden heaven.

We at length reached their foot and, turning northward, rode parallel with the base toward the San Gorgonio. In the moonless night huge rocky buttresses of the range loomed before us, their feet plunging into the pale desert floor. High upon their fronts, perhaps five hundred feet above us, was dimly traceable the white line of ancient shore. Over drifted hills of sand and hard alkaline clay we rode along the bottom of that primitive sea. Between the spurs, deep mountain alcoves, stretching back into the heart of the range, opened grand and shadowy; far at their head, over crests of ridge and peak, loomed the planet Jupiter. A long wearisome ride of forty hours brought us to the open San Gorgonio Pass. Already scattered beds of flowers tinted the austere face of the desert; tufts of pale grass grew about the stones, and tall stems of yucca bore up their magnificent bunches of bluish flowers. Upon all the heights overhanging the road gnarled struggling cedars grasp the rock, and stretch themselves with frantic effort to catch a breath of the fresh Pacific vapor. It is instructive to observe the difference between those which lean out into the vitalizing wind of the pass, and the fated few whose

position exposes them to the dry air of the desert. Vigor, soundness, nerve to stand on the edge of sheer walls, flexibility, sap, fulness of green foliage, are in the one; a shroud of dull olive-leaves scantily cover the thin, straggling, bayonet-like boughs of the others: they are rigid, shrunk, split to the heart, pitiful. We were glad to forget them as we turned a last buttress and ascended the gentle acclivity of the pass.

Before us opened a broad gateway six or seven miles from wall to wall, in which a mere swell of green land rises to divide the desert and Pacific slopes. Flanking the pass along its northern side stands Mount San Bernardino, its granite framework crowded up above the beds of more recent rock about its base, bearing aloft tattered fragments of pine forest, the summit piercing through a marbling of perpetual snow up to the height of ten thousand feet. Fronting it on the opposite wall rises its compeer, San Jacinto, a dark crag of lava, whose flanks are cracked, riven, and waterworn into innumerable ravines, each catching a share of the drainage from the snow-cap, and glistening with a hundred small waterfalls.

Numerous brooks unite to form two rivers, one running down the green slope among ranches and gardens into the blooming valley of San Bernardino, the other pouring eastward, shrinking as it flows out upon the hot sands, till, in a few miles, the unslakable desert has drunk it dry.

There are but few points in America where such extremes of physical condition meet. What contrasts, what opposed sentiments, the two views awakened! Spread out below us lay the desert, stark and glaring, its rigid hill-chains lying in disordered grouping, in attitudes of the dead. The bare hills are cut out with sharp gorges, and over their stone skeletons scanty earth clings in folds, like shrunk flesh; they are emaciated corpses of once noble ranges now lifeless, outstretched as in a long sleep. Ghastly colors define

them from the ashen plain in which their feet are buried. Far in the south were a procession of whirlwind columns slowly moving across the desert in spectral dimness. A white light beat down, dispelling the last trace of shadow, and above hung the burnished shield of hard, pitiless sky.

Sinking to the west from our feet the gentle golden-green *glacis* sloped away, flanked by rolling hills covered with a fresh vernal carpet of grass, and relieved by scattered groves of dark oak-trees. Upon the distant valley were checkered fields of grass and grain just tinged with the first ripening yellow. The bounding Coast Ranges lay in the cool shadow of a bank of mist which drifted in from the Pacific, covering their heights. Flocks of bright clouds floated across the sky, whose blue was palpitating with light, and seemed to rise with infinite perspective. Tranquillity, abundance, the slow, beautiful unfolding of plant life, dark shadowed spots to rest our tired eyes upon, the shade of giant oaks to lie down under, while listening to brooks, contralto larks, and the soft distant lowing of cattle,

I have given the outlines of aspect along our ride across the Chabazon, omitting many amusing incidents and some *genre* pictures of rare interest among the Kaweah Indians, as I wished simply to illustrate the relations of the Sierra with the country bordering its east base,—the barrier looming above a desert.

In Nevada and California, farther north, this wall rises more grandly, but its face rests upon a modified form of desert plains of less extent than the Colorado, and usually covered with sage-plants and other brushy *compositæ* of equally pitiful appearance. Large lakes of complicated saline waters are dotted under the Sierra shadow, the ancient terraces built upon foot-hill and outlying volcanic ranges indicating their former expansion into inland seas; and farther north still, where plains extend east of Mount Shasta, level sheets of lava form the country,

and open black, rocky channels, for the numerous branches of the Sacramento and Klamath.

Approaching the Sierras anywhere from the west, you will perceive a totally different topographical and climatic condition. From the Coast Range peaks especially one obtains an extended and impressive prospect. I had fallen behind the party one May evening of our march across Pacheco's Pass, partly because some wind-bent oaks, trailing almost horizontally over the wild-oat surface of the hills, and marking, as a living record, the prevalent west wind, had arrested me and called out compass and note-book; and because there had fallen to my lot an incorrigibly deliberate mustang to whom I had abandoned myself to be carried along at his own pace, comforted withal that I should get in too late to have any hand in the cooking of supper. We reached the crest, the mustang coming to a conspicuous and unwarrantable halt; I yielded, however, and sat still in the saddle, looking out to the east.

Brown foot-hills, purple over their lower slopes with "fil-a-ree" blossoms, descended steeply to the plain of California, a great, inland, prairie sea, extending for five hundred miles, mountain-locked, between the Sierras and coast hills, and now a broad arabesque surface of colors. Miles of orange-colored flowers, cloudings of green and white, reaches of violet which looked like the shadow of a passing cloud, wandering in natural patterns over and through each other, sunny and intense along near our range, fading in the distance into pale bluish-pearl tones, and divided by long dimly seen rivers whose margins were edged by belts of bright emerald green. Beyond rose three hundred miles of Sierra half lost in light and cloud and mist, the summit in places sharply seen against a pale, beryl sky, and again buried in warm, rolling clouds. It was a mass of strong light, soft, fathomless shadows, and dark regions of forest. However, the three belts upon its front were

tolerably clear. Dusky foot-hills rose over the plain with a coppery gold tone, suggesting the line of mining towns planted in its rusty ravines,—a suggestion I was glad to repel, and look higher into that cool, solemn realm where the pines stand, green-roofed, in infinite colonnade. Lifted above the bustling industry of the plains and the melodramatic mining theatre of the foot-hills, it has a grand, silent life of its own; refreshing to con-

template even from a hundred miles away.

While I looked the sun descended; shadows climbed the Sierras, casting a gloom over foot-hill and pine, until at last only the snow summits, reflecting the evening light, glowed like red lamps along the mountain wall for hundreds of miles. The rest of the Sierra became invisible. The snow burned for a moment in the violet sky, and at last went out.

Clarence King.

DELSARTE.

IT was not until last summer, and then under peculiarly impressive circumstances, that I saw for the first time a remarkable man whose name is indissolubly associated with French art,—François Delsarte of Paris. My curiosity had been deeply excited by what I had heard of him. I was told that, after long years of patient toil and of profound thought, his genius had discovered and developed a scientific basis for histrionic art, that he had substituted law for empiricism in the domain of the most potential of the fine arts; and when the names of Rachel and Macready were quoted in his list of pupils, I was eager to behold the master and to learn something of the system which has yielded such fruits to the modern stage.

The kindness of a friend procured me the rare privilege of admission to the last session of Delsarte's course, which closed in July. It was on one of those weary summer days when the hush of expectation, following the fierce excitement caused by the declaration of war, had eclipsed the gayety of Paris.

The notes of the Marseillaise had ceased to stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet. The glare and glitter of French chivalry, which had masked the feebleness of the Imperial military system, had vanished. The superb Cent Gardes, the brilliant lancers, the sav-

age Turcos, and the dashing Spahis had been replaced by the coarsely clad troops of the line. It was "grim-visaged war" and not its pageantry that we beheld; heavy guns rumbling slowly across the Place de la Concorde; dark masses of men moving like shadows on their funeral march to the perilous edge of battle. It was a relief to exchange these sad scenes for that quiet interior of the Boulevard de Courcelles, where a little group of persons devoted to æsthetic culture were gathered around their teacher, perhaps for the last time.

The personal appearance of Delsarte is impressive. Years have not deprived his massive form of its vigor, nor dimmed the fire of his eye. His head is cast in a Roman mould; indeed, the fine medallion likeness executed by his daughter might well pass for an antique in the eyes of a stranger. In his personal bearing there is nothing of that self-assertion, that *posing*, which is a common defect of his distinguished countrymen.

The pupils whom I met were ladies, with the single exception of a young American, Mr. James S. Mackaye, to whom, as his favorite disciple, and one designated to succeed him in his profession, Delsarte has imparted all the minutæ of his science. To this gentleman was assigned the honor of

opening the *séance* by a brief exposition of the system, and of closing it by reciting in French a brilliant tragic monologue, the effect of which, in spite of the absence of appropriate costume and scenic illusion, electrified the audience. In this scene — *Les Terreurs de Thoas* — those rapidly changing expressions of the features, those statuesque attitudes, melting into each other which we all remember in Rachel, indicated a common origin. It needed not the added eloquence of words and the sombre music of the voice to tell the tragic story of the victim of the Eumenides. After listening to the recitation, I was not surprised to learn that the young student was to appear, under the auspices of his teacher, at the Théâtre Français, during the approaching winter, — an honor never before conceded to any foreigner. The large American colony in Paris was looking forward to this *début* with a natural pride, and Delsarte with the calm assurance of his favorite's triumph. Alas! we all reckoned without taking King William, the Crown Prince, the Red Prince, Von Moltke, and Von Bismarck into our account. We never fancied, on that bright July morning, that Krupp of Essen's cannon and the needle-gun were soon to give laws to Paris. But *inter arma silent artes* as well as *leges*. Nearer and deadlier tragedies than those of Corneille and Racine were soon to be enacted; and the poor players were summoned to perform their parts upon no mimic stage! However, "what though the field be lost? all is not lost." The *venue*, to borrow a legal phrase, has been changed, but the cause has not been abandoned. Our young countryman has returned to his native land, bringing with him the fruits of his long studies, to appeal to an American audience, and it is quite possible that his teacher may be induced to transfer his school of art to the United States.

Although, at this *séance*, Delsarte appeared disposed to efface himself in favor of his brilliant representative, he kindly consented to speak a few words (and what a charming French lesson

was his *causerie*!) and to present a specimen of his pantomimic powers. The latter exhibition was really surprising. He depicted the various passions and emotions of the human soul, by means of expression and gesture only, without uttering a single syllable; moving the spectators to tears, exciting them to enthusiasm, or thrilling them with terror at his will; in a word, completely magnetizing them. Not a discord in his diatonic scale. You were forced to admit that every gesture, every movement of a facial muscle, had a true purpose, — a *raison d'être*. It was a triumphant demonstration.

The life of this great master and teacher, hereafter to be known as the founder of the *Science of Dramatic Art*, crowded with strange vicissitudes and romantic episodes, forms a record full of interest.

François Delsarte was born at Solesmes, Department of the North, France, in 1811. His father was a physician, and his mother a woman of rare abilities, who taught herself to speak and write several languages.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo a detachment of the allied troops was passing through Solesmes, in the midst of a dead and sullen silence, when the commandant's quick ear caught the sound of a childish voice crying *Vive l'Em-pe-yeur! Vive Na-po-le-on!* Every one smiled at the juvenile speaker's audacity, except the stern officer, whose name has unfortunately escaped the infamous celebrity it deserved. By his orders, a platoon of soldiers sought out the child's home and burned it to the ground; and thus little François Delsarte became the innocent cause of the ruin of his family.

The atrocities committed during the *White Terror*, of which this incident is an example, though passed over by history, are not forgotten by the survivors of that cruel period. The leaders in the second terror could not plead the ignorance of Robespierre's followers in excuse of their excesses, for they were nobles, magistrates, priests, and officers of rank.

Delsarte's early years were passed in the midst of cruel privations and domestic troubles, for even love forsook a home blighted by poverty. His father, naturally proud and imperious, irritated by straitened circumstances out of which there seemed no issue, crushed by the weight of obligations to others, lost heart and hope, became morose, sceptical, and bitter, and treated his wife and family with such harshness and injustice, that Delsarte's mother was finally compelled to abandon her husband. She fled with her two boys to Paris, hoping there to make her talents available. All her efforts, however, were fruitless, and she found herself on the verge of starvation.

One evening, as she sat with her two boys in her wretched room, tortured by their questions after their father, she could not suppress her tears. François, the eldest, then nine years of age, tried to console her. He told her that he was almost a man, able to earn his food and to take care of her and his little brother. She listened to his prattle with a sad smile, kissed him and embraced him.

During all of the sleepless night which followed, François was revolving his hidden projects of independence, and at gray dawn, confiding his purpose only to his brother, and bidding him tell his mother, when she awoke, that he would soon be back with money to buy bread for them, the child stole forth to seek his fortune in the great dreary world of Paris.

He wandered about all day, and at night, hungry and weary, entered a jeweller's shop in the Palais Royal, kept by an old woman, to whom he appealed for employment, — vainly at first. Finally, however, she consented to engage him as a drudge and errand-boy, allowed him to sleep in an *armoire* over the door, and gave him four pounds of bread a week in lieu of wages. Four pounds of bread a week! The allowance appeared munificent, and he accepted the offer with gratitude. A brief experience dispelled his illusions. He was always weary and

always hungry. After a few weeks' trial, he left his first benefactress and secured some kind of employment at five sous a day, out of which he contrived to save two. In two weeks he had saved nearly a franc and a half for his dear mother. One day, while executing a commission for his employer, he found his little brother alone in the street crying bitterly.

"How is dear mamma?" was his first question.

"Dead, and carried away by ugly men."

The winter of 1821 was unusually severe for Paris. One night Delsarte and his brother fell asleep in each other's arms in the wretched loft they occupied; but when the former opened his eyes to the morning's light he was holding a corpse to his heart. The little boy had perished of cold and starvation. Almost mad with terror and grief, the survivor rushed into the streets to summon the neighbors.

The next day a little hatless boy, in rags and nearly barefooted, followed two men bearing a small pine coffin which they deposited in the *fosse commune* of Père la Chaise.

After seeing the grave covered, Delsarte left the cemetery and wandered wearily through the snow, now utterly alone in the world, across the plain of St. Denis. Overcome by cold, hunger, and grief, he sank to the ground, and then, before he lost his consciousness, a strain of music, real or imaginary, met his ear and charmed him to a forgetfulness of misery, bereavement, all the evils that environed him. It was the first awakening of his artist soul, and to this day Delsarte believes that it was no earthly music that he heard.

Rousing himself from a sort of stupor into which he had fallen, he saw a *chiffonnier* bending over him. The man had for a moment mistaken the prostrate form for a bundle of rags, but taking pity on the half-frozen lad, he placed him in his basket and carried him to his miserable home. And so the future artist commenced his professional career as a Parisian rag-picker

While wandering about the great city in the interest of his employer, his only solace was to listen to the songs of itinerant vocalists and the occasional music of a military band. Music became his passion. From some of the *gamins* he learned the seven notes of the scale, and, to preserve the melodies that delighted him, he invented a system of musical notation. On a certain holiday, when he was twelve years old, while listening to the delightful music in the garden of the Tuileries, the little *chiffonnier* busied himself with drawing figures in the dust. An old man of eccentric appearance, noticing his earnest diligence, accosted him.

"What are you doing there, boy?" he asked.

Terrified at first, but reassured by the kind manner of the stranger, Delsarte replied: "Writing down the music, sir."

"Do you mean to say those marks have any significance? That you can read them?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Let me hear you."

Encouraged by the interest manifested in him, the lad sang in a sweet and pure but sad voice the strains just played by the military band. The old man was amazed.

"Who taught you this process?"

"Nobody, sir; found it out myself."

Bambini—for it was the then distinguished, but now almost forgotten, professor—offered to take the boy home with him; and he who had entered the garden of the Tuileries a rag-picker, left it a recognized musician. In the dust of Paris were first written the elements of a system destined to regenerate art. Bambini taught his *protégé* all he knew, but the pupil soon surpassed the master and became his instructor in turn; for if the one had talent, the other possessed genius.

Bambini predicted the future of Delsarte. One day when they were walking arm-in-arm in the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, the former said: "Do you see all those people in carriages, with their fine liveries and magnificent clothes? Well, the day

will come when they will only be too happy to listen to you, proud of your presence in their *salons*, envying your fame as a great artist."

Bambini's death left Delsarte poor and friendless. At fourteen, however, he managed to get admitted into the Conservatory, where, though he labored hard, he met with harsh treatment and discouragement. The professors disliked him for his reflective nature and persistent questionings which brought to light the superficiality of their acquirements; his fellow-pupils, for his exclusive devotion to study and his reserve, the result of diffidence rather than of *hauteur*. His professors were dictators, who, while differing from each other as teachers, were yet united in frowning upon any attempt on the part of their pupil to emancipate himself from the thralldom of conventionalism and routine. Genius was a heresy for which they had no mercy.

Thrown upon his own resources, he soon developed, by careful observation of nature and a constant study of cause and effect, a system and a style radically differing from those of the professors and their servile imitators.

One day, after having sung in his own style at one of the public exhibitions,—applauded, however, only by a single auditor,—he was walking sadly and slowly in the court-yard of the Conservatory, when a lady and a gentleman approached him.

"Courage, my friend," said the lady. "Your singing has given me the highest pleasure. You will be a great artist."

So spake Marie Malibran, the queen of song.

"My friend," said her companion, "it was I who applauded you just now. In my opinion, you are a singer *hors de ligne*. When my children are ready to learn music, *you*, above all others, shall be their professor."

These were the words of Adolphe Nourrit. The praises of Malibran and Nourrit gave Delsarte courage, revived his hopes, and decided him to follow implicitly the promptings of his own genius. His extreme poverty com-

pelled him at last to apply to the Conservatory for a diploma which would enable him to secure a situation at one of the lyric theatres. It was refused.

The autumn of 1829 found him a shabby, almost ragged applicant for employment at the stage-door of the Opéra Comique. Repeated rebuffs failed to baffle his desperate pertinacity.

One day the director, hearing of the annoyance to which his subordinates were subjected by Delsarte, determined to abate the nuisance by one of those cruel *coups-de-main* of which Frenchmen are pre-eminently capable. The next night, during the performance, when Delsarte called, he was, to his surprise and delight, shown into the great man's presence.

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Pardon, Monsieur. I came to seek a place at your theatre."

"There is but one vacant, and you don't seem capable of filling that. I want only a call-boy."

"Sir, I am prepared to fill the position of a *premier sujet* among your singers."

"*Imbécile!*"

"Monsieur, if my clothes are poor, my art is genuine."

"Well, sir, if you will sing for me, I will hear you shortly."

He left Delsarte alone, overjoyed at having secured the manager's ear. In a few moments a surly fellow told him he was wanted below, and he soon found himself with the manager upon the stage behind the green curtain.

"You are to sing here," said the director. "There is your piano. In one moment the curtain will be rung up. I am tired of your importunities. I give you one chance to show the stuff you're made of. If you discard this opportunity, the next time you show your face at my door you shall be arrested and imprisoned as a vagrant."

The indignation excited in Delsarte by this cruel trick instantly gave way before the reflection that success was a matter of life and death with him, and that perhaps his last chance lay within his grasp. He forgot his rags;

every nerve became iron; and when the curtain was rung up, a beggar with the bearing of a prince advanced to the foot-lights, was received with derisive laughter by some, with glances of surprise and indignation by others, and, with a sad and patient smile on his countenance, gracefully saluted the brilliant audience. The courtliness of his manner disarmed hostility; but when he sat down to the piano, ran his fingers over the keys, and sang a few bars, the exquisite voice found its way to every heart. With every moment his voice became more powerful. Each gradation of emotion was rendered with an ease, an art, an expression, that made every heartstring vibrate. Then he suddenly stopped, bowed, and retired. The house rang with bravos. The dress-circle forgot its reticence, and joined in the tumult of applause. He was recalled. This time he sang a grand lyric composition with the full volume of his voice, aided in effect by those imperial gestures of which he had already discovered the secret. The audience were electrified. They declared that Talma was resuscitated. But when he was a second time recalled his tragic mood had melted; there were "tears in his voice" as well as on his cheeks.

After the fall of the curtain the director grasped his hand, loaded him with compliments, and offered him an engagement for a year at a salary of ten thousand francs. He went home to occupy his wretched attic for the last time, and falling on his knees poured forth his soul in prayer.

The next day Delsarte, neatly dressed, paid a visit to the directors of the Conservatoire.

"Gentlemen," said he, "*you* would not give me a recommendation as a *chorister*; the *public* have accorded me *this*."

And he displayed his commission as *Comédien du Roi*. Delsarte remained upon the lyric stage until 1834, when the failure of his voice, which had been strained at the Conservatory, compelled him to retire. He continued, however,

the study of music, and his productions, particularly a *Dies Irae*, placed him in the front rank of composers. At this period of his life meditation and study resulted in a firm religious faith, which never wavered afterwards.

He now applied himself to the task of establishing a scientific basis for lyric and dramatic art, and after years of patient labor perfected a system on which probably his fame will ultimately rest. His *Cours* for instruction in the principles of art was first opened in 1839. From the outset he was appreciated by the highly cultivated few, nor was it long before the circle extended and the new master won a European reputation. Some of his pupils were destined for a professional career; but many, men and women of rank and fortune, sought to learn from him the means of rendering their brilliant *salons* yet more attractive. Members of most of the reigning families of Europe were numbered among his pupils, and his apartments in Paris were filled, when I saw them, with pictures, photographs, and other souvenirs of esteem and friendship, from the highest dignitaries of Europe. When he consented, on one occasion, to appear at a *soirée* at the Tuileries, Louis Philippe received him at the foot of the grand staircase, as if he had been his peer, and bestowed on him during the evening the same attentions he would have accorded to a fellow-sovereign. The citizen king recognized the royalty of art. And it may be noted that Delsarte would not have appeared on this occasion, except on the condition that no remuneration should be offered him for the exercise of his talents.

Malibran, whose kind word in the court-yard of the Conservatory had revived Delsarte's fainting hopes, attended his early course of lectures. I have already mentioned Rachel and Macready as his pupils. I now recall the names of Sontag, of the gifted Madeleine Brohan, of Carvalho, Barbot, Pasca (who owed everything to Delsarte), and Pajol. He was the instructor in pulpit oratory of Père Lacordaire, Père

Hyacinthe, and the present abbé of Nôtre Dame.

Notwithstanding the labor exacted by his great speciality, he has done much good work in various other directions. Among his mechanical inventions are a sonotype, a tuning instrument, by means of which any one can tune a piano accurately, an improved level, theodolite, and sextant, a scale for measuring the differences in the solidity of fluids, etc.

Of the conscientiousness with which he works it may be mentioned that he devoted five years to the study of anatomy and physiology, to obtain a perfect knowledge of all the muscles, their uses and capabilities, — a knowledge which he has utilized with remarkable success.

It is now time to give some idea of his system, which can be done most satisfactorily, perhaps, through the medium of an article which appeared in the *Gazette Musicale*, from the authoritative pen of A. Guérout. After having analyzed the *maestro's* theory of vocal art, he says: —

"The study of gesture and its agents has been subjected by M. Delsarte to an analysis no less profound. Thus he recognizes in the human body three principal agents of expression, — the head, the torso, and the limbs, — which perform each a distinct part in the economy of a character. Gesture, sometimes expressive, sometimes eccentric, and sometimes compressive, assumes in each case special forms, which have been classified and described by M. Delsarte with a care and perspicuity which make his labors on this subject entirely new, and for which I know no equivalent anywhere. Permit me to explain more fully the utility of this study, to cite an application, for examples are always more eloquent than generalities. In the play of the physiognomy every portion of the face performs a separate part. Thus, for instance, it is not useless to know what function nature has assigned to the eye, the nose, to the mouth, in the expression of certain emotions of the soul. True passion, which never errs, has no

need of recurring to such studies ; but they are indispensable to the feigned passion of the actor. How useful would it not be to the actor who wishes to represent madness or wrath, to know that the eye never expresses the sentiment experienced, but simply indicates the object of this sentiment ! Cover the lower part of your face with your hand, and impart to your look all the energy of which it is susceptible, still it will be impossible for the most sagacious observer to discover whether your look expresses anger or attention. On the other hand, uncover the lower part of the face, and if the nostrils are dilated, if the contracted lips are drawn up, there is no doubt that anger is written on your countenance. An observation which confirms the purely indicative part performed by the eye is, that among raving madmen the lower part of the face is violently contracted, while the vague and uncertain look shows, clearly that their fury has no object. It is easy to conceive what a wonderful interest the actor, painter, or sculptor must find in the study of the human body thus analyzed from head to foot in its innumerable ways of expression. Hence the eloquent secrets of pantomime, those imperceptible movements of great actors which produce such powerful impressions, are decomposed and subjected to laws whose evidence and simplicity are a twofold source of admiration.

“ Finally, in what concerns articulate language M. Delsarte has assumed a yet more novel task. We all know the power of certain inflections ; we know that a phrase, which, accented in a certain way is null, accented in another way produces irresistible effects upon the stage. It is the property of great artists to discover this pre-eminent accentuation, but never, to my knowledge, did any one think of referring these happy inspirations of genius to positive laws. Yet whence comes it that a certain inflection, a certain word placed in relief, affects us ? How shall we explain this emotion, if not by a certain relation existing between the laws

of our organization, the laws of general grammar, and those of musical inflection ? There is always, in a phrase loudly enunciated, one word which sustains the passionate accent. But how shall we detach and recognize it in the midst of the phrase ? How distribute the forces of accentuation on all the words of which it is composed ? How classify and arrange them in relation to that sympathetic inflection, without which the most energetic thought halts at our intelligence without reaching our heart ? M. Delsarte has had recourse to the same method which guided him in the study of gesture. He did not study declamation on the stage, but in real life, where unpremeditated inflections spring directly from feeling ; then, fortified by innumerable observations, he rearranged grammar and rhetoric from this special point of view, and has obtained results as simple in their principles as they are fertile in their application.

“ If I wished to classify the nature and value of M. Delsarte’s labors in relation to what has been spoken or written up to this time on the art of singing or acting, I should say that the numerous precepts which have been formulated on dramatic art have had hardly any other object than the manner in which each character ought to be conceived. Ingenious and multiplied observations have been employed to bring forth the delicacies of the part and its unperceived features. The intellectual strength of the actor or vocalist has been directed to the author’s conception. He has been told to be pathetic here, menacing there ; here to assume slight tinge of irony transpiercing apparent politeness, or again to make his gesture a seeming contradiction of his words. Such an analysis of the poet’s work is certainly imperative, but how far from adequate ! And what an immense distance there is from the intelligence which comprehends to the gesture which translates, from the song which moves to the inflection which interprets ! It is with the new purpose which M. Delsarte

has embraced that, without neglecting an understanding of the author, he says to the actor: "This is what you must express. Now how will you do it? What will you do with your arms, with your head, with your voice? Do you know the laws of your organization? Do you know how to go to work to be pathetic, dignified, comic, or familiar, to represent the clemency of Augustus or the drunkenness of a coachman?" In a word, he teaches the vocalist or actor the laws of this language, of this eloquence which nature places in our eyes, in our gestures, in the suppressed or expansive tones of our voice, in the accent of speech. He teaches the actor, or, to speak more properly, the man, to know himself, to manage artistically that inimitable instrument which is man himself, all whose parts contribute to a harmonious unity. Hence, aware of the gravity of such an assertion, I do not hesitate to proclaim here that I believe M. Delsarte's work will remain among the fundamental bases; I believe that his labors are destined to give a solid foundation to theatric art, to elevate and to ennoble it; I believe that there is no actor, no singer, however eminent, who cannot derive from the acquirements and luminous studies of M. Delsarte positive germs of development and progress. I believe that whoever makes the external interpretation of the sentiments of the human soul his business and profession, whether painter, sculptor, orator, or actor, that all men of taste who support them will applaud this attempt to create the science of *expressive* man; a science from which antiquity seems to have lifted the veil, and what appears willing to revive in our days, in the hands of a man, worthy by his patient and conscientious efforts to discover some of its most precious secrets."

Delsarte has sought neither fame nor wealth. He could easily have secured both by remaining on the stage as an actor, after he had lost his power as a vocalist. He preferred to surrender himself in comparative retirement

to the study of science and art, and the instruction of those who sought his aid in mastering the principles of the latter. To the needy this instruction was imparted gratuitously, and more than one successful actress has been raised from penury to fortune by the benevolence of her teacher.

It would be easy to cite many illustrations of the goodness and tenderness of this man. Religious fervor has largely influenced his life and is the key-note of his character; but his faith is not hampered by bigotry. Like all minds of high rank, he holds that science and art are the handmaids of religion.

I have said that this remarkable man did not seek fame; it has come to him unsought. Pages might be filled with voluntary tributes to his genius from the foremost minds of France,—Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, Madame Emile de Girardin. Lamartine pronounced him "a sublime orator." Fiorentino, the keen, delicate, and calm critic, spoke of him as "this master, whose feeling is so true, whose style is so elevated, whose passion is so profound, that there is nothing in art so beautiful and so perfect."

If we hazarded an intrusion into the domestic circle of Delsarte, we should find one of those pure and happy family groups, fortunately for France by no means rare even in her capital,—one of those French homes the existence of which nearly all Englishmen and many Americans deny. We should find a bond of sympathy and a community of talent uniting father and mother, two fair daughters, and three brave sons. Or, rather, we should have found this happy gathering, for the iron hand of war has broken the charmed ring. The dear old home on the Boulevard de Courcelles is deserted. Father, mother, and daughters were compelled to seek refuge in the North of France, the sons to march against the Prussians. Let us trust that long ere this they have reached home unwounded, and that the grand old *maestro* has no further ills in store for his declining years.

F. A. Durvage.

THE CAPTAIN. IN MAY.

THAT was a curlew calling overhead,
That fine, clear whistle shaken from the clouds:
See! hovering o'er the swamp with wings outspread,
He sinks where at its edge the shining crowds
Of yellow violets dance in green and gold,
Stirred by the spring wind blowing blithe and bold.

Blithe south wind, spreading bloom upon the sea,
Drawing about the world this band of haze
So softly delicate, and bringing me
A breath of balm that like a blessing stays.
Though beauty like a dream bathes sea and land,
For the first time Death holds me by the hand.

Yet none the less the swallows weave above
Through the bright air a web of light and song,
And crying clear and sweet from cove to cove
The sandpiper the lonely rocks among
Makes wistful music, and the singing sea
Sends its strong chorus upward solemnly.

O mother Nature, infinitely dear!
Vainly I search the beauty of thy face,
Vainly thy myriad voices charm my ear;
I cannot gather from thee any trace
Of God's intent. Help me to understand
Why this sweet morn Death holds me by the hand.

I watch the waves, shoulder to shoulder set,
That strive and vanish and are seen no more;
The earth is sown with graves that we forget,
And races of mankind the wide world o'er
Rise, strive, and vanish, leaving naught behind,
Like changing waves swept by the changing wind.

"Hard-hearted, cold, and blind!" she answers me,
"Vexing thy soul with riddles hard to guess!
No waste of any atom canst thou see,
Nor make I any gesture purposeless.
Lift thy dim eyes up to the conscious sky!
God meant the rapture in the curlew's cry.

"He holds his whirling worlds in check, not one
May from its awful orbit swerve aside;
Yet breathes he in this south wind, bids the sun
Wake the fair flowers he fashioned, far and wide,
And this strong pain thou canst not understand
Is but his grasp on thy reluctant hand."

Celia Thaxter.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

FIRST EXPEDITION.

THE capture of Fort Fisher was one of the most brilliant naval and military achievements of the war. This formidable earthwork was situated on Federal Point, N. C., in the department of Virginia and North Carolina, and was built more particularly to guard the entrance of New Inlet, while Fort Caswell served the same purpose in respect to the West Inlet.

This department was under the command of Major-General Benjamin F. Butler.

There were other extensive fortifications on Smith's Island and on the banks of the Cape Fear River. Although a large and expensive blockading fleet was kept continually opposite these inlets, still, on account of the peculiar formation of the mouth of Cape Fear River and the effect of storms, it was next to an impossibility on the one hand to prevent the exportation of cotton and other products of the South, and, on the other, entirely to exclude foreign supplies and munitions of war from the port of Wilmington. The necessity of putting an end to this illicit commerce with the Rebels, by the capture of these defences of Wilmington, had long been urged upon the government.

But there were also other great objects to be accomplished. General Sherman was rapidly approaching Savannah, and it was believed that after taking that city he would march to Goldsboro, N. C. It therefore became important that the government should have possession of Wilmington, so that supplies might be sent up the Cape Fear River.

The reduction of these defences could not be accomplished by the navy, and "without military aid and co-operation it could not be effected or even wisely attempted." In the fall of 1864 the War and Navy Departments agreed

to organize a joint movement which would insure success. The Secretary of the Navy said in his report, in relation to the naval branch of the expedition, that "to place that force under the command of the first officer in the navy was a duty. Vice-Admiral Farragut was therefore selected to conduct the enterprise, but impaired health, the result of exposure and unremitted exertions during two years of active labor and unceasing efforts in the Gulf, rendered it imprudent for that distinguished and energetic officer to enter upon this service." Admiral Farragut having declined to serve for the reasons above stated, on the 22d day of September, 1864, the Secretary of the Navy detached Rear-Admiral D. D. Porter from the command of the Mississippi Squadron, and ordered him to proceed to Beaufort, N. C., and relieve Acting Rear-Admiral S. P. Lee, in command of the North Atlantic Blockading-Squadron.

Fort Fisher having been the objective point of the two expeditions, it may not be inappropriate to add a brief description of it.

"Fort Fisher is situated on the peninsula between the Cape Fear River and the Atlantic Ocean, about a mile and a half northeast of Federal Point. For five miles north of Federal Point this peninsula is sandy and low, not rising more than fifteen feet above high tide, the interior abounding in fresh-water swamps, often wooded and almost impassable, while much of the dry land, till one gets within half a mile of Fort Fisher, is covered with wood or low undergrowth, except a strip about three hundred yards wide along the sea-shore.

"Fort Fisher consists of two fronts, — the first, or land front, running across the peninsula at this point, seven hundred yards wide, is four hundred

and eighty yards in length; while the second, or sea front, runs from the right of the first parallel to the beach to the Mound Battery, a distance of thirteen hundred yards. The land front is intended to resist any attack from the north, the sea front to prevent any of our naval vessels from running through New Inlet, or landing troops on Federal Point.

"1. *Land Front.*—This front consists of a half-bastion on the left, or Cape Fear River side, connected by a curtain with a bastion on the ocean side. The parapet is twenty-five feet thick, averages twenty feet in height, with traverses rising ten feet above it and running back on their tops, which were from eight to twelve feet in thickness, to a distance of from thirty to forty feet from the interior crest. The traverses on the left half bastion were about twenty-five feet in length on the top.

"The earth for this heavy parapet, and the enormous traverses at their inner ends, more than thirty feet in height, was obtained partly from a shallow exterior ditch, but mainly from the interior of the work. Between each pair of traverses there was one or two guns. The traverses on the right of this front were only partially completed. A palisade, which is loop-holed and has a banquette, runs in front of this face at a distance of about fifty feet in front of the foot of the exterior slope from the Cape Fear River to the ocean, with a position for a gun between the left of the front and the river, and another between the right of the front and the ocean. Through the middle traverse on the curtain was a bomb-proof postern, whose exterior opening was covered by a small redan for two field-pieces, to give flank fire along the curtain. The traverses were generally bomb-proofed, for men or magazines. The slopes of the work appear to have been revetted with marsh sod, or covered with grass, and to have had an inclination of forty-five degrees, or a little less. . . . There was a formidable system of torpedoes two hundred yards in advance of this front,

the torpedoes being about eighty feet apart and each containing about one hundred pounds of powder. They were connected with the fort by three sets of wires. . . .

"2. *Sea Front.*—This front consists of a series of batteries, mounting in all twenty-four guns, the different batteries being connected by a strong infantry parapet, so as to form a continuous line. The same system of heavy traverses for the protection of the guns, is used as on the land front, and these traverses are also generally bomb-proofed. It may be added that, in the thirty bomb-proof magazines and the passages, there were fourteen thousand five hundred feet of floor space, not including the main magazine, which was exploded and whose dimensions are unknown." (See Report of General C. B. Comstock, of General Grant's staff, dated Head-quarters United States Forces, Fort Fisher, N. C., January 27, 1865.)

On the 6th of December, 1864, General Grant wrote to General Butler, "The details for the execution are intrusted to you and the officers immediately in command of the troops." All the troops which composed the army branch of both expeditions were drawn from the Army of the James, which army was commanded by General Butler. The necessary marching orders having been issued to the troops who were to take part in the expedition, Major-General Benjamin F. Butler called on Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant at his head-quarters at City Point, Va., on the night of the 8th day of December, for the purpose of informing him of the fact. Lieutenant-Colonel Comstock was here taken on board of General Butler's boat. General Butler said to the Lieutenant-General, on taking his leave, "Now we will get off as soon as we can," and "I shall be before Fort Fisher on or about the 16th day of December, and I hope I shall be able to present the fort to you as a Christmas present."

As soon as darkness closed in on the 7th day of December, 1864, General

Ames, with the picked men of his division, moved out from their position on the New Market Road, followed by General Paine's division of colored troops and Captain R. L. Lee's Battery of Independent Artillery. Through a rain-storm this column pressed on across the pontoon bridge at Deep Bottom, and reached the signal-tower on the Appomattox before daybreak. Here camp-fires were lighted. The probable object of this was to lead the enemy to believe that we were moving troops to the left on the Weldon Railroad. Early Thursday morning the line of march was again taken up for Bermuda Hundreds, where the troops were embarked on transports. On account of the draught of these transports, many of them were obliged to anchor in the river during the night, and it was Saturday before all the vessels had arrived in Hampton Roads. The following composed the army branch of the expedition: Major-General Benjamin F. Butler and staff, Lieutenant-Colonel C. B. Comstock, of General Grant's staff, Major-General Godfrey Weitzel and staff (although General Butler accompanied the expedition as Commanding General, still General Weitzel was in the immediate command of the troops), 2d Division of 24th Army Corps under the command of Brigadier-General Adelbert Ames, 3d Division of 25th Army Corps under the command of Brigadier-General Charles J. Paine, and Captain R. L. Lee Battery of Independent Artillery. These troops, taken together, amounted to about six thousand five hundred men. Generals Butler and Weitzel and Lieutenant-Colonel Comstock made their headquarters on board of the Ben Deford, General Ames on the Baltic, and General Paine on the Livingston. The naval force consisted of thirty-seven vessels, five of which were iron-clads, and a reserved force of nineteen vessels.

On Saturday, the 10th of December, General Butler telegraphed to General Grant that he was at Fortress Monroe, ready to sail and waiting for the navy. General Grant replied to this:

"If you do not get off immediately you will lose the chance of surprising a weak garrison." The idea of the Lieutenant-General seemed to be that the success of the expedition depended on the celerity of its movements in order to make a surprise. In this he was to be disappointed, for delay after delay occurred.

On the 13th of December Admiral Porter wrote General Butler that "the rest of the fleet would leave here in three hours, and proceed to the rendezvous, twenty-five miles east of Cape Fear River." On account of the delay the expedition had become common talk at Fortress Monroe and Norfolk.

General Butler being assured at last that the navy was in readiness to sail, and that several vessels had in fact already sailed, and knowing that a portion of the country between the Potomac and the Rappahannock Rivers was infested with spies and scouts, in order to deceive the enemy ordered his whole fleet to get ready and proceed up the Potomac as far as Matthias Point. No doubt many a courier fled to announce the presence of the armada, and then the strategical object was accomplished. As soon as it was dark the bows were turned down the river, and the morning of the 14th of December found the army fleet lying off Cherry-stone Point. The navy had already sailed, and must have had some twenty-four hours' start. Admiral Porter has since claimed that he did not sail first. It is very probable the Admiral thought that, when the army sailed up the bay that they had gone directly to sea.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th the Major-General commanding arrived on the Ben Deford and directed the fleet to immediately weigh anchor and sail for the point of its destination. This was a sight long to be remembered. Few army officers had ever seen such a magnificent display. The decks of the vessels were crowded to witness this small army afloat. Many an anxious inquiry was made as to its destination, for, up to

this time, no one appeared to know, although Wilmington seemed to be the point selected by the staff and other officers who had good opportunities of forming a judgment. After giving these orders, General Butler sailed on in advance of the transport fleet. Soon after starting, General Ames, wishing further instructions in relation to the sailing and rendezvousing of the fleet now temporarily under his command, despatched a staff officer in the Winans, a North River tug-boat, to communicate with General Butler upon this subject. This officer overtook the Ben Deford twenty-five miles south of Cape Lookout, in the afternoon of the next day. He then stood off to meet the fleet and was taken on board the Baltic at about four o'clock. The transport fleet was collected late in the night of the 15th, twenty-five miles due east of Masonboro Inlet. Here the army awaited the coming of the navy, which did not arrive until the afternoon of the 18th.

During the whole of the 16th we were drifting at sea. The ocean was smooth, and we were experiencing the finest possible weather. General Butler stood in toward the blockading fleet, the transport fleet remaining at Masonboro Inlet. The sea was so calm that he lowered his gig and took a row for pleasure. This weather continued up to the night of the 18th of December. During these days of delay every soldier who could procure a hook and line turned fisherman for the nonce. Blackfish were caught in large numbers.

On the 17th of December General Ames started in the Winans to report to General Butler, who was found with the blockading fleet off Federal Point. Here, together with General Weitzel and Colonel Comstock, on this little vessel, he reconnoitred Fort Fisher under fire. The information gained was of an important character.

On the afternoon of the 18th Rear-Admiral Porter with his navy arrived off New Inlet. He determined to commence operations immediately. At this time the mysterious torpedo made its first appearance. There had been

many rumors afloat regarding it. Now it had actually arrived, and the Admiral gave orders to have it exploded that very night.

The effect of explosions at Erith and Woolwich in England, and at City Point on the James, had suggested to General Butler the use of a torpedo in the destruction of fortifications. He believed that the proper ignition of an immense amount of powder under the walls of Fort Fisher would dismount the guns, explode the magazines, and probably destroy its garrison. He communicated this idea to Admiral Porter, who indorsed the opinion of the General. Admiral Porter afterwards said that he believed that the explosion would destroy Wilmington and Smithville. Rear-Admiral Porter's General Order No. 70, dated North Atlantic Squadron, Hampton Roads, December 10, 1864, among other things, contains the following directions: "It is first proposed to endeavor to paralyze the garrison by an explosion, all the vessels remaining twelve miles out from the bar, and the troops in transports twelve miles down the coast ready to steam up, and be prepared to take the works by assault in case the latter are disabled. At a given signal all the bar vessels will run off shore twelve miles, when the vessel with powder will go in under the forts. When the explosion takes place, all the vessels will stand in shore in the order marked on the plan." The Admiral thought a good deal would be accomplished by the explosion, and also advised that the vessels should be run out twenty-five miles and the steam drawn, lest their boilers should be blown up by the explosion.

The arrangements necessary to carry out this enterprise had to be executed by the navy. A flat-bottomed, light-draught, worn-out propeller of two hundred and fifty tons, called the Louisiana, was ordered to and arrived at Hampton Roads on the 30th of November, 1864. She was subsequently altered to resemble a blockade-runner at Norfolk, Va. Under an order of

Admiral Porter's, in which he stated that the chances were "death or glory, honor or promotion," Commander Alexander C. Rhind was selected to execute the plan for the explosion, which was fraught with so much danger. After having changed the appearance of the vessel, she was sent down to Craney Island, at the mouth of the Elizabeth River, where she received one hundred and eighty-five tons of powder. It was placed on the berth-deck in fifty-pound bags, also in the coal-bunker, and the rest in the deck-house. On the 13th day of December, 1864, a temporary crew was placed on her, and she was towed to Beaufort and anchored near Shackelford Banks. It was here she had thirty additional tons of powder placed on board her. On the morning of the 18th of December this immense torpedo was again towed by the *Sassacus* to a point off New Inlet, arriving there a little after dark. The soundings had only been completed on the 17th of December. However, Admiral Porter had already determined to explode the powder-boat on the following night. At about half past nine o'clock in the evening of the 18th of December the *Wilderness* took the torpedo in tow and stood in toward Fort Fisher for the purpose of executing the order. But the threatening aspect of the weather, the disappearance of the lights on the mound, induced Commander Rhind to give up the enterprise for the night. At eight o'clock in the evening General Butler received a letter from Admiral Porter to the effect that he had already sent the powder-boat in to have it exploded. General Butler immediately sent General Weitzel and Colonel Comstock on board the *Malvern* to ask a postponement. It was evident that there could be no benefit derived, if the troops could not be landed and the enemy prevented from gaining time to repair damages. The A. D. Vance was then despatched to countermand the order, and met the *Louisiana* returning from the fort. Thus ended the first attempt to explode the torpedo.

It was now evident that the wind was freshening, and all the old salts predicted a gale. The troops had been ten days on transports. The coal and water was exhausted on nearly all of them. This made a re-supply necessary. Besides this, a gale had arisen and was rapidly increasing to a terrific storm. As a simple matter of safety the army fleet was obliged to go to some port of shelter. On the morning of the 19th General Butler took the wise precaution to send a few vessels into Beaufort that needed supplies. By the 20th the dreadful storm had burst upon the vessels with all its fury. Nearly all the transports were sent into Beaufort, N. C., for a safe harbor and for supplies; but the stanch old *Baltic* pointed her prow to the sea, and nobly rode out the violence of the elements. The navy also remained outside. One small army vessel that had not received the order to go into Beaufort, and which had on board a battery of artillery, came near being lost. The men in the midst of the gale were obliged to dismount the guns and take the carriages apart and put them in the bottom of the vessel, to save her from total wreck. General Butler accompanied his fleet. From this point he sent a staff officer to Admiral Porter, to inform him that he would return off New Inlet as soon as he had coaled and watered, certainly by the 25th of December, 1864. Every one went to work to supply the transports and to prepare them again for sea service. This was not accomplished until the morning of the 24th of December. These vessels could not have been resupplied at an earlier date, for it was only by the almost superhuman efforts of the officers of the fleet that it was effected by the time mentioned. In order to water the fleet they had to send fifteen miles up the railroad. The gale had not entirely spent its fury until the morning of the 23d of December.

While the army was thus storm-bound in Beaufort, without coal or water, Admiral Porter determined to attack Fort Fisher.

The Admiral, in his report dated North Atlantic Squadron, United States ship Malvern, at sea off Beaufort, N. C., December 26, 1864, says: "After the southwester, the wind chopped around to the westward and gave us a beautiful spell of weather, which I could not afford to lose; and the transports with the troops not making their appearance, I determined to take advantage of it, and attack Fort Fisher and its outworks. . . . On the 23d I directed Commander Rhind to proceed and explode the vessel." The explosion of the powder-boat was to precede the attack to be made on the following day by the navy alone, for it was well known that the army could not be present on the 24th day of December. It is a remarkable fact that, although General Butler had suggested the use of this immense torpedo, the privilege of being personally present at its explosion should not have been at least accorded him. The success of the enterprise would seem to have demanded the presence of the army, so that in case any of the supposed effects of the torpedo had been experienced, it could have been in a position to reap the benefits resulting therefrom.

Is it fair to presume that the sailors and marines could have operated against the fort, even though its garrison were in a demoralized condition, as effectively as the army, trained and accustomed as it was to this specialty in warfare? The Admiral must have had the utmost confidence in the powder-boat to think that he could, after the explosion, send a few of his marines ashore to walk in and take possession. However, the fact remains that the army was in Beaufort, N. C., when the Admiral ordered Commander Rhind to explode the Louisiana.

Here the powder-boat again plays an important part. There had been four different appliances adopted for the ignition of the powder: 1. A clock-work; 2. Lighted candles with fuses; 3. Slow match; and 4. Firing the ship. At about eleven o'clock on the night

of the 23d of December the Wilderness once more took the mammoth torpedo in tow and started in toward the fort. The Wilderness continued in until she was in six fathoms of water when she cast the Louisiana off. The powder-boat then steamed on alone until she was about eight hundred and fifty yards off the northeast salient of the fort, where she was anchored. (See Colonel Comstock's map.) On the other hand, General Whiting estimates this distance to have been "between twelve (12) and fifteen hundred (1500) yards, not nearer." (See Report on the Conduct of the War, p. 106.) Here a few minutes were spent in making the final arrangements to explode the powder. The firing party then repaired to the deck of the Wilderness, which vessel ran out about twelve miles to sea and awaited the effect of the explosion. Commodore Rhind in his report says that "at precisely 1.40 A. M. the explosion took place, the shock being hardly felt, and four distinct reports heard. What result was occasioned near the vessel we can only estimate by the feeble fire of the forts next day. My opinion is that, owing to the want of confinement and insufficient fusing of the mass, much of the powder was blown away before ignition, and its effect lost. The fuses were set by the clocks to one hour and a half, but the explosion did not occur till twenty-two minutes after that time had elapsed, the after part of the vessel being then enveloped in flames." Beyond all peradventure the powder was ignited by the fire that had been made in the stern of the boat as a *dernier ressort* for burning the powder and to prevent the vessel from falling into the hands of the enemy. The powder should have been exploded by the clocks at twenty minutes past one. But the explosion did not take place until about a quarter to two o'clock; then, as all the spectators admit, the stern of the boat was completely wrapped in flames, "the last thing they did being to set her on fire under the cabin," according to Admiral Porter. However in-

genious the machinery for the ignition of the fuses was, it is almost certain that it did not perform its part. Even if fuses were set, they never were properly laid. They were only run into the upper and outer bags in the deck-house. Holes were then merely bored through the deck to the powder below. If the Gomez fuses had been interlaced through every layer, as General Butler advised, a very different result would have been accomplished. The omission to run the fuses through the bags of powder below the decks was a serious error. Lieutenant-Commander Jeffers states in his report (see Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 250) that it had been suggested to use the Beardslee Electro-Magnetic Machine and wires to explode the powder, but that "it was not favorably considered by those charged with the execution of the plan." There must have been a mismanagement in the preparation of the appliances by which the powder was to be ignited. Every candid person must admit that the experiment was not properly made. The consequence was that a very small part of the powder was ever burnt; the remainder either went down with the wreck or was blown into the ocean. Therefore the theory of General Butler, that an immense torpedo like that of the Louisiana would, if properly exploded near an enemy's fortification, destroy it and paralyze the garrison, has never yet been tested. It may be stated in this connection that, had General Butler's plan been followed, the torpedo would have been run in upon the beach before firing it. No person can estimate what would have been the effect of the ignition of two hundred and ten tons of powder under the walls of Fort Fisher. The failure was not in the conception of the plan, but in its execution. Another great error was in attempting to explode the powder at such an early part of the night. Even if the effects hoped for had been accomplished, the enemy would have had ample time for recovery and repairs. Could there have been a more

inauspicious time selected, not only the hour of the night, but in the absence of the army? The Committee on the Conduct of the War found that "the time for the explosion was not such, in the opinion of your committee, as was proper to allow all the results which would have been attained by a more complete explosion to have been taken advantage of by the co-operating land force." Every one must recollect that but a small part of the powder was really exploded, and the fort was not materially injured.

The grand naval attack which had been preceded by the attempted explosion of the powder-boat was made on the following day.

Admiral Porter says: "At daylight on the 24th the fleet got under way and stood in, in line of battle. At 11.30 A. M. the signal was made to engage the forts, the Ironsides leading, and the Monadnock, Canonicus, and Mahopac following. The Ironsides took her position in the most beautiful and seamanlike manner, got her spring out, and opened deliberate fire on the fort, which was firing at her with all its guns, which did not seem numerous in the northeast face, though we counted what appeared to be seventeen guns; but four or five of these were fired from that direction, and they were silenced almost as soon as the Ironsides opened her terrific battery. The Minnesota then took her position in handsome style, and her guns, after getting the range, were fired with rapidity, while the Mohican, Colorado, and the large vessels marked on the plan, got to their stations, all firing to cover themselves while anchoring. By the last of the large vessels anchored and got their batteries into play, but one or two guns of the enemy were fired, this *feu d'enfer* driving them all to their bomb-proofs; . . . the battle became general; . . . such a torrent of missiles were falling into and bursting over it [the fort] that it was impossible for any human being to stand it. . . . But when they all got into place and commenced work in earnest, the shower

of shell (one hundred and fifteen per minute) was irresistible. . . . Our men were at work at the guns five hours, and glad to get a little rest." (See pages 123, 124, and 125, Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.) The fire of the navy on this attack was as rapid as on any of the following days. The navy must have fired away about half of its ammunition on this day, because, at the end of the bombardment on the 25th, Captain Breese told General Weitzel that the navy had not sufficient ammunition to continue in case the army would elect to remain on shore. Admiral Porter says in his report of the bombardment of the 25th December, "As the ammunition gave out the vessels retired from action." And in a letter to General Butler dated the 26th of December, 1864: "I have ordered the largest vessels to proceed off Beaufort and fill up with ammunition, to be ready for another attack." It is apparent that the ammunition used on the 24th of December contributed little to the objects of the expedition. The War and Navy Departments had determined that a combined attack of the two branches of the service was necessary for the reduction of the fort. The Secretary of the Navy thought that it was not wise to even attempt the capture of the fort without a co-operating force of the army. It does not appear from whence Admiral Porter had received instructions to make the purely naval attack on the 24th. Suppose that General Butler had returned to Fortress Monroe without making an effort in the direction of the object of the expedition, would it not have been the duty of Admiral Porter to postpone his attack until he had the necessary co-operating army force near the scene of operations and ready to land? What would the country have said if General Butler, while lying off Fort Fisher waiting for the navy, during the first days of beautiful weather which preceded the storm, had determined to take advantage of it and attack? The navy had no more right to attack without the army, than

the army would have had to attack without the navy. Still, the Admiral says that he determined to attack. It is very true that he states in his letter to Secretary Wells, dated January 21, 1865, "In a conversation with General Grant I expressly told him that I wanted nothing to do with General Butler." Notwithstanding this admission, it would be a very serious charge to make against the Admiral that he did not wish General Butler present when he made *his* attempt to take the stronghold. General Butler, on the other hand, seemed to have taken great precaution that the *entente cordiale* should be maintained between the army and navy. Admiral Porter, although the junior officer, sent his fleet captain to confer with General Butler instead of going himself, while the General twice called upon the Admiral at Fortress Monroe on business connected with the expedition. However, after the navy was once ready to commence, there seemed to be a desire to push ahead, regardless of the army. The commanding officer of the navy seemed to say, "Here I am off Fort Fisher, all prepared to attack, and determined to go on; I am going to take this fort myself; if the army wants to participate in the glory that will attend the achievement, it must hurry up, or it will be too late; if the fort succumbs to the fire of my navy, I will send a handful of my marines ashore and receive its surrender." The officers and men on board the *Baltic*, which vessel had remained at sea, crowded her decks in wonderment, gazing at the terrific fire on the fort, and asking themselves what advantage was to be gained by it, while the troops which had been deemed necessary to take the fortification were so many miles away. During the bombardment the fort replied at long intervals in a sullen and determined manner. There was no perceptible change in the appearance of the fort, for it proved, on its capture, that the heavy shots had struck in its sides and buried themselves in the sand, which had fallen back to its place

and refilled the breaches made by the projectiles. On Saturday morning, the 24th of December, General Butler was first informed at Beaufort, N. C., that the powder-boat had been exploded on the previous night at about a quarter before two o'clock. After ordering his transports to follow him, he started for and arrived off New Inlet between four and five P. M., in time to see the end of the first day's bombardment. A staff officer was sent on board to confer with Admiral Porter, but he returned word that he was too much fatigued to give them audience, but would receive General Weitzel and Colonel Comstock early in the morning. At half past six o'clock, Sunday morning, General Weitzel repaired on board the *Malvern*, with instructions from General Butler to urge the Admiral to run by the fort into Cape Fear River. To this proposition Admiral Porter did not accede. General Grant had said on this subject to General Weitzel: "Weitzel, this is to be made another Mobile affair. The navy will run some of their vessels into the Cape Fear, and I would advise you to land your troops and take a position across the peninsula, and then Fort Fisher and these works will fall exactly as Fort Morgan did."

There were a number of captured blockade-runners in the fleet that had been fitted up as gunboats. It had been thought that these vessels might have been utilized in this undertaking, but the Admiral decided otherwise, and the idea of making this another Mobile affair was abandoned. Preparations were now made to recommence the bombardment, and if possible to effect a landing of the troops. The transports had continued to arrive during the night, and by the morning of the 25th of December were in their proper position off New Inlet. At about eight A. M. the navy formed in line of battle, the *Ironsides* leading in the attack and the monitors following. The firing from the vessels was a great deal slower on this day than on the day before. It was half past one in the afternoon before the Flag Pond Battery was entirely

silenced, and arrangements were completed by the naval brigade, under command of Brigadier-General C. K. Graham, to commence the landing of the troops. To cover this landing the Brooklyn and seventeen gunboats opened fire on the strip of woods just back of the beach which hid the enemy from our view. They also sent boats to the troops and rendered every assistance they could. It was a grand sight to see the Brooklyn open her broadsides. The enemy did not seem to relish the fire, and soon retreated and allowed the army to make their landing without further resistance, but not until they had sent a few shots whistling through the rigging of the *Ben Deford* and the *Baltic* and other vessels of the army fleet. The landing was effected in the vicinity of the Flag Pond Battery, which was situated about three miles north of Fort Fisher. Five hundred men of General Curtis's brigade of General Ames's division were the first troops to land on the beach, General Curtis being the first man to touch the land. As this successful disembarkation took place, a prolonged cheer went up from the decks of the transports. By the energetic efforts of General Graham the remainder of Curtis's brigade was speedily and handsomely landed. Skirmishers were thrown out into the woods in front to cover the disembarkation which continued to take place. General Curtis immediately formed his brigade and marched toward the fort along the sea-beach. As this brigade approached Flag Pond Battery the garrison ran up the white flag of surrender. The troops pushed on rapidly through the sand, for they were naturally anxious to take the prisoners. However, ere this could be effected a boat was sent ashore and the garrison, to the number of sixty-five men, carried off on board of the *Santiago de Cuba*. These prisoners belonged to the 17th North Carolina Regiment, which regiment our troops had left in front of their lines near Richmond, Va., before starting upon the expedition. By the time Curtis's bri-

gade had been landed and formed, it was quite evident that the surf was rapidly becoming heavier; already many boats were swamped. It was with the greatest difficulty that ammunition could be got through the surf without becoming damaged. Still the disembarkation continued. By three o'clock a large number of the boats had been overturned either in passing through the surf to the shore or in attempting to return through it to the ships. Although by repeated efforts many were righted, still some of them were hopelessly lost. One boat was so suddenly overturned that a number of men were caught under it. It was some time before they could be rescued. None of the men after three o'clock reached the shore without getting a thorough drenching. The men struggled gallantly with the elements, and all that nerve and strength could do was done in order to get the boats through the still rapidly rising surf. By the Herculean efforts of all, the most of Pennypacker's brigade was landed and marched forward to support Curtis, who in the mean time had been pushed up to the attack. The sand being very deep, the marching was necessarily slow. It was an utter impossibility to march the men on the double-quick.

On its way up to the fort General Curtis's brigade captured a battalion of North Carolina Junior Reserves, numbering about two hundred and fifty men under the command of a major, who had been sent out of the fort because there were not a sufficient number of bomb-proofs there to contain them. They had been ordered to remain outside the works during the day and to return at night after the fire of the navy had ceased. This is an important fact. It seems to prove that there must have been a garrison large enough to man the parapet of the fort without drawing upon these reserves. This, taken together with the other facts, clearly shows that there was a well-disciplined garrison within the walls always ready to man the parapet and

palisade as soon as the bombardment should end. These prisoners were sent off on board the transports. While Curtis's brigade was preparing for the assault, some of the men came upon a line of telegraph, the wires of which were cut. They also captured a Rebel mail-bag. The letters were written by members of the senior reserves to their families about domestic matters, and to prominent men asking for their influence to get retired from further military duty. Curtis marched resolutely on, but notwithstanding his great efforts to force march his men, the day was fast growing to an end before he had advanced his skirmishers up to the fort and found himself in position to charge. This line was pushed up to within two hundred yards of the fort, the garrison being kept in their bomb-proofs by the fire of the navy. Ten men were wounded at this time by our own shells. Immediately upon the cessation of the fire of the navy, the garrison of the fort remanned the works and the palisade. The land front had only two of its guns disabled, and the fort was "substantially uninjured as a defensive work." The enemy opened on our skirmish line and fired through the loopholes of the palisade. General Butler in his report dated Head-quarters Department of Virginia and North Carolina, December 25, 1864, says that "it was evident as soon as the fire of the navy ceased, because of darkness, that the fort was fully manned again and opened with grape and canister upon our picket line." It would have been temerity to order a charge at this time.

The following are statements made by General Whiting, the Rebel commandant of the fort, just previous to his death, in reply to a series of questions framed by General Butler and bearing upon the subject of the strength and reinforcement of the garrison of Fort Fisher, and likewise upon the effect of the bombardment. It is a fact that these answers were not given under oath; still they were made by a man in the solemnity of his approaching

death, and therefore "will carry the force of moral truth and certainty, although not in the form of judicial evidence."

"Five (5) companies of the 36th Regiment North Carolina troops, and Adams's Light Battery, amounting to six hundred and sixty-seven (667) aggregate, was the number of the garrison at Fort Fisher on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of December last."

"On the 23d, one hundred and ten men, veteran artillery of the 10th Regiment North Carolina troops, fifty sailors and the 7th Battalion Junior Reserves, about two hundred and fifty strong, were thrown into the fort."

"*Question 13.* Please state whether any part, and if so, how much of the damage done to the fort by the fire of the navy was repaired during the night?"

"*Answer.* Casualties first day: killed, none; wounded, one (1) mortally, three (3) severely, and nineteen (19) slightly; total, 23. Five (5) gun-carriages disabled.

"Second day: killed, three (3); wounded, nine (9) mortally, six (6) severely, and twenty-eight (28) slightly; total, 46. Damage but very slight; one (1) 10-inch, two (2) 32-pounder, and one (1) 8-inch carriages disabled, and one (1) 10-inch gun disabled. Damage repaired at night. Enemy's fire formidable and sustained, but diffuse, unconcentrated. Apparent design of the fleet to silence the channel batteries, in order to force an entrance with his vessels, and not to attack by land.

"The garrison was in no instance driven from its guns, and fired in return, according to orders, slowly and deliberately, six hundred and sixty-two (662) shot and shells.

"*Question 14.* By reason of the cessation of the bombardment at night, were you not able to rest and recruit your garrison?"

"*Answer.* We were able to do both.

"*Question 15.* At the time of the landing, where was the supporting force, if any, to the fort?"

"*Answer.* Assembling at Sugar Loaf as fast as Hoke's people arrived."

"*Question 17.* At the time our skirmish line was deployed before the fort, what was the condition of the guns and defences upon the land side as to efficiency for a defensive purpose?"

"*Answer.* The guns and defences on the land front were in perfect order at the time referred to, except two (2) disabled guns on the left; nineteen guns in position; palisade in perfect order and the mines the same, the wires not having been cut."

"*Question 18.* In view of the condition of the fort and its garrison, would it have been possible with either three (3) or six (6) thousand men to have taken the work by assault? (NOTE.—In answering this question, please give as many of the details for the reason you may give as possible.)

"*Answer.* Possible, yes. Probable, no. The work was very strong, the garrison in good spirits and ready; and the fire on the approaches (the assaulting column having no cover) would have been extraordinarily heavy. In addition to the heavy guns, I had a battery of Napoleons, on which I placed great reliance. The palisade alone would have been a most formidable obstacle." (See pages iv and v, Report Committee on the Conduct of the War.)

Before this immense stronghold, uninjured as it really was, stood Curtis's brigade; an isolated band of twelve hundred men on a narrow strip of land, with an enemy in their rear. General Ames says in his report, "Upon the report of Brevet Brigadier-General Curtis that he could take the fort, I sent his brigade forward to make the attempt." Even the gallant Curtis did not deem it wise to take the responsibility to assault, although he had permission from General Ames to do so. To have attacked with such an inadequate force would and could have only resulted in disaster and defeat. This brigade constituted all the troops that were within charging distance of the fort. General Ames strained every nerve to get Pennypacker's brigade up in time, but it could not be accom-

plished. Colonel Pennypacker could not have reinforced General Curtis, until late in the night, and before this the enemy would have made an attack upon their rear. There was no line, as there was in the second expedition, run across the land to guard against an attack from the direction of Wilmington. From the first prisoners General Butler learned that two brigades of Hoke's division of Rebel troops were in the woods near the point of our landing. The remainder of the division continued to arrive from Wilmington, to which place they had been ordered, after leaving the position occupied by them in front of General Butler near Richmond. The storm that was fast coming up might drive off the navy, and then the small body of our troops on shore would soon fall into the hands of the Confederates. General Whiting makes the following statement on the subject:—

"Question 21. In view of the condition of the weather immediately following the demonstration of the 25th of December, and in view of the force that might have concentrated upon the peninsula as well above as below the place of landing, would it, in your judgment, have been possible for six thousand men without artillery to have held out there, without being captured or overwhelmed, from the 26th of December to the 15th of January?

"Answer. No; and it is a matter of grave charge against General Bragg that the whole force was not captured on the 26th of December. He had the force and the position.

"Question 24. Would you have deemed it the part of wisdom on the part of the commander of the Federal forces to have exposed his troops in the situation referred to in question twenty-one?

"Answer. I do not. Neither attack was practicable in the presence of the supporting force, provided that had been under a competent officer. The first landing ought assuredly to have been captured entirely; and as for the second, although deriving much great-

er advantages from the different mode of attack by the fleet, and though pressed with great vigor, it is due to the supineness of the Confederate general that it was not destroyed in the act of assault." (See Report of Committee on Conduct of War, pages vi and vii.)

The greatest number of men ever on shore was about twenty-three hundred, and of that number there were not more than twelve hundred in position to assault. If the disembarkation had continued uninterruptedly, it is possible that General Ames's division of three thousand men might have been placed on shore. But there would have been no hope of reinforcements from the fleet, for the surf would have cut off all communication with the fleet, as it really did for over thirty hours. While our troops would have been in this dangerous position, the enemy could have reinforced to any extent. General Whiting, in the answer to the committee before referred to, says:—

"Question 19. Please state whether, with a force holding the beach, from the nature of the ground and from the configuration of the channel of Cape Fear River, it would have been possible for the Confederates to have reinforced or provisioned the fort to any extent?

"Answer. No difficulty at all by the river." (See Report of Committee on Conduct of War, page vi.)

After General Curtis's brigade had marched down the beach and Pennypacker's had been partially landed, General Butler, on board of the Chamberlain, ran down to a point about five hundred yards from Fort Fisher and near the position occupied by the monitors. Here he met General Weitzel, who stated that he thought it impossible to make a successful assault upon the fort. General Butler was convinced, by reason of the state of the weather, that the fort should be immediately attacked or that the small portion of the troops landed should be withdrawn. He then ordered Colonel Comstock, who was on board with him, to jump into a boat with General Weitzel, pull

ashore, and examine with General Weitzel and report to him if an assault is possible. "To me," he said, "it does not look possible, but I am unwilling to give it up."

At the same time General Graham reported to General Butler: "General, you have got either to provide for those troops to-night on shore some way, or get them off; because it is getting so rough that we cannot land much longer." General Butler says: "General Graham had been a naval officer, but is now in the service of the army and commanding the naval brigade. Considering a few moments, I determined the course of action that should govern me. A storm was coming on; the surf was rolling in; the barometer had fallen half an inch. If we got the men on shore, it might be, and probably would be, a week before we could send an ounce of provisions to them. In the mean time a deserter from the 62d North Carolina, whom I captured once before at Hatteras, in the early part of the war, having received good treatment, came in. He said that they had marched down from Richmond, and that Kirkland's brigade and another brigade were already down there; and that Hoke was on his way with large reinforcements and had arrived at Wilmington the night before. I then made up my mind what to do in view of the fact that a storm was coming on, and if it became necessary to effect a landing again we could do it any day in two hours without the loss of a man. I thought it a great deal better to risk that than to risk the attempt to get the men on shore and intrench them."

General Butler then adds, that: "I sent to him (Admiral Porter) and asked what could be done. He sent me word that he had not an hour's ammunition, and that he must go to Beaufort to replenish his ships." (See pages 23, 24, and 25, Report of Committee on Conduct of the War.)

The Major-General commanding, having maturely considered all the difficulties of the position, determined to extricate his army from its perilous

situation and ordered a re-embarkation of his troops. It was nearly dark when this order was given. The naval brigade and the boats from the navy all vied with each other in their efforts to get all the men off the beach that night. But at about nine o'clock that evening it was impossible to get any boats through the surf, and therefore the greater part of Curtis's brigade had to be left on the beach, near the point where they had landed in the morning without food or shelter. The rain fell and the wind blew in on the shore all that night. Only one boat passed through the surf on Sunday. There were the troops on the barren beach before us in plain view, but all the assistance that could be rendered was to cover them by the fire of the navy. Gunboats were sent to their relief with orders to keep up an uninterrupted fire upon the woods in rear of our troops, who had improvised an intrenchment to fight behind in case the Rebels undertook to make them prisoners. The enemy could never have captured that body of men, small as it was, without an overwhelming force, for they were part of the picked men of General Ames's division, who afterwards charged and carried Fort Fisher by assault. These troops were not all safely re-embarked until Monday, the 27th of December. The enemy did not seem to make an effort to prevent this. Most of the transports were sent North on Sunday, but General Butler and the remaining vessels did not leave until Monday. The Major-General commanding did not reach the head-quarters Army of the James until late in the night of the 28th of December. It was a day or so after this before all the troops had returned to their former camps.

General Butler, in causing a withdrawal of the troops that he had landed on the beach, acted under the advice of two engineer officers, than whom no more skilled and learned members of their profession held commissions in the United States Army. With respect to the motives which prompted this withdrawal General Weitzel said:

"After that experience (in assaulting military works), with the information I had obtained from reading and study, — for before this war I was an instructor at the Military Academy for three years under Professor Mahan, — and in face of the fact that I had been appointed a major-general only twenty days before, and needed confirmation; notwithstanding all that, I went back to General Butler, and told him I considered it would be murder to order an attack on that work with that force. I understood Colonel Comstock to agree with me perfectly, although I did not ask him, and General Butler has since said that he did. . . .

"*Question.* Upon deliberation, and after all you have since learned, are you entirely satisfied with the opinion you then formed about attacking the fort?

"*Answer.* Yes, sir, I am fully satisfied, from all I have heard since, from the result of the second attack, and everything else, — I am fully satisfied that I did my duty there." (See page iii, Report of Committee on Conduct of the War.)

Colonel Comstock also gave the following testimony before the same committee: —

"*Question.* With the information that General Weitzel had, would you have agreed with him, independent of what General Curtis said to you?

"*Answer.* I should, from the information I had at that time." (See page iv, Report of Committee on Conduct of the War.)

A gallant officer and a few men, under the fire of the navy guns, approached so near to the fort as to carry off a flag which had been cut down by a shell, and was hanging over the parapet. "Thinking that probably the Rebels had not observed it, he crept upon his hands and knees to the palisading, found a hole in it that one of the shells had made, crept through the hole and up to the flag, and got it and got away with it, without being observed." (See Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War, p. 77.) But "this was done

while the shells of the navy were falling about the heads of the daring men who entered the works." Had Curtis's brigade charged through this fire of the navy, and had they been successful in getting possession of a portion of the fort, still this would have been but the beginning of their task; for it is known from experience with the same garrison in the second expedition, that they would have been obliged to fight after they got into the fortification itself. The whole of General Ames's division did fight this identical garrison, somewhat reinforced, inside of the fort, on the second expedition, for nearly seven hours, before there were indications that the Rebels contemplated giving up the battle as lost. There can be but little doubt that, had Curtis charged at the time, unsupported as he was, he would have lost the most of his brigade. On the first expedition the army had only three and one half hours of favorable weather to land and make the necessary arrangements to charge this stronghold of the Rebellion. The second expedition were accorded three days of uninterruptedly beautiful weather. The Committee on the Conduct of the War gave the question as to the refusal of the Major-General commanding the army forces to assault Fort Fisher a thorough and complete examination. The testimony covers over two hundred and sixty pages of printed matter, and after the most mature deliberation the Committee found as follows: "In conclusion, your committee would say, from all the testimony before them, that the determination of General Butler not to assault the fort seems to have been fully justified by all the facts and circumstances then known or afterwards ascertained."

In his instructions to General Butler the Lieutenant-General directed as follows: "The object of the expedition will be gained on effecting a landing on the mainland between Cape Fear River and the Atlantic, north of the north entrance to the river. Should such landing be effected, whether the enemy hold Fort Fisher or the batteries guard-

ing the entrance to the river there, the troops should intrench themselves, and by co-operating with the navy effect the reduction and capture of those places." General Butler does not seem to have been unmindful of these instructions. He did not believe that he had effected such a landing as was contemplated in General Grant's letter to him. There were sixty-five hundred men belonging to the army branch of the expedition. Out of this number there were only about twenty-three hundred men landed. There were very few supplies, no artillery, and little am-

muniton placed on shore. This force amounted to about one third of the troops, and they were without the necessary supplies. This was merely a partial landing. General Butler explained his reason for withdrawing his forces in the following words: "By going away I would draw off the enemy's attention. If I remained there, it would keep his forces concentrated at that point; and if I was driven away by the storm that was coming up, then I should lose the men I had landed. I acted for the best, according to the light I had."

H. C. Lockwood.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

V.

INFLAMMATIONS OF INTERNAL PARTS OF THE EYE.

A BRIEF reference to a few points will show how suicidal is the course often pursued, in neglecting disease of the important internal structures of the eye until their vitality is wholly destroyed and recovery of vision hopeless.

Some of the most serious of these changes are attended with little pain, and perhaps give warning of their progress only by diminished sight. When pain occurs, as in the cases of acute inflammation, it differs from the smarting or itching sensations accompanying most of the forms of external inflammation, and has a deep-seated aching character, often extending along the nerves in the neighborhood of the eye, and sometimes more severe in the forehead and temples than in the eye itself. Any such pain, therefore, especially if accompanied by dimness of sight, should receive immediate attention, as a warning of impending mischief.

As might be supposed, most of the remedies which prove useful in the

treatment of inflammations of the external membranes of the eye are not at all adapted to affections of the internal parts, and can only be hurtful if applied.

INFLAMMATION OF THE IRIS.

This curtain, stretched across the interior of the eye, and from which it takes its color, blue, hazel, etc., is frequently the seat of inflammation. Generally this is attended with pain, extending to the brow or even to the whole of that side of the head, and usually more severe at night. The eye is often quite red, especially around the cornea, but in some cases there is little to attract attention to the eye. There is usually a copious flow of tears, but little thick mucous discharge.

The source of danger lies especially in the tendency to closure of the pupil by adhesion of its edges to neighboring parts. The thickened iris lies in contact with the crystalline lens, and the lymph thrown out from it, similar to the material which unites the edges of ordinary flesh-wounds, forms deposits which cement the margin of the pupil to the lens behind it and often

completely fill its area. This misfortune may be avoided by timely treatment, the iris and lens being kept from contact with each other till the inflammation subsides. This is of great importance to the actual and prospective safety of the eye. If adhesions have already formed they may sometimes be detached, while still recent, by the use of remedies; but if neglected they become firmly fastened, and can only be separated by surgical means.

Even slight adhesions increase the danger in case of future attacks of the disease; but where the pupil has become entirely closed immediate surgical interference is necessary, to prevent a slow, destructive process resulting from pressure of the accumulating fluids behind the iris which can no longer find their way through the pupil.

Strong light and much use of the eyes should be avoided during the attack.

Persons of rheumatic constitution are liable to repeated visitations of iritis, which may occur at longer or shorter intervals. They should be careful to give prompt attention to the earliest symptoms,—slight pain, or dimness, or soreness on moving the eyeball,—as a prolonged attack may often be averted if the eye is at once placed under the influence of suitable remedies.

GLAUCOMA.

One of the diseases most absolutely fatal to vision if neglected, or if inefficiently treated, is glaucoma. It is most frequent in women, usually occurs after the middle period of life, and often follows physical or mental depression resulting from fatigue in watching with sick friends or grief in mourning their loss.

The pain in acute attacks is agonizing; but it is often felt so much more severely in the nerves in the vicinity of the eye than in the globe itself, that these symptoms are frequently mistaken for facial neuralgia, and, notwithstanding the loss of sight, the primary seat of the disease is overlooked.

The eyeball becomes hard, the cornea loses its sensibility, so that it may be touched with a probe without causing pain, the iris is pushed forward and the pupil dilated by the overcrowding of parts behind it, and all vision, even the perception of light, may be lost within a few days. There is often very little redness of the eyeball. These symptoms now and then subside for a time, to return after a longer or shorter interval with renewed force.

The attack is often preceded by a necessity for rapidly increasing the strength of the glasses worn for reading, and by an appearance of rainbow colors around the light on looking at a lamp in the evening, or of a fog or white sheet thrown over objects in the daytime.

On examination with the ophthalmoscope the entrance of the optic nerve, if still visible, shows a cup-like depression, a result of the extreme pressure within the globe. As the disease goes on, the transparent internal parts grow cloudy, so that the optic nerve can no longer be seen, the globe becomes of a stony hardness, the pupil is enlarged to the utmost, the iris is thinned by pressure, the lens is crowded forward until it lies against the cornea and takes a sea-green color, and hopeless disorganization ensues in all the tissues. The pain may continue during all these changes, or it may subside at an earlier period.

The only known remedy for this disease is the early performance of what is termed iridectomy,—an excision of a portion of the iris,—before the morbid changes have continued long enough to crush out the visual power and spoil the eye by their fatal pressure.

The results of this operation, the greatest triumph of modern ophthalmic surgery, seem almost miraculous: it at the same time removes the extreme tension and puts an end to the unhealthy action which gave rise to it; and a sufferer, one or both of whose eyes had become blind, obtains instant relief from the intense pain, and regains more or less quickly his lost vision.

But to be complete, the relief must be speedy; too long compression of the delicate tissue of the retina destroys its powers.

AMAUROSIS.

Prior to the invention of the ophthalmoscope the term "amaurosis" was applied to loss of sight arising from sundry obscure conditions of the deeper-seated parts of the eye. Most of these are now distinguished as resulting from various changes, and are designated according to the structures affected; and, as now understood, amaurosis implies disease in or behind the optic nerve, excluding such loss of sight as results from inflammation of the choroid or retina, separation of the retina, etc. Many cases, formerly considered hopeless amaurotic disease, are now found by the ophthalmoscope to belong to a more hopeful class of affections, capable of relief.

DISEASES OF OTHER ORGANS MANIFESTED IN THE EYE.

Not the least among the wonders revealed by the ophthalmoscope is the detection of diseases of other and distant organs by an examination of the internal parts of the eye. This has become possible, and the appearances indicating degeneration of the kidney can be as positively distinguished from those denoting certain changes in the brain, or from the structural alterations caused by diseases originating in the eye itself, as any of the most evident external manifestations of disease, as, for instance, those of small-pox and scarlatina can be discriminated from each other. The knowledge thus obtained will doubtless become more and more available in the explanation of phenomena which have hitherto been obscure, and aid in the successful treatment of disease.

CATARACT.

Cataract consists in a loss of transparency in the crystalline lens or its capsule. Cloudiness of the cornea, the result of ulceration, is quite a different

thing, though such opacities are often supposed to be cataract.

When children are born with cataract, or it is developed early in life, as also in cases where it has resulted from a blow or wound of the eye, the cataract is usually soft and of a whitish or bluish-white color. When caused by a hurt it is formed only in the injured eye; but when not the result of an accident it generally appears sooner or later in both eyes.

Soft cataract may be removed, with little risk, by an operation; but it is safer, in many instances, to operate by such a method as will require considerable time for the subsequent absorption and disappearance of the opaque lens, rather than to attempt its immediate removal.

The larger number of cataracts are found in persons beyond middle life; the disease affecting those of every condition and occupation, without apparent relation to the amount or nature of the use they may have made of their eyes. It is probably a result of modifications in the nutrition of the lens, causing it to become opaque, just as the hair becomes white in some persons with advancing age. Like these changes in the hair, it is often hereditary.

The progress of the cloudiness, which gradually shuts out perception of objects, varies greatly in different cases. This circumstance, and the fact that the vision may often be temporarily improved by palliatives, has allowed charlatans to claim that they have cured cataract without operation. But this pretension, often made, is as often falsified by the steady increase of the abnormal changes.

Sometimes the existence of cataract is accidentally discovered upon closing one eye, when it is found that vision in the other is nearly gone. In other instances a slight confusion of vision attracts attention to the eye in the very early stages of cloudiness.

Persons affected with cataract often see better in a dim light, at twilight, or on cloudy days, and perhaps find themselves suddenly unable to see on going

into a bright sunlight. They should therefore be careful, when coming out of church or other places into a broad daylight, not to make mistakes in their judgment of distances and thus be liable to falls.

It is an error to suppose that there is no help for old people who become blind from cataract. The operation for its extraction from the eye is generally successful in restoring vision,—far more so than could have been expected, considering the exceeding delicacy of structure of the eye,—and it can be done without pain, and usually involves only a brief confinement. Persons who are in their usual health, however aged they may be, whose eyes are not otherwise diseased, may therefore submit to an operation with confidence and hope.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

Of all the requisites for a comfortable use of the eyes, none is more important than a favorable and sufficient light; and perhaps none is oftener neglected. Many persons read while lying down, giving more thought to comfort in the position of their bodies than to whether the light falls in such a direction as is adapted for easy vision. Many school-rooms are so arranged as to favor only the teacher, whose desk is between the windows, while a flood

of light falls full on the faces of the pupils, whose eyes have no protection against the strong glare.

Such a position as will allow the light to fall over the shoulder upon the book or paper is best in reading or writing, especially in the evening, the book being also so held that the eyes are not exposed to a direct reflection from the pages.

When artificial light is used, it should be steady and abundant. Far more harm is done by too little than by too much light when the eyes are used for reading, sewing, and similar avocations, and we may well rejoice in the advent of better means of illumination than were possessed by our ancestors. Tradition tells us that tallow-candles and pitch-pine splinters enlightened the eager youthful studies of some whom our country has ranked high among her honored names, but we are more fortunate in having for our "midnight oil" the German student's-lamp, the bright gas-jet, or the clear flame of kerosene.

A soft, steady light, such as is given by a student's or a carcel lamp, is perhaps the perfection of artificial light; yet we may regard gas or kerosene as good enough for all practical purposes, if used in sufficient quantity and with burners which do not flicker.

Henry W. Williams, M. D.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

V

WHEN we last talked over Hawthorne together, I resolved that the next time we met I would finish what I had to say to you about my favorite author. Whenever I look at his portrait,—and that is pretty often, I assure you,—some new trait or anecdote or reminiscence comes up and asks to be made known to those who feel an interest in it. But time and

eternity call loudly on mortal gossip to be brief. So this April morning shall be our last session over that child of genius, who first saw the light on the 4th of July, 1804.

One of his favorite books was Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and in 1862 I dedicated to him the *Household Edition* of that work. When he received the first volume, he wrote to me

a letter of which I am so proud that I keep it among my best treasures. Upon honor, Jack, I blush while I read it even to you, but you will think better of your uncle after you hear it.

"I am exceedingly gratified by the dedication. I do not deserve so high an honor; but if you think me worthy, it is enough to make the compliment in the highest degree acceptable, no matter who may dispute my title to it. I care more for your good opinion than for that of a host of critics, and have an excellent reason for so doing; inasmuch as my literary success, whatever it has been or may be, is the result of my connection with you. Somehow or other you smote the rock of public sympathy on my behalf, and a stream gushed forth in sufficient quantity to quench my thirst, though not to drown me. I think no author can ever have had publisher that he valued so much as I do mine."

He began in 1862 to send me some articles from his *English Journal* for the magazine, which he afterwards collected into a volume and called "*Our Old Home*." Sending one to me for December of that year, he says:—

"I hope you will like it, for the subject seemed interesting to me when I was on the spot, but I always feel a singular despondency and heaviness of heart in reopening those old journals now. However, if I can make readable sketches out of them, it is no matter."

In the same letter he tells me he has been re-reading *Scott's Life*, and he suggests some additions to the concluding volume. He says:—

"If the last volume is not already printed and stereotyped, I think you ought to insert in it an explanation of all that is left mysterious in the former volumes,—the name and family of the lady he was in love with, etc. It is desirable, too, to know what have been the fortunes and final catastrophes of his family and intimate friends since his death, down to as recent a period as the death of Lockhart. All such matter would make your edition more valuable; and I see no reason why you

should be bound by the deference to living connections of the family that may prevent the English publishers from inserting these particulars. We stand in the light of posterity to them, and have the privileges of posterity. . . . I should be glad to know something of the personal character and life of his eldest son, and whether (as I have heard) he was ashamed of his father for being a literary man. In short, fifty pages devoted to such elucidation would make the edition unique. Do come and see us before the leaves fall."

While he was engaged in copying out and rewriting his papers on England for the magazine, he was very despondent about their reception by the public. Speaking of them one day to me, he said: "We must remember that there is a good deal of intellectual ice mingled with this wine of memory." He was sometimes so dispirited during the war, that he was obliged to postpone his contributions for sheer lack of spirit to go on. Near the close of the year 1862 he writes:—

"I am delighted at what you tell me about the kind appreciation of my articles, for I feel rather gloomy about them myself. I am really much encouraged by what you say; not but that I am sensible that you mollify me with a good deal of soft soap, but it is skilfully applied and effects all you intend it should. . . . I cannot come to Boston to spend more than a day, just at present. It would suit me better to come for a visit when the spring of next year is a little advanced, and if you renew your hospitable proposition then, I shall probably be glad to accept it; though I have now been a hermit so long, that the thought affects me somewhat as it would to invite a lobster or a crab to step out of his shell."

He continued, during the early months of 1863, to send now and then an article for the magazine from his *English Note-Books*. On the 22d of February he writes:—

"Here is another article. I wish it would not be so wretchedly long, but

there are many things which I shall find no opportunity to say unless I say them now; so the article grows under my hand, and one part of it seems just about as well worth printing as another. Heaven sees fit to visit me with an unshakable conviction that all this series of articles is good for nothing; but that is none of my business, provided the public and you are of a different opinion. If you think any part of it can be left out with advantage, you are quite at liberty to do so. Probably I have not put Leigh Hunt quite high enough for your sentiments respecting him; but no more genuine characterization and criticism (so far as the writer's purpose to be true goes) was ever done. It is very slight. I might have made more of it, but should not have improved it.

"I mean to write two more of these articles, and then hold my hand. I intend to come to Boston before the end of this week, if the weather is good. It must be nearly or quite six months since I was there! I wonder how many people there are in the world who would keep their nerves in tolerably good order through such a length of nearly solitary imprisonment?"

I advised him to begin to put the series in order for a volume, and to preface the book with his "Consular Experiences." On the 18th of April he writes:—

"I don't think the public will bear any more of this sort of thing. . . . I had a letter from —, the other day, in which he sends me the enclosed verses, and I think he would like to have them published in the Atlantic. Do it if you like; I pretend to no judgment in poetry. He also sent this epithalamium by Mrs. —, and I doubt not the good lady will be pleased to see it copied into one of our American newspapers with a few laudatory remarks. Can't you do it in the Transcript, and send her a copy? You cannot imagine how a little praise jollifies us poor authors to the marrow of our bones. Consider, if you had not been a publisher, you would certainly have

been one of our wretched tribe, and therefore ought to have a fellow-feeling for us. (Let Michael Angelo write the remarks, if you have not the time.)"

"Michael Angelo" was a little Irish boy who had the care of my room, at the old corner shop, where your uncle lived so many years behind a green curtain. Hawthorne conceived a fancy for the little lad, and liked to hear stories of his smart replies to persistent authors who called during my absence with unpromising-looking manuscripts. On the 30th of April he writes:—

"I send the article with which the volume is to commence, and you can begin printing it whenever you like. I can think of no better title than this, 'Our Old Home; a Series of English Sketches, by,' etc. I submit to your judgment whether it would not be well to print these 'Consular Experiences' in the volume without depriving them of any freshness they may have by previous publication in the magazine?"

"The article has some of the features that attract the curiosity of the foolish public, being made up of personal narrative and gossip, with a few pungencies of personal satire, which will not be the less effective because the reader can scarcely find out who was the individual meant. I am not without hope of drawing down upon myself a good deal of critical severity on this score, and would gladly incur more of it if I could do so without seriously deserving censure.

"The story of the Doctor of Divinity, I think, will prove a good card in this way. It is every bit true (like the other anecdotes), only not told so darkly as it might have been for the reverend gentleman. I do not believe there is any danger of his identity being ascertained, and do not care whether it is or no, as it could only be done by the impertinent researches of other people. It seems to me quite essential to have some novelty in the collected volume, and, if possible, something that may excite a little discussion and remark. But decide for yourself and me; and if

you conclude not to publish it in the magazine, I think I can concoct another article in season for the August number; if you wish. After the publication of the volume, it seems to me the public had better have no more of them.

"J—— has been telling us a mythical story of your intending to walk with him from Cambridge to Concord. We should be delighted to see you, though more for our own sakes than yours, for our aspect here is still a little winterish. When you come, let it be on Saturday, and stay till Monday. I am hungry to talk with you."

I was enchanted, of course, with the "Consular Experiences," and I find from his letters of that time that he was made specially happy by the encomiums I could not help writing upon that inimitable sketch. When the "Old Home" was nearly all in type, he began to think about a dedication to the book. On the 3d of May he writes:—

"I am of three minds about dedicating the volume. First, it seems due to Frank Pierce (as he put me into the position where I made all those profound observations of English scenery, life, and character) to inscribe it to him with a few pages of friendly and explanatory talk, which also would be very gratifying to my own life-long affection for him.

"Secondly, I want to say something to Bennoch, to show him that I am thoroughly mindful of all his hospitality and kindness; and I suppose he might be pleased to see his name at the head of a book of mine.

"Thirdly, I am not convinced that it is worth while to inscribe it to anybody. We will see hereafter."

The book moved on slowly through the press, and he seemed more than commonly nervous about the proof-sheets. On the 28th of May he says in a note to me:—

"In a proof-sheet of 'Our Old Home' which I sent you to-day (page 43, or 4, or 5 or thereabout) I corrected a line, thus, 'possessing a happy faculty of seeing my own interest.' Now as the

public interest was my sole and individual object while I held office, I think that, as a matter of scanty justice to myself, the line ought to stand thus, 'possessing a happy faculty of seeing my own interest and the public's.' Even then, you see, I only give myself credit for half the disinterestedness I really felt. Pray, by all means, have it altered as above, even if the page is stereotyped; which it can't have been, as the proof is now in our Concord post-office, and you will have it at the same time with this.

"We are getting into full leaf here, and your walk with J—— might come off any time."

An arrangement was made with the liberal house of Smith and Elder, of London, to bring out "Our Old Home" on the day of its publication in Boston. On the 1st of July Hawthorne wrote to me from The Wayside as follows:—

"I am delighted with Smith and Elder, or rather with you; for it is you that squeeze the English sovereigns out of the poor devils. On my own behalf I never could have thought of asking more than £50, and should hardly have expected to get £10; I look upon the £180 as the only trustworthy funds I have, our own money being of such a gaseous consistency. By the time I can draw for it, I expect it will be worth at least fifteen hundred dollars.

"I shall think over the prefatory matter for 'Our Old Home' to-day, and will write it to-morrow. It requires some little thought and policy in order to say nothing amiss at this time; for I intend to dedicate the book to Frank Pierce, come what may. It shall reach you on Friday morning.

"We find Gail Hamilton a comfortable and desirable guest to have in the house. My wife likes her hugely, and for my part, I had no idea that there was such a sensible woman of letters in the world. She is just as healthy-minded as if she had never touched a pen. I am glad she had a pleasant time, and hope she will come back."

"I mean to come to Boston whenever I can be sure of a cool day.

"What a prodigious length of time you stayed among the mountains!

"You ought not to assume such liberties of absence without the consent of your friends, which I hardly think you would get. I, at least, want you always within attainable distance, even though I never see you. Why can't you come and stay a day or two with us, and drink some spruce-beer?"

Those were troublous days, full of war gloom and general despondency. The North was naturally suspicious of all public men who did not bear a conspicuous part in helping to put down the Rebellion. General Pierce had been President of the United States, and was not identified, to say the least, with the great party which favored the vigorous prosecution of the war. Hawthorne proposed to dedicate his new book to a very dear friend, indeed, but in doing so he would draw public attention in a marked way to an unpopular name. Several of Hawthorne's friends, on learning that he intended to inscribe his book to Franklin Pierce, came to me and begged that I would, if possible, help Hawthorne to see that he ought not to do anything to endanger the success of his new volume. Accordingly I wrote to him just what many of his friends had said to me, and this is his reply to my letter, which bears date the 18th of July, 1863:—

"I thank you for your note of the 15th instant, and have delayed my reply thus long in order to ponder deeply on your advice, smoke cigars over it, and see what it might be possible for me to do towards taking it. I find that it would be a piece of poltroonery in me to withdraw either the dedication or the dedicatory letter. My long and intimate personal relations with Pierce render the dedication altogether proper, especially as regards this book, which would have had no existence without his kindness; and if he is so exceedingly unpopular that his name is enough to sink the volume, there is

so much the more need that an old friend should stand by him." I cannot, merely on account of pecuniary profit or literary reputation, go back from what I have deliberately felt and thought it right to do; and if I were to tear out the dedication, I should never look at the volume again without remorse and shame. As for the literary public, it must accept my book precisely as I think fit to give it, or let it alone.

"Nevertheless, I have no fancy for making myself a martyr when it is honorably and conscientiously possible to avoid it; and I always measure out my heroism very accurately according to the exigencies of the occasion, and should be the last man in the world to throw away a bit of it needlessly. So I have looked over the concluding paragraph and have amended it in such a way that, while doing what I know to be justice to my friend, it contains not a word that ought to be objectionable to any set of readers. If the public of the North see fit to ostracize me for this, I can only say, that I would gladly sacrifice a thousand or two of dollars rather than retain the good-will of such a herd of dolts and mean-spirited scoundrels. I enclose the rewritten paragraph, and shall wish to see a proof of that and the whole dedication.

"I had a call from an Englishman yesterday, and kept him to dinner; not the threatened —, but a Mr. —, introduced by —. He says he knows you, and he seems to be a very good fellow. I have strong hopes that he will never come back here again, for J— took him on a walk of several miles, whereby they both caught a most tremendous ducking, and the poor Englishman was frightened half to death by the thunder. . . . On the other page is the list of presentation people, and it amounts to twenty-four, which your liberality and kindness allow me. As likely as not I have forgotten two or three, and I held my pen suspended over one or two of the names, doubting whether they deserved

of me so especial a favor as a portion of my heart and brain. I have few friends. Some authors, I should think, would require half the edition for private distribution."

"Our Old Home" was published in the autumn of 1863, and although it was everywhere welcomed, in England the strictures were applied with a liberal hand. On the 18th of October he writes to me:—

"You sent me the 'Reader' with a notice of the book, and I have received one or two others, one of them from Bennoch. The English critics seem to think me very bitter against their countrymen, and it is, perhaps, natural that they should, because their self-conceit can accept nothing short of indiscriminate adulation; but I really think that Americans have more cause than they to complain of me. Looking over the volume, I am rather surprised to find that whenever I draw a comparison between the two people, I almost invariably cast the balance against ourselves. It is not a good nor a weighty book, nor does it deserve any great amount either of praise or censure. I don't care about seeing any more notices of it."

Meantime the "Dolliver Romance," which had been laid aside on account of the exciting scenes through which we were then passing, and which unfitted him for the composition of a work of the imagination, made little progress. In a note written to me at this time he says:—

"I can't tell you when to expect an instalment of the Romance, if ever. There is something preternatural in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold, and have a perception of very disagreeable phantasms to be encountered if I enter. I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book."

I invited him to come to Boston and have a cheerful week among his old friends, and I threw in as an inducement a hint that he should hear the great organ in the Music Hall. I also suggested that we could talk over the

new Romance together, if he would gladden us all by coming to the city. Instead of coming, he sent this reply:—

"I thank you for your kind invitation to hear the grand instrument; but it offers me no inducement additional to what I should always have for a visit to your abode. I have no ear for an organ or a Jews-harp, nor for any instrument between the two: so you had better invite a worthier guest, and I will come another time.

"I don't see much probability of my having the first chapter of the Romance ready so soon as you want it. There are two or three chapters ready to be written, but I am not yet robust enough to begin, and I feel as if I should never carry it through.

"Besides, I want to prefix a little sketch of Thoreau to it, because, from a tradition which he told me about this house of mine, I got the idea of a deathless man, which is now taking a shape very different from the original one. It seems the duty of a live literary man to perpetuate the memory of a dead one, when there is such fair opportunity as in this case; but how Thoreau would scorn me for thinking that *I* could perpetuate him! And I don't think so.

"I can think of no title for the unborn Romance. Always heretofore I have waited till it was quite complete before attempting to name it, and I fear I shall have to do so now. I wish you or Mrs. F—— would suggest one. Perhaps you may snatch a title out of the infinite void that will miraculously suit the book, and give me a needful impetus to write it.

"I want a great deal of money. . . . I wonder how people manage to live economically. I seem to spend little or nothing, and yet it will get very far beyond the second thousand, for the present year. . . . If it were not for these troublesome necessities, I doubt whether you would ever see so much as the first chapter of the new Romance.

"Those verses entitled 'Weariness,'

in the last magazine, seem to me profoundly touching. I too am weary, and begin to look ahead for the Wayside Inn."

I had frequent accounts of his ill health and changed appearance, but I supposed he would rally again soon, and become hale and strong before the winter fairly set in. But the shadows even then were about his pathway, and Cunningham's lines, which he once quoted to me, must often have occurred to him, —

"Cold's the snow at my head,
And cold's the snow at my feet;
And the finger of death's at my eyes,
Closing them to sleep."

We had arranged together that the "Dolliver Romance" should be first published in the magazine, in monthly instalments, and we decided to begin in the January number of 1864. On the 8th of November came a long letter from him, and I will read to you an extract from it: —

"I foresee that there is little probability of my getting the first chapter ready by the 15th, although I have a resolute purpose to write it by the end of the month. It will be in time for the February number, if it turns out fit for publication at all. As to the title, we must defer settling that till the book is fully written, and meanwhile I see nothing better than to call the series of articles 'Fragments of a Romance.' This will leave me to exercise greater freedom as to the mechanism of the story than I otherwise can, and without which I shall probably get entangled in my own plot. When the work is completed in the magazine, I can fill up the gaps and make straight the crookednesses, and christen it with a fresh title. In this untried experiment of a serial work, I desire not to pledge myself, or promise the public more than I may confidently expect to achieve. As regards the sketch of Thoreau, I am not ready to write it yet, but will mix him up with the life of The Wayside, and produce an autobiographical preface for the finished Romance. If the public like that sort of

stuff, I too find it pleasant and easy writing, and can supply a new chapter of it for every new volume, and that, moreover, without infringing upon my proper privacy. An old Quaker wrote me, the other day, that he had been reading my Introduction to the 'Mosses' and the 'Scarlet Letter,' and felt as if he knew me better than his best friend; but I think he considerably overestimates the extent of his intimacy with me.

"I received several private letters and printed notices of 'Our Old Home' from England. It is laughable to see the innocent wonder with which they regard my criticisms, accounting for them by jaundice, insanity, jealousy, hatred, on my part, and never admitting the least suspicion that there may be a particle of truth in them. The monstrosity of their self-conceit is such that anything short of unlimited admiration impresses them as malicious caricature. But they do me great injustice in supposing that I hate them. I would as soon hate my own people.

"Tell Ticknor that I want a hundred dollars more, and I suppose I shall keep on wanting more and more till the end of my days. If I subside into the almshouse before my intellectual faculties are quite extinguished, it strikes me that I would make a very pretty book out of it; and, seriously, if I alone were concerned, I should not have any great objection to winding up there."

On the 14th of November came a pleasant little note from him, which seemed to have been written in better spirits than he had shown of late. Photographs of himself always amused him greatly, and in the little note I refer to there is this pleasant passage: —

"Here is the photograph, — a grandfatherly old figure enough; and I suppose that is the reason why you select it.

"I am much in want of *cartes de visite* to distribute on my own account, and am tired and disgusted with all the undesirable likenesses as yet pre-

sented of me. Don't you think I might sell my head to some photographer who would be willing to return me the value in small change; that is to say, in a dozen or two of cards?"

The first part of Chapter I, of "The Dolliver Romance" came to me from *The Wayside* on the 1st of December. Hawthorne was very anxious to see it in type as soon as possible, in order that he might compose the rest in a similar strain, and so conclude the preliminary phase of Dr. Dolliver. He was constantly imploring me to send him a good pen, complaining all the while that everything had failed him in that line. In one of his notes begging me to hunt him up something that he could write with, he says:—

"Nobody ever suffered more from pens than I have, and I am glad that my labor with the abominable little tool is drawing to a close."

In the month of December Hawthorne attended the funeral of Mrs. Franklin Pierce, and, after the ceremony, came to stay with us. He seemed ill and more nervous than usual. He said he found General Pierce greatly needing his companionship, for he was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his wife. I well remember the sadness of Hawthorne's face when he told us he felt obliged to look on the dead. "It was," said he, "like a carven image laid in its richly embossed enclosure, and there was a remote expression about it as if the whole had nothing to do with things present." He told us, as an instance of the ever-constant courtesy of his friend General Pierce, that while they were standing at the grave, the General, though completely overcome with his own sorrow, turned and drew up the collar of Hawthorne's coat to shield him from the bitter cold.

The same day, as the sunset deepened and we sat together in this room, Hawthorne began to talk in an autobiographical vein, and gave us the story of his early life, of which I have already told you somewhat. He said

that at an early age he accompanied his mother and sister to a township in Maine, which his grandfather had purchased. That, he continued, was the happiest period of his life, and it lasted till he was thirteen, when he was sent to school in Salem. "I lived in Maine," he said, "like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed. But it was there I first got my cursed habits of solitude." During the moonlight nights of winter he would skate until midnight all alone upon Sebago Lake, with the deep shadows of the icy hills on either hand. When he found himself far away from his home and weary with the exertion of skating, he would sometimes take refuge in a log-cabin, where half a tree would be burning on the broad hearth. He would sit in the ample chimney and look at the stars through the great aperture while the flame went roaring up. "Ah," he said, "how well I recall the summer days also, when, with my gun, I roamed at will through the woods of Maine. How sad middle life looks to people of erratic temperaments. Everything is beautiful in youth, for all things are allowed to it then."

The early home of the Hawthornes in Maine must have been a lonely dwelling-place indeed. A year ago (May 12, 1870) the old place was visited by one who had a true feeling for Hawthorne's genius, and who thus graphically describes the spot.

"A little way off the main-travelled road in the town of Raymond there stood an old house which has much in common with houses of its day, but which is distinguished from them by the more evident marks of neglect and decay. Its unpainted walls are deeply stained by time. Cornice and window-ledge and threshold are fast falling with the weight of years. The fences were long since removed from all the enclosures, the garden-wall is broken down, and the garden itself is now grown up to pines whose shadows fall dark and heavy upon the old and mossy roof; fitting roof-trees for such a

mansion, planted there by the hands of Nature herself, as if she could not realize that her darling child was ever to go out from his early home. The highway once passed its door, but the location of the road has been changed; and now the old house stands solitarily apart from the busy world. Longer than I can remember, — and I have never learned how long, — this house has stood untenanted and wholly unused, except, for a few years, as a place of public worship; but, for myself, and for all who know its earlier history, it will ever have the deepest interest, for it was *the early home of Nathaniel Hawthorne*.

“Often have I, when passing through that town, turned aside to study the features of that landscape, and to reflect upon the influence which his surroundings had upon the development of this author’s genius. A few rods to the north runs a little mill-stream, its sloping bank once covered with grass, now so worn and washed by the rains as to show but little except yellow sand. Less than half a mile to the west this stream empties into an arm of Sebago Lake. Doubtless, at the time the house was built, the forest was so much cut away in that direction as to bring into view the waters of the lake, for a mill was built upon the brook about half-way down the valley, and it is reasonable to suppose that a clearing was made from the mill to the landing upon the shore of the pond; but the pines have so far regained their old dominion as completely to shut out the whole prospect in that direction. Indeed, the site affords but a limited survey, except to the northwest. Across a narrow valley in that direction lie open fields and dark pine-covered slopes. Beyond these rise long ranges of forest-crowned hills, while in the far distance every hue of rock and tree, of field and grove, melts into the soft blue of Mount Washington. The spot must ever have had the utter loneliness of the pine forests upon the borders of our northern lakes. The deep silence and dark shadows of the old woods

must have filled the imagination of a youth possessing Hawthorne’s sensibility with images which later years could not dispel.

“To this place came the widowed mother of Hawthorne in company with her brother, an original proprietor and one of the early settlers of the town of Raymond. This house was built for her, and here she lived with her son for several years in the most complete seclusion. Perhaps she strove to conceal here a grief which she could not forget. In what way, and to what extent, the surroundings of his boyhood operated in moulding the character and developing the genius of that gifted author I leave to the reader to determine. I have tried simply to draw a faithful picture of his early home.”

On the 15th of December Hawthorne wrote to me: —

“I have not yet had courage to read the Dolliver proof-sheet, but will set about it soon, though with terrible reluctance, such as I never felt before. . . . I am most grateful to you for protecting me from that visitation of the elephant and his cub. If you happen to see Mr. — of L——, a young man who was here last summer, pray tell him anything that your conscience will let you, to induce him to spare me another visit, which I know he intended. I really am not well and cannot be disturbed by strangers without more suffering than it is worth while to endure. I thank Mrs. F—— and yourself for your kind hospitality, past and prospective. I never come to see you without feeling the better for it, but I must not test so precious a remedy too often.”

The new year found him incapacitated from writing much on the Romance. On the 17th of January, 1864, he says: —

“I am not quite up to writing yet, but shall make an effort as soon as I see any hope of success. You ought to be thankful that (like most other broken-down authors) I do not pester you with decrepit pages, and insist upon your accepting them as full of the old

spirit and vigor. That trouble, perhaps, still awaits you, after I shall have reached a further stage of decay. Seriously, my mind has, for the present, lost its temper and its fine edge, and I have an instinct that I had better keep quiet. Perhaps I shall have a new spirit of vigor, if I wait quietly for it; perhaps not."

The end of February found him in a mood which I can best indicate to you by reading this letter, which he addressed to me on the 25th of the month:—

"I hardly know what to say to the public about this abortive Romance, though I know pretty well what the case will be. I shall never finish it. Yet it is not quite pleasant for an author to announce himself, or to be announced, as finally broken down as to his literary faculty. It is a pity that I let you put this work in your programme for the year, for I had always a presentiment that it would fail us at the pinch. Say to the public what you think best, and as little as possible; for example: 'We regret that Mr. Hawthorne's Romance, announced for this magazine some months ago, still lies upon the author's writing-table, he having been interrupted in his labor upon it by an impaired state of health'; or, 'We are sorry to hear (but know not whether the public will share our grief) that Mr. Hawthorne is out of health and is thereby prevented, for the present, from proceeding with another of his promised (or threatened) Romances, intended for this magazine'; or, 'Mr. Hawthorne's brain is addled at last, and, much to our satisfaction, he tells us that he cannot possibly go on with the Romance announced on the cover of the January magazine. We consider him finally shelved, and shall take early occasion to bury him under a heavy article, carefully summing up his merits (such as they were) and his demerits, what few of them can be touched upon in our limited space'; or, 'We shall commence the publication of Mr. Hawthorne's Romance as soon as that gentleman chooses to forward it. We are

quite at a loss how to account for this delay in the fulfilment of his contract; especially as he has already been most liberally paid for the first number.' Say anything you like, in short, though I really don't believe that the public will care what you say or whether you say anything. If you choose, you may publish the first chapter as an insulated fragment, and charge me with the overpayment. I cannot finish it unless a great change comes over me; and if I make too great an effort to do so, it will be my death; not that I should care much for that, if I could fight the battle through and win it, thus ending a life of much smoulder and scanty fire in a blaze of glory. But I should smother myself in mud of my own making. I mean to come to Boston soon, not for a week, but for a single day, and then I can talk about my sanitary prospects more freely than I choose to write. I am not low-spirited, nor fanciful, nor freakish, but look what seem to be realities in the face, and am ready to take whatever may come. If I could but go to England now, I think that the sea voyage and the 'Old Home' might set me all right.

"This letter is for your own eye, and I wish especially that no echo of it may come back in your notes to me.

"P. S. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. F—, and tell her that one of my choicest ideal places is her drawing-room, and therefore I seldom visit it."

On Monday, the 28th of March, Hawthorne came to town and made this house his first station on his journey to the South for health. I was greatly shocked at his invalid appearance, and he seemed quite deaf. The light in his eye was beautiful as ever, but his limbs seemed shrunken and his usual stalwart vigor utterly gone. He said to me with a pathetic voice, "Why does Nature treat us like little children! I think we could bear it all if we knew our fate; at least it would not make much difference to me now what became of me." Toward night he brightened up a little, and his delicious wit flashed out, at intervals, as of old, but

he was evidently broken and dispirited about his health. Looking out on the bay that was sparkling in the moonlight, he said he thought the moon rather lost something of its charm for him as he grew older. He spoke with great delight of a little story, called "Pet Marjorie," and said he had read it carefully through twice, every word of it. He had much to say about England, and observed, among other things, that "the extent over which her dominions are spread leads her to fancy herself stronger than she really is; but she is not to-day a powerful empire; she is much like a squash-vine which runs over a whole garden, but if you cut it at the root it is at once destroyed." At breakfast, next morning, he spoke of his kind neighbors in Concord, and said Alcott was one of the most excellent men he had ever known. "It is impossible to quarrel with him, for he would take all your harsh words like a saint."

He left us shortly after this for a journey to Washington, with his friend Mr. Ticknor. The travellers spent several days in New York, and then proceeded to Philadelphia. Hawthorne wrote to me from the Continental Hotel, dating his letter "Saturday evening," announcing the severe illness of his companion. He did not seem to anticipate a fatal result, but on Sunday morning the news came that Mr. Ticknor was dead. Hawthorne returned at once to Boston, and stayed here overnight. He was in a very excited and nervous state, and talked incessantly of the sad scenes he had just been passing through. We sat late together, conversing of the friend we had lost, and I am sure he hardly closed his eyes that night. In the morning he went back to his own home in Concord.

His health, from that time, seemed to give way rapidly, and his friend, General Pierce, proposed that, as early as possible, they should go among the New Hampshire hills together and meet the spring there.

The first letter we received from Mrs. Hawthorne, after her husband's

return to Concord in April, gave us great anxiety. It was dated "Monday eve," and I will read some extracts from it to you:—

"I have just sent Mr. Hawthorne to bed, and so have a moment to speak to you. Generally it has been late, and I have not liked to disturb him by sitting up after him, and so I could not write since he returned, though I wished very much to tell you about him, ever since he came home. He came back unlooked for that day; and when I heard a step on the piazza, I was lying on a couch and feeling quite indisposed. But as soon as I saw him I was frightened out of all knowledge of myself,—so haggard, so white, so deeply scored with pain and fatigue was the face, so much more ill he looked than I ever saw him before. He had walked from the station because he saw no carriage there, and his brow was streaming with a perfect rain, so great had been the effort to walk so far. . . . He needed much to get home to me, where he could fling off all care of himself and give way to his feelings, pent up and kept back for so long, especially since his watch and ward of most excellent, kind Mr. Ticknor. It relieved him somewhat to break down as he spoke of that scene. . . . But he was so weak and weary he could not sit up much, and lay on the couch nearly all the time in a kind of uneasy somnolency, not wishing to be read to, even,—not able to attend or fix his thoughts at all. On Saturday he unfortunately took cold, and, after a most restless night, was seized early in the morning with a very bad stiff neck, which was acutely painful all Sunday. Sunday night, however, a compress of linen wrung in cold water cured him, with belladonna. But he slept also most of this morning. . . . He could as easily build London as go to the Shakespeare dinner. It tires him so much to get entirely through his toilet in the morning, that he has to lie down a long time after it. To-day he walked out on the grounds, and could not stay ten minutes, because I would not let him

sit down in the wind, and he could not bear any longer exercise. He has more than lost all he gained by the journey, by the sad event. From being the nursed and cared for, — early to bed and late to rise, — led, as it were, by the ever-ready hand of kind Mr. Ticknor, to become the nurse and night-watcher with all the responsibilities, with his mighty power of sympathy and his vast apprehension of suffering in others, and to see death for the first time in a state so weak as his, — the death also of so valued a friend, — as Mr. Hawthorne says himself, ‘it told upon him’ fearfully. There are lines ploughed on his brow which never were there before. . . . I have been up and alert ever since his return, but one day I was obliged, when he was busy, to run off and lie down for fear I should drop before his eyes. My head was in such an agony I could not endure it another moment. But I am well now. I have wrestled and won, and now I think I shall not fail again. Your most generous kindness of hospitality I heartily thank you for, but Mr. Hawthorne says he cannot leave home. He wants rest, and he says when the wind is *warm* he shall feel well. This cold wind ruins him. I wish he were in Cuba or on some isle in the Gulf Stream. But I must say I could not think him able to go anywhere, unless I could go with him. He is too weak to take care of himself. I do not like to have him go up and down stairs alone. I have read to him all the afternoon and evening and after he waked in the morning to-day. I do nothing but sit with him, ready to do or not do, just as he wishes. The wheels of my small *ménage* are all stopped. He is my world and all the business of it. He has not smiled since he came home till to-day, and I made him laugh with Thackeray’s humor in reading to him; but a smile looks strange on a face that once shone like a thousand suns with smiles. The light for the time has gone out of his eyes, entirely. An infinite weariness films them quite. I thank Heav-

en that summer and not winter approaches.”

On Friday evening of the same week Mrs. Hawthorne sent off another despatch to us: —

“Mr. Hawthorne has been miserably ill for two or three days, so that I could not find a moment to speak to you. I am most anxious to have him leave Concord again, and General Pierce’s plan is admirable, now that the General is well himself. I think the serene jog-trot in a private carriage into country places, by trout-streams and to old farm-houses, away from care and news, will be very restorative. The boy associations with the General will refresh him. They will fish, and muse, and rest, and saunter upon horses’ feet, and be in the air all the time in fine weather. I am quite content, though I wish I could go for a few *petits soins*. But General Pierce has been a most tender, constant nurse for many years, and knows how to take care of the sick. And his love for Mr. Hawthorne is the strongest passion of his soul, now his wife is departed. They will go to the Isles of Shoals, together probably, before their return.

“Mr. Hawthorne cannot walk ten minutes now without wishing to sit down, as I think I told you, so that he cannot take sufficient air except in a carriage. And his horror of hotels and rail-cars is immense, and human beings beset him in cities. He is indeed *very* weak. I hardly know what takes away his strength. I now am obliged to superintend my workman, who is arranging the grounds. Whenever my husband lies down (which is sadly often) I rush out of doors to see what the gardener is about.

“I cannot feel rested till Mr. Hawthorne is better, but I get along. I shall go to town when he is safe in the care of General Pierce.”

On Saturday this communication from Mrs. Hawthorne reached us: —

“General Pierce wrote yesterday to say he wished to meet Mr. Hawthorne in Boston on Wednesday, and go from thence on their way.

"Mr. Hawthorne is much weaker, I find, than he has been before at any time, and I shall go down with him, having a great many things to do in Boston; but I am sure he is not fit to be left by himself, for his steps are so uncertain, and his eyes are very uncertain too. Dear Mr. Fields, I am very anxious about him, and I write now to say that he absolutely refuses to see a physician officially, and so I wish to know whether Dr. Holmes could not see him in some ingenious way on Wednesday as a friend; but with his experienced, acute observation, to look at him also as a physician, to note how he is and what he judges of him comparatively since he last saw him. It almost deprives me of my wits to see him growing weaker with no aid. He seems quite bilious, and has a restlessness that is infinite. His look is more distressed and harassed than before; and he has so little rest, that he is getting worn out. I hope immensely in regard of this sauntering journey with General Pierce.

"I feel as if I ought not to speak to you of anything when you are so busy and weary and bereaved. But yet in such a sad emergency as this, I am sure your generous, kind heart will not refuse me any help you can render. . . . I wish Dr. Holmes would feel his pulse; I do not know how to judge of it, but it seems to me irregular."

His friend, Dr. O. W. Holmes, in compliance with Mrs. Hawthorne's desire, expressed in this letter to me, saw the invalid and thus describes his appearance in an article full of tenderness and feeling which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1864:—

"Late in the afternoon of the day before he left Boston on his last journey I called upon him at the hotel where he was staying. He had gone out but a moment before. Looking along the street, I saw a form at some distance in advance which could only be his,—but how changed from his former port and figure. There was no mistaking the long iron-gray locks, the

carriage of the head, and the general look of the natural outlines and movement; but he seemed to have shrunken in all his dimensions, and faltered along with an uncertain, feeble step, as if every movement were an effort. I joined him, and we walked together half an hour, during which time I learned so much of his state of mind and body as could be got at without worrying him with suggestive questions,—my object being to form an opinion of his condition, as I had been requested to do, and to give him some hints that might be useful to him on his journey.

"His aspect, medically considered, was very unfavorable. There were persistent local symptoms, referred especially to the stomach,—*"boring pain,"* distension, difficult digestion, with great wasting of flesh and strength. He was very gentle, very willing to answer questions, very docile to such counsel as I offered him, but evidently had no hope of recovering his health. He spoke as if his work were done, and he should write no more.

"With all his obvious depression, there was no failing noticeable in his conversational powers. There was the same backwardness and hesitancy which in his best days it was hard for him to overcome, so that talking with him was almost like love-making, and his shy, beautiful soul had to be wooed from its bashful pudency like an unschooled maiden. The calm despondency with which he spoke about himself confirmed the unfavorable opinion suggested by his look and history."

I saw Hawthorne alive, for the last time, the day he started on this his last journey. His speech and his gait indicated severe illness, and I had great misgivings about the jaunt he was purposing to take so early in the season. His tones were more subdued than ever, and he scarcely spoke above a whisper. He was very affectionate in parting, and I followed him to the door, looking after him as he went up School Street. I noticed that he faltered from weakness, and I should have

taken my hat and joined him to offer my arm, but I knew he did not wish to *seem* ill, and I feared he might be troubled at my anxiety. Fearing to disturb him, I followed him with my eyes only, and watched him till he turned the corner and passed out of sight.

On the morning of the 19th of May, 1864, a telegram, signed by Franklin Pierce, stunned us all. It announced the death of Hawthorne. In the afternoon of the same day came this letter to me:—

"PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE, PLYMOUTH, N. H.,
Thursday morning, 5 o'clock.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The telegraph has communicated to you the fact of our dear friend Hawthorne's death. My friend Colonel Hibbard, who bears this note, was a friend of H—, and will tell you more than I am able to write.

"I enclose herewith a note which I commenced last evening to dear Mrs. Hawthorne. O, how will she bear this shock! Dear mother—dear children—

"When I met Hawthorne in Boston a week ago, it was apparent that he was much more feeble and more seriously diseased than I had supposed him to be. We came from Senter Harbor yesterday afternoon, and I thought he was, on the whole, brighter than he was the day before. Through the week he has been inclined to somnolency during the day, but restless at night. He retired last night soon after nine o'clock, and soon fell into a quiet slumber. In less than half an hour changed his position, but continued to sleep. I left the door open between his bed-room and mine,—our beds being opposite to each other,—and was asleep myself before eleven o'clock. The light continued to burn in my room. At two o'clock I went to H—'s bedside; he was apparently in a sound sleep, and I did not place my hand upon him. At four o'clock I went into his room again, and, as his position was unchanged, I placed my hand upon him and found that life was extinct. I sent, however, immediately for a physi-

cian, and called Judge Bell and Colonel Hibbard, who occupied rooms upon the same floor and near me. He lies upon his side, his position so perfectly natural and easy, his eyes closed, that it is difficult to realize, while looking upon his noble face, that this is death. He must have passed from natural slumber to that from which there is no waking without the slightest movement.

"I cannot write to dear Mrs. Hawthorne, and you must exercise your judgment with regard to sending this and the unfinished note, enclosed, to her.

"Your friend,

"FRANKLIN PIERCE."

Hawthorne's lifelong desire that the end might be a sudden one was gratified. Often and often he has said to me, "What a blessing to go quickly!" So the same swift angel that came as a messenger to Allston, Irving, Prescott, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Dickens, was commissioned to touch his forehead also, and beckon him away.

The room in which death fell upon him,

"Like a shadow thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,"

looks towards the east; and standing in it, as I have frequently done, since he passed out silently into the skies, it is easy to imagine the scene on that spring morning which President Pierce so feelingly describes in his letter.

On the 24th of May we carried Hawthorne through the blossoming orchards of Concord, and laid him down under a group of pines, on a hillside, overlooking historic fields. All the way from the village church to the grave the birds kept up a perpetual melody. The sun shone brightly, and the air was sweet and pleasant, as if death had never entered the world. Longfellow and Emerson, Channing and Hoare, Agassiz and Lowell, Greene and Whipple, Alcott and Clarke, Holmes and Hillard, and other old friends walked slowly by his side that beautiful spring morning. The companion of his youth

and his manhood, for whom he would willingly at any time have given up his own life, Franklin Pierce, was there among the rest, and scattered flowers into the grave. The unfinished Romance, which had cost him so much anxiety, the last literary work on which he had ever been engaged, was laid on his coffin.

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

Longfellow's beautiful poem will always be associated with the memory of Hawthorne, and most fitting was it that his fellow-student, whom he so loved and honored, should sing his requiem.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Mechanism in Thought and Morals. An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, June 29, 1870. With Notes and Afterthoughts. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

SOME embarrassment, we have felt, would attend any systematic effort of ours to mark passages for extract or comment from this wise and charming little book. We fear we should find, on running over the pages when we had done, that every line had a black mark under it, and that every sentence was turning a parenthetical back upon its neighbors, — like a man who is getting on in the world. Does this indicate a dissatisfaction with the author? Well, beggars will be choosers, whatever the proverb may say. But we have so seldom to complain of receiving too much!

After some consideration of the physical structure of the brain, and some conjecture as to its operation in conscious and unconscious thought, the writer arrives at discussion of materialism in the moral world, and, rejecting the "mechanical doctrine which makes him the slave of outside influences, whether it work with the logic of Edwards or the averages of Buckle," he declares that "moral chaos began with the idea of transmissible responsibility." Then he combats the idea of a penal hell, and of a measurement of guilt, not by the sin committed, but the quality of the Being offended, while he maintains that there is a divine recuperative force constantly working in human nature against the effects of evil. These ideas will be none the more palatable, we dare say, to the theologians whose notions they oppose,

from the fact that their own opinions are characterized throughout as materialism. But neither they nor any one else will fail to read this part of Dr. Holmes's address with attention and interest, or help feeling with what a singular combination of subtlety and frankness the subject is treated. We are rather glad, however, that it is no part of our business to pronounce upon the correctness of his ideas; and, to tell the truth, we do not value this part of the book so much as that which records the experiences and observations of so acute a student of mental operations in himself and in others, and which abounds in passages like these *apropos* of unconscious mental action:—

"The poet sits down to his desk with an odd conceit in his brain; and presently his eyes fill with tears, his thought slides into the minor key, and his heart is full of sad and plaintive melodies. Or he goes to his work, saying, 'To-night I would have tears'; and, before he rises from his table, he has written a burlesque, such as he might think fit to send to one of the comic papers, if these were not so commonly cemeteries of hilarity interspersed with cenotaphs of wit and humor. These strange hysterics of the intelligence, which make us pass from weeping to laughter, and from laughter back again to weeping, must be familiar to every impressible nature; and all is as automatic, involuntary, as entirely self-evolved by a hidden organic process, as are the changing moods of the laughing and crying woman. The poet always recognizes a dictation *ab extra*; and we hardly think it a figure of speech when we talk of his inspiration.

"The mental attitude of the poet while writing, if I may venture to define it, is that of the 'nun, breathless with adoration.' Mental stillness is the first condition of the listening state; and I think my friends the poets will recognize that the sense of effort, which is often felt, accompanies the mental spasm by which the mind is maintained in a state at once passive to the influx from without, and active in seizing only that which will serve its purpose."

Dr. Holmes studies the brain both as a physician and a metaphysician, and the reader starts with a glance at it as the great nervous centre. Then the dual form and possible dual function of this organ, the analogy between mental defects and peculiarities and the defects and peculiarities of other organs ("the old brain thinks the world grows worse as the old retina thinks the eye of the needle grows smaller," and "intellectual myopes, near-sighted specialists, are blind to all but the distant abstract"), conscious mental action, pictured thought, musical consciousness, the nature of will, the rapidity of thought, unconscious thought, unconscious sleep, passive thought, mental labor, memory, association, intellectual decay, — are the topics (we have somewhat inaccurately noted them) which are successively touched on in the essay, and by which the author arrives at the spiritual or moral phase of his problem.

But for a sense of its over-compactness, which we have hinted, this little book reminds us of the "Autocrat" in his best moods, — in those moments when, all barrier of invention and situation being broken down, the author talks face to face, or rather soul to soul, consciousness to consciousness, with the reader. By this we imagine ourselves to be saying that it is one of the most delightful, and one of the subtlest things we have read since the "Autocrat," and to be commending it in the strongest and only possible terms; for in this most characteristic attitude we can have no one but himself to compare the author with.

Topics of the Time. By JAMES PARTON.
Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

OUR readers have had an opportunity of seeing all but one of the papers included in this volume; and such is the spirit and attractiveness with which they are written, that we believe all will vividly recall the

articles on civil service, on Congress, on international copyright, and on Catholics and Jews, as well as the review of Bonaparte's correspondence, the discursive essay on fashions, and Mr. Parton's study of New England life. The one unfamiliar chapter is that on "The Government of the City of New York," which on the whole is the strongest and best chapter in the book. It was a subject singularly well adapted to Mr. Parton's powers; it required research, bold and free handling, and the highest courage and cheerfulness. We do not know where else the author's peculiar optimism appears with such effect as where, at the close of this paper, he expresses a hope for the future of a city which he shows to be literally abandoned to the rule of thieves and other criminals. But it is a dreadful picture to exhibit to the Old World, and it does not quite help matters that we know what a wicked Old World it is, and how little its opinion is worth caring for. We owed it an example of a different kind; and while such organized misrule exists in New York, we ought to be tender of the violence of Paris.

In his treatment of all these topics of the time, Mr. Parton reveals the qualities which in greater degree characterize that on the New York City government, with an occasional disadvantage of subject. Wherever the case has to be urged, he betrays what seems an inherent logical weakness; his feeling — always good feeling — sometimes carries him too far in defence and offence; his colors are often too positive and too little harmonized. But where a character, or a period, or a phase of civilization, is to be studied and described, he seldom fails of a right effect; he never fails of interesting the reader, and for the moment, at least, of persuading him. Occasionally we lament the misapplication of his powers; but we do not doubt them.

There has always been a difficulty with some in acknowledging them; and on the whole we suppose that this larger kind of journalism, in which Mr. Parton has of late been engaged, has added to the number of these reluctant. But it has also added largely to the number of his readers, and has immensely widened the circle which one day, when he has produced some crowning work of history or biography, will welcome it with all his faults, — and it will be pretty sure to have them all in greater or less degree; for he is not a man to do things by halves, and give his virtues alone.

Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum. Code of Health of the School of Salerno. Translated into English Verse, with an Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By JOHN ORDRONAUX, LL.D., M.D., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Law School of Columbia College, N. Y. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

ROBERT, Duke of Normandy, and second son of William the Conqueror, was wounded with a poisoned arrow at the fall of Jerusalem, and on his way home to England stopped at Salerno to seek the advice of the famous school of medicine, which had flourished there ever since the tenth century. He was told that the wound could be cured only by suction; and when nobody else would attempt the perilous service, his wife, as is well known to romance, drew the poison from the hurt with her own lovely and loving lips, while he slept, and the prince got well. But he did not recover so rapidly that he did not need counsel concerning his mode of life; and the faculty of Salerno uttered their wisdom in his behalf in a series of maxims and prescriptions couched in Latin verse, and applicable to all the ordinary contingencies of health and sickness. At first they gave him some general advice, in the following terms, to use a quaint translation of 1607:—

"The Salerne Schoole doth by these lines impart
All health to England's King, and doth advise
From care his head to keepe, from wrath his harte.
Drink not much wine, sup light, and soone arise.
When meat is gone long sitting breedeth smart;
And after noone still waking keepe your eies,
When mov'd you find your selfe to nature's needs,
Forbeare them not, for that much danger breeds,
Use three physitions still — first Dr. Quiet,
Next Dr. Merry-man, and Dr. Dyet."

This admirable prescription they then expanded into more than a hundred particular rules of possibly varying value, but unvarying simplicity and clearness. What Dr. Ordronaux has now done is to give us a new versified English translation of this poem, largely preserving its spirit of downrightness and directness, and prefacing his version with a very pleasant sketch of the history of the School of Salerno and of the poem itself. From this it appears that the poem has, since the invention of printing, constantly reappeared in new editions; in German sixteen times, in French nineteen, in Italian seven, in Dutch, Bohemian, Polish, and Irish, each one, in English ten; and besides there have been one hundred and seven Latin

editions. From this great popularity, our translator naturally argues great merit:—

"It is the condensation of truth in compact, suggestive sentences, adorned by the elegance of rhyme, and thus invoking the harmony of numbers to the aid of memory, which has given to this poem an undying charm. Written in plain, untechnical language, saturated with the broad common sense of daily experience, and prescribing for all the necessities and all the dangers of practical life, it at once comes home, as Bacon said of his essays, to 'Men's Business and Bosomes'; and the innumerable imitations of it which sprang up in mediæval Europe, wherever a medical school existed, attest in the most forcible manner possible the high and fixed reverence it commanded in public estimation."

Of course the ordinary reader will find the wisdom of the school of Salerno quite as delightful when, in the light of modern popular science, it seems a little obsolescent, as when it shines with undiminished force and lustre. A certain old-wifely air in much of the advice detracts little from its authority; and we read with comfortable faith,—

"The radish, pear, theriac, garlic, rue,
All potent poisons will at once undo."

And we feel sure that the most reckless and dissipated person will honor a prescription so consonant with reason and nature as this:—

"Art sick from vinous surfeiting at night?
Repeat the dose at morn, 't will set thee right."

It is interesting to know that the unruliest of the passions was once within the control of science; and for this reason, at least, it seems almost a pity that phlebotomy should have fallen into disfavor:—

"Bleeding soothes rage, brings joy unto the sad,
And saves all love-sick swains from going mad."

The rules for this noble treatment are very abundant and explicit, and Duke Robert, and after him all afflicted, are fully instructed at what age, in what months, in what condition, from which veins, and how, they are to be let blood, and are warned of states and seasons when it is dangerous. The most curious of these instructions relate to

"WHAT PARTS ARE TO BE DEPLETED
AND AT WHAT SEASONS.

"In spring, and likewise in the summer tide,
Blood should be drawn alone from the right side.
In autumn sere, or on cold winter's day,
Take from the left in corresponding way.
Four parts distinct we must in turn deplete —
The liver, heart, the head, and last the feet."

In spring the heart — liver when heats abound,
The head or feet, whene'er their turn comes round."

There are many directions for regulating the diet, some of which would surprise the sufferers who pin their faith to Dr. Dio Lewis, while others seem the germ of the conspiracy of that physician and the doctors of Sancho Panza to deny hunger all that it craves, and bid it wholesomely satisfy itself with whatever the appetite abhors. Yet on the whole the balance is in favor of nature and of sense, and the patient of the school of Salernum is advised to use and to disuse pretty much the same things that his taste and his good old family doctor prescribe and proscribe at this day. All who feel grateful to Providence for good cheer will agree with the following, especially as far as it relates to free indulgence in winter: —

"Slender in Spring thy diet be, and spare;
Disease, in Summer, springs from surplus fare.
From Autumn fruits be careful to abstain,
Lest by mischance they should occasion pain.
But when rapacious Winter has come on,
Then freely eat till appetite is gone."

Concerning wines the school has also somewhat to say of such practical effect that we cannot altogether withhold its wisdom from our readers: —

"The taste of wines, their clearness, odor, shade,
Are living proofs of their specific grade;
You 'll find all those that are of highest source,
Fragrant, frigid, fair, fuming high with force."

"Rich, heavy wines that are both sweet and white,
The body's size increase, and e'en its might."

"Ripe, good old wine imparts a richer blood
To him who daily tastes its tonic flood;
But when too dark — beware! the danger 's great
That you may grow inert, and not elate.
Let wines be fine and clear, mature and old,
And mixed with water, still, their sparkle hold;
Then quaff a mod'rate draught, secure and bold."

(Addition from Paris Ed., 1861.)

Bright beads, when rising fast in any wine,
Bespeak good quality and vintage fine;
But sparkling wine, unless its tide flows free,
Is false and doubly base in quality.
In good wine beads and bubbles take their start,
Resilient ever from the central part.
In wines depraved and drugged the bubbles spring,
From out, alone, the margin's narrow ring."

In turning from this odd, old-fashioned book, we must not fail to own that we have copied purposely the quainter passages, and have scarcely touched a bottom of sound reason and knowledge there is in it. We ought all to thank the translator for his version, and to be glad of a new edition of a book which, while it will minister in some degree to man's passion for doctoring himself, may also chance to amuse him so much

as to take his mind off his malady, and make him forget what he went to it for. This is an advantage it has over modern popular treatises on health.

Poems. By LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THERE are at least two pieces in this collection of verse that show a dramatic power, namely, "The Duel" and "Garden and Balcony"; but both of these are arrangements of familiar and conventional themes, rather than original performances. We shall do our utmost for the poet, and shall give the reader a clearer idea of our meaning, by quoting the last of the poems mentioned: —

"GARDEN AND BALCONY.

"LOVER.

"I have scaled the outer wall,
I have passed the secret gate,
Yonder shines the signal lamp,
There my love waits —

"HUSBAND.

"No, my hate!

"LOVER.

"Stars, my dim and kindly guides,
Through the darkness of the night,
Veil your telltale brightness now —

"HUSBAND.

"Look your last upon their light!

"LOVER.

"Roses round her lattice twined
Wooing me with scented breath,
Hid behind your perfumed shade,
Love awaits me —

"HUSBAND.

"No, 't is Death!"

From this we think the justice of our praise and of the detraction from it is plain enough; and it does not seem a good omen for the poet that she should have done her best in a thing so remote from reality, and so near the footlights of the operatic stage.

It is not literary facility or poetic form which is wanting in her or in most other American poets; but the creative sense of a relation between these and life, — life seen, felt, and known, not life read about, conjectured, and borrowed. In the mean time, as we have half allowed already, here is grace, sentiment sweet and bitter, pretty passion, hallowed and unhallowed (for one is quite as much the mode now as the other in all polite literature), pretty loveliness, pretty horror.

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BOTANIZING.

IN this paper I do not intend to treat of the nomenclature and classification of plants, nor of the laws of vegetable physiology. There is a branch of this science, not involving any deep research, but serving rather to amuse the mind than to store it with knowledge, to which I invite the reader's attention. I allude to the study of flowers, or that part of botany which belongs to poetry and romance, rather than philosophy, and affords more exercise to the taste and imagination than to the higher mental faculties. This study is generally regarded by the female sex as one of the most interesting branches of natural history; but the pleasure of the pursuit is derived principally from the cheerful exercise attending the search for plants in field and forest. A ramble in the haunts of birds and flowers on any pleasant day of the year, even when we go out for no particular purpose, is always delightful; and this pleasure is greatly magnified if we have some interesting object in view, like hunting, fishing, or collecting plants and minerals.

But women cannot conveniently become hunters or anglers, nor can they

without some eccentricity of conduct follow birds and quadrupeds to the woods, and study their manners and habits in their native haunts. The only part of natural history which they can pursue out of doors is the study of plants. Even in this field they meet with obstacles not encountered by the other sex. A young woman cannot safely roam at will in any place and at any distance. She is exposed to many annoyances and to some dangers not to be overlooked or despised. While a young man may traverse the whole country in his researches, his sister must confine her walks to the vicinity of her own home and to the open fields and waysides, and in these limited excursions she sometimes needs protection.

My own interest in botany was first awakened by collecting flowers for my sisters which they afterwards analyzed and named. Thus I came to know the names of many plants before I had learned the first rudiments of botany, and could designate their respective haunts before I knew anything of botanical classification or science. Even to this day I am more acquainted with

the habitats of our native plants and with their forms and beauty than with their botanical characters. While thus employed by my sisters, I felt conscious that I enjoyed the principal pleasure of the pursuit, while they performed all the drudgery; for half the pleasure of the study is lost, if the students be not the collectors of their own specimens. In this case, however, my sisters shared from sympathy a great part of the interest I felt in my own adventures, and I valued a flower which had cost me a great deal of search, and some perilous and perplexing travel through bogs, brambles, and thickets, before I could obtain it, as a great prize. My adventures, when I recounted them, gave them an interest in my acquisitions which they could not have felt, if I had just picked them up from the roadside. If at any time I had got a ducking, or had come home covered with mud, or with bruised limbs, or a scratched face, in my scrambling after a rare plant, my mishaps gave it in their eyes an additional value. There is a philosophy in these matters, which has never yet received the attention it deserves, and is still very imperfectly understood, especially by those who would make the path through every field of learning so smooth and easy as to excite nothing of the spirit of adventure.

Hence the perfectly uninteresting character of the study of botany when pursued in a garden. We meet with no adventures here, no dangers, no obscurity and uncertainty of course, no perplexity or suspense, no mysterious intricacy of paths to be unravelled, nothing of that gratification which is the reward of patient and diligent search, no excitement, indeed, of any kind. Botanizing in a garden is like gunning in a poultry-yard. It is like sitting at a sumptuous feast and being fed, instead of killing your game and making your repast under the shade of a wood. Every hunter knows that the pleasure of any excursion is increased by the scarcity of his game and by the roughness and intricacy of his hunting-ground, provided the game

exists there, and the difficulties of his pursuit are not insurmountable.

Though I was never addicted to perilous adventures, I still remember those with the most pleasure that partook in the highest degree of this character, and were followed by the greatest weariness. One of my most agreeable reminiscences was an occasion of a long day's journey with a fellow-student, in quest of the three-leaved Solomon's Seal, — a very rare species, which some years before had been found in a swamp about eight miles from our homes. Our rambles through narrow lanes, and past rustic cottages, with their lilacs and roses, their simple gardens, and their loquacious inhabitants; then down through woodland paths, and over meadows spangled with violets; through bogs and over potato-patches; scaling precipices and wading through ditches, slaking our thirst with the water of musical streams, and appeasing our hunger with a few scattering strawberries, made the whole day one of intense delight. How completely would the pleasure of this excursion have been destroyed, if on our road some florist had exhibited to us a profusion of these flowers in his conservatory! All the pleasures of expectation, of action and resolution, of alternate hope and uncertainty, and finally of fruition, made a hundred-fold more delightful by the toils and hardships of which it was the reward, would in this case have never been felt.

On the next morning, when we were to commence another similar journey, I found my comrade in a fit condition to be photographed as a *lusus naturæ*, his eyes being entirely closed and his face swollen and inflamed with the poison of Sumach. Indeed, his features were not discernible at all; but in the place of them were certain indentations or dimples in his rotund face, giving it the likeness of an enormous red-skinned potato. Here was a new cause of excitement and philosophic inquiry. It awakened our interest in identifying the poisonous plants and learning their properties. Our journey

was postponed; but my comrade, who was both a wag and a philosopher, amused me during his blindness with a lecture on toxicology.

Of the poisonous plants which many persons dread as they would a serpent, there are only two that are known to communicate their effects by being touched or handled. These are two of the Sumachs, one bearing the common name of Poison Ivy, the other that of Poison Dogwood. But, as I am not writing a botanical description of plants, I will only say that neither of these two bears conspicuous or beautiful flowers. Their flowers are of a greenish clay-color, very minute, borne in irregular clusters, and possessing no beauty of any kind. Their fruit also is small, and offers not the least temptation to the sight or to any other sense. The young rambler may therefore put aside all fear of gathering or handling any plant in our woods that bears a beautiful flower or an agreeable fruit. Flowers of great beauty are often the product of plants which, like the Aconite and Stramonium, are deadly poisons, if their juices are taken into the stomach. But any of these may be safely handled. It is remarkable, however, that the flowers of such plants never emit an agreeable odor: they are always fetid and offensive. Nature has so qualified her vegetable productions, that animals shall recognize all those of a poisonous character by their disagreeable odor, and those of a wholesome kind by their agreeable properties of taste and smell.

It will not be denied that the dangers as well as the annoyances to which we are exposed in the wilds of nature are the source of half the pleasure of botanizing as well as of hunting and angling. The interest we feel in a garden is of a different kind. It is generally one of taste, perhaps of ambition; the love of a quiet and voluptuous employment, enlisting all the senses, and gratifying in the highest degree, a passion for beautiful forms and colors and their harmonious arrangements. It is like a love of painting, drawing, music, and reading verses. But the study of wild-flowers

is intimately associated with action and adventure, and the rude and sublime as well as the beautiful scenes of nature. Hence we do not find these two habits of mind always united in the same person, and neither of them is like a taste for science, which is quite a different thing. In the garden we generally admire profusion, artful arrangement, and splendor. But, as I have said before, profusion in the fields would destroy all the fascinating interest that attends a botanizing tour. The same flower that would hardly gain from us a look of recognition among the hosts of a garden, awakens the most intense delight when discovered, after several hours of wearisome search, dangling from a high rock or glowing upon us from the opposite bank of a river. In either of these cases our zeal is heightened by our partial disappointment, and by the new difficulties we must encounter, before the flower can be gathered.

I cannot describe the joy I felt, mingled with about equal chagrin, when, after a long and tiresome journey in quest of the yellow Lady's-slipper, I discovered one on the opposite wooded side of the Shawsheen River, — a beautiful stream that wanders through the classic grounds of Andover and Boxford. I thought at first of swimming for it; but there were so many clumps of Button Bush and Dutch Myrtle scattered about the stream, which in this place was widened into a muddy shallow, that it was not safe to wade or swim across it on account of the soft mud at the bottom, and the tangled roots of these aquatic shrubs. My only alternative was to follow the river about half a mile down to a bridge, then cross it and return on the other side. My pains were doubly rewarded by obtaining the plant and by the rare discovery of an oven-bird's nest, which I had never before seen. Thus any such disappointment in traversing the woods may lead to new discoveries by changing our course and guiding us into new paths.

Yet while we are aware that certain perils and inconveniences increase the

pleasures of botanizing, it is not to be understood that we should neglect to study the art of avoiding and surmounting them. This is an important part of the science of botanizing; and it should include knowledge of the best hours of the day for rambling, and the means of performing our intricate and often pathless journeys, and finding our way through the woods without guide or compass. It should treat also of the habitats of different plants and how they are to be discovered. The art of preserving flowers is another thing. This is one of the fine arts, and seems more nearly allied to that of painting.

Several hours of the morning must elapse, before the dews will be dried from the grass and shrubbery. These are a source of great discomfort unattended with any satisfaction, especially to the female sex, who cannot with impunity draggle their garments through the wet grass and bushes. For them, if not for all, the best time for botanizing is the afternoon during the three or four hours preceding dewfall. There is a serene delight attending an early morning walk that may be compared only with the bliss of paradise. The earth never seems so much like heaven as on a fine morning in summer, a little while before sunrise. But a walk at this hour is a luxury which only the hardy and robust can safely enjoy, except with great moderation. Some flowers, like the *Convolvulus*, are bright only in the morning; some close their petals before noonday. Some, like the white *Water-Lily*, do not open until they meet the direct rays of the sun; others, like the *Evening Primrose*, wait, except in cloudy weather, until the sun begins to redden in the west. But hundreds of species are bright and beautiful nearly the whole day; so that an early morning walk is not necessary, except to obtain sight of certain flowers of peculiar habit.

We may by chance discover a rare and interesting plant in a situation that would be the last to invite our attention. The apparent unsuitness of the place for aught but common weeds

may have preserved it from observation. I have sometimes encountered by the roadside a species for which I had long vainly traversed the woods. On the borders of some of the less frequented roads in the country, the soil and the plants still remain in their primitive condition. In such grounds we may find materials for study for several weeks, without leaving the waysides. Indeed, all those old roads which are not thoroughfares — byways not travelled enough to destroy the grass between the ruts of wheels and the middle path made by the feet of horses — are very propitious to the growth of wild plants. The shrubbery on these old roadsides, when it has not been disturbed for a number of years, is far more beautiful than the finest imaginable hedgerow. Here are several *Viburnums*, two or three species of *Cornel*, the *Bayberry*, the *Sweet Fern*, the *Azalea*, the *Rhodora*, the small *Kalmia*, and a crowd of *Whortleberry*-bushes, besides the *Wild Rose* and *Eglantine*. The narrow footpath through this wayside shrubbery has a magic about it that makes it perfect bliss to pass through it. Under the shelter of this shrubbery Nature calls out the *Wood Anemone*, blue, white, and pedate *Violets*, and in damp places the *Erythronium*, the *Solomon's Seal*, and the *Bellwort*. When I see these rustic ornaments destroyed for the improvement of the road, I feel like one who sees his own paternal estate swept of its productions and measured out into auction-lots.

There are indications by which we may always identify the haunts of certain species, if they have not been eradicated. We know that fallow grounds are inhabited by weeds, and that mean soils contain plants that seem by their thrift to require a barren situation; but they are like poor people, who live in mean huts because the better houses are occupied by their superiors. These plants would grow more luxuriantly in a good soil, if they were not crowded out by those of more vigorous habit. Every one is familiar with a species of *Rush* (*Juncus tenuis*)

called Wire Grass, which is abundant in footpaths through wet meadows. It is so tough that the feet of men and animals, while they crush and destroy all other plants that come up there, leave this uninjured. This remarkable habit has caused the belief that it thrives better from being trampled under feet. The truth is, it will bear more hard usage than other species, and is made conspicuous by being left alone after all its companions have been trodden to death. The same may be observed of a species of *Polygonum*, — the common “knot-grass” of our back yards. A certain amount of trampling is favorable to its growth by crushing out all its competitors.

Most of our naturalized plants inhabit those places which were once reduced to tillage and afterwards restored to nature. Such are the sites of old gardens and orchards, and the forsaken enclosures of some old dwelling-house. The white Bethlehem Star is a tenant of these deserted grounds, glowing meekly under the protection of some moss-covered stone wall or dilapidated shed, fraternizing with the Celandine, the sweet Chervil, and here and there a solitary Narcissus. The Euphorbia and Houseleek prosper in similar places, growing freshly upon ledges and heaps of stones, which have been carted by the farmer into abrupt hollows, mixed with the soil and weeds of the garden. In shady corners we find the Coltsfoot, the Gill, — a very pretty labiate, — and some of the foreign mints. Spikenard and Tansy delight in more open places, along with certain other medicinal herbs introduced by ancient simplers. These plants are seldom found in woods or primitive pastures.

Wild plants of rare beauty abound in a recent clearing, especially in a tract from which a growth of hard wood has been felled, if afterwards the soil has remained undisturbed. In the deep woods the darkness will not permit any sort of undergrowth except a few plants of peculiar habit and constitution. But after the removal of the wood, all kinds

of indigenous plants, whose seeds have been wafted there by the winds or carried there by the birds, will revel in the clearing, until they are choked by a new growth of trees and shrubs. Strawberries and several species of brambles spring up there as if by magic, and cover the stumps of the trees with their vines and their racemes of black and scarlet fruit; and hundreds of beautiful flowering plants astonish us by their presence, as if they were a new creation. We must look to these clearings, and to those tracts, in which the trees have been destroyed by fire, more than to any others, for the exact method of nature. Among the very first plants which would appear after the burning, beside the liliaceous plants whose bulbs lie too deep in the soil to be destroyed, are those with downy seeds, which are immediately planted there by the winds. One very conspicuous and beautiful plant, the Spiked Willow Herb, is so abundant in any tract that has been burned, the next year after the conflagration, that in the West and the British Provinces it has gained the name of Fireweed.

But the paradise of the young botanist is a glade, or open space in a wood; usually a level between two rocky eminences, or a little alluvial meadow pervaded by a small stream, open to the sun, and protected at the same time from the winds by surrounding hills and woods. It is surprising how soon the flowery tenants of one of these glades will vanish after the removal of this bulwark of trees. But with this protection, the loveliest flowers will cluster there, like the singing birds around a cottage and its enclosures in the wilderness. Here they find a genial soil and a natural conservatory, and abide there until some accident destroys them. Nature selects these places for her favorite garden-plots. In the centre she rears her tender herbs and flowers, and her shrubbery in the borders, while the trees form a screen around the whole. I have often seen one of these glades crimsoned all over with flowers of the

Cymbidium and *Arethusa*, with wild Roses in their borders, vying in splendor with a sumptuous parterre.

While strolling through a wood in one of those rustic avenues which have been made by the farmer or the woodman, we shall soon discover that this path is likewise a favorite resort for many species of wild-flowers. Except the glade, there are but few places so bountifully stored by nature with a starry profusion of bloom. The Cranesbill, the Wood Anemone, the Cinquefoil, the yellow Bethlehem Star, the *Houstonia*, to say nothing of crowds of Violets, adorn the verdant sward of these woodpaths; and still beyond them, cherished by the sunshine that is admitted into this opening, Ginsengs, Bellworts, the white starlike *Trientalis*, the *Trillium*, and *Medeola* thrive more prosperously than in situations entirely wild and primitive. It is pleasant to note how kindly nature receives these little disturbances which are made by the woodman, and how many beautiful things will assemble there, to be fostered by those conditions which accident, combined with the rude operations of agriculture, alone can produce.

Leaving this avenue, we ascend the sloping ground, and passing through a tangled bed of *Lycopodiums*, often meeting with the remnants of a foot-path that is soon obliterated in a mass of vegetation; then wandering pathless over ground made smooth by a brown matting of pine leaves, beautifully pencilled over with the small creeping vines and checkered foliage of the *Mitchella* and its scarlet berries, we come at last to a little rocky dell full of the greenery of mosses and ferns, and find ourselves in the home of the *Columbines*. Such a brilliant assemblage reminds you of an aviary full of linnets and goldfinches. The botanist does not consider the *Columbine* a rare prize. It is a well-known plant, thriving both in the wood and outside of it; but it is gregarious, and selects for its habitation a sunny place in the woods, upon a bed of rock covered with a thin

crust of soil. The plants take root on every rocky projection and in every crevice, hanging like jewels from a green tapestry of velvet moss.

As we leave this magic recess of flowers and pursue our course under the pines, trampling noiselessly over the brown, elastic sward, we soon discover the purple, inflated blossoms of the pink *Lady's-slipper*. These flowers are always considerably scattered, and never grace the open field. Often in their company we observe the sweet *Pyrola*, bearing a long spike of white flowers that have the odor of cinnamon. Less frequently we find in this scattered assemblage some rare species of Wood Orchis and the singular Coral Plant. If we now trace the course of any little streamlet to a glen full of pale green bog-moss, covering the ground with a deep mass of spongy vegetation, there we may be lucky enough to discover the rare and beautiful White Orchis, the Nun of the Woods, with flowers resembling the pale face of a lady wearing a white cap. This plant is found only in certain cloistered retreats, under the shade of woods. It is a true vestal, and will not tarnish its purity by any connection with the soil. It is cradled like an infant in the soft, green bog-moss, and derives its sustenance from the pure air and dews of heaven. Like the Orchids of warm climates, it is half parasitic, and requires certain conditions for its growth which are rarely combined.

Flowers are usually abundant in pleasant situations. They avoid cold and bleak exposures, the dark shade of very dense woods, and wet places seldom visited by sunshine. Like birds, they love protection, and we are sure to meet with many species wherever the singing birds of the forest are numerous. Birds and flowers require the same fostering warmth, the same sunshine, and the same fertility of soil to supply them with their food. When we are traversing a deep forest, the silence of the situation is one of the most notable circumstances of our journey; but if we suddenly encounter

a great variety of flowers, our ears will at the same time be greeted by the notes of some little thrush or sylvia. If I hear the veery, a bird that loves to mingle his liquid notes with the sound of some tuneful runlet, I know that I am approaching the shady haunts of the Trillium and the Wood Thalictrum. If I hear the snipe feebly imitating the lark, as he soars at twilight, and warbles his chirruping song far above my head, I know that when he descends in his spiral course he will alight upon grounds occupied by the Canadian Rhodora, the Andromeda, and the wild Strawberry plant. But if the song of the robin is heard in the forest, I feel sure that a cottage is near, with its orchard and cornfields, or else that I am close to the end of the wood and am about to emerge into the open plain.

A moor is seldom adorned with plants that would prosper in the uplands; but if it be encompassed by a circle of wooded hills, a gay assemblage of flowers will congregate in its borders, where hill and moor are imperceptibly blended. We may always find a path made by cattle all along the border. If we thread the course of this path, we pass through bushes of moderate height, consisting of Whortleberries, Clethra, and Swamp Honeysuckles, and now and then enter a drier path, through beds of Sweet Fern, and occasional open spaces full of pedate Violets. The docile animals, — the picturesque artists who constructed this path, — while grazing upon the clover-patches will turn their large eyes placidly upon us, still heeding their diligent occupation. We keep close to the edge of the moor, not disregarding many common and homely plants that lie in our way, till we discover the object of our search, the *Sarracenia*, or Sidesaddle plant, with its dark purple flowers, nodding like Epicureans over their circle of leafy cups half filled with dew. This is a genuine "pitcher plant," and is the only one of the family that is not tropical. The *Geum rivale*, — Water Avena, — conspicuous for its drooping chocolate-colored flowers, — and the

Golden Senecio, congregate in the same meadow, bending their plumes above the tall Rushes and autumnal Asters not yet in flower.

Very early in the season, if you are near an oak wood, standing on a slope with a southern exposure, enter it, and if fortune favors you, the *Anemone hepatica*, or Liverwort, will meet your sight, pushing up the dry oak leaves that formed its winter covering, and displaying its pale bluish and purple flowers, deepening their hues as they expand. When they are fully opened, there are but few sights so pleasant as these circular clusters of flowers, on a ground of dry brown foliage, enlivened with hardly a tuft of verdure, except the trilobate leaves of this interesting plant. As oaks usually stand on a fertile soil, there is a greater variety of species among their undergrowth than in almost any other wood. A grove of oaks, after it has been thinned by the woodman so as to open the grounds to the sun, becomes when left to nature a rare repository of herbaceous plants. Yet there are certain curious species which are found almost exclusively in pine woods. Such is the genus *Monotropa*, including two species, the Pine Sap and the Bird's Nest, plants without leaves or hues, with stems resembling potato-sprouts grown in a dark cellar; outside of pine woods, however, on their southern boundary, we may always look for the earliest spring flowers, because no other wood affords them so warm a protection.

In our imaginary tour we have visited only the most common scenes of nature; we have traced to their habitats very few rare plants, and have yet hardly noticed the flowers of autumn, — those luxuriant growers, many of them half shrubby and branching like trees. Some of them have no select haunts. The Asters and Golden-rods, the most conspicuous of the hosts of autumn, are found in almost every soil and situation; though they congregate chiefly on the borders of woods and fields, and seem to take special

delight in arraying themselves by the sides of new roads, recently laid out through a wet meadow. The autumnal plants generally prosper only in the lowlands, which have not suffered from the summer droughts. Hence when botanizing in the close of the season, we must avoid dry sandy places, and follow the windings of narrow streams, that glide through peat-meadows, and traverse the sides of ditches, examining the convex embankment of soil which has been thrown up by the spade of the ditcher. On these level moors we meet with occasional rows of Willows affectionately guarding the waters of these artificial pools where they were planted as sentinels by the rustic laborer. The Gentians, which have always been admired, as much for the delicacy and beauty of their flowers as for their hardy endurance of autumnal frost, are often strewn in these places, glowing like sapphires on the faded greensward of the closing season of vegetation.

The great numbers of wild plants which are often assembled in a single meadow seem to a poetical mind as something more than a result of the mere accidents of nature. There is not a greater variety or diversity in the thoughts that enter and pass through the mind than of species among these herbs. Each of them has distinct features, and some attractive form or color, or some other remarkable property peculiar to itself. How many different species bend under our footsteps while we are crossing an ordinary field! How many thousands are constantly distilling odors into the atmosphere, which is oxygenated by their foliage and purified and renovated by their vital and chemical action! There is not a single plant, however obscure, minute, or unattractive, that is not an important agent of Nature in her vast and mysterious economy.

There would be no end to our adventures, if we were resolved to continue them until our observations were exhausted. Hence the never-failing resources of the botanist for rational amusement and pleasure, who is with-

in an hour's walk of the forest. The sports of hunting and fishing offer their temptations to a greater number of young persons; but they do not afford continued pleasure to their votaries, like botanizing. The hunter watches his dog and the angler his line; but the plant-hunter examines everything that bears a leaf or a flower. His pursuit leads him into all the green recesses of nature, — into sunny dells and shady arbors, over pebbly hills and plashy hollows, through mossy dingles and wandering footpaths, into secret alcoves where the Hamadryads drape the rocks with ferns, and Naiads collect the dews of morning and pour them into their oozy fountains for the perfection of their verdure. A ride over the roads of the same region is nothing like these intricate journeys of the botanist. He fraternizes with all the inhabitants of the wood, and with the laborers of the farms which he crosses, not heeding the cautions to trespassers. He meets the rustic swain at his plough, and listens to his quaint discourse and his platitudes about nature and mankind. He follows the devious paths of the ruffled grouse, and destroys the snares which are set for his destruction. He listens to his muffled drum while he cools his heated brow under a canopy of birches overarched with woodbine, and picks the scarlet berries that cluster on the green knolls at his feet. He lives in harmony with created things, and hears all the voices of the woods and music of the streams. The trees spread their shade over him, every element loads him with its favors. Morning hails him with her earliest salutation and introduces him to her fairest hours and sweetest gales. Noon tempts him into her silent woodland sanctuaries, and makes the hermit thrush his solitary minstrel. Evening calls him out from his retreat, to pursue another varied journey among the fairy realms of vegetation, and ere she parts with him curtains the heavens with splendor and prompts her choir of sylvan warblers to salute him with their vespers.

Wilson Flagg.

THE SHIFTING OF POWER.

BALANCES AND CHECKS IN GOVERNMENT.

WITHOUT change in the written form of our institutions, the spirit and practice of them have undergone a veritable revolution in the last nine years, or may be only in the midst of a revolution not yet accomplished. The seat of practical, immediate, and available power has shifted, is shifting, and will be shifted, either backwards or forwards. If the revolution continues as rapidly for the next ten years, it requires but little foresight to point exactly where it will all land. If there is a reaction in the direction of the ancient balances of the Constitution, its ancient theory and practice may be restored. But such has not been the history of such movements. Since the introduction and practice of representative and constitutional government, in every contest for power between the balancing weights and checking forces, that branch of the legislature nearest to the holders of all power has ultimately vanquished its competitors, and, without formally driving them from the field, has securely held the prize until the next revolution. This fact seems to have been overlooked, or not much considered, by the Senate of the United States, else, in accepting the battle so freely offered them on a late occasion by the Executive, they would not have allowed the heat of battle and the flush of substantial, though not technical, victory to carry them into a war against the *office* when the officer had been beaten. A far-seeing political wisdom, mere selfishness, — using the word as a political and not as a personal or even as a senatorial epithet, — would aim to keep on reasonable terms with the President, that is, with the Presidential office, for there is something more in such a movement than seems to have been perceived, — a history behind the present phenomena, a law of politics as inevitable as the

law of gravity; and the Senate before many years might find that they had wrested power from the Presidential office, only to find it in turn wrested from themselves by the House of Representatives. The preservation of real balances in politics, while it may be a very good thing, has always been a matter of consent and not of constraint; and consent once thrown aside, and open rivalry for power commenced, the lists are open to all comers, and the strongest must bear away the prize.

The first revolution effected by the late civil war and the legislation of reconstruction established more definite and better understood relations, — whether better or worse is not here the question, — between the general and State governments. It was easy to foresee from the first that the war would do this, that it would vindicate in this country for an indefinite time, perhaps for a very great while, either the doctrine of real and effective nationality, or the doctrine of State sovereignty, and the right of secession. It was foreseen with equal clearness by many that, let the war go as it might, it was the beginning of the end of slavery on this continent.

But no one could very well have foreseen what has happened to our "checks and balances." On the contrary, the general fear was that the result would be an enormous and an almost unendurable increase of Executive power. It was not feared that *that* office would be diminished, almost abolished, while real power would suddenly loom up from the Senate Chamber, to be in turn more slowly but more permanently succeeded by the omnipotence of the House. The civil contest which has been waged since the war closed does not seem to have been engaged in *because* Presidential power had been enhanced. It could not be

said of that power, from 1865 to 1870, as compared only with the same power from 1861 to 1865, that the power of the Executive has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. I speak now simply of the contest for political and administrative power, and not of the contest for the control of the process of reconstruction, with which it was, by accident, so intimately allied. I do not even speak of the Tenure of Office Act, a law which I believe to have been in entire harmony with the Constitution, without here entering upon any discussion of its principle as a permanent policy, its origin and purpose being exceptional and well known. I speak simply and in general terms, and without any specifications of instances, *of the contest for power, in both domestic and foreign affairs*, which has been waged openly by the Senate against the Presidential office, and only less openly between the Senate and House. Nor do I discuss the merits of these controversies, nor the merits of the questions that seemed to be the occasions for them, especially the personal questions. I discuss a political phenomenon, a stage of our political development, with no reference whatever to the merits of political questions, or to the merits or the faults and mistakes, personal and political, of the parties engaged in the contest.

In the contest over reconstruction, referring now only to the question of power, and not to the manner or wisdom of its employment, Congress had the advantage which all representative assemblies have over one man in all such cases, and the two houses of Congress were equally determined in both the defensive and the offensive war of that celebrated contest. But the competition and rivalry for general political power which sprang up in the midst of the controversy over reconstruction,—a controversy as to which department of the government should dominate in all its affairs, and, after that, which branch of the legislature should dominate, instead of each department and each branch maintaining

its constitutional portion of a joint control, was a different contest,—a contest that yet continues, at least on one side, is fought upon entirely different grounds and for different motives, and, smile as we may, at speculative political philosophy, seems about to become one more of many illustrations and vindications of the opinions of the philosophers, the closet thinkers, that all permanent division and balancing and checking of political power are impossible, that it is ephemeral in practice, and always leads, first to a contest for supremacy, and then quickly to arrogation and absorption by one of the rivals, which will then either thrust its defeated rivals out of the field,—as the assembling of estates was nearly everywhere, except in England, suspended after consolidation of nationalities was followed by absolute personal government,—or will tolerate their presence and their nominal power only on condition of prompt and very deferential compliance with the wishes of the dominating victor; just as, even in England, kings and queens used to tell the Commons what they were expected to do, and scold them and dissolve them for any considerable reluctance,—called presumption and meddling with matters which, they were told, they did not understand.

In our own case I do not essay to defend or condemn the President,—or rather his office,—the Senate, the House, or the Supreme Court, but only to discover the revolution that is going on before our eyes. I do not even intend to argue whether the Constitution, or the practice of it, after having been wrenched out of its original line and proportion, should be restored. Many will say it should; and many will say, no; that the tendency is a good one, though the operation is a little rough; that the movement is in harmony with the spirit and meaning, if not with the written form, of our institutions, and they will therefore bid it God-speed, and will demand that we simply let the movement drift to its result, which is, they think, perfectly logical, when

tested by the sovereignty of public opinion. I do not here enter into questions of such portent. I desire only to indicate what seems to me probably the ultimate lodgement and resting-place of secondary, delegated power, which at present is shifting.

This involves a short review and consideration of the history of the theory and practice of "balances and checks" in government.

Government, as first practised among men, was a centralized unit. The patriarch, the tribal chief, the Asiatic despot, the governing body, whether one, few, many, or all; the autonomous cities of Greece, whether oligarchical or purely and simply democratic; the old Things of Northern Europe, were absolute, and combined in themselves all the faculties and powers of government. This was true of those chiefs or leaders of tribes called kings, who, though elective and often even deposable, held and discharged all the functions of government while in office. Later, not at any given period all over the world, but later in the political growth and development of each people, nation, government, when success in war, and money-getting, and slave-capturing, and land-robbing, and other forms of personal, family, and political success had raised up a class generally known as the nobility, a large share of power and of local and personal authority passed into the hands of these magnates and grandees, often giving rise to conflicts of pretensions between themselves, and between them and the monarch; and they checked and balanced each other, not in the interests of the mass of the governed, or at all as a scheme or theory of government, but only in the contest as to who should govern most. Sometimes an oligarchy, a self-constituted senate or chief council, became the sole governing power to the exclusion of the kingly office.

The next step, speaking in general terms, and not as to any epoch throughout the world, but as a stage of development in the history of each people, was the appearance and influence, in

one form or another, of the democratic element attempting either to check or to abolish oligarchy. The most renowned instances of this were in the Greek cities, and in the secession of the plebs and the establishment of the tribunes at Rome. Thus the contest was for a long time between two rival forces, between the nobility and the king, or between the nobility and the people; though as long ago as Plato, Aristotle, and Polybius we find suggestions that the best government is a due admixture of royalty, nobility, and democracy, — a theory that much later became the ideal of perfection, the standard *par excellence* of political thinkers and writers, and that may be called the era of mixed governments and limited monarchies, — the era of balances and checks, not merely as an armed strife for power, but as a part of political science, — a notion from which the world is just now emerging.

At a later period the admixture of a fierce but manly vigor from the North, with certain Roman and Gallic ideas and forms, produced feudality; the Church had become an organized, established, and recognized power in the world; and democracy seems pretty generally to have passed out of the world. New rivals, or perhaps only old rivals under new forms and names, were thus brought into the political arena. For a long time we hear of crown, church, or clergy, and nobility, but little or nothing of the people, and nothing of what is now called PUBLIC OPINION, these three rivals for power resorting to various means of artifice or of violence to check and defeat each other. Later in modern history the democratic element began to appear again in the affairs of the world, partly owing to the formation of guilds, growing into rich and populous self-governing cities of artisans, traders, and merchants; and partly owing to the great *Renaissance*, or revival of learning, which led first to the Reformation, — the mother of political freedom, — then to the religious wars and to the Revolution in the Netherlands, then the two Eng-

lish Revolutions, then to American Independence, and finally to the French Revolution. In the mean time we hear of the three orders or "estates": as, in France, the nobility, the clergy, and the third estate; and in England, the crown, nobility, and commons; the commons answering to the third estate in France, and occasionally, and more logically of four estates, the crown, nobility, clergy, and people, as in Sweden. Parliaments were the assemblages of delegates or representatives from these several estates, in one or more chambers, to deliberate, contend, possibly agree, upon what were supposed to be the highest, if not the only, public interests, — the interests of these estates as such. Hence the origin of checking and balancing; and hence, in great part, the machinery of representation, unknown to the ancients, growing up alongside of democracy, and now universally adopted by it. The long contests of these estates, sometimes with each other and sometimes with the crown, often resulted in anarchy and the most frightful suffering. And the common, indeed almost uniform phenomena, not everywhere at once, but always at the same epoch or stage of development, were, that there was first oppression of the people and defiance of the crown by the nobility, who ground their tenants, villeins, and followers under their heels, and thrust their fists into the face of the king; then came an alliance between people and crown to break the power of the oppressive nobility; and, this accomplished, and national existence and power being consolidated, and executive or royal power being both enhanced and abused, then came the self-assertion of the people to check and limit the power of the crown. These varying contests furnish us with the real origin of checks and balances in politics, and the theory and practice of mixed governments. And it is curious how generally, and for how long a period, the two inconsistent ideas were accepted, that these several estates were the *regular order of nature*, and

that the principal object and highest difficulty of government was so to balance them against each other, and so check their antagonistic pretensions, as to produce a harmonious whole. Man first throws nature into disorder, then mistakes the disorder for nature, and sets himself about harmonizing it.

In the midst of and during these long-continued contests, representation was not invented, but began to grow. We have already seen one element that entered into this growth. Guizot thinks politics borrowed it from the Church, — the example of the bishops and prelates assembled in council. This only presented the idea of a deliberative assembly, acting for an immense region and population, over matters esteemed of vital importance. But the members of such councils would seem generally to have acted more in virtue of what was deemed an inherent ecclesiastical jurisdiction, than of delegated authority to deliberate and determine. For us there is a better origin and explanation. The king of England used to summon, as lord paramount, all his barons in council to grant him aids; and they, finding attendance irksome, began to send up a few to speak for all. This growing into a recognized custom, the king at last began to direct his writ to his sheriffs to hold the elections and return the members. Suffrage and eligibility to the commons began to be enlarged; and when the commons began to refuse aids and grants of money until the crown had redressed grievances, three things were established, — election, representation, and placing the purse-strings in the hands of the legislature.

Still later came that other noble and beneficent improvement in government, *the division of its functions into three departments*, — legislative, executive, and judicial. This, too, was more a gradual growth than an invention, and here again England bears off the palm of praise and gratitude for its introduction into the world. There were faint

traces of it in Roman administration, but the lines were never clearly drawn nor even clearly perceived. But so thoroughly had men's minds become imbued with the old idea of checks and balances, as applied to "interests" or estates, that this division of governmental functions was generally considered as being based on the same idea. And in the nature of things there is much of this result in its operation. But considering that all sovereignty, the paramount moving and directing political power of any community, no matter where lodged nor how organized, must in the last analysis be a unity, and that it is also entirely incapable of legal limitation, the real or a better explanation of this departmental division would be, *labor of administration divided and better performed.*

As the democratic element began to assert itself so strongly as to make the legislative the strongest power in free states, we discover a tendency among advanced liberal thinkers to revert to the ancient idea of the *oneness and unity of governing power*, without destroying the tripartite division in the administration of government. This idea embraced not only the absolute political ascendancy of legislative will, but also the organization of the legislature in one chamber instead of two. It is known that Franklin was partial to this idea; and it was boldly and ably advocated by Turgot, whose criticism upon the organization of political power in America was instrumental in calling forth the elaborate "Defence of the American Constitutions," by the elder Adams, written while he was Minister to England, and before the adoption of our national Constitution.

Now we find in modern history two very significant facts. The first is, that in every country agitated by a revolution undertaken to secure greater political freedom, the provisional political power, between the overthrow of the old order of things and the settlement of the new order, either organizes itself in one constituent assembly of one chamber, or selects that branch of the

existing legislature nearest to the people — the popular branch — as its instrument and mouthpiece. The second is, that, without violent revolution, but acting only through gradual change, there is, in every constitutional representative government, directed by a legislature organized with two chambers, a constant tendency of the dominating political power to settle itself in and to express itself through the branch of legislature nearest to the people, the popular branch. Witness several European legislatures, and especially the British Parliament, where the House of Lords was first hated for its obstructiveness, and is now openly contemned for its impotence; and where the House of Commons — not in Blackstone and later books, but in modern practice — is at once the broad basis and the high apex of the British Constitution.

I have not stopped to contend that the balances of our own Constitution could be or ought to be restored. I have only tried to indicate where the present contest and process of change will land us, if we continue to drift. Power will settle in and speak through the House of Representatives.

Different minds will view the prospects of such a change with different emotions and opinions. We must not forget that as any institution grows in power and responsibility it draws to itself more of intelligence, worth, and patriotic ambition than its feebler competitors can command. When Congress was first organized, Mr. Madison's friends, desiring him to become a member, he selected the House as the better theatre for his usefulness and future reputation, as the House of Commons had already become in England. In theory his opinion certainly seemed correct, though in practice the Senate soon became the higher aim and the higher reward. There were special causes to produce this result, but the causes are not strong enough to support an aggressive movement, and probably not strong enough to prevent natural and historical forces from again

asserting themselves. Considering the nature and the persistence of those forces, the fact that both the President and the House are nearer to the people than the Senate, and considering several features in the constitutional organization, generally deemed elements of strength, but really elements of weakness in a contest of this sort, we have probably only to witness the spectacle of the Senate defeating, on material public questions, the joint will of the House and the President, in order to see the revolution rapidly accomplished.

The first establishment of the Tribunes at Rome was only to protect the people against patrician and senatorial domination by the interposition of the celebrated veto. From that they advanced to a joint exercise of legislative power. And from this they proceeded by inevitable stages to the exercise of dominating and absolute legislative power, when the *plebiscitum* became what the *senatus consultum* had once been; and the proud senate subsided into a mere executive and administrative council; what our own Senate may be, if it aspire to overmuch power.

I do not forget the constitutional organization and power of the Senate, its joint voice with the House in legislation, and its joint voice with the President in selecting the agents of administration. And it is possible that the Senate have not yet, in a strict legal sense, exceeded their power, — only using that power in such a way as to make it felt, make it visible, and make it grow. But such rivalries, once begun, have absolutely no regard for paper lines or immemorial customs. Consult any of the older books to learn the constitutional power of the Crown and the Lords, then observe the present practice, and compare the facts with the theory, or even the facts now with the facts then. And the Lords had facilities and advantages for preserving their power which are not available to our Senate. Constitutions, in the long run, are facts, and not theories; they

grow, and are not invented or made to order; and they will, in the long run, express or yield to the demands of the strongest governing power. We may yet see that the voice of the House will await the formal but matter-of-course response of the Senate in all important matters of popular interest, while, as in England with the Lords, any prolonged dissent or hesitation will only amuse or irritate or make more determined, but never alarm, because compliance is certain in the end.

And when senatorial functions have been compressed within less than their present constitutional measure, we may see new relations springing up between the House and the President. We may see adverse votes in the House enforcing Cabinet resignations and Presidential compliance. And if the Constitution is not verbally changed so as to cast away the machinery for measuring out the Presidential tenure four years long to an hour, regardless of what has happened to public measures and public opinion, we may at last see the President made in the House, on the plan of Congressional influence and leadership, as the nominal premier, but real king, is made in England; thus becoming a development, a production of the times, its questions, its abilities, and its wants. We are in advance of all the world in the absolute equality of civil rights, and in the breadth and freedom of the basis of political power; but we are behind every free parliamentary government in the world with our constitutional machinery and practice for bringing the executive and administrative will of the government into harmony with the popular and legislative will. This is unnatural, ought not to last, and cannot.

If I am asked what power is to effect all these changes, I reply, the power of *public opinion* and the necessities of our political development, with or without formal constitutional amendments, and about as easily in one case as the other.

MEHETABEL.

MEHETABEL'S knitting lies loose in her hand;
She watches the gold of a broken red brand

That glitters and flashes,
And falls into ashes.

The flame that illumines her face
From the cavernous, black fireplace
Brings ever new wonders of color and shade
To flicker about her, and shimmer, and fade.

Does any one guess
Of this maid's loveliness,
That the lonesome and smoky old room seems to bless?

Mehetabel's mother calls out of the gloom,
From a clatter of shovel and kettle and broom,

From her flurry and worry
Of work-a-day hurry:

"Our Hetty sits there in a dream,
With her needles half round to the seam;
With nothing to vex her, and nothing to try her;
But never will she set the river afire."

And back to the din
Of iron and tin

One shadow flits out, while another steals in.

Mehetabel's lover through new-fallen snow
So softly has come that the maid does not know

He is standing behind her,
So happy to find her

Alone, that he hardly can speak.

A whisper; — a flush on her cheek

More lovely than sunset's reflection by far.

"O Hetty," he murmurs, "the white evening star

And the beacon-lights swim
On the ocean's blue rim,

But I see your sweet eyes, and they make the stars dim."

Mehetabel's wooer is stalwart and tall;
His figure looms dark on the flame-lighted wall.

Outside in pale shadow

Lie pasture and meadow;

Dim roselight is on the white hill;

The sea glimmers purple and chill.

"O Hetty, be mine for the calm and the storm;
Though cold be the wide world, my heart's love is warm.

Knit me into your dream,

And my rude life will seem

Like a beautiful landscape in June's golden beam."

Mehetabel's forehead has gathered a cloud;

A thousand new thoughts to her young bosom crowd;

Her knitting drops lower;

No lover can show her

The way through her mind's lonely maze.
 He reads no response in her gaze.
 Her heart is a snow-drift where foot never trod;
 Love's sun has not wakened a bud on its sod;
 And pure as the glow
 Of the stars on the snow
 Are the glances that up through her long lashes go.
 Mehetabel's future, an unexplored land,
 Spreads vaguely before her, unpeopled and grand,
 Its wild paths wait lonely
 For her footsteps only;
 She must weave out the web of her dream,
 Though flimsy and worthless it seem
 To her mother's eye, filled with the dust-motes of care;
 Though it bar up her path from the heart that beats there
 In the gathering gloom,
 Breathing odor and bloom
 And sweet sense of life through the dusk of the room.
 Mehetabel's dream,—you will guess it in vain;
 Only half to herself is unwound the bright skein.
 She is but a woman,
 As gentle as human;
 Yet rooted in hearts fresh as hers
 Is the hope that the universe stirs;
 And broad be her thought as life's measureless zone,
 Or narrow as self is, it still is her own;
 And alone she may dare
 What she never would share
 With friendship the dearest, or love the most rare.
 Mehetabel's answer—it has not been told.
 To ashes has fallen the firelight's red gold.
 No mother, no lover,
 For her, the world over.
 The work-a-day jangle is still.
 An empty house stands on the hill.
 The rafters are cobwebbed, the ceiling is bare;
 But always a wraith haunts the carved oaken chair:
 And early and late
 There's a creak at the gate,
 And a wind through the room like a soft sigh of "Wait!"
 Mehetabel—Hetty—the dream of a dream,
 The film of a snow-cloud, a star's broken beam,
 Were a tangible story
 To hers; but the glory
 Of ages dims down to a spark,
 And dies out at last in the dark,
 Among questions unanswered, unrealized dreams.
 Still the beautiful cheat of what may be and seems,
 Flashes up on night's brink,
 Where the live embers blink,
 And the tales that they mutter, we dream that we think.

Lucy Larcom.

A VIRGINIAN IN NEW ENGLAND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

FIFTH PAPER.

PRESIDENT WAYLAND.—ABOLITIONISM.

PROVIDENCE, July, 1834.

"THE visible objects of curiosity I saw were the Arcade,—the Market,—the broad, nay double bridge, over the Pawtucket which runs thro' the city's heart,—Brown University,—the Quaker College,—The Dexter Asylum for the Poor,—the windmill, for working machinery in the comb manufacture. From the top of the windmill house had an excellent view of nearly the whole city. Ascended the Hill to the University, to see Dr. and Presid't Wayland; but he was engaged in a Bible class.

"After supper, visit to Dr. Wayland. A hundred things—*defendit numerus*. But I'll try a few.

"130 students. Most board and sleep in the college; which Dr. W. much disapproves, because it engenders many bad habits and principles, to herd so many youngsters together, away from the parental roof. He discourages the town students from living in college, but they all desire it. No Law, Physic, or Divinity taught. In his lectures, he likes for students to interrupt him with questions. They often do so—sometimes point out, and ask him to explain apparent discrepancies in his own doctrines. He is pleased at this.

"Dr. W. has the most just ideas anent college discipline,—the social footing proper between professors and pupils,—the mildness *in modo*, the energy *in re*, by which even refractory spirits are ruled.

"In Rh. I. not nearly so much has been done for popular education as in Mass. and Conn. For 7 or 8 years, \$10,000 a year have been given by the Legislature for common schools. Dr.

W. does not know its exact mode of disbursement—but the effect salutary, in diffusing knowledge, and a love of it, among the lower and middling classes. Under its indirect influence, several good Academies have arisen; and a growing demand for good teachers. A singular fact as to teachers—that of all who go hence seeking employment, few or none find it in Conn.—Tho' many do in the adjoining states. Ascribable to the usage in Conn., of choosing teachers solely or chiefly by their cheapness. The man for their money, is he who will teach for the least pay—i.e. for \$10 or \$12 a month—the common rate in many towns of that state.

"Abolitionism has few partisans here. But colonization, too, has not many decided friends. The million are neutral—unknowing, and unthinking, on the subject. Dr. W. is anti-abolition. Knows Garrison slightly—a Presbyterian—a young man, of ardent temperament, but rude, coarse, and fanatical.

"We tabled various other topics—slavery—gradual and sudden emancipation—ditto by Legislative enactments, or by appeals to the reason, justice, and humanity of the owners—ditto by exciting discontent, and the spirit of revolt, among the slaves—Mr. Leigh—Mr. Chapman Johnson—Mr. Madison—John Randolph—Patrick Henry—Mr. Wirt—Fisher Ames—&c. &c. Having spun out to 2 hours a visit which I had almost sworn should last but half an hour, I left Dr. Wayland at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, with mutual regret,—if his earnest professions were not merer words than one would expect from his roughbuilt, country bred look and manner. I have scarcely met with a man, so much to my mind. He is a Baptist."

THE TAPPAN MOB.—ARRIVAL IN
BOSTON.

July 13.

"Off for Boston. A fellow passenger, just from N. Y., lent me a paper containing accounts of the mob there, on the 10. and 11., directed against the free negroes and their synonymes, the abolitionists. The Tappans, especially Arthur, to whom I have now a letter of introduction from my kind, dear old friend Tommy Kite,—are among the main objects of mob-fury. All in the stage seem rather pleased at the outrage, and would render a verdict 'sarved 'em right,'—except my single self; who am sorry, and indignant, at the use of such means to put down even the atrocity of Abolitionism. *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis, tempus eget.* Would that the mayor had charged upon the mob with his cavalry!

"The vicinity of Boston, even before entering Roxbury, is a continued village: And the city itself, viewed from several points without the Neck, is imposingly grand. There seem 50 steeples at once within the eye's ken.

"The driver not knowing that I meant to go to the Tremont House, drove me to the postoffice, and almost all around the city, to points at which he had to set down other passengers; affording me an unexpected opportunity of seeing many streets. But I do not understand their plan, if any. The Tremont House (called by Fame the finest in the U. S.) is so full that I am lodged tonight in a large room, with 5 or 6 others. But a single room is promised me tomorrow."

MESSRS. THATCHER, GILMAN, FESSENDEN, AND LEE.

"BOSTON, Monday, July 14.

"Up at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5—after slumbers much disturbed by the rumbling of carriages thro' the livelong night, on the stone paved street, just under the window, close to which my little camp-bed is placed. Found several letters in the postoffice. Directly after breakfast moved into a single-room, in the

4th story; commanding, from its one window, a noble prospect of perhaps a third of Boston, one of the Islands in the Harbor, Fort Wm., and some of the country beyond the Peninsula.

"The streets are complicated and irregular, past all my preconceptions. They well justify the origin attributed to them—the cow-paths, made through the woods that grew here, when the first settlers came. It is lucky for me, that I have been used to the intricate bridle-paths thro' the chinquepin woods of Louisa and Goochland; to say nothing of the no-paths, found in hunting squirrels and deer in Kentucky and Alabama.

"... Went to see Mr. B. B. Thatcher, a lawyer, and staunch colonizationist—editor of a paper devoted to that cause—'The Colonizationist.' A young man, not over 26, by his looks. Thinks the Abolitionists few in Mass., and feeble still in intellect than in numbers. Garrison is not above 30—about to be married. . . . Saw in Mr. T.'s office Mr. Gilman, a young lawyer of Bangor, Maine. He mentioned Fessenden (orator at Bangor on the 4th) as the most promising young man in Maine. F. was a Vice President of the young men's convention at Washington a few years ago—is about 28 years old. . . .

"Called on Henry Lee, merchant—who has so great a name in the South, as a political economist—the first in the Union, we deem him. He has been run for Congress, and for the Vice-Presidency, on the Free Trade and State Rights Ticket. Doubtless, 'tis his being of our side on the Protection question, that makes us rate him so very high. He was at his counting room, on India Wharf. In reading my letter of introduction (from P. P. Barbour) he could not make out the signature: I had to tell him. He then welcomed me very cordially, and followed up general offers of service by proposing that we should go, tomorrow, to see some cotton Factories at Waltham, 7 ms. off; and immediately, to the Athenæum. To the Athenæum ac-

cordingly, we went. It is a collection of about 26,000 books, and a vast variety of engravings, etchings, lithographs, &c. in atlases and portfolios; and of medals, and medallions; with plaster casts of some famous statues — the Laocoon group, Apollo B., Venus de M. &c. &c. The collection is made by an association of gentlemen, subscribers. Mr. L. introd'd me to the Librarian (Dr. Bass) and had my name entered on the Strangers' Book — which gives me ingress, &c., for a month. From the Athenæum proper, entered an exhibition-room of paintings, annexed: and stood 1 or 2 hours. Many pictures — and some very fine; but none equal to the Healing of the Sick, or the Descent from the Cross."

MR. LEE ON NULLIFICATION.

"Much talk with Mr. Lee, about the subjects which are his *forte*, and my favorites — Political Economy, and some branches of Politics.

"He leans to Nullification, as the only practicable mode of restraining the encroachments of any interested majority which may for the time sway the Federal councils. A strict constructionist, and anti-U. S. Bank, tho' he blames the Removal of the Deposits, as extremely ill-judged, and as having greatly aggravated the commercial distress which one or two other causes already made impending. Anti laws restraining usury; and approves the partial repeal of them made by the last Mass. Legislature. (This Act, allows either unlimited, or a greatly increased interest, upon some sorts of mercantile paper.) Anti-Abolition. He says the abolitionists are imbecile and miserable fanatics; but thinks they will multiply sufficiently to agitate the subject in Congress — that Abolition will in a few years be proposed, and carried there — and that whoever be President, Northman or Southron, he will sign the Bill, if a decided majority of the people be for it. The only defence, then, will be Nullification. He thinks Nullification alone, or chiefly, produced the reduc-

tion of the Tariff, and the compromise which now promises a nearly total abandonment of the protective system. Nothing else would have made Mr. Clay step forward, as he did; and no other man could who would, or would who could. Mr. Webster's opinions of the protective policy have not changed. He advocates it now, purely because it suits the will and interests of his constituents. They reluctantly, and even by Southern men (Mr. Calhoun, nay P. P. Barbour himself, in 1816) were *morally compelled*, i. e. irresistibly encouraged, — to engage in manufactures; invested immense sums, and acquired great skill, in them; and were then converted into Tariff men by the most natural and powerful of all processes."

WEBSTER ON THE TARIFF.

"Mr. Webster, besides his duty of speaking the voice of those he represents, maintains that they having been thus drawn into manufacturing, justice and good policy both plead for a continuance of the protection which is now their life-blood. Mr. Lee says, this view at least establishes their claim to exemption from a *sudden* withdrawal of the hothouse warmth, which has thus far kept them alive. . . .

"Dinner at the Tremont House lasted 50 minutes. I would describe the fooleries, by which it was so prolonged; but they vex me too much, and time is too scarce. I sat them out with seeming patience, merely thro' curiosity."

CAMBRIDGE. — MR. FELTON.

"At 4, set off in an omnibus from Brattle Street, to Cambridge. Crossed Charles River on a bridge $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile long — thro' Cambridgeport, to Harvard University, where I was set down. Had letters to Mr. C. C. Felton, the Greek Professor. After a troublesome search, found him closeted with President Quincy, in his study. So just handed my letters, received offers and promises of attentions tomorrow; and went forth, to stroll, unguided, over any accessible parts of the college grounds and buildings."

"Entered the Law-Library; where 2 students were reading and writing. They received me very courteously; and one, of admirable physiognomy, manners, and good sense, was at great pains to tell all I wanted to know, and show all I wanted to see. This Law Library has above 3000 volumes—in-cluding a full and valuable collection of writers on the Civil Law, presented by Sam'l Livermore. They cost over \$7000."

JUDGE STORY.

"The Law school has two professors—Judge Story, *Dane* professor (so called after Nathan Dane, who founded and endowed the Law school)—and Mr. Simon Greenleaf, *College* professor. Much talk about the Judge, who is a rare compound of learning, loquacity, labour-loving, *bonhomie*, and vanity. His indefatigableness as a book-builder. His work on Bailments highly praised in England—where a recent editor of Jones on Bailments owns himself indebted to Judge S. for nearly all of many large additions to that text. The Judge himself, as the clever student archly informed me, told this to the class.

"The 2 professors do not lecture, but hear recitations and examine the class on its reading, day by day—alternately."

THE LAW SCHOOL.

"This Law school has 40 odd students. The whole college, 300 or more, of whom 240 board and lodge in college. Mr. G. presides over the Jr. and Judge Story over the Sr. Law-class. They encourage students to ask questions and moot points with them in the Lecture Room. A moot court is held once a week. A law point is given out for argument—usually, one which Judge S. has met with in practice or on the bench—often, one which he has, at the time, under consideration as judge: in which case, he sometimes decides a question here, before he does in Washington, where it arose and was submitted to him. Four students, in

rotation, are appointed to argue causes in the moot court: 2 on each side. No others ever engage in the argument. Jury cases are very seldom given."

PROF. GREENLEAF ON ABOLITIONISM.

"When I rose to go, Mr. Greenleaf proposed to walk with me about the grounds, and show me the notable things. After the several college buildings, he pointed out the place where General Washington's tent stood first, in 1775, near a huge elm, probably as large then as now—i. e. of 15 or 20 feet girth: and the very spot on which Washington is supposed first to have drawn his sword before his army, as Commander in chief.

"Slavery and abolition being mentioned on our walk, Mr. G. very earnestly assured me of the abolition sect's worthlessness, and contemptibleness: that it embraced none of the enlightened, and exceedingly little of the respectable, of New England society: that here, as in other communities, there is always floating a certain quantity of moral *virus*, like a noxious gas, which embodies itself continually in some such form as this of Abolitionism. Once, it was anti-masonry; Abolitionism, in 2 years, would be prostrate as anti-masonry is now. It may spread fast and boldly, meanwhile; it may create great disturbances and alarms: it may prevail so far in some districts as to have representatives on the floor of Congress, who will there bring forward some scheme of emancipation: but triumph finally, or even extensively in the North, it never can.

"In truth, putting together all the testimonies that meet me on this subject, I am satisfied N. England is essentially sound: that the disposition is well nigh universal, to let us alone; to meddle not with the ulcer, which is too irritable for any but our own hands to touch.

"At parting, Mr. G. invited me to attend the delivery of an Oration, and a Poem by 2 graduating students, in

the chapel here, tomorrow morning. Walk home (to Tremont House)—3 miles. Arrived a little before 8. . . .

"BOSTON, Tuesday, July 15.

"... After breakfast, call on Mr. Thatcher. He took me to see the New Market, 300 feet long—of granite—built in the mayoralty of Josiah Quincy, in a style of great elegance. Then visited Faneuil Hall—about 70 feet square, to judge by the eye—can hold 2000 people—requires a very strong voice to fill it. Ours in loud colloquial tone, were lost in the vast space, as in the open air."

A BROTHER EDITOR ON MR. GARRISON.

"Repaired to No. 45, Brattle Street, at 10, to enter omnibus for Cambridge. Mr. Thatcher introduced me to a Mr. Adams, editor of a daily paper (the *Columbian Centinel*),—who was also going to Cambridge, to hear the oration and poem. On the way, in the carriage with a dozen people the promiscuous, chance-crowd of such a vehicle, Mr. Adams told me aloud, that Garrison was a miserable *fan'atic*, held in no sort of respect here. No one, by look or word, gainsaid the remark. This seemed the best evidence I had yet had, of a prevailing anti-Garrisonism. Mr. A. pronounced *fan'atic* as I have marked it—accent on the 1st syllable."

COLLEGE AFFAIRS.

"At Cambridge, after fine music, vocal and organic, and a prayer, the oration began in the Chapel at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11,—lasting rather more than $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. A very neat—even handsome, and tolerably appropriate performance. It was a valedictory. Orator, J. H. Williams, of Maine. The student who had been selected to write and recite a poem, and who had written, and was quite ready to recite it if permitted,—now rose from his seat on the rostrum beside the orator (they were both in long, black-silk robes), and with sulky look and angry tone read to his classmates a note from the ruling powers,

prohibiting the recital, because of some indecorous reflections in the poem, upon the Faculty. He made a brief and wrathful comment upon this act of authority, and sat down, amidst tremendous and long continued applause. A riot was expected; but none ensued. Another interview with my yesterday's friend; whom, on asking him the name of one who had laid me under such obligations, I find to be of Louisiana, named Bullard—nephew to a member of Congress from that state."

PROFESSOR FELTON.

"He now attended me again to Professor Felton,—whose reception was the most cordial I ever met with from a stranger. He shook my hand with both of his. No two heroines of romance ever were more instantaneously friends. Mr. F. said he boarded at Mr. Asahel Stearns' (whom I mentioned yesterday): to whom he would fain introduce me, if I would go to dinner with him there—which was just then ready—1 o'clock. Went, nothing loth, tho' engaged to Mr. Lee's at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2. Enjoyed a most pleasing half hour with Mr. and Mrs. Stearns; ending with an invitation that I should return, stay all night, and tomorrow go with Mr. S. in his chaise to the Lexington Battle ground. Agreed, gratefully and eagerly. Then, walked $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Mr. Lee's—arriving $\frac{1}{4}$ before 3. Dinner waiting. Kindly received by host and hostess. Two young gentlemen at dinner—Mr. Lee's son, and Mr. Eustis, nephew of Dr. and Govr. Eustis—both students of Harvard. Dinner till past 4. Thunder shower hindered our drive to Waltham; so we went to Bunker Hill. By a spiral stairs, ascended the Monument, of which only about a 5th or 6th is finished—30 or 40 feet. It is a square obelisk; of hewn granite. Cost, hitherto, \$60,000, including the ground."

BUNKER HILL.

"Mr. L. pointed the place where the British landed to the attack; Copps' Hill, whence their batteries played on

the little redoubt; the positions of the men of war that bombarded it; and that, whence other ships swept Charlestown Neck with grape shot, to preclude reinforcements; the site of the forlorn little fortress itself, still marked by distinctly visible mounds, rising in oblong form, 3 or 4 feet high; the ground where stood the Provincials whom the redoubt would not hold, — rather veiled than protected, by two post-and-rail fences, interfilled with hay; and the spot where Warren fell! — Gracious Heavens! with what a coolness, that smote upon my conscience as well nigh impious, did I survey a scene, the thought of which, and of the events it displayed, has so often made my tears flow, my hair rise up, and the blood trickle almost audibly along my arteries! — But now, at my elbow stood my calm and shrewd guide — around lay piles of hewn and squared granite, speaking the presence of peaceful industry — yonder were Charlestown and Boston alive and roaring with “the busy hum of men,” all too matter-of-fact to suggest or tolerate a single touch of sentimentality. I had not a tear to shed....

“CAMBRIDGE and LEXINGTON,
Wednesday, July 16.

“Breakfast at 7. Directly after, Mr. S. and I set out in his chaise for Lexington, 6 miles off. Cambridge common. The Elm where Gen. W.’s tent is said to have stood, is on the Common. Mr. S. questions if the tent was there: but points me more accurately to the spot where W.’s sword was first drawn — between the elm, and Mr. S.’s house — 50 or 100 yards from the elm....

“As we drew near Lexington, thoughts of the great 19th of April excluded every other topic. My most kind guide told numerous incidents of that day, tho’ he was a boy, too young to know them personally.

“The speed with which the various bodies of militia gathered to the scene of battle, when they heard that blood had been shed at Lexington, was in-

credible. Indeed, the march of British troops out of Boston, on the morning of the 19th, for which a sharp look out was kept, and tidings of it carried as by the wind, was the signal for many companies of minutemen to get under arms and push away to the expected point of attack. A company at Lunenburg (40 odd miles off), Mr. Stearns’ and Miss S.’s native place — got the news towards noon that day; were under arms at 2 or 3 p. m., and reached Concord that night. The battle ground in Lexington. The church, and its yard where Capt. Parker’s company of militia were assembled. The spot was shown me. His men were about 70 in all. The place where Lord Percy’s cannon fired and checked the Provincials, when they were chasing the tired and badly beaten troops back towards Boston. We had with us an eyewitness of the scene, one Hastings, who was a boy of 14, and saw the British approach, heard Major Pitcairn’s order ‘Disperse, you d—d rebels, disperse!’ saw him fire his pistol at them, followed by an immediate discharge from the troops — saw the American 70, slowly scatter and then break into a run, some of them, however, returning the fire — saw one man killed, as he was clambering over a stone fence, where a wooden one now is; and several others, as they were making off. The British fired as long as they could see any Americans within their reach: and certainly fired first. Hastings told us many other particulars. The meeting house was not the same which is now there: but some parts of the old were used in building the new; and various bullet holes and other signs of battle are visible about it. In the yard stands a monument erected to those who fell; giving their names.”

MR. EVERETT. — COMMODORE EL-
LIOTT.

“Returned to Cambridge about 11. Dinner at Mr. S.’s. Survey of Harvard Library with Mr. Felton. 42,000 vols. Drive with him to Charlestown.

Call on "Professor" Everett, whose manners appeared to me freezing and haughty. He walked with us to the navy yard near his house, and seemed willing to play chaperone to a reasonable extent: but upon my intimating a design to visit Com. Elliott, with a letter of introduction which I had (from Com. Barron) Mr. E. begged to be excused from joining in that call—with quite an air. Mr. Felton had, or manifested, no such scruple; and in we went to the Commodore's. He was a very round bodied, bluff visaged man, in a short jacket; with as little ceremony in his manners as in his dress. Little was said, beyond an expression of my wish to see the Navy yard. Ringing up a servant, he ordered him to call the officer of the day. That officer made his appearance, — Mr. Walker (Lieutenant). The commodore gave us in charge to him; ordering him to show us whatever we desired about the yard. Mr. W. did so, very handsomely — The Columbus 74, the Frigate Constitution, &c. Arms room — a dazzling spectacle. We saw the outsides of the Vermont 74, the Boston Frigate, — and the drydock."

LOWELL.

"July 13.

"Carried a letter of introduction from Mr. Stearns to Mr. Luther Lawrence, a large proprietor in some factories here. Found him at the Railroad bank. He devoted himself to me for some hours, driving me in his chaise to the several Factories. Cotton Factory — Woollens, ditto — Calico printing — Carpets — rugs at 5 to \$11. Brussels, Wilton, and Kidderminster Carpets, 1 to \$3. A weaver does 3 or 4 yards a day, at 37½ cents a yard. Carpet weaving is a mystery insoluble to me; as indeed what sort of weaving is not — or even common knitting? One cotton Factory has 3,500 spindles — 136 looms. I went all over it. From the numbers visible in the houses I entered, I can easily credit Major Downing's story about the 'miles of gals,' that went in procession to honor

General Jackson. Their wages are low. A girl (shown me) who attends 2 looms, receives but 58 cents a day, and finds herself. . . . Materials used in scouring cottons for calico — woollens.

"School for operatives — Sunday Schools — Lyceums — Lectures. Mr. Lawrence gives a very favorable account of the morals and intellectual culture of the factory hands. Lowell has 13,000 inhabitants. In 1822, it was little better than a waste piece of ground. . . .

"Friday, July 18.

"Up at ½ past four, and off at 25' past 6 — after a hard scuffle to get breakfast in time. The Merrimac House apes the Tremont in grandeur of style; but succeeds (like all imitators) in catching only the faults of its model — its exorbitancy of bill, and its want of good waiting upon. For \$1.50 *per diem*, a single biped unfeathered never found much less of solid comfort than at the M. House. Our stage road ran for several miles up the bank of the Merrimac. Saw the small steamboat, Herald, plying between Lowell and Nashua — a distance of but 15 miles."

TEMPERANCE REFORM.

"From Lowell to Fitchburg, a young man and his sister, of Keene, N. Hampshire, were passengers. Temperance flourishes much in N. H. A periodical at Concord, sent to every family in the state. Some will not receive it. Samuel Kittridge, a lawyer (one of whose addresses I had read some years ago), once a great drunkard, is now a regular and powerful advocate of the Reformation. He is paid \$400 a year by the Temperance Society, for going about, and lecturing on Temperance. He is a married man, and now aged 40 or upwards. Abolition rife in Concord, N. H."

GOVERNOR DAVIS.

"At Fitchburg, was transferred to another stage, in which was Gov. Davis. Sickened somewhat, I rode outside; and so had no opportunity of

handing him a letter of introduction I had, till we reached Leominster, 6 miles on the way to Worcester. Passed thro' Leominster, Stirling, West Boylston. At Stirling, strengthened my stomach with some cheese and crackers (for stage sickness is aggravated by fasting), and then got inside. Had much talk with Gov. D. He is plainer in speech and manners than any man of his degree that I have hitherto met with: especially in New England, — where, it seems to me, they do not wear official rank so easily and unvauntingly as in the S. and West. . . .

"Reached Worcester (called *Wooster*) at nearly 5 p. m. — 50 m.s. from Lowell as we came, tho' but 45 by another route. Gov. D. makes me such strong instances to stay here (his place of abode) tomorrow, and let him show me the town, its environs, and curiosities, that (it being o'er late, too, to see any, tonight) I must stay. And next day affording no stage to Northampton, this involves a stay till Monday. I'm afraid, if there were a stage on Sunday, that would "shine no Sabbath day to me." Shaved, and supped. Then came a note from "Mr. Davis," asking my company at his house this evening. It was brought by a tall, coal black negro servant — truly, *rara avis, nigroque* &c., here. At meeting with a Southron, (being himself from the D. of Columbia) his broad mouth dilated into a grin of pleasure, displaying two rows of the whitest teeth.

"I went to Gov. D.'s, soon after 7; and staid 2 hours. His introduction of me to Mrs. D. was, '*my wife*, Mr. Minor!' and his usual address to her was 'wife.' — Capital. She is a daughter of Dr. Aaron Bancroft, a venerable minister who still has charge of the Unitarian Church here, and who wrote a Life of Washington that I read some years ago; and she is sister to Mr. George Bancroft, who lives in Northampton, and is writing a History of the U. S. of which one volume is out. Mrs. D. is dark complexioned, and plain spoken and mannered; but evidently intelligent and tinctured with letters.

So is her husband, when you come to probe him. He seems about 45 — perhaps 48 — she, 40. I plead guilty of 2 glasses of wine, — one, because I was tired of refusing; and the other, to wash down whortleberry cake — very good cake, however.

"Gov. D. tells me of the factory hands here (about 1000 in number) what Mr. Lawrence did of those at Lowell. They are as moral as any other class of the population. The females watch each other's deportment with most jealous vigilance; and the smallest slip is at once exposed, and punished by expulsion. There is a Lyceum, for their improvement — lectures by amateurs — the Drs., Lawyers, &c. about town — on a great variety of subjects, physical and moral. . . .

"WORCESTER, Sunday, July 20.

".... Attended the Unitarian Church. Mr. Hill, Dr. Bancroft's alternate, preached a neat, sensible discourse, rather a moral disquisition than a sermon (more to my taste) — on the importance of family prayer. Text, Joshua, 34, 15. "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The music, before sermon, struck me as very fine. I doubted not that it was an organ, till, looking up to the gallery, I saw a gentleman in black plying a violin, and another a violoncello, with might and main. 'Our armies swore terribly in Flanders'; but it was all nothing to the pother that some of our rigidly righteous would make, could they see this abomination. My thoughts ran upon the dance of witches and warlocks in Kirk Alloway; the gentleman in black, to my fancy, represented auld Nick,

'A towsie tyke, black, grim and large —
To gie them music was his charge';

and I did not know what horrid catastrophe might come, from the profanation. Happily, however, nothing dreadful occurred; and we all got home unhurt."

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

"Mrs. B. says, the white servants are far more unmanageable and useless,

since factories multiplied, and wages grew so high. Two dollars a week must be given for a female house servant. The vexation attending them is hardly less than that resulting from slaves in Va. The worst part, is insolent language. Mrs. Rice has just parted with one "help," (they wont bear to be called servants) and been treating with another. She will engage, only upon condition of being considered a member of the family: which implies, that she is to sit at meals with the family, sit in the parlor, &c. 'But how can she wait on the table, if she sits down to it with you?' 'O, she will have to jump up, when any thing is wanted.' It is usual, for one *help* to do all work — cook, bring water, clean up the house, &c. Those who can afford it, hire a second for these and other jobs. The carriage driver is commonly a distinct personage — takes care of the horses, &c., &c."

RELIGIOUS STATE.

"WORCESTER, Monday, July 21.

".... Gov. D. told me, there is no longer any legal obligation upon any person in Mass. to give a penny for Religious uses — towards keeping a church or minister. The old Law, requiring such tribute, was repealed last year, or the year before. Almost every body is a member of some religious Society; which, however, is not the same thing as communicant of a church. And all such members have to contribute for church-support, under the by-laws of the Society. These religious Societies have a corporate existence and corporate faculties given, not by a special law for each of them, but by a general law, saying that whenever one is organized, by appointing officers, assessor, collector, &c. for building a church and employing a minister, it shall be, *ipso facto*, a body corporate, with power to levy contributions, &c. The contributions are prescribed by an assessor, elected in a general meeting of the members; and are collected by a collector, similarly appointed, who can distrain for nonpayment."

POLITICAL USAGES.

"My Lowell friend in the cambray frock has been elected to the State Legislature (the H. of R. in the 'General Court'); and has, besides, taken an active part in getting others elected. He gave me much insight of the machinery by which elections are carried here. No man ever proclaims himself a candidate, or comes forward as one, of his own mere will; much less electioneers, either by going about, or making stump speeches, or otherwise. To do any of these things would be inevitable death to his aspirations. His way is, to convey his wishes, in some indirect method, to an influential friend who sounds others; and all his favorers make interest for him till a caucus can be assembled, which is carefully formed of the kindest possible materials for him. This caucus usually speaks the will of one or a few leading men, who are now, we will suppose, in favor of our aspirant. Of course he is nominated, as the people's candidate, or at least as the party's; and is elected in the former case perhaps without opposition, or in the latter by such majority as his party can give him.

"The tendency of this system to direct all the courtship of aspiring men to the wireworkers of the caucus, instead of to the people, is obvious: and consequently to deprive the people of that respectful demeanor towards them, which a sense of dependence upon them would otherwise insure. Further — it prevents those oral discussions of public measures, before the masses, which are the best means of rousing and fixing their attention, and of enlightening their minds, as to such measures. It therefore at once lessens the people's agency in government, and impairs their capacity to do their part in it. My shrewd acquaintance evidently regards the caucus system as thus striking at the foundations of popular government. Our old Virginia fashion for me! — of every man's bringing *himself* forward as a candidate; and, in stump speeches, showing what stuff he is made of.

MR. BANCROFT.

"NORTHAMPTON, —.

"To see Mr. Geo. Bancroft, on Roundhill, with Mr. Felton's letter of introduction. (He is Mrs. Govr. Davis' brother, as I said.) A deal of talk. He is ravenous for information upon various Virginia topics whereon, for my pretensions, I find myself very scantily furnished. He is full charged; and gives it off like an electric jar. Voice a thin treble, or tenor at least; but clear, and not unpleasing. In 1763, there were upwards of 5000 slaves in Massachusetts. In 1780 some hundreds less. That year, the Constitution was adopted, with the Bill of Rights declaring "all men born free and equal." Upon this, some slaves demanded their freedom, and their masters yielded it. One (in 1781) sued his master for trespass, assault and battery, and false imprisonment. The master pleaded that the plaintiff was his slave. This plea was demurred to, and held naught. A decision which virtually abolished slavery in Mass. *No Legislative Act ever passed*, for doing so. Abolition was effected similarly in N. Hampshire. There never were any slaves in Vermont. It was a mistake of the last census, to mention slaves in Mass. Explanation of it, and correction by Gov. Davis. Slavery was abolished by *Legislation* in N. York, 179-, when there were 21,000 slaves, in a whole population of 340,000. (Va. has 460000 slaves, in a whole population of about 1,100,000.)

"Mr. B. thought it might be so effected in Virginia; by declaring all to be free, born after a specified time. He did not know that this idea (called the *post-nati* principle) had been discussed in the Va. Legislature, and had been as obnoxious as any other plan whatever, to our anti-abolitionists. Left him, after an hour, agreeably spent. Invitation to a family dinner, at 1 o'clock. Excused myself. Then to tea, at 6. Agreed."

ABOLITIONISM.

"Mr. Stearns in his visit this morn-

ing, introd'd me to a youngish lawyer, Mr. Charles Huntington — sensible. Disposed, I think, to abolition. Indeed, Miss S. has mentioned the family to me, as thither inclined. He asked, if one going into Va. to speak on the subject not to slaves, but to the whites, would be heard? I tho't not, — unless they felt assured that he did not design, directly or indirectly, to operate upon the slaves, or to stir up the non-slaveholders against the owners."

MR. BANCROFT.

"Descended the mountain after $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour's stay; and got back to town just time enough for me to reach Mr. Bancroft's a little after the appointed tea hour. Introduced to his wife, mother, and sister. The mother a very good looking, affable old lady.

"Mr. B. led me into his back piazza, to enjoy the view. It presents all the Northamptonward part of the prospect from Mt. Holyoke, with some additions and improvements. From Mr. B.'s the landscape is less picture-like, — more like reality. We see quite across the valley, to Mounts Tom and Holyoke, and their associate ranges — Mt. Tom more satisfactorily than from Mount H. — and away to the north, appears a range running at right angles with the Holyoke range, having one of its gaps filled by the dim blue mass of Monadnock mountain in New Hampshire, far in the background. Thus, North, East, and South, the mountains, in the gray twilight, seemed an evenly defined, close wall, bounding the spacious garden of the valley: A garden, filled with green meadows and cornfields, orchards, clumps of elms and sycamores, virgin forests, gay villages of white houses surmounted by beautiful churches (all white)

'Swell with merry peals the breeze,
'And point with taper spires to Heaven.'

".... Mr. B. and I had much, and to me very interesting conversation. The 1st vol. of his *History of the U. S.* (just published) comes to 1660. The 2d will come to about 1745. The 3d just into the Revolution. The 4th will

finish the Revolution, and tell of the forming of the present Constitution — 1787'8 — and the organization of the government under it. The 5th (and last) will extend thro' President Jackson's administration. The vols. will come about one a year — if life and health. — Mr. B. seems justly impressed with the importance of condensing his narrative — of avoiding details, except where necessary to show general results, or fulfil his general plan. Thus, the memoirs or adventures of individuals he will usually premit. But where they strikingly illustrate the spirit or character of the people or the times, — he will give them. Thus he thought 2 incidents which I told him, worthy of insertion — the hanging of 2 Tories in my native neighborhood, by the country people — and a gallant feat of Thomas Pemberton (a cornet in Lee's Legion) told me by his son-in-law, Mr. A. Bryce. Mr. B. listened eagerly to the recital of these 2 facts. The latter he said was the affair of Horatius Coclès over again.

"Thinks he can tread the delicate ground of contemporaneous history — even the history of our party-politics — steadily and impartially: and be able to set forth the Internal Improvem't and Tariff questions, Nullification, Bank, and Indian question, all, so as to show the world their true aspects and merits, without giving umbrage to either party. He will put himself, in imagination, in the place of the party whose views he is explaining, and view the controverted ground with their eyes. Says he has ample materials for the Va. portion of his History. Finds Hening's Statutes at Large very valuable. Has Stith's History, Burke's, and Girardin's — The Life of Capt. Smith, that of Rd. H. Lee, &c. He caught voraciously at my mention of Sample's Hist. of the Va. Baptists, and the Memoirs of Samuel Davies, as narrating some religious persecutions there, in the last century; and took down the names. He lately received a letter from Mr. Calhoun, giving suggestion as to the way Nullification

ought to be treated, if it have justice. Has lately also received a letter from Mr. Leigh, offering any aid in his power towards Virginia History; inquired if I thought Mr. L. possessed of much information concerning the early history of Va. I tho't not particularly so, except the legislative and constitutional history. Mr. B. understands that Mr. Madison has many mss. shedding great light on the history of the country, which he designs one day to see the light; and asked, if I tho't Mr. M. w'd probably suffer them to be examined for Mr. B.'s purpose? No doubt he would — but it must be at Mr. M.'s own house. Mr. B. contemplates a visit thither on purpose.

"Came away at 20' before 10. Mr. B. keeps early hours, he says: never indulges in night studies. Goes to bed at 10. He is an example of the youthfulness of appearance usual among these northern people, — age considered. He is about 40, Mr. S. tells me; yet looks much younger than I do, who want 8 years of that age. Has not a gray hair. This climate certainly has a something conservative of health and freshness; when colds, and their offspring consumption do not interpose. But a still better conservative is the mode of life — especially the kinds and quantity of food. Cold light-bread does wonders, in preserving the teeth, complexion, and constitution. It has potent auxiliaries too, in other parts of diet — in warm dressing, comfortable houses, and frequent ablutions of the body."

"CONCLUSION.

"Here the Notes of my Tour may as well end — since I now return upon my former footsteps, home.

"No other 6 weeks of my life have had compressed into them half so much excitement, or half so much interest. Those Northern States have very far the start of us Virginians, in almost all the constituents of civilization: yes further than my State pride will even now let me own without a struggle. They are more public spirited than we.

They are more charitable — they possess better organized social and civil institutions. Their usages are more favorable to health, to virtue, to intelligence — and in their thorough, practical understanding of the word COMFORT, (which is said to be unknown in any language, save the English) they are as far before us, as we are before the Hottentots or Esquimaux.

“Great good — very great good — would result to Virginia or any other Southern State, if her farmers and planters, and their wives, would come often among the Yankees and observe their ways. Some things would be seen, to be shunned; but many more, to be imitated. I shall always preach up to my countrymen and countrywomen the

utility of such a jaunt. I shall particularly exhort them to quit the great highways of fashionable touring — the steam and stage lines — and explore the simple, rural districts; for instance, Windham county in Connecticut, and Worcester and Berkshire, or even Hampshire or Hampden, in Massachusetts. There I w'd have them stay, for several days, in a village Inn, or (better still) enter as boarders in a farm House; and, themselves in plain dresses and with no equipage, so as not to awe their entertainers into reserve, quietly note their ways. One day with my kind hostess in Windham (with whom I breakfasted so on the 11th of July) could not help being pleasant and profitable.”

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

SECOND EXPEDITION.

THE first expedition against Fort Fisher failed to capture the fort, but it acted as a successful reconnoissance by which information of the most important character was obtained. When the first attempt was made, it was supposed by the Secretary of the Navy and the Lieutenant-General that the navy could run the batteries and isolate the Rebels. Admiral Porter decided, in the light of his experience on the first expedition, that this was impracticable. The second expedition enjoyed all the benefits of the experience gained by the failure of the first, and it sailed to execute certain definite instructions. Its action was not to depend upon the result of reconnoissance or experiment. Immediately upon the receipt of the news announcing the unsuccessful character of the first expedition, Secretary Welles, at the suggestion of the President, telegraphed Lieutenant-General Grant, requesting him to order the return of a force sufficient to render certain the fall of the

defences of the port of Wilmington. True to that tenacity of purpose which always characterized the action of General Grant throughout the whole Rebellion, he immediately ordered that preparations be made to re-embark the troops for another attempt, in co-operation with the navy, to carry these strongholds, so useful to the life of the Confederacy and so dangerous to the success of the Union arms.

On the 1st day of January, 1865, Major-General Benjamin F. Butler and Brevet Major-General Alfred H. Terry had an extended interview with Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, at his head-quarters at City Point, Va. It was here determined that the second expedition should be intrusted to the command of General Terry. On the 2d of January orders were issued to the troops that were to take part in the enterprise, and on the night of the 3d they were marched to Bermuda Hundreds, where they were embarked on ocean transports, under the direction

of Colonel George S. Dodge of the Quartermaster's Department. On the morning of the 5th of January the fleet was at Fortress Monroe and in readiness to sail.

The army force consisted of the same troops which composed the first expedition, together with the Second Brigade of the Third Division of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, under the command of Colonel J. C. Abbott of the Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers; Battery E, Third United States Artillery, under the command of Lieutenant Myrick; a siege train; a detail of artillerists; and a company of engineers. These troops taken together numbered about eighty-five hundred men. There were twenty-one first and second class transport steamers, and a third class of small vessels and tenders. General Terry made his head-quarters on the McClellan, General Ames on the Atlantic, and General Paine on the Champion. On the morning of the 6th of January this fleet sailed under sealed orders. Everything seemed to have been admirably and expeditiously managed. On opening the orders, the point of destination was found to be twenty-five miles off Beaufort, N. C. Here the army fleet once more found that of the navy, which had withdrawn to this point. It was the misfortune of this expedition to experience a gale almost equal in fury to that which the first encountered. This heavy weather commenced immediately after the sailing of the fleet, and continued until the 11th of January. Some of the vessels had become scattered, and others driven into Beaufort, and delays were occasioned, so that it was not until the morning of the 12th that Admiral Porter steamed out and led the fleets in the direction of New Inlet. This day was a beautiful one, and the Atlantic had the appearance of an immense placid lake. At about ten o'clock in the evening both fleets came to anchor at a point five miles north of Fort Fisher. Early on the following morning the Brooklyn, the double-enders, and other gunboats opened a fire on

the woods directly in the rear of the position upon which it was decided to land the troops. The first troops were landed on the beach about four miles north of New Inlet. Pickets were thrown out in every direction. The enemy did not make any opposition to this movement. In fact, not a single shot was fired at our troops at this time. During this day eighty-five hundred men were landed, with forty rounds of ammunition, six days' hard bread in bulk, and three hundred thousand additional rounds of small arms ammunition. The landing was accomplished amid the greatest enthusiasm of the soldiers. Cheer upon cheer went up, clearly indicating their splendid *morale*. The surf gave some trouble at first, but it seemed to subside as the day progressed. This favorable condition of the surf continued through the three days of active operations which culminated in the accomplishment of the object of the expedition. Paine's division of colored troops having been successfully disembarked, it was marched a short distance toward the fort, and then directed across the peninsula to the Cape Fear River. After the line had been established across this narrow strip of land, the troops threw up a strong intrenchment from the ocean to the river and facing Wilmington. It was undoubtedly General Terry's object to prepare himself against an attack from that direction. It was well known that Hoke's division of Rebel troops had been relieved from Richmond and transferred to the defences of Wilmington about the 22d of December, 1864. This division probably numbered about four thousand men, and would undoubtedly have attacked the army forces, had they believed that there were no earthworks in their front. Colonel Abbott's brigade also formed a part of this line. On the 14th of January Captain Lee's and Lieutenant Myrick's batteries were landed, and placed in position on the line already described. In this way General Adelbert Ames was left free to operate against the fort, without any fears of an attack upon his rear. The

enemy would have had to destroy a division and a brigade of troops before they could interfere with this more direct attack. On the 14th the first brigade of Ames's division was moved up toward the fort, while the other two brigades were held in reserve. The skirmishers were advanced to within one hundred and fifty yards of the work. In doing this an outwork was captured, and an unsuccessful attempt made to turn the guns against the main fortification. Active preparations were continued for the bloody conflict, which finally took place on the following day. On the entire 13th and 14th the navy maintained a tremendous bombardment of the fort. The Admiral had adopted a different plan of attack, which seemed to be successful in materially damaging the fortification. On the evening of the 14th General Terry went on board of the Malvern to arrange with Admiral Porter the plan of attack for the next day. The Admiral says (see page 189, Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War): "It was arranged between the General and myself that the ships should all go in early, and fire rapidly through the day, until the time for the assault to come off. The hour named was five P. M. I detailed sixteen hundred sailors and four hundred marines to accompany the troops in the assault, the sailors to board the sea face, while the troops assaulted the land side." The following are among the directions that were given to the sailors and marines to regulate them in their landing upon the beach, and in their assault upon the sea face of the fort: —

"GENERAL ORDER. NO. 81.

"FLAG-SHIP MALVERN, January 4, 1865.

"... That we may have a share in the assault, when it takes place, the boats will be kept ready lowered near the water on the off side of the vessels. The sailors will be armed with cutlasses, well sharpened, and with revolvers. When the signal is made to man the boats, the men will get in, but not show themselves. When signal is made to

assault, the boats will pull around the stern of the monitors and land right abreast of them and board the fort on the run in a seaman-like way." (See page 198, Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War.)

"LANDING ORDER.

"FLAG-SHIP MALVERN,

OFF NEW INLET, January 15, 1865.

"... No move is to be made forward until the army charges, when the navy is to assault the sea or southeast face of the work, going over with cutlasses drawn and revolvers in hand. The marines will follow after, and when they gain the edge of the parapet they will lie flat and pick off the enemy in the works. The sailors will charge at once on the field-pieces in the fort and kill the gunners. The mouths of the bomb-proofs must be secured at once, and no quarter given if the enemy fire from them after we enter the fort. Any man who straggles or disobeys orders is to be sent to the rear under a guard. The men must keep their flags rolled up until they are on top of the parapet and inside the fort, when they will hoist them. . . . If, when our men get into the fort, the enemy commence firing on Fort Fisher from the mound, every three men will seize a prisoner, pitch him over the walls, and get behind the fort for protection, or into the bomb-proofs." (See pages 194 and 195, Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War.)

Sunday, the 15th day of January, 1865, proved to be a bright and beautiful day. The air was mild and balmy as a May day. The sun shed its bright rays upon the scene through a cloudless sky. What little wind there was blew off shore flattening the surf and ocean to a calm seldom experienced off the coast. But this was not to be a day of rest for the boys in blue on sea or shore before Fort Fisher. The storm of human conflict was soon to burst forth.

Early in the morning General Ames, at the head of Bell's and Pennypacker's

brigades of his division, took up his line of march toward the fort. As this advance was made, the Tallahassee, a Rebel gunboat in the Cape Fear River, opened fire upon this body of men. A number of officers and men were killed and wounded; a captain was obliged to have his leg amputated. This vessel was soon afterward driven off and did not make her appearance again. Immediately upon the arrival of Pennypacker's brigade, directly in front of the fort, the First Brigade was moved forward in line of battle to a new position about two hundred yards from the fort; the right resting near the Cape Fear River, and the left extending toward the ocean and parallel to the front of the fort, and covering one half its land face. The skirmishers were about a hundred yards in advance of this line. This movement had to be executed under a sharp musketry fire and an occasional discharge of grape and canister. The Second Brigade, under command of Colonel Pennypacker, was now moved forward, also in line of battle, to a position of five hundred yards from the fort and parallel to the line formed by the First Brigade. The Third Brigade, under command of Colonel Bell, was formed in a similar manner about seven hundred yards from the fort. This column of brigades was formed on the open sandy beach, directly in front of the land face and opposite the westerly side of the fort. The men were moved up quickly, and as soon as they were properly placed, they threw up small rifle-pits for temporary protection. While these operations were taking place, General Terry and staff and General Ames and his staff occupied a prominent position near an old earthwork about five hundred and fifty yards from the fort. General Ames gave a personal supervision to every detail of these preliminary manœuvres; going himself, and sending his staff to the front and to the flanks in order to correct and establish the lines of attack. All these evolutions were executed with the precision and order of a

parade. At this time a number of brave men volunteered to go forward in advance of the skirmishers and cut away the palisade. They were provided with axes for this purpose. In the mean time, while these operations of the army had been going on, a force of sailors and marines, numbering two thousand men, were landed on the seabeach under the command of Fleet Captain K. R. Breese. The head of this column had been pushed up to within a few hundred yards of the fort, by means of a succession of intrenchments and rifle-pits, which were promptly occupied by the United States Marine Corps. The navy had kept up its terrific fire upon the fort. Nevertheless at no time was it entirely silenced. The Ironsides and monitors hurled forth their immense projectiles; the grand old frigates boomed out their heavy broadsides; and the gunboats poured in their whistling shots upon the doomed stronghold. Probably the fire of the navy was not so rapid as on some of the previous days of the attack, but it was certainly far more accurate and effective. It was the wonder of the army artillerymen to see how it was possible for ships at sea to direct an artillery fire with such precision. By means of army signals, General Terry was in continued conversation with Admiral Porter, who was over a mile distant. In this way the navy were requested to direct their fire either against the parapet or against the palisade. By this time the assaulting column of soldiers, sailors, and marines, numbering about five thousand two hundred men, were in readiness to charge. If Abbott's brigade, which was brought up toward the close of the action, be counted, then the assaulting column numbered in the aggregate six thousand three hundred men. At half past three o'clock the signal was given to the navy to cease firing. At the instant the steam whistles shrieked out this signal, General Curtis, who commanded the first line, sprang to his feet and shouted the order of advance to his brigade. With

a wild cheer his men charged forward ; many passing through the apertures in the palisade, across the ditch and up to the parapet, the rest charging across a bridge which led around to the left and rear of the fort. This charge was under the direction of a staff-officer of General Ames, who was the first man on the parapet of the fort, and was stricken down, severely wounded, while planting a color on the top of one of the traverses. Three other members of his staff were struck at this time ; of these Captain Dawson afterward died of his injuries. The Second Brigade was now ordered forward and successfully entered the fort. The most of this brigade entered by the bridge already mentioned. The planks were torn up, leaving the soldiers to cross upon the string-pieces. At this juncture Colonel Pennypacker was so seriously wounded that his life was despaired of for many months. This charge of the two brigades was met by the enemy with a vigorous resistance. They sprang to their guns and fought with desperation, contesting each traverse and bomb-proof inch by inch. A half-hour's fighting gave the army possession of about five or six of the immense traverses and also a firm footing to the left and rear of the fort.

The brave sailors and marines at the signal had rushed to the attack. They met with a murderous grape and canister and musketry fire. Their ranks were rapidly thinned beneath the fearful storm of iron, but the survivors pressed bravely forward to close up the gaps. Great gallantry was displayed by the officer who led these men into the "deadly breach." Lieutenants B. H. Porter and S. W. Preston were instantly killed. They had been classmates and messmates, they had been captured and suffered imprisonment together, and at last died fighting side by side. Captain Breese, in his report, says :—

"Finding the rear of the men retreating, I hastened toward it to form them under cover, and have them use their rifles, but they were too far distant for me to reach them, and I ac-

cordingly returned to a position near the works. As I did so the remaining men, notwithstanding all attempt to stop them, fled, with the exception of about sixty, among whom were Lieutenant-Commander James Parker, C. H. Cushman, T. O. Selfridge, and M. Sicard, and Lieutenant N. H. Farquhar and R. H. Lamson, the latter of whom was wounded, and several volunteer officers whose names I unfortunately do not know. The fire of the enemy was so severe that the few of our men remaining had to seek such cover as they could, and there remained until dark, when a demonstration upon the part of the Rebels induced all to make a rush, and most succeeded in escaping." (See page 193, Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.)

This part of the assaulting column, having been driven back in confusion, was not again brought in requisition against the fort. In the latter part of the fight they were rallied to man the position out of which Colonel Abbott's brigade was moved. The sailors did all that could have been expected of them. They had not been properly armed for such service. Cutlasses and revolvers may be the suitable weapons to arm men with for the purpose of boarding a vessel at sea, where the fighting is necessarily confined to a small space, but they will not do for an attack upon a strong fortification, defended by artillery and infantry.

The First and Second Brigades of General Ames's division had been gallantly fighting all this time inside of the fort. The troops had gained by their desperate valor a number of the traverses and had advanced across the west part of the *terre-plein* almost to the centre of the fort. General Curtis, who had been conspicuous throughout the day for his bravery and coolness, fell, badly wounded by a canister shot. Colonel Bell's brigade was then advanced. His manly form was seen at the head of his column, as it darted forward over the bridge and into the fort. But this was the Colonel's

last charge, for at this point the brave and noble soldier fell, mortally wounded. His brigade was moved forward against the sea face of the fort. The ground over which the brigade had to charge was obstructed by the *débris* of the barracks, while the enemy was protected by the traverses and magazines. The navy had recommenced their fire upon the sea face, after the repulse of the sailors and marines. This fire assisted in sweeping the traverses for the advance of the men. It ceased at dark, and was again reopened for a short time, but it was soon found that the fire was killing and wounding our own men. It was therefore finally discontinued. The impetuous resistance of the garrison would not permit darkness to cause a cessation of hostilities. The fearful encounter was continued. The enemy kept up a continual artillery fire from the mound upon the soldiers who held the western part of the fort. The bursting of shell, the rattling of musketry, shouts of the men, groans of the wounded, all went to make up a perfect Pandemonium.

General Ames, who had entered the fort at the head of the Second Brigade, remained there fighting with his men until the close of the action. He had been made particularly conspicuous, not only by the prominent and advanced position he had occupied, but by a brigadier-general's full dresscoat, which he wore on that day. It was next to a miracle to see him go unscathed, while his officers and men were continually falling by his very side. There he stood among his troops. No advice to retreat, no request to postpone the engagement until the following morning, found a listening ear with him. "Advance, drive the enemy from their works," was his repeated order. To his determined bravery and skill on this occasion the country owes more than to any other one officer either in the army or navy. Although the garrison was already showing signs of weakness, still General Ames, wishing to make "assurance double sure," at about eight o'clock sent to General

Terry for reinforcements. He immediately forwarded Colonel Abbott's brigade, which went gallantly to the rescue. At the same time General Terry, who had continued to occupy the position he had held in the first part of the assault, so that he could be in perfect communication with the fleet, entered Fort Fisher. Abbott's brigade was formed near the river, while a portion of these reinforcements, armed with Spencer's carbines, were ordered to advance on the sea front. At about nine o'clock a general assault was made, and the Rebels retreated out of the fort toward Battery Buchanan. Cheer after cheer now rang out upon the night air; the fact of the capture of the fort was signalled to the fleet almost immediately. The navy vessels sent up rockets in celebration of the glorious event. In the excitement and joy of the moment, the killed, the dying, and the wounded were apparently forgotten.

Abbott's brigade was now ordered to advance upon Battery Buchanan. Here General Whiting and Colonel Lamb were found both badly wounded. The garrison, to the number of about nineteen hundred men, surrendered at this place, and were marched back to the vicinity of Fort Fisher. Thus, after one of the most stubbornly fought battles of the war, this fortification fell into the hands of the Union forces. The sacrifices of the army, navy, and marine corps, in killed and wounded, amounted to eight hundred men. The Rebel loss was trifling compared to the Union.

In the language of General Ames, "the name of every officer and man engaged in this desperate conflict should be mentioned"; but space at the present will not allow the recital of the sacrifices and acts of heroism of that day.

The next morning a terrific explosion of the main magazine of the fort occurred. By this accident, one hundred and fifty men were killed and wounded, and many a brave man who had survived the conflict of the day before lost his life. It was undoubtedly

caused by some person entering the magazine with a light, without knowing its nature.

On the night of the 16th of January, the Rebels having lost the key of the position, blew up and abandoned Fort Casswell and the works on Smith's Island. The United States forces triumphantly entered Wilmington, N. C., on Washington's birthday.

Every circumstance of the second expedition was most auspicious. So favorable was the weather, that constant communication was kept up with the fleet and transports, and the navy was accorded three successive days for bombarding the fort, so that when the column moved to the assault there were but few guns to oppose them.

General Terry deserves the highest encomiums for the manner in which he prepared and organized all the details of the operations which culminated in the attack upon Fort Fisher. It is true that some reinforcements had been thrown in the fort after the first attempt to carry it, but General Whiting has stated that they were not of good material. (See page 108, Report on the Conduct of the War.)

Admiral Porter's theory in relation to the force necessary to take the fort was, that after he had bombarded it, any land force could successfully assault it, and when they had carried the parapet, that the garrison would capitulate. The Admiral makes use of the following statements in describing the events of the first expedition: "The works were battered and burnt to that degree that there appeared no life within the walls. . . . Until late in the day on the 26th the forts laid at our mercy, and if the men had not been brought off, the Rebels would have surrendered when they marched up and the navy opened fire." (See Report Committee on the Conduct of the War, page 178.) "They (the forts) were so blown up, burst up, and torn up, that the people inside had no intention of fighting any longer. . . . There never was a fort that invited soldiers to walk in and take possession more plainly than Fort Fish-

er. . . . We have shown the weakness of this work. It can be taken at any moment in one hour's time." (See Report Secretary of Navy, page 51.)

To the superficial observer the final capture of the fort might seem to prove the correctness of these views; but it establishes the contrary. It appears from the experience of the second expedition that assaulting the fort was but half of the work to be done; for after the troops had gained the inside and rear of the fort, the fight continued for over six hours. The troops first got possession of the west part of the fort, and then the fight partook of the nature of a battle of infantry against infantry. Assaulting the fort was one thing, capturing its garrison was another. This great fact seems to have been entirely lost sight of by those who believe that the engineer officers showed timidity on the first expedition. However, Admiral Porter afterwards changed his mind materially on the subject of the strength of the fort and the forces necessary to carry it. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (see page 190) he says: "I have since visited Fort Fisher and the adjoining works, and find their strength greatly beyond what I had conceived. An engineer might be excusable in saying they could not be captured except by regular siege. I wonder even now how it was done. The work, as I said before, is really stronger than the Malakoff Tower, which defied so long the combined power of France and England; and yet it is captured by a handful of men under the fire of the guns of the fleet, and in seven hours after the attack commenced in earnest."

Bearing in mind all the difficulties that surrounded the first expedition, and at the same time the remarkably favorable events of the second, it must be admitted that General Butler's withdrawal of that part of his troops which had been landed, from their exposed position before the walls of Fort Fisher was a duty which he owed to his soldiers and to his country.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

PART I.

THERE was a young gentleman in Montpier who attracted to himself considerable attention, not a hundred years ago. Two sad hearts in the town were sad because of him. One was his own, the other Ellen Hepworth's.

After he had declined the partnership with his old employers, Smithby & Co., because, as he had the courage, or rather the impertinence, to tell them, he could not approve of their way of doing business, he surprised everybody by the course of dissipation upon which he entered.

It really seemed as if he had exhausted his virtues when that decision in reference to the partnership so long looked forward to was made. Nobody pretended to understand him, least of all Ellen Hepworth. This "careering" was so unlooked for that she finally concluded that it partook of the nature of the whirlwind, and so must spend itself, and remain among the facts forever inexplicable. The instinct of self-preservation she would not allow a hearing. Is the sun to be less honored, because for an hour eclipsed? "For better, for worse, until death doth us part," she said.

When the lover came to the hard pass of apology and repentance, which would yet be repeated of, and sought to excuse his wild wanderings, the young lady said, looking into a face that was not in the least like the face of any one of the gods that have swayed in their day the hearts of women and men; but a face that had, nevertheless, a portion of beauty, which was intended to represent some sort of divine order: "You understand me perfectly, and I go with you. Take me down to ruin if you please. Where you choose to go, I go."

It was wild talk for a well-behaved young person, unless she had discovered that somewhere in the heart of

Alexander was an unsunned depth which a ray of heavenly light might reach yet, and therein work its wonders.

She believed she had discovered as much. The indifference he had shown to mere gain, must it not have proceeded from a dislike to everything that was a discredit to human nature? Nevertheless, all Montpier saw that Alexander was going to the dogs.

This constancy on the part of his Ellen rather annoyed him when he began to understand it. It arose, he perceived, from no misconception with regard to his conduct. Once he had held the opinion that nothing in life would be worth having without Ellen Hepworth. Now he began to see that it was likely she would be accounted a martyr, and his feelings took a turn. A fellow was a great fool to put his head into a noose, and his feet into the stocks, and give himself over day by day to hard work and decency, just for the sake of others. A rich girl who had money to make life easy to a man was another matter. That was a kind of marriage to be thought of patiently; but Ellen Hepworth had n't a dollar in her own rights. She was merely a good girl, bright enough; yes he would say for her, bright as the day, and pretty enough, — in fact, handsome as a rose. He had proved, though, to Plummer, the saint, that he could carry off before his eyes the finest girl in Montpier, that sufficed.

Still, here she was, solemn as a nun, lecturing him, by her sad looks only, it was true, on 'his' shocking habits, yet averring to her friends, who were out of all patience with her, that nothing would induce her to give him up. He would see as to that. He would bring her to the point, perhaps. He would n't have people saying of any girl, that she was a sacrifice to him.

In short, it was clear to the one girl

who loved him that Alexander was not himself; some sort of nature his, and not his, had got the better of him, and her heart went into deep mourning over his captivity. And his heart, too, as I have said, and as everybody in Montpier might have known, — his heart, too, was sad.

Ellen's sole consolation now was Mr. Smithby, of the firm. She had known him all her life. She owned her grief to him.

He said to her: "I am as much surprised as anybody by this conduct, but don't worry. Alexander will come out of it. He has his whims, like all the rest of us. This one is as unaccountable to him, I have no doubt of it, as it is to you or me. There's just one thing clear to me. He may say what he pleases, but we'll have him back with us. I'll not quite say he may come on his own terms, but I believe my partner would; he's daft about Alexander; he don't say much, but if the boy were his own flesh and blood he could not be more anxious or more patient. You could n't make him see this, may be? He has n't been near us for a month."

Ellen Hepworth was a happy woman when she walked out of Mr. Smithby's counting-room.

As she went homeward she turned over in her mind what had been said, doubting whether it would be worst or best just now to go to Alexander with this message from his former employer. It might incense him to suspect that she had been consulting with anybody on his case; or he might say to himself, "See how all these people run after me"; and so the day of humiliation and repentance would be perhaps fatally postponed.

Meantime, while she hesitated, the object of her doubts and fears, attired in a handsome white linen suit, was riding in a stage-coach towards Flagg River Forks, admiring the scenery, and rather glad, on the whole, that he had broken away from Montpier, and especially enjoying in prospect the consternation with which by to-morrow or next day

people would begin to make inquiries for him.

As he goes we may read the letter which has put him into the white linen suit and within the stage-coach. It is dated

BOLTING, 25th 7th mo. 18—.

SIR: — Thee has an aged relative living in this place who names thee as his heir. He sends for thee by my hand. If thee will come here directly, thee may find him alive, and this he looks for. I may say he prays for thee to come. And thee must come alone; he says so. His mind wanders a little. It has wandered more or less for a long time, but it is clear he wants thee.

Thy friend,

OWEN HAPPY.

But urgent though the tone of the letter was, Alexander had let twenty-four hours slip by, and had changed his mind as many times, before he decided that he would attend to the summons.

Of course he did not understand the letter. What aged relative had he? His mother, who had married a second time, and now lived abroad with a husband and children whom he had never seen, had never told him that he or she had any relative living in the land. This man might be of his father's kindred. He did n't know. He did n't care. He doubted the story. Yet why should any one invent anything so stupid? And where upon earth was Bolting? Finally, his curiosity got the better of him; he thought that here possibly might be a tide in the affairs of men! So he left Montpier without exchanging a word with any person on the subject.

Montpier then said what it pleased. It got up a dark suspicion of debt and involvement, and Smithby & Co. were obliged to declare, in the most open manner, that there was n't a word to be said against the business honesty and uprightness of their late book-keeper, and that the place of responsibility and trust he had long occupied awaited him any day he would return to it.

Then Montpier lamented; it was ten thousand pities a man should prove so great an enemy to himself; but Ellen Hepworth said, "All this is a freak," and she waited for the day when her love should have justified itself. There was something in this confidence quite sublime.

The inhabitants of Bolting lived in the midst of their gardens between the north and east branches of Flagg River, in the fear of God, the love of the Brotherhood, and the honor of the President. The spirit of the place was stamped upon it, and even the driver who had brought the doubting heir over from the Forks, entertaining him by the way with a humorous account of the simple-hearted folk who flourished in the community, touched his horse with a gentler stroke, and spoke in a softened voice, as they passed up the street.

As they approached the village pump the young gentleman decided that it was time to make inquiries; so he threw away his cigar and asked a boy who had his hand on the pump-handle if he could tell him where Owen Happy lived.

The lad pointed across the street to a house which resembled every other small white cottage on the line beneath the shade of the great elm-trees, only perhaps in the yard sweet peas and yellow marigolds bloomed more abundantly.

"I will get out here, then." And having paid the driver for his service, Alexander slowly crossed the street, not impressed profoundly by a sense of the mystery which enveloped the place and himself. His destiny might hang now, as they say, trembling in the scale; but his opinion was, as he looked around him, that it would not be a bad thing for any man to fall heir to a bit of real estate in Bolting!

The longer his mind dwelt on this thought, the less prominent became his speculation in regard to the probable commercial value of one of those white houses and its surrounding garden. It was even suggested to him as he

walked along, — and he did not resent the suggestion, — that Ellen Hepworth would clap her hands with satisfaction at the prospect of a home in the country like that, as he had seen her do sometimes, poor girl! Yes, and the last time he had seen her do it was when he told her that he had explained to Smithby & Co. that he preferred to decline partnership rather than do business in the manner they were doing it! Did n't she understand then that he had thrown up his great chance?

They had been looking for him in that little house, anxiously looking, all day. But, before they could say to the old man who was dying, "He has come," Owen Happy heard his wife saying, "He has gone," meaning that the breath of life had floated out of the body before them to return no more.

Thus they met the young gentleman, whose appearing and whose presence not a little surprised them, with this salutation, "Thee has come too late. What a pity! He wanted to see thee so. It was the only wish he had."

Then and there, in the entry of the little white house, before they could speak a word further, this new-comer repented the hours four-and-twenty he had wasted in his indifferent hesitation. He was capable, therefore, of repentance.

Passing from this Eden of a Bolting, where, though there is no almshouse there must be a grave-place, to Hemlock Creek the way is long, and few persons, self-guided, would be likely to go swiftly and directly from one point to another.

The reader will be pleased to spread his wings, pass over miles of level sandy roads and stretches of hills, until he comes to the Bald Eagle Inn on Hemlock Creek, and there alight.

It is high noon, and the sun looks with an almost malignant eye on Bynner's tavern, every hatefulness of the place is so remorselessly exposed. In the early morning, when mists creep

along the creek and up the hillsides, the little house, surrounded by tall hemlock-trees, looks like a bower fit for romance. So also at twilight the charm of the spot is irresistible. Travellers have been known to indite poems in the best room of the Bald Eagle, from the fulness of the satisfaction felt on being set down at the end of a fatiguing day in that beautiful, shadowy dell. But at high noon, in midsummer, when the shade of the hemlocks becomes as a vain pretence, and the low walls of the whitewashed cottage are seen in the glare which betrays their poverty, it is a place to pass quickly, and forget as soon as may be.

Still, Mark Bynner, who stands on the doorstep waiting for the stage-horn, has no need to seek the favor of stage-drivers; they all know that a good meal awaits them at Bynner's.

The stage is now about three minutes behind time. Why does n't it come? The potatoes and the fish and the coffee are ready to serve, and the passengers approaching can never know how Nanny Bynner has fought for that mess of string-beans with her geese, ducks, hens, and turkeys, since the 1st of June! Bread and butter, milk, eggs, and wild berries, all of the best, wait upon the table; why does n't the sound of the horn come floating down from the top of the hill? Ah, there it is!

The driver, Anthony, is on the road to-day, guides the horses down the rather steep declivity at a quicker pace than usual, throws the reins over the horses' backs in his best style, and jumps from his elevated seat; in all these proceedings conforming to a line of conduct altogether familiar to the keeper of the inn. But when he has gone so far, his action takes a turn. He does not begin to shout at man and beast according to custom, nor does he throw open the stage door with a flourish, and the yard gate with a bang. Instead, he quietly goes to the stage box, and after a slight delay, which may indicate some hesitation in his purpose or reluctance in his hands, he assists a passenger to alight,

who seems incapable of helping himself; then he produces a small black trunk from under the seat, places it beside the gate-post, and says to Mr. Mark Bynner that the folks in the coach are in a desperate hurry to get to the Corners by six o'clock, and he has promised to put 'em through. He watered his horses in the creek t'other side of the hill, and nobody wants dinner but himself; he *does* confoundedly, but he shall have to wait. There is that gentleman, though; he don't feel able to go on, and so he must stay behind.

While he makes these statements the driver is taking his seat on the box again, and gathering up the reins; Mark Bynner has hardly time to ask a question before Anthony nods, as if in answer, and drives on.

Nothing was to be done, then, but to invite the stranger into the house. The innkeeper accordingly went to the gate and picked up the trunk, shouldered it, and glancing at the owner said, "This way, sir." He might as well have given the direction to one of the hemlocks. Looking back, after he had proceeded a few paces toward the house, he saw that the gentleman, in attempting to follow him, had fallen back against the fence and leaned there, incapable of helping himself.

It was high time to call his wife. But she had already come to the door to ascertain what was going on, the delay in ordering the dinner was so unusual.

"See here," he said when he saw that she stood there looking at him, "there is n't anybody to eat, but this sick man is going to stay over." He fixed an eye full of sharp inquiry on his wife while he spoke, and was not surprised when he saw her lift both hands and exclaim, "Good gracious, Mark, it's small-pox!"

"I thought likely," he returned. "Blast that Anthony! He's just turned him in on to us. What'll we do?"

"We can't leave him here," said she. "Fritz is gone; we might give him

the shed chamber ; but — good gracious ! ”

“ Yes,” said her husband. “ Just so. And who’s going to take care of him ? ”

“ We must.”

“ We may as well shut shop then ! ”

“ It can’t be helped.”

But during this brief and rapid conversation the behavior of the husband and the wife had not been in the least like that of persons who halted in their opinion as to the course they must pursue.

The innkeeper had already set the trunk down in the entry, and now he was assisting the stranger into the house with as little shrinking in his touch as though he had been merely a cripple or a paralytic, and so incapable of helping himself.

As they entered the dining-room the eyes of the stranger fell on the neatly spread dinner-table. Mark Bynner, true to his calling, would have placed a chair for him ; but he shook his head, and said, and for the first time they heard his voice, “ All I want is a bed,” and his head drooped as if he were incapable of another word.

There was a little bedroom off the dining-room. With a sudden kindly impulse, Nanny Bynner, who was full of kindly impulses and quite capable of working herself to death in anybody’s service, opened the door and looked in ; but a second thought led her to close the door again, and she said, — her way was to express her thoughts aloud, even when quite alone, — “ It will be too warm and noisy in there. He would hear all that was going on, and the drivers don’t know what they’re about, always.”

The stranger startled her by making an answer, in the peremptory manner of desperate sickness, “ Put me anywhere you like, but be quick about it. Let me lie down. I think I shall die in about five minutes.”

This was bringing matters to a point. The eyes of the sick man had lost their dull stupor ; as he spoke it seemed as if the conviction that his

death approached made him attempt to arrest the work of destruction for a moment. Out of the kindest and sweetest of brown eyes he looked at Nanny Bynner, and said : “ I see. It’s too bad ; but you must send the trunk on. Mother and Zeb — ”

There he stopped. After a moment he tried to continue ; then he shook his head and would have fallen, but the innkeeper and his wife closed round him, a supporting wall.

“ He’s dying ! ” exclaimed Nanny, her voice unsteady with feeling.

“ I think not,” returned her husband, and for a moment he became as forgetful as she that small-pox within the house would be likely to send dinner-parties ten miles on.

If Nanny intended to conduct the stranger to the north bedroom, they must lose no time.

To the north chamber, therefore, they conveyed the young man, and five minutes passed, but he still breathed.

The driver who had left the passenger at the gate did not stop to inquire after his health on his return trip, neither did he drive on, chiefly careful to avoid further risk. That ride, beside contagion from Culver’s Creek to Bynner’s, had done the business for him, he said, and he hurried back to the Culverstown Hospital to die there within a fortnight. Mark Bynner was not sorry when he heard of it ; the driver had tossed a load on to his shoulders which he had no mind to bear.

The stranger at the inn lingered one month. The greater part of the time he was delirious, and during his few lucid intervals apparently incapable of thought or of speech. Still, more than once his eyes fixed on Nanny Bynner with a gratitude in them which she never could forget.

What a north chamber that was during those four weeks ! and what a multitude of horrors was concealed by a door from the stage-coach passengers who came and went up and down the narrow stair ! What a life that gentle nurse and that woman of all work lived, from the Saturday noon when

the sick man came, to the Saturday night a month later, when he died!

And the poor young man! Hemlock Creek then was his destination when he set out on his journey! But whence had he come, for what place had he started? These were questions which naturally suggested themselves, but who could answer them? Nanny and Mark Bynner might say to themselves that they had done their duty, all that could be asked of the best of good Samaritans, but they would have liked an answer to their questions.

On Sunday after the burial had been accomplished, and the north room had been whitewashed and cleansed for the reception of Monday's travellers, the innkeeper sat down to examine the contents of the trunk. Nanny was with him, and the business in hand was, evidently, the business to be performed, otherwise how should they ever know whom they had sheltered underneath their roof? The sick man had communicated no information whatever with regard to himself, and the only occasion on which he had attempted to express a wish he had as good as failed to do so.

From the contents of the trunk it began to dawn on the mind of the chief explorer that the traveller must have been on his way from some mining region, and that he was going to leave the country. In his trunk were beautiful specimens of ore and crystals, and a few vials of gold-dust, besides clothes marked with initials, and a quantity of papers and letters, all of which were addressed to, or bore the name of, Ephraim Butler.

He, then, was Ephraim Butler who had died. Mark said so to Nanny, and she said so to herself, — "Ephraim Butler." Besides wearing apparel and the papers mentioned, there was a good deal of money in a wallet, — money in coin and in bank-notes.

The innkeeper reserved this for consideration until after the papers, letters, and other documents, which were carelessly tied together with a cord, should be disposed of.

"We have got off very well," he said; "but if we leave these things lying around, the children will be coming down with small-pox first we know." Therefore he burned the papers. But the dead man's clothes he reserved for the pedler who once a month stopped at the tavern overnight.

It was after he had burned the papers that his wife saw him counting the money. She came into the room unexpectedly while he was thus engaged; for an instant he appeared to be confused, but then he said: "Come here, Miss Nan, I want your help. You can count as high as a hundred, can't you?"

Nanny rather thought she could, and she sat down opposite him, and they counted coin and bank-notes until ten thousand dollars lay between them. Then Bynner laughed, and Nanny laughed because her husband did, but with something like a doubting interrogation in her face and voice, thinking of the dead young man, — not a lively theme of thought. The sounds of merriment were brief, though. Pushing the heap of wealth away from him, the innkeeper took up the seal ring which he had helped the sick man to draw from his finger when his poor hand became so swollen. Finally, from playing with it, and looking at it, he put on the little finger of his left hand, and said that it was a remarkably good fit. His wife looked still more anxious. Finally she said, "How are we ever going to find his relations?"

"That's so," answered her husband. "Any way," he went on, not caring to leave his wife to the useless task of going over all that ground through which he had made for himself a short cut, — "anyway, Nanny, we know he had the best of care. There ain't many folks who would have tended on him as we did. If he had been my own brother, I know I could n't 'a' done more for him."

It was a rare thing for Nanny to entertain an opinion on any subject at variance with that held by her husband. Though in a state of bewilder-

ment just now, she nodded as much as to say, "It is so." And in fact it was so; why should n't she nod?

"I'm not going to bother myself hunting for heirs to the world's end," he continued. "Good enough heirs are to be found nearer, — that's you and me. Who has a better right?"

"There's these —" But Nanny had gone only thus far when she perceived that this was a piece of business which Mark would manage for himself, and that he wished not to be interfered with in the management. And of course he knew about business, and of course she did n't. Her part was to manage the house, get up good dinners, and keep the children tidy. She must n't be forward now, because he had asked her to help him count the money. He meant kind by her. She had best not offend Mark Bynner.

"You'll let me manage this business, Nanny," said he, not as if asking a favor. "I would n't 'a' run the risk of spreading small-pox by them papers, for all Californy. What right has anybody to ask it of a man? I've put away them papers. I looked at 'em, and saw they didn't tell anything I wanted to know. Could n't make head or tail of 'em."

Nanny looked down. She felt a chill creeping over her body. She knew now what that smell of burning papers meant, and it seemed to her like the smoke of that fire which, she had heard, ascends for ever and ever.

Perhaps her husband, who was not dull, guessed what was passing in her mind, for he hastened to speak again when she said nothing. "You're no fool, Nan," he said, in that voice of his which, kindly as now, could have led her over the earth at his pleasure. "This is a stroke of luck. It would have been a long time before we could have got a start like this. I did n't ask for it. I never expected, as you have, ever since you joined in with me for partnership, to see a fortune dropping from the clouds. Now it's dropped, I ain't going to shut my eyes. I'll take what's sent."

"Well, Mark," said his wife, brought rapidly into consenting mood by the tone of his voice rather than by what he said, — "well, Mark, *he* was sent, any way. We did n't ask the gentleman here. He came, whether or no."

"Yes," he answered, evidently pleased at the turn her thoughts had taken, for it would have gone ill with him if Nanny had stood out against him in this, — the influence over him of the little plain-faced, sandy-haired woman being out of all manner of proportion to her suspicion or to the probabilities, — "yes," he repeated, "and I take it as a hint that it's time for me to get away from this. I am thirty-one years old, and no money laid up yet. We have worked hard, and see how we get on! And there's the children! I guess, Miss Nan, you must make up your mind to say good by to the Bald Eagle and your cooking-stove. I'll plant this money where it'll grow, and bring in a good crop. We'll go where there are people, and then I won't hear you groaning that the children have n't a chance."

That was wisely said. Nanny was a woman who could venture and endure for her children's sake; and she would not forget that she had given up the north bedchamber to the poor young gentleman; and that he had tried to express his gratitude for the care bestowed upon him, and his wonder that such care could be bestowed. Two things that Mark said at this time would also never be forgotten: one was that he felt perfectly certain that the gentleman's property was in the hands of the persons he would have chosen to hold it; he had seen the money of men who died without making a will, often and often had seen it, and had read of it in the newspapers besides, going into the hands of heirs-at-law, who would never have touched a penny of it had the deceased been capable of expressing a wish in the matter. And, moreover, he had said, what right had these foreigners to make their wealth in the country, and then go home to spend it? The rich-

es of a land of right belonged to the native-born citizens!

There was a village waiting for just such a man as Mark Bynner was capable of becoming. He sold the Bald Eagle, became part proprietor of a prosperous stage-line, bought him a small house in that village, and began to expand. Ere-long Howesbury recognized in him the "go ahead" she had needed, and in various ways showed that she considered him a leader. It was, of course, not at once that Mark understood this fact. When he did understand it he was not likely to be overwhelmed by timidity or a sense of unworthiness. He accepted the situation, held up his head, built an addition to his cottage, and divided the honors with his wife, who had already won a reputation as the best cook in the neighborhood.

The manner in which her husband bore himself put Nanny at her ease twice over. Her confidence in him was justified, and, whatever might be in store for them, he was more than a match for circumstances. But one thing did trouble her. Mark wore the ring which he had helped "the young man" to remove from his finger when his poor hands became so swollen, and so — oh! horrible recollection. It was always, at unlucky moments, recalling what she would have buried without the gates of memory, a forever unvisited grave. It was as a key which in somebody's hands — whose hand? — would yet unlock the chamber of terrors.

By and by, when her husband's taste began to manifest itself in strange ways of personal decoration, the ring became less conspicuous. Neck-ties and fashionable coats and diamond studs, as it were, swallowed it up, and it became evident, even to her eyes, that the ring was not the thing about Mark Bynner which would be first noticed and last recollected.

If Nanny had seen in him in other days a man to whom she was summoned by all within her to yield, it is not easy to tell what she beheld in

him, now when people quoted him, deferred to him, ran after him, seeking even in their church building, though he was not a professor, the aid of his judgment and his purse!

It was something to hear, the way Bynner laid down the law about fortune and the best methods of securing her favor. In his opinion, making money was easy enough as soon as a man got so far ahead as to invest a little. Of course there must be no shilly-shallying. Fortune had more common sense than anybody. Just make up your mind what you want, and she will help you to it. The talk, you perceive, of a man born to success in money-making. Certain poor men, who heard him talk in this way, regarding Bynner as a kind of oracle, were filled with despair. They understood the reason there was in the words; but seek as they might they never hit on the path which would lead to prosperity.

Then there was Nanny, herself, and the children, Pauline and Alick; how young and how pretty even the mother became, now that her days were no longer consumed in the cook-stove! Her kindness toward the sick, and her sympathy with the poor, gained for her a favor which extended through the length and breadth of the village. Her experience in that north bedchamber had made her wonderfully pitiful toward the helpless and the dying.

As the children grew in years and in stature, they passed through as many transformations as did the little cottage. By the time they had reached the ages of twelve and fifteen, this nest of a place had become a goodly mansion, handsomely furnished, flanked by a conservatory and a smoking-room, and was the centre of much eating and drinking and of that open-handed kind of hospitality possible to a people among whom stage-coaches prevail. The Bynners were, outside of the church, and perhaps even within it, the most conspicuous people of Howesbury; they kept handsome horses and a carriage, and the house was as taste-

ful in its decorations and its ornaments as could be made merely by money and a promiscuous fondness for beautiful things. The children attended the best schools, whereof their father was a conspicuous trustee; and Pauline bade fair to be a beauty. She had curling black hair, and a steady gray-blue eye, and there was something in her demeanor which told of cool blood and quick wit, and whithersoever she would she might lead her flexible brother. You would never have heard that girl aluding to life on Hemlock Creek.

Nanny had been troubled, I said, when her husband first decorated himself with that ring, and the trouble had been lessened when other ornaments obscured this souvenir. But it was a question which often returned to her. Had Mark forgotten, altogether, the events which she never could forget?

Often she would yield herself to a haunting remembrance which cast its shadow over her, and go over the events of the last days of "that young man," until she sat at the table with Mark counting the tens and the hundreds and the thousands, and then the smoke of those burning papers would ascend as from the Pit, and float upon the air. Who was Zeb? Where was he? And where was that young man's mother? Was this the way to set up an independent conscience? For this thinking was done, of course, in secret.

And was Mark Bynner never troubled by any event of his past, because he made a point of poohpoohing a thought away which by indulgence might prove troublesome? The growth of conscience is as easily pronounced upon as the growth of a tree. The way the sap is encouraged to run, that way swing the branches.

When their boy and girl began to take prizes at school, and it became so evident that their chances in life were equal to those of their mates, that even their mother could no longer doubt, Mark's exultant, "Well, old woman, what you say now?" was quite intelligible to her. It was an assur-

ance over again that Fortune was on the side of the successful, and that their success was the evidence of her favor. So much more reached her ear in the words than any third person would have been able to suspect.

And if you will consider, Nanny as a mother had a great deal on which to congratulate herself. Pauline might still have been running with hot dishes from the kitchen to the table surrounded by stage folk! this proud, handsome, Pauline! Alick might still have been waiting, barefoot, with pails of fresh water from the spring, on passengers and on horses, the companion of drivers like Anthony and Jim and Jack! Bynner might still have boasted before quite a different audience from that which listened to him now, of his wife's skill in cooking, and she have been distracted and at her wits' end when the cupboards and tables were empty, and the house full of hungry travellers. She shuddered; where is the poor mother who, having passed up to a point of observation so commanding, would not have shuddered, looking back! So precious seemed all they had gained, that even a higher price than they had paid must have appeared small in comparison.

But who will secure to the kings of the earth even, the darlings born to the throne? Alick, that boy of promise and hope, that quiet and studious lad, who must have won renown indeed to have satisfied the household expectation,—Alick, Mark's one son, was thrown from his Indian pony one Saturday afternoon and killed instantly.

They had a funeral service which was like a pagan pageant. That was Mark Bynner's way. He directed everything, and the obsequies were worthy of reporting for the newspapers. In the compact columns of the "Witness," it was recorded that Mr. Bynner's only son, etc. That was the first blast of fame Mark heard from abroad, trumpeting his glory,—a death-dirge. It could not heal his wound.

Still he carried himself gallantly through his tribulations. One source

of pride was cut off, but there remained Pauline, and it was in Pauline that his satisfaction found its centre.

Pauline, plotting, ambitious, and vain, willing to amuse when it would "pay," was a girl to have lovers. Young Nathan Lester was, as people say of devoted admirers, "her shadow." He was the one youth in Howesbury who dared aspire openly to the honors of getting himself talked about in connection with Pauline Bynner up and down the village streets. What observation should he heed, so long as he had hers!

But that was a mere affair between children, as was proved when Dr. Trenton came to town to consult Mark Bynner. There were a dozen reasons why the Doctor and Pauline should have felt a mutual attraction, and a dozen reasons why Pauline's father should say to himself, "He is the man."

This gentleman had come to Howesbury inquiring for one citizen, and one only, and he was the notable stage-coach proprietor. Everybody he had talked with heretofore had advised him to go talk with Bynner of Howesbury. The impression made by his first conversation, conducted with no little tact, was that no such man as he had ever before thought it worth while to court Mark Bynner. Trenton's purpose was to consolidate stage lines, and ward off the railroad men until such time as the railway he had himself projected should be rendered desirable. Travel in this quarter, the mode of it, and the rates of it, he intended to control, and he was confident, with that kind of confidence which convinces others, that a fortune was involved in the controlling.

Mark Bynner listened to the young man with surprise. Possibly with a little doubtful shaking of the head, at first, but the sign was not repeated.

The Doctor belonged to an order of human beings capable of winning Mark's utmost respect. He had education and experience, and was a fearless projector. He had lived much, and in places of widely contrasted charac-

ter,—in an old college town as a college graduate and a medical student and practitioner, and in California in its worst days, among the roughest of the gold-diggers. His chief desire was to be rich; and as he was no quack, he had used his knowledge of medicine chiefly as a friend of humanity, reaping the reward humanity usually renders for such services. From unsuccessful mining enterprises he had returned to the East, still to plan and to execute, but whether to gain the prize he sought was yet to be seen.

Some of his early friends, steadily growing in the work to which they had given themselves at the beginning of their career, were disposed to consider him erratic and visionary, and to predict no brilliant results, whatever he might attempt. But he was never more sanguine than when he went to Howesbury and found Mr. Mark Bynner. Is it not a wonderful and a beautiful spectacle, the world made over and over again for men, each time emerging out of old chaos in finer shape and fairer promise? To have heard Dr. Trenton talk, you would have lent a willing ear, Miss Reader, and have listened enchanted, as did Pauline and her father, to say nothing of the mother of the house.

The new man had everything to commend him,—a fine presence, brave eyes, and a beautiful head, stature, weight, self-possession, enthusiasm. Yet he would have said of himself to another who had won his utmost confidence, that his fortunes were desperate, that he belonged to the "low-down people," and that the evidence of such facts lay in his courting a family like this. Yet Pauline Bynner would make a handsome woman, and it was too late now for him to look for any other wife than one who would show well.

Suppose his inmost thoughts had been discovered as he came and went so often Bynner's guest! Suppose Mark, preparing to be led whithersoever the young man should lead, had, looking into his eyes, fairly met the desperate spirit looking out! Or, suppose

that Mark had himself been discovered to Trenton! Would there have been a clasping of hands, recognition, "Hail! fellow, well met"?

One day at the Bynner supper-table the Doctor exploded a shell so suddenly, that it was really wonderful how little came of it. Looking at his host with a surprise which reserved not a particle of itself, he exclaimed: "By George! is that Eph Butler's ring, Bynner?"

Mark was as imperturbable as a fortress with all the flags flying on a sunny day. No arsenal more innocently and serenely good-natured. It was "yes" or "no" with him, and then to take the consequences. "Yes," with explanation perhaps, and an after-life "above-board" that was rather pleasant to contemplate.

But "no," he said. That was the simplest way of disposing of "Eph Butler."

"Of course not," said the Doctor, sitting back in his chair, as if with the fire of the exclamation the electricity had all passed out of him. "I beg your pardon. That ring you wear looks so much like the one I gave him when he left San Francisco, for an instant I thought it must be the same. I have gone so far that I may as well tell you now, it was his leaving the mines that brought me East again, — much as anything."

While the Doctor was speaking Mark Bynner had drawn the ring from his finger; he now handed it to his guest. The Doctor took it, and just then Nanny, who had been detained by visitors, came into the room. When she saw what was going on she stopped, and the next instant surprised her husband, and won of him an admiration which was also a surprise to him. She stopped to look at the ring, and when she recognized it, said she had supposed it was something new, and quietly took her seat at the table.

There were initials inside the ring; "M. B." the Doctor read. "There is n't so much as a straw of hope for me to catch at," said he. "I begin to

think I never shall hear of Butler again."

There sat Nanny, looking a little embarrassed, by her ready sympathy, of course; the Doctor could see how gladly she would have heard him say that he had succeeded in finding the straw. His friend's name once spoken, it seemed as if the Doctor would never have done with it, till by his reminiscence he had *compelled* the presence of the absent in the midst of this little circle of friends.

By this talk they learned that Butler had amassed and lost two fortunes in the mines, and that it was because he became persuaded that the future comfort of his mother and the fortunes of a younger brother depended on the speed with which he "got out of the country" with the little money he still had left, that he determined to go back to England and invest his earnings there to their advantage.

Well? They waited with interest for the sequel of the story, Nanny Bynner sitting at the head of her table dispensing its bounty, Mark Bynner opposite, their guest between, facing pretty Pauline. But that was all. He could tell no more; for since he bade Ephraim Butler good by, not one word of him or from him had the Doctor heard.

Meanwhile the muffins were cooling, and other delicacies suffered from neglect. Nanny called attention to the fact; her effort to divert the thoughts of the guest were appreciated, and gradually conversation took a turn in a cheerfuller direction.

But after tea, as they sat smoking on the piazza, Mark Bynner returned to the theme.

"A ring is a ring," said he. "One seal's as good as another, if it answers the purpose. This one reminds you of your friend. I wish you would accept it from me. We seem to be getting mixed up quite a good deal in business. This ring will stand for a sign that all's fair between you and me."

This was not the first time that Dr. Trenton had found occasion to pro-

nounce Mark Bynner an "odd fellow," and he was evidently pleased with his overture, and at the manner in which it was made. It showed the shrewd young man, intent on business, that there was a vein of generous sentiment in the stage-line proprietor. He therefore accepted the ring with a pleasure which his countenance expressed.

His eyes glistened, his hand was not quite steady, neither was his voice. "Thank you," he said. "I feel as if I had taken Eph by the hand again. I shall like to wear the ring for his sake. But I can't wear a seal ring on both hands. Shall we exchange? I bought this for myself after I had come to the conclusion that he was lost. In memory of him."

With a reluctance which he liked not to feel, Mark slipped the ring the Doctor gave him over the finger from which he had removed the other.

"You see now," he said to Nanny, "we might as well have dropped that money into the sea as sent it on to be swallowed up by the British government, just as I told you. There ain't an heir alive. If there was, the Doctor would know it."

"Tell the Doctor all about it!" exclaimed Nanny. Just let him know the whole. He might advertise if he saw it was worth while."

"Are you crazy, Miss Nan?"

"Perhaps so. Do you think I am?"

There was a tone in her voice that Mark did not like, and he hastened to say: "You are not a fool, any way, and what business is it of his?"

But in spite of all he might say, Mark had his misgivings; and he admired the Doctor all the more for what he had told him while they sat and smoked, — that he had sent money to "the other side," which had been paid unexpectedly on some old claims his friend had left in his hands, to the address of Butler's mother, and that he had received an acknowledgment from her, with anxious inquiries after her son which he could not answer, though he had advertised in every direction for information.

Mark could not, therefore, say to himself again, whatever he might say to Miss Nan, that the British government would have swallowed up the money belonging to "the young man," had he sent it to the address which was written on that large yellow envelope, so long since transformed into a grain of ashes.

"Speak of the Devil and he will appear at your elbow," said the Doctor next day to Mark Bynner, when they met on the public square. "Here's Zeb Butler turned up, all because I mentioned his name to you. Look at this letter written two years ago! It has visited every post-office in the country, if you can judge by its look."

Then he produced a letter which did present a travel-worn appearance indeed.

"Written to tell me that Eph's mother having died, Zeb was coming to the country in search of his brother. The letter has followed me till here it is. I suppose the boy came out. If he is in the hands of some of the fellows I left behind me, there could n't anything worse happen to him. I think I shall write him to come here. If the letter ever finds him, and he wants work, I can put it in his way. The fact is, I want to see somebody who has Eph Butler's blood in his veins."

"Never give up looking for what you want," said Mark. "It always comes. I've seen it happen hundreds of times."

But all this was perplexing. Many days of much thinking passed before Mark said to himself, "I see." Then he told his wife that he had made up his mind, for her sake, to pay the money which he had loaned of the Butler estate into Dr. Trenton's hands, and so have done with it.

"Do it," she said eagerly, "if it takes every dollar you have."

When she said that, Mark thought for a moment that she must know how badly some of his investments were paying him; but that was impossible;

there was only one of his business transactions which his wife knew all about, and the way she behaved under the influence of that knowledge was sufficient to prove to him that no woman had the nerve for money transactions. He wondered what she would say if he told her he should be obliged to mortgage the last bit of unencum-

bered property in his possession in order to raise the money.

Nanny now began to wonder what the Doctor would think of the transaction her husband proposed.

"Wait till he asks for Pauline," answered Mark. "He tells me he has n't seen a girl like Pauline, never. And, by George! I never saw but one."

Caroline Chesebro'.

THE ROBIN.

MY old Welch neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;

"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:

Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,

Tears of pity are cooling dew,

And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all

Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

John G. Whittier.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

II.

THROUGH THE FOREST.

VISALIA is the name of a small town embowered in oaks upon the Tulare plain in Middle California, where we made our camp one May evening of 1864.

Professor Whitney, our chief, the State geologist, had sent us out for a summer's campaign in the high Sierras, under the lead of Professor William H. Brewer, who was more sceptical than I as to the result of the mission.

Several times during the previous winter Mr. Hoffman and I, while on duty at the Mariposa gold-mines, had climbed to the top of Mount Bullion and gained, in those clear January days, a distinct view of the high Sierra, ranging from the Mount Lyell group many miles south to a vast pile of white peaks, which, from our estimate, should lie near the heads of the King's and Kaweah Rivers. Of their great height I was fully persuaded, and Professor Whitney, on the strength of these few observations, commissioned us to explore and survey the new Alps.

We numbered five in camp, — Professor Brewer; Mr. Charles F. Hoffman, chief topographer; Mr. James T. Gardner, assistant surveyor; myself, assistant geologist; and one man of all work, to whom science already owes its debts.

When we got together our outfit of mules and equipments of all kinds, Brewer was going to re-engage as general aid a certain Dane, Jan Hoesch, who, beside being a faultless mule-packer, was a rapid and successful financier, having twice, when the field purse was low and remittances delayed, made us advances after what he called "dealing bottom stock" in his little evening games with the honest miners. Not ungrateful for this relief, I however detested the fellow with great cordiality.

"If I don't take him, will you be responsible for packing mules and for daily bread?" said Brewer to me the morning of our departure from Oakland. "I will." "Then we'll take your man Cotter; only when the pack-saddles roll under the mules' bellies, I shall light my pipe and go botanizing. *Sabe?*"

So my friend Richard Cotter came into the service, and the accomplished but filthy Jan opened a poker and rum shop on one of the San Francisco wharves, where he still mixes drinks and puts up jobs of "bottom stock." Secretly I longed for him as we came down the Pacheco Pass, the packs having loosened with provoking frequency.

The animals of our small exploring party are upon a footing of easy social equality with us. All were excellent except mine. The choice of Hobson (whom I take to have been the youngest member of some company) falling naturally to me, I came to be possessed of the only hopeless animal in the band. "Old Slum," a dignified roan mustang of a certain age, with the decorum of years and a conspicuous economy of force, retained not a few of the affections of youth, such as snorting theatrically and shying, though with absolute safety to his rider, Professor Brewer. Hoffman's mount was a young half-breed of fire and gentleness. The mare Bess, my friend Gardner's pet, was a light bay creature, full of spring and perception as her sex and species may be. A rare mule, Cate, carried Cotter. Nell and Jim, two old geological mules branded with Mexican hieroglyphics from head to tail, were bearers of the loads. My "Buckskin" was incorrigibly bad. To begin with, his anatomy was desultory and incoherent, the maximum of physical effort

bringing about a slow, shambling gait quite unendurable. He was further cursed with a brain wanting the elements of logic, as evinced by such *non sequiturs* as shying insanely at wisps of hay, and stampeding beyond control when I tried to tie him to a load of grain. My sole amusement with Buckskin grew out of a psychological peculiarity of his, namely, the unusual slowness with which waves of sensation were propelled inward toward the brain from remote parts of his periphery. A dig of the spurs administered in the flank passed unnoticed for a period of time varying from twelve to thirteen seconds, till the protoplasm of the brain received the percussive wave; then, with a suddenness which I never wholly got over, he would dash into a trot, nearly tripping himself up with his own astonishment.

A stroke of good fortune completed our outfit and my happiness by bringing to Visalia a Spaniard who was under some manner of financial cloud. His horse was offered for sale, and quickly bought for me by Professor Brewer. We named him Kaweah, after the river and its Indian tribe. He was young, strong, fleet, elegant, a pattern of fine modelling in every part of his bay body and fine black legs; every way good, only fearfully wild, with a blaze of quick electric light in his dark eye.

Shortly after sunrise one fresh morning we made a point of putting the packs on very securely, and, getting into our saddles, rode out toward the Sierras.

The group of farms surrounding Visalia is gathered within a belt through which several natural and many more artificial channels of the Kaweah flow. Groves of large, dark-foliaged oaks follow this irrigated zone; the roads, nearly always in shadow, are flanked by small ranch houses, fenced in with rank jungles of weeds and rows of decrepit pickets.

There is about these fresh ruins, these specimens of modern decay, an air of social decomposition not pleasant to perceive. Freshly built houses,

still untinted by time, left in rickety disorder, half-finished windows, gates broken down or unhinged, and a kind of sullen neglect staring everywhere. What more can I say of the people than that they are chiefly Southern immigrants who subsist upon pork?

Rare exceptions of comfort and thrift shine out sometimes with neat door-yards, well-repaired dwellings, and civilized-looking children. In these I never saw the mother of the family sitting cross-legged, smoking a corn-cob pipe, nor the father loafing about with a fiddle or shot-gun.

Our backs were soon turned to this farm-belt, the road leading us out upon the open plain in our first full sight of the Sierras. Grand and cool swelled up the forest; sharp and rugged rose the wave of white peaks, their vast fields of snow rolling over the summit in broad shining masses.

Sunshine, exuberant vegetation, brilliant plant life, occupied our attention hour after hour, until late in the middle of the second day. At last, after climbing a long, weary ascent, we rode out of the dazzling light of the foot-hills into a region of dense woodland, the road winding through avenues of pines so tall that the late evening light only came down to us in scattered rays. Under the deep shade of these trees we found the air pure and gratefully cool. Passing from the glare of the open country into dusky forest, one seems to enter a door and ride into a vast, covered hall. The whole sensation is of being roofed and enclosed. You are never tired of gazing down long vistas, where, in stately groups, stand tall shafts of pine. Columns they are, each with its own characteristic tinting and finish, yet all standing together with the air of relationship and harmony. Feathery branches trimmed with living green wave through the upper air, opening broken glimpses of the far blue, and catching on their polished surfaces reflections of the sun. Broad streams of light pour in, gilding purple trunks, and falling in bright pathways along an undulating floor.

Here and there are wide, open spaces around which the trees group themselves in majestic ranks.

Our eyes often range upward, the long shafts leading the vision up to green, lighted spires and on to the clouds. All that is dark and cool and grave in color, the beauty of blue, umbrageous distance, all the sudden brilliance of strong local lights tinted upon green boughs or red and fluted shafts, surround us in ever-changing combination as we ride along the winding roadways of the Sierra.

We had marched an hour over high, rolling ridges, when in the late afternoon we reached the brow of an eminence and began to descend. Looking over the tops of the trees beneath us, we saw a mountain basin fifteen hundred feet deep surrounded by a rim of pine-covered hills. An even, unbroken wood covered these sweeping slopes down to the very bottom, and in the midst, open to the sun, lay a circular green meadow about a mile in diameter.

As we descended, side wood-tracks, marked by the deep ruts of timber wagons, joined our road on either side, and in the course of an hour we reached the basin and saw the distant roofs of Thomas's Saw-Mill Ranch. We crossed the level disk of meadow, fording a clear, cold, mountain stream, flowing, as the best brooks do, over clean white granite sand, and near the northern margin of the valley, upon a slight eminence, in the edge of a magnificent forest, pitched our camp.

The hills to the westward already cast down a sombre shadow, which fell over the eastern hills and across the meadow, dividing the basin half in golden and half in azure green. The tall, young grass was living with purple and white flowers. This exquisite carpet sweeps up over the bases of the hills in green undulations and strays far into the forest in irregular fields. A little brooklet passed close by our camp, and flowed down the smooth green glacia which led from our little eminence to the meadow. Above us towered pines

two hundred and fifty feet high, their straight, fluted trunks smooth and without a branch for a hundred feet. Above that, and on to the very tops, the green branches stretched out and interwove, until they spread a broad leafy canopy from column to column. Professor Brewer determined to make this camp a home for the week, during which we were to explore and study all about the neighborhood. We were on a great granite spur sixty miles from east to west by twenty miles wide, which lies between the Kaweah and King's River cañons. Running in bold sweeps from the plain, this ridge joins the Sierra summit in the midst of a high group. Experience had taught us that the cañons are impassable by animals for any great distance, so the plan of campaign was to find a way up over the rocky crest off the spur as far as mules could go.

In the little excursions from this camp, which were made usually on horseback, we became acquainted with the forest, and got a good knowledge of the topography of a considerable region. On the heights above King's Cañon are some singularly fine assemblies of trees. Cotter and I had ridden all one morning northeast from camp under the shadowy roof of forest, catching but occasional glimpses out over the plateau, until at last we emerged upon the bare surface of a ridge of granite, and came to the brink of a sharp precipice. Rocky crags lifted just east of us. The hour devoted to climbing them proved well spent.

A single little family of alpine firs, growing in a niche in the granite summit, and partly sheltered by a rock, made the only shadow, shielding us from the intense light, as we lay down by their roots. North and south, as far as the eye could reach, heaved the broad green waves of plateau, swelling and emerging through endless modulation of slope and form.

Conspicuous upon the horizon, about due east of us, was a tall pyramidal mass of granite trimmed with buttresses which radiated down from its crest,

each one ornamented with fantastic spires of rock. Between the buttresses lay stripes of snow, banding the pale granite peak from crown to base. Upon the north side it fell off, grandly precipitous, into the deep upper cañon of the King's River. This gorge, after uniting a number of immense rocky amphitheatres, is carved deeply into the granite two and three thousand feet. In a slightly curved line from the summit, it cuts westward through the plateau, its walls for the most part descending in sharp, bare slopes, or lines of ragged *débris*, the resting-place of processions of pines. We ourselves were upon the brink of the south wall. Three thousand feet below us lay the valley, — a narrow, winding ribbon of green, in which, here and there, gleamed still reaches of the river. Wherever the bottom widened to a quarter or half a mile, green meadows and extensive groves occupied the level region. Upon every niche and crevice of the walls, up and down sweeping curves of easier descent, were grouped black companies of trees.

The behavior of the forest is observed most interestingly from these elevated points above the general face of the table-land. All over the gentle undulations of the more level country sweeps an unbroken covering of trees. Reaching the edge of the cañon precipices, they stand out in bold groups upon the brink, and climb all over the more ragged and broken surfaces of granite. Only the most smooth and abrupt precipices are bare. Here and there a little shelf of a foot or two in width, cracked into the face of the bluff, gives foothold to a family of pines, who twist their roots into its crevices and thrive. With no soil from which the roots may drink up moisture and absorb the slowly dissolved mineral particles, they live by breathing alone, moist vapors from the river below and the elements of the atmosphere affording them the substance of life.

I believe no one can study, from an elevated lookout, the length and depth of one of these great Sierra cañons,

without asking himself some profound geological questions. Your eyes range along one or the other wall. The average descent is immensely steep. Here and there side ravines break down the rim in deep lateral gorges. Again, the wall advances in sharp, salient precipices, rising two or three thousand feet, sheer and naked, with all the air of a recent fracture. At times the two walls approach each other, standing in perpendicular gateways. Toward the summits the cañon grows perhaps a little broader, and more and more prominent lateral ravines open into it, until at last it receives the snow-drainage of the summit which descends through broad, rounded amphitheatres separated from each other by sharp, castellated, snow-clad ridges.

Looking down the course of the river, the vertical precipices are seen to be less and less frequent, the walls inclining to each other more and more gently, until they roll out on the north and south in round wooded ridges. Solid, massive granite forms the material throughout its whole length. If you study the topography upon the plateaus above one of these cañons, you will see that the ridges upon one side are reproduced in the other, as if the outlines of wavy table-land topography had been determined before the great cañon was made.

It is not easy to propose a solution for this peculiar structure. I think, however, it is safe to say that actual rending asunder of the mountain mass determined the main outlines. Upon no other theory can we account for those blank walls. Where, in the upper course of the cañon, they descend in a smooth ship-like curve, and the rocks bear upon their carved sides the markings and striations of glaciers, it is easy to see that those terrible ice-engines gradually modified their form, and towards the foot-hills the forces of aqueous erosion are clearly indicated in the rounded forms and broad undulations of the two banks.

Looking back from our isolated crag over the direction of our morning's ride,

we saw the green hills break down into the basin of Thomas's Mill, but the disk of meadow lay too deep to be seen. Forests dense and unbroken grew to the base of our cliff. The southern sunlight, reflected from its polished foliage, gave to this whole sea of spiry tops a peculiar golden green, through which we looked down among giant red and purple trunks upon beds of bright mountain flowers. As the afternoon lengthened, the summit rank of peaks glowed warmer and warmer under the inclined rays. The granite flushed with rosy brightness between the fields of glittering, golden snow. A mild, pearly haziness came gradually to obscure the ordinary cold blue sky, and, settling into cañon depths and among the vast open corridors of the summit, veiled the savage sharpness of their details.

I lay several hours sketching the outlines of the summit, studying out the systems of alpine drainage, and getting acquainted with the long chain of peaks, that I might afterward know them from other points of view. I became convinced, from the great apparent elevation and the wide fields of snow, that I had not formerly deceived myself as to their great height. Warned at length by the deepening shadow in the King's Cañon, by the heightened glow suffusing the peaks, and the deep purple tone of the level expanse of forest, all forerunners of twilight, we quit-
ted our eyry, crept carefully down over half-balanced blocks of *débris* to the horses, and, mounting, were soon heading homeward in what seemed, by contrast, to be almost nocturnal darkness.

Wherever the ground opened level before us we gave our horses the rein, and went at a free gallop through the forest; the animals realized that they were going home, and pressed forward with great spirit. A good-sized log across our route seemed to be an object of special amusement to Kaweah, who seized the bits in his teeth, and dancing up, crouched, and cleared it with a mighty bound, in a manner that was indeed inspiring, yet left one with

the impression that once was enough of that sort of thing. Fearing some manner of hostilities with him, I did my very best to quiet Kaweah, and by the end of an hour had gotten him down to a sensible, serious walk. I noticed that he insisted upon following his tracks of the morning's march, and was not contented unless I let him go on the same side of every tree. Thus I became so thoroughly convinced of his faculty to follow the morning's trail, that I yielded all control of him, giving myself up to the enjoyment of the dimly lighted wood.

As the sun at last set the shadow deepened into an impressive gloom, mighty trunks rising into that dark region of interlocking boughs, only vaguely defined themselves against the twilight sky. We could no longer see our tracks, and the confused rolling topography looked alike whichever way we turned. Kaweah strode on in his confident way, and I was at last confirmed as to his sagacity by passing one after another the objects we had noted in the morning. Thus for a couple of hours we rode in the darkness. At length the rising moon poured down through broken tents of foliage its uncertain silvery light, which had the effect of deepening all the shadows, and lighting up in the strangest manner little local points. Here and there ahead of us, lighted columns rose like the pillars of an ancient temple. The forest, which an hour before overpowered us with a sense of its dark enclosure, opened on in distant avenues as far as the eye could reach. As we rode through denser or more open passages, the moon sailed into clear violet sky, or was obscured again by the sharply traced crests of the pines. Ravines, dark and unfathomable, yawned before us, their flanks half in shadow, half in weird, uncertain light. Blocks of white granite gleamed here and there in contrast with the general depth of shade. At last, descending a hill, there shone before us a red light; the horses plunged forward at a gallop, and in a moment we were in camp. After

this ride we supped, relishing our mountain fare, and then lay down upon blankets before a camp-fire for the mountaineer's short evening. One keeps awake under stimulus of the sparkling, frosty air for a while, and then turns in for the night, sleeping till daybreak with a light, sound sleep.

The charm of this forest life, in spite of its scientific interest and the constant succession of exquisite highly colored scenes, would string one's feelings up to a high though monotonous key, were it not for the half-droll, half-pathetic *genre* picturesqueness which the Digger Indians introduce. Upon every stream and on all the finer camp-grounds throughout the whole forest are found these families of Indians, who migrate hither during the hot weather, fishing, hunting, gathering pine nuts, and lying off with that peculiar, bummerish ease, which, associated with natural mock dignity, throws about them a singular and not unfrequently deep interest.

I never forget certain bright June sunrises when I have seen the Indian *paterfamilias* gather together his little tribe and address them in the heroic style concerning the vital importance of the grasshopper crop and the reverence due to the giver of manzanita berries. You come upon them as you travel the trails, proud-stepping "braves" leading the way, unhampered and free, followed by troops of submissive squaws loaded down with immense packages and baskets. Their death and burial customs, too, have elements of weird romantic interest.

I remember one morning when I was awakened before dawn by wild, unearthly shrieks, ringing through the forest, and coming back again in plaintive echoes from the hills all about. Beyond description wild, these wails of violent grief followed each other with regular cadence, dying away in long, despairing sobs. With a marvellous regularity they recurred, never varying the simple refrain. My curiosity was aroused, so far as to get me out of my blankets, and, after a hurried bath in an icy

stream, I joined my mountaineer acquaintance, "Jerry," who was *en route* to the rancheria, "to see" as he expressed it, "them *tar-heads* howl." It seems my friend "Buck," the Indian chief, had the night before lost his wife, "Sally the Old," and the shouts came from professional mourners hired by her family to prepare the body and do up the necessary amount of grief. Old widows and superannuated wives who have outlived other forms of usefulness gladly enter this singular profession. They cut their hair short, and with each new death plaster on a fresh cap of pitch and ashes, daub the face with spots of tar, and, in general, array themselves as funeral experts.

The rancheria was astir when we arrived. It was a mere group of half a dozen smoky hovels, built of pine bark propped upon cones of poles, and arranged in a semicircle within the edge of the forest, fronting upon a brook and meadow. Jerry and I leaned our backs against a large tree, and watched the group.

Buck's shanty was deserted, the body of his wife lying outside upon a blanket, being prepared by two of these funeral hags. Buck himself was quietly stuffing his stomach with a breakfast of venison and acorns, which were handed him at brief intervals by several sympathizing squaws.

Turning to Jerry with a countenance of stolid seriousness, he laconically remarked: "My woman, she die! Very bad. To-night, sundown" (pointing to the sun), "she burn up." Meanwhile the tar-heads rolled Sally the Old over and over, all the while alternately howling the same dismal phrase. Indian relatives and friends, having a general air of animated rag-bags, arrived occasionally and sat down in silence at a fire a little removed from the other Diggers, never once saluting them.

As we walked back to our camp, I remarked on the stolid, cruel expression of Buck's face; but Jerry, to my surprise, bade me not judge too hastily; he went on to explain that Indians had just as deep and tender attach-

ments, just as much good sense, and, to wind up with, "as much human into 'em as we educated white folks."

His own squaw had instilled this into Jerry's naturally sentimental and credulous heart, so I refrained from expressing my convictions concerning Indians, which I own were formerly tinged with the most sanguinary Caucasian prejudice.

Jerry came for me by appointment just before sunset, and we walked leisurely across the meadow, and under lengthening pine shadows, to the rancheria. No one was stirring. Buck with the two vicarious mourners sat in his lodge door, uttering low, half-audible groans. In the opening before the line of huts a low pile of dry logs had been carefully laid, upon which, outstretched and wrapped in a red blanket, lay the dead form of Sally the Old, her face covered in careful folds. Upon her heart was a grass-woven water-bowl and her last papoose basket.

Just as the sun sank to the horizon one tar-head stepped out in front of the funeral pile, lifted up both hands, and gazed steadily and silently into the sun. She might have been five minutes in this statuesque position, her face full of strange, half-animal intensity of expression, her eyes glittering, the whole, hard figure glowing with a deep bronze reflection. Suddenly she sprang back with the old wild shriek, seized a brand from one of the camp-fires and lighted the funeral heap, when all the Indians came out and grouped themselves in little knots around it. The children of Sally the Old clung about an ancient mummy of a squaw, who squatted upon the ground and rocked her body to and fro, making a low cry as of an animal in pain. All the Indians looked serious; a group who, Jerry said, were relatives, seemed stupefied with grief. Upon a few faces falling tears glistened in the light of the fire, which now shot red tongues high in the air, lighting up with weird distinctness every feature of the whole company. Flames slowly lapped over, consuming the blanket, and caught the

willow papoose basket. When Buck saw this, the tears streamed from his eyes; he waved his hands eloquently, looking up to heaven, and uttered heart-broken sobs. The papoose basket crackled for a moment, flashed into a blaze, and was gone. The two old women yelled their sharp death-cry, dancing, posturing, gesticulating toward the fire, and in slow, measured chorus all the Indians intoned in pathetic measure, "Himalaya! Himalaya!" looking first at the mound of fire and then out upon the fading sunset.

It was all indescribably strange: monarch pines, standing in solemn ranks back far into the dusky heart of the forest, glowing and brightening with pulsating reflections of firelight; the ring of Indians, crouching, standing fixed like graven images, or swaying mechanically to and fro, each tattered scarlet and white rag of their utterly squalid garments, every expression of barbaric grief, or dull, brutal stolidity brought strongly out by the red flaming fire.

Buck watched with wet eyes that slow-consuming fire burn to ashes the body of his wife of many years, the mother of his group of poor frightened children. Not a stoical savage, but a despairing husband, stood before us. I felt him to be human. The body at last sunk into a bed of flames, which shot up higher than ever with fountains of sparks, and sucked together, hiding the remains forever from view. At this Buck sprang to the front and threw himself at the fire; but the two old women seized each a hand and dragged him back to his children, where he fell in a fit of stupor.

As we walked home Jerry was quick to ask, "Did n't I tell you Injuns has feelings inside of 'em?" I answered promptly that I was convinced; and long after, as I lay awake through many night hours, listening to that shrill death-wail, I felt as if any policy toward the Indians based upon the assumption of their being brutes or devils was nothing short of a blot on this Christian century.

My sleep was light, and sunrise found me dressed, still listening, as under a kind of spell, to the mourners, who, though evidently exhausted, at brief intervals uttered the cry. Alone, and filled with serious reflections, I strolled over to the rancheria, finding every one there up and about his morning duties.

The tar-heads, withdrawn some distance into the forest, sat leaning against a stump, chatting and grinning together, now and then screeching by turns.

I asked "Revenue Stamp," a good-natured, middle-aged Indian, where Buck was. He pointed to his hut, and replied, with an affable smile: "He whiskey drunk." "And who," I inquired, "is that fat girl with him?" "Last night he take her; new squaw," was the answer, I could hardly believe, but it was the actual truth; and I went back to camp an enlightened but disillusioned man. I left that day, and had never an opportunity to "free my mind" to Jerry. Since then I guardedly avoid all discussion of the "Indian question." When interrogated, I dodge or protest ignorance; when pressed, I have been known to turn the subject; or, if driven to the wall, I usually confess my opinion that the Quakers will have to work a great reformation in the Indian before he is really fit to be exterminated.

The mill people and Indians told us of a wonderful group of big trees (*Sequoia gigantea*), and about one particular tree of unequalled size. We found them easily, after a ride of a few miles in a northerly direction from our camp, upon a wide, flat-topped spur, where they grew, as is their habit elsewhere, in company with several other coniferous species, all grouped socially together, heightening each other's beauty by contrasts of form and color.

In a rather open glade, where the ground was for the most part green with herbage and conspicuously starred with upland flowers, stood the largest shaft we observed. A fire had formerly burned off a small segment of its base, not enough, however, to injure the symmetrical appearance. It was a slowly

tapering, regularly round column of about forty feet in diameter at the base, and rising two hundred and seventy-four feet, adorned with a few huge branches which start horizontally from the trunk, but quickly turn down and spray out. The bark, thick but not rough, is scarred up and down at considerable intervals with deep smooth grooves, and is of brightest cinnamon color mottled in purple and yellow.

That which impresses one most, after its vast bulk and grand, pillar-like stateliness, is the thin and inconspicuous foliage, which feathers out delicately on the boughs like a mere mist of pale apple-green. It would seem nothing when compared with the immense volume of tree for which it must do the ordinary respirative duty; but doubtless the bark performs a large share of this, its papery lamination and porous structure fitting it eminently for that purpose.

Near this "king of the mountains" grew three other trees, one a sugar-pine (*Pinus lambertiana*) of about eight feet in diameter and hardly less than three hundred feet high, although we did not measure it, estimating simply by comparison of its rise above the *Sequoia*, whose height was quite accurately determined.

For a hundred and fifty feet the pine was branchless, and as round as if turned, delicate bluish-purple in hue, and marked with a network of scorings. The branches, in nearly level poise, grow long and slenderly out from the shaft, well covered with dark yellow-green needles. The two remaining trees were firs (*Picea grandis*), which sprang from a common root, dividing slightly as they rose, a mass of feathery branches, whose load of polished blue-green foliage for the most part hid the dark wood-brown trunk. Grace, the exquisiteness of the spire-like taper boughs, whose plumes of green float lightly upon the air, elasticity, and symmetry, are its characteristics.

In all directions this family continues, the trees grouping themselves always with attractive originality. There

is something memorable in the harmonious yet positive colors of this sort of forest. The foliage and trunk of each separate tree contrast finely, — cinnamon and golden apple-green in the *Sequoia*, dark purple and yellowish-green for the pine, deep wood-color and bluish-green of fir. The sky, which at this elevation of six thousand feet is deep, pure blue, and often cloudless, is seen through the tracery of boughs and tree-tops, which cast downward fine and filmy shadows across the glowing trunks. Altogether it is a wonderful setting for the *Sequoia*. The two firs, judging by many of equal size whose age I have studied, were about three hundred years old; the pine, still hale and vigorous, not less than five hundred; and for the “king of the mountains” we cannot assign a probable age of less than two thousand years.

A mountain, a fossil from the deepest geological horizon, a ruin of human art, carries us back into the perspective of centuries with a force that has become perhaps a little conventional. No imperishableness of mountain-peak or of fragment of human work, broken pillar, or sand-worn image half lifted over pathetic desert, — none of these links the past and to-day with anything like the power of these monuments of living antiquity, trees that began to grow before the Christian era, and full of hale vitality and green old age, still bid fair to grow broad and high for centuries to come. Who shall predict the limits of this unexampled life? There is nothing which indicates suffering or degeneracy in the *Sequoia* as a species. I find pathological hints that several other far younger species in the same forest are gradually giving up their struggle for existence. That singular species, *Pinus sabiniana*, appears to me to suffer death-pains from foot-hill extremes of temperature and dryness, and notably from ravenous parasites of the mistletoe type. At the other extreme the *Pinus flexilis* has about half given up the fight against cold and storms. Its young are dwarfed, or

huddled in thickets with such mode of growth that they may never make trees of full stature, while higher up, standing among bare rocks and fields of ice, far above all living trees, are the stark white skeletons of noble dead specimens, their blanched forms rigid and defiant, preserved from decay by a marvellous hardness of fibre, and only wasted by the cutting of storm-driven crystals of snow. Still the *Sequoia* maintains perfect health.

It is then the vast respiring power, the atmosphere, the bland, regular climate, which give such long life, and not any richness or abundance of food received from the soil.

If one loves to gather the material for travellers' stories, he may find here and there a hollow fallen-trunk, through whose heart he may ride for many feet without bowing the head. But, if he love the tree for its own grand nature, he may lie in silence upon the soft forest floor, in shadow or sunny warmth if he please, and spend many days in wonder, gazing upon majestic shafts, following their gold and purple flutings from broad, firmly planted base up and on through the few huge branches and among the pale clouds of filmy green traced in open network upon the deep cobalt-blue of the sky.

Groups of this ancient race grow along the middle heights of the Sierra for almost two hundred miles, marking a line of groves through the forest of lesser trees, still retaining their power of reproduction, ripening cones with regularity whose seed germinates, springs up, and grows with apparently as great vital power as the descendants of younger conifers. Nor are these their only remarkable characteristics. They possess hardly any roots at all. Several in each grove have been blown down and lie slowly decomposing. They are found usually to have rested upon the ground with a few short pedestal-like feet penetrating the earth for a little way. Too soon for my pleasure the time came when we must turn our backs upon these stately groves, and push up towards the snow.

Our route lay eastward between the King's and Kaweah Rivers, rising as we marched, the vegetation as well as the barometer accurately measuring the change.

We reached our camp on the Big Meadow plateau on the 22d of June, and that night the thermometer fell to 20° above zero. This intense cold was followed by a chilly, overcast morning, and about ten o'clock an old-fashioned snow-storm set in. Wind howled fiercely through the trees, coming down from the mountains in terribly powerful gusts. The green flower-covered meadow was soon buried under snow; and we explorers, who had not a tent, hid ourselves under piles of brush and on the lee side of hospitable stones. Our scant supply of blankets was a poor defence against such inclemency. So we crawled out and made a huge camp-fire, around which we sat for the rest of the day. During the afternoon we were visited. A couple of hunters, with their rifles over their shoulders, seeing the smoke of our camp-fire, followed it through the woods and joined our circle. They were typical mountaineers,—outcasts from society, discontented with the world, comforting themselves in the solitude of nature by the occasional excitement of a bear-fight. One was a half-breed Cherokee, rather over six feet high, powerfully built, and picturesquely dressed in buckskin breeches and green jacket; a sort of Trovatore hat completed his costume, and gave him an animated appearance. The other was unmistakably a Pike-Countyian, who had dangled into a pair of butternut jeans. His greasy flannel shirt was pinned together with thorns in lieu of buttons, and his hat, having lost its stiffness by continual wetting, was fastened back in the same way. The Cherokee had a long, manly stride, and the Pike a rickety sort of shuffle. His anatomy was bad, his physical condition worse, and I think he added to that a sort of pride in his own awkwardness. Seeming to have a principle of suspension somewhere about his shoulders which main-

tained his head at the right elevation above the ground, he kept up a good rate in walking without apparently making an effort. His body swayed with a peculiar corkscrew motion, and his long Mississippi rifle waved to and fro through the air.

We all noticed the utter contrast between them as these two men approached our fire. The hunter's taciturnity is a well-known rôle, but they had evidently lived so long an isolated life that they were too glad of any company to play it unfaithfully; so it was they who opened the conversation. We found that they were now camped only a half-mile from us, were hunting for deer-skins, and had already accumulated a very large number. They offered us plenty of venison, and were greatly interested in our proposed journeys into the high mountains. From them we learned that they had themselves penetrated farther than any others, and had only given up the exploration after wandering fruitlessly among the cañons for a month. They told us that not even Indians had crossed the Sierras to the east; and that if we did succeed in reaching this summit, we would certainly be the first. We learned from them also that a mile to the northward was a great herd of cattle in charge of a party of Mexicans. Fleeing before the continued drouth of the plains, all the cattle-men of California drive the remains of their starved herds either to the coast or to the high Sierras, and graze upon the summer pastures, descending in the autumn and living upon the dry foot-hill grasses, until, under the influence of winter rains, the plains again clothe themselves with pasturage. The following morning, having received a present of two deer from the hunters, we packed our animals and started eastward, passing after a few minutes' ride the encampment of the Spaniards. About four thousand cattle roamed over the plateau, and were only looked after once or twice a week. The four Spaniards divided their time between drinking coffee and playing cards;

they were engaged in the latter amusement when we passed them, and although we halted and tried to get some information, they only answered us in monosyllables, and continued their game. To the eastward the plateau rose towards the high mountains in immense granite steps. We rode pleasantly through the forest over these level tables, and climbed with difficulty the rugged rock-strewn fronts, each successive step bringing us nearer the mountains and giving us a far-reaching view. Here and there the granite rose through the forest in broad, smooth domes, and several times we were obliged to climb these rocky slopes at the peril of our animals' lives. After several days of marching and counter-marching, we gave up the attempt to push farther in a southeast direction, and turned north toward the great cañon of King's River, which we hoped might lead us up to the snow-group. Reaching the brink of this gorge, we observed, about half-way down the slope, and standing at equal levels on both flanks, singular embankments, shelves a thousand feet in width, built at a height of fifteen hundred feet above the valley bottom, their smooth, evenly graded summits rising higher and higher to the eastward on the cañon wall, until they joined the snow. They were evidently the lateral moraines of a vast extinct glacier, and that opposite us seemed to offer an easy ride into the heart of the mountains. With great difficulty we descended the long slope, through chaparral and forests, reaching at length the level, smooth glacier-bottom. Here, threading its way through alternate groves and meadows, was the King's River, a stream not over thirty feet in width, but rushing with all the force of a torrent. Its icy temperature was very refreshing after our weary climb down the wall. By a series of long zigzags we succeeded in leading our animals up the flank to the top of the north moraine, and here we found ourselves upon a forest-covered causeway, almost as smooth as a railroad embankment. Its fluted crest enclosed

three separate pathways, each a hundred feet wide, divided from each other by roughly laid trains of rocks, showing it evidently to be a compound moraine. As we ascended toward the mountains the causeway was more and more isolated from the cliff, until the depression between them widened to half a mile and to at least five hundred feet deep. Throughout nearly a whole day we rode comfortably along at a gentle grade, reaching at evening the region of the snow, where, among innumerable huge granite blocks, we threaded our way in search of a campground. The mountain-amphitheatre which gave rise to the King's River opened to the east, a broad valley, into which we at length climbed, and among scattered groves of alpine pines and on patches of meadow rode eastward till twilight, watching the high pyramidal peak which lay directly at the head of the gorge. By sunset we had gone as far as we could take the animals, and in full view of our goal camped for the night. The form of the mountain at the head of our ravine was pure gothic.

A thousand up-springing spires and pinnacles pierce the sky in every direction, and the cliffs and mountain ridges are everywhere ornamented with countless needle-like turrets. Crowning the wall to the south of our camp were series of these jagged forms, standing out against the sky like a procession of colossal statues. Whichever way we turned, we were met by extraordinary fulness of detail. Every mass seemed to have the highest possible ornamental finish. Along the lower flanks of the walls, tall, straight pines, the last of the forest, were relieved against the cliffs, and the same slender forms, although carved in granite, surmounted every ridge and peak.

Through this wide zone of forest we had now passed, and from its perpetual shadow had come out among the few black groves of fir into a brilliant alpine sunshine. The light, like the rare high air, although surprisingly vivid, was of a purity and refinement quite different from the strong glare of the plains.

Clarence King.

IV.—AMERICAN LIFE IN FRANCE.

1851.

SEPTEMBER 16th.—Among those who were most influential in restraining the people of Vivarais from rescuing and from avenging their pastor was Paul Rabaut, whose memory Protestant tradition consecrates as that of the model servant of Christ. This man, the true chief and leader of a people whose hereditary king made himself known to them only by exactions and persecutions, had, for years, no other home than that the fastnesses of the mountains afforded him. A den made of stones thrown rudely together to avoid the appearance of design, the entrance masked by a growth of brambles, was a cherished retreat to which he returned after his journeys, and which he regretted when it was disclosed and he was forced to abandon it.

The commune where the presence of a minister was detected was visited by punishment. Yet the news of Paul Rabaut's intended coming was received with heartfelt joy by the faithful. Messengers were sent out through a wide circuit to announce it, and to designate the wild, unfrequented spot which had been fixed on as the place of prayer. The religious meeting was hardly less dangerous to the disciples than to the teacher; but eight, ten, twelve thousand people gathered at the appointed place to join in the prayers and listen to the exhortations of the revered man.

The galleys and confiscation of goods for attendance on a meeting for prayer; the galleys for knowing of such a meeting and not denouncing it: thus it was in France a century ago, under that blessed royalty whose return is invoked.

Only twenty-five years before the convocation of the notables, François Rochette, a native of Gévaudan, a sister state of Vivarais, was passing near the town of Caussade, in what is now

the department of Tarn-et-Garonne. A robbery had been committed in the neighborhood. A patrol, in search of the robbers, met and captured him with two peasants, his guides. The mistake was at once discovered, and he would have been set at liberty, if, in giving his name, he had not also declared his profession, — that of a minister of the Reformed religion. It was intimated to him by those who examined him, that he might withdraw this avowal, and they would consider it unspoken. His youth, his intrepidity, his bearing, described as uniting in a remarkable manner grace, sweetness, and spirit, moved them to compassion; but in vain. He would not deny his calling or purchase his safety by a departure from truth. He was sent to Toulouse for the trial, whose issue could not be doubtful. Condemned, he had to console his jailers and sentinels, who had learned to love him. "My friend," he said to a soldier who was shedding tears over his fate, "you are ready to die for the king; and do you pity me, who am to die for God?"

This type of man is not extinct in France. Beside these figures from the past, dignified, simple, devoted, rise figures of the present, not unworthy to take place beside them. And those congregations, which by thousands and tens of thousands braved such dangers to offer their united worship to the true God, are they unrepresented? Their descendants, now upon the scene, inherit with their blood the tradition of endurance and persistence. It was the office of the fathers to keep alive a pure religious faith; it is that of the sons to make it practical in the larger life, to regenerate their country through its means. The struggle is the same; it is still the war between freedom and arbitrary power, between progress and stagnation, between order and sys-

tematized anarchy, between the world that God organized and the world that rebels to his law have contrived.

September 17th. — We have just returned from the Louvre, where we have passed a delightful morning with the children. Apart from the acquaintance with art gradually formed there, galleries of paintings are very instructive places for children. Pictures suggest so many questions. And instruction given when it is asked for is so much more welcome and so much more fruitful than when it is administered ! I believe the children really learn more in a few hours at the Louvre, than in as many days or perhaps weeks at school ; and how cheerfully, how swiftly these hours go by !

Both the boys enjoy their visits to picture-galleries, but each in a different way. Alfred, having read about painters and paintings, and knowing something of the relative standing of the different masters, has, with the pleasure which a natural love of art gives, also some share of that which is found in the exercise of the critical faculty. Willie takes things strictly on their own merit, their merit, that is, to him. The freshness and frankness of the little fellow's tastes and emotions is a constant delight. I have never let the Bible become hackneyed to him. He is familiar enough with it to be interested in what relates to it, and not enough for its scenes to have lost their vividness and reality. He stopped before a picture of the Crowning with Thorns and turned quickly to me with a look which seemed to say, "*Can it be?*" "Yes ; it is our Saviour, mocked by the soldiers." He turned sternly back to it. Then, as he looked, his compressed lips quivered ; his eyes flashed through the mist that had begun to gather over them ; his little hands were clenched unconsciously. "*O, how mean !*" I could not convey to you the intensity of the accent.

Evening. — There is a sad contrast between the life of foreigners here for their pleasure, who can every morning plan out a day full of cheerful interest, to be closed by an evening of amuse-

ment, and the life dragged on in apprehension and uncertainty by the poor refugees from despotism who looked for an asylum in the Republic of France. Many find here the prison they came here to escape. Numbers are forced to take up again the staff of travel, and go forth to face the pains and humiliations of a new exile, a new struggle for a spot to stand on and work in. Many, not driven out, go, through fear of worse. For those who remain, every step, every act, is haunted by fear. They endanger those who show them kindness ; they are endangered by those who are the most prompt to offer it. It is not a home they have here. hardly a resting-place. They can look forward but some months at most ; and a breath may destroy their claim to even this narrow hospitality.

The republicans assert that refugees from oppression ought to live, in republican France, under at least as favorable conditions as in monarchical England. They draw upon themselves the persecutions they cannot avert from others ; but at least they have exonerated themselves from the complicity of cowardice.

September 18th. — These times, so cruel and so hateful under some aspects, have yet their consoling side. Nothing can be more admirable than the intrepidity of the republican editors and writers, — "soldiers of the press," as one of their number has called them.

I send you a bold *jeu d'esprit* from the *Charivari*, — a *jeu d'esprit*, but, indeed, a very serious one : —

"ARDÈCHE UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

"Ardèche is under martial law. The other departments are soon to have their turn, concluding with the department of the Seine. M. Léon Faucher has justified this vigorous measure before the committee of surveillance. It was thus that this man of energy expressed himself : —

"Ardèche is a department which borders on Drôme and Isère, both under martial law. Why should it not

participate in the *régime* of its neighbors? We have been obliged to put an end to this anomaly. Other motives not less grave, and of a logic not less imperious, compel us to severity with Ardèche. The inhabitants profess opinions incompatible with the existence of a well-regulated society. They are republicans. In the cities the greatest depravation prevails. The *National* and the *Charivari* have subscribers there in great numbers. The call for a revision has found there only some few signatures. It is a gangrened country.

"In the rural districts it is still worse. There the schoolmasters enjoy the sympathy of the population. The *Frères Ignorantins* have not been able to fix themselves there in a complete and durable manner. Republicanism leads to irreligion. Men who do not send their children to the *Ignorantins* are atheists. Who is capable of all crimes? The atheist.

"We have ejected a great number of schoolmasters, hoping that, without bread, without shelter, and the greater part burdened with families, starvation would rid us of them. The inhabitants have taken them in, have fed them, have withdrawn them from their merited punishment.

"Lastly, devoted men who have endeavored to promulgate through France the Napoleonic idea, the idea of modern times, in Ardèche have not been able to obtain a hearing.

"The savage inhabitants even affected never to have heard of the Emperor! They carry their stupidity even so far as to prefer the Republic to the splendors of the Imperial epoch. The failure of the apostles of prolongation has at last fully enlightened us as to their condition.

"Can we let a department, a portion of our country, stagnate in irreligion, ignorance, and republicanism? No. This reply, which you approve because you are statesmen, the council has also sanctioned, by adopting my proposition to place the department of Ardèche under martial law.

"Rouher wishes this benefit to be extended to Cantal, and Fould to the Eastern Pyrenees; but we have been obliged to restrict ourselves. Later, we shall find means to satisfy this double wish. I only wait an occasion. For the rest, gentlemen, be without uneasiness. The government will not be wanting to its mission.

"Every department which shall give signs of republicanism shall be placed under martial law. It is time to purify this unhappy country infested with democracy.

"M. Léon Faucher ended by assuring the commission that, with the aid of martial law, he would answer for the tranquillity of Ardèche. The committee separated, satisfied with the political situation of the country."

The *Charivari* has hardly caricatured the language of the reaction. Some of the most respectable of that party, members of the Assembly or journalists of note, employ language in speaking of republicanism and republicans which make one doubt one's eyesight and go back to read again. The extravagancies of the magistracy in this line are something incredible. At the trial of some republican editors of the Southwest, for a political offence, the *procureur-général* made an address to the jury, which, if it had not come from a procureur, might well have been taken for burlesque.

September 19th.—This trial, which was of great interest on more than one account, took place recently before the assize court of Lot-et-Garonne. A plot against the safety of the state was in question. It was known as the plot of the journalists of the West. It was, in fact, an offshoot of the Lyons plot. The accused, who had already suffered ten months' imprisonment, underwent a part of it at Lyons, but happily escaped coming before the military tribunal there.

The journalists from whom this branch of the great conspiracy "for the overthrow of the government" takes its name are, M. Gauzence, editor of *Le*

Republicain de Lot-et-Garonne; M. Desolme, editor of *Le Republicain de Dordogne*; and M. Lesseps, described as a journalist residing in Paris. With them a M. Dufau was tried as their accomplice. The advocates who had charge of the defence were all members of the National Assembly. M. Lesseps was defended by M. Jules Favre; M. Desolme, by M. Crémieux; M. Gauzence, by M. Destours; M. Dufau, by M. Bac.

The city of Agen, where the trial took place, overflowed with strangers on the day of the opening. The authorities, in anticipation of this course, had taken "all the measures necessary for public security." That is to say, in addition to a large force of gendarmes, a strong detachment of regular troops occupied the streets leading to the Palais de Justice. For the more complete tranquillization of the timid friends of order, the fact was made known that these troops were of the Seventeenth of the line; "which had particularly distinguished itself under the walls of Rome."

The origin of this plot, like that of the plot of Lyons, is found by the prosecution in the dissatisfaction occasioned by the electoral law of the 31st May. Thus, the Act of Accusation: "It will be remembered *what a lively emotion was excited in the country by the debates of May, 1850, in the Legislative Assembly*," etc. The procureur-général spoke of "*the lively effervescence that the project of electoral law in May, 1850, spread throughout the demagogical party*."

Thus, whatever general accusations of criminal designs the present possessors of power may bring against the republican opposition, they continually show themselves aware that all that the people desire, or their leaders for them, is the share in their own government which the Revolution of '48 won for them and which their Constitution secures to them.

The part taken by the republican representatives in restraining the people and preventing violent opposition

to the law of the 31st May was distinctly recognized by the prosecution.

Some imprudent articles and passionate letters written while this law was under discussion in the Assembly and after its passage made all the important part of the evidence against the accused. As usual, unsupported charges, foreign to the present trial, were introduced to prejudice the minds of the jury and of the public. M. Gauzence was the principal sufferer in this way. When the Act of Accusation had been read by the *greffier*, and the procureur had made his opening statement, the president of the court ordered the reading of the letters on which the prosecution rested its case. The last of these was one sent by the prefect of Haute Garonne to the prefect of Lot-et-Garonne. It concerned M. Gauzence. "The accused," says the reporter of the trial, "is represented as professing ardent opinions which he disseminated in the clubs in 1848. His private life was made the object of very severe animadversion. But the vagueness of the expressions employed in the letter indicates that the details given by M. le Préfet reached him only by hearsay."

When the president began to interrogate M. Gauzence, the accused requested permission, before replying, to protest against "a defamatory piece" which had been read; "a tissue of falsities," he pronounced it to be.

M. Crémieux, his counsel, was betrayed into an indignant exclamation. "Explain your words, M. Crémieux," cried the president; "this piece comes from the prefect of Haute Garonne." As if calumny were sacred, coming from a prefect! "I referred to the anonymous authority," replied M. Crémieux, composedly.

M. Gauzence stated, in reply to the assertions contained in the letter, that he had been three years professor in a school in Toulouse, without incurring the smallest reproach; that he had afterwards been professor of history in a college of the West, and, still later, in his native city, Pamiers; that in

both these situations his conduct had, in like manner, been exempt from reproach; that he was still at Pamiers when the Revolution of February took place; that he was a republican, and had expressed his opinions openly before his fellow-citizens, as so many others had done.

The most cruel charge which the letter brought against M. Gauzece was that of having ill-treated his wife, and to such a degree as to cause her death. M. Gauzece said that his wife, who was the daughter of a notary, and not of a baker, as the letter asserted, had died of consumption; that she had made him her sole heir; but that he had broken the will and given all her property to her relatives. M. Gauzece, in making these explanations, the reporter says, "appeared the prey of violent emotions."

The president resumed his interrogatory. M. Gauzece, however, had afterwards his little triumph.

"You make yourself the apologist of civil war!" cried the president.

"Pardon, M. le President," replied the accused journalist, "this eulogium of civil war is not mine; it is an extract from a legitimate journal, *La Mode*, and I only cited it to show the condition of minds, and to denounce it."

If M. Gauzece was not proof against the cruel attacks upon his domestic life, he did not falter where his political principles were concerned. Like the convicted of the Lyons plot, he maintained that in case of an attempt at usurpation, it was the right and duty of the people to defend the Republic. Questioned concerning a certain letter addressed to him, he replied. "This letter was in reply to an hypothesis proposed by me. Remember the circumstances of that period; the principle of universal suffrage was attacked; the projects of the reaction were becoming more clear every day. They were extolling civil war. It was my duty as a journalist to keep watch for the defence of the threatened Republic. I proposed to Dufau an hypothesis in

this sense. Dufau answered. This is the whole conspiracy. The opinions and sentiments of that time I still hold; and on leaving this place, if I am acquitted, as I ought to be, I shall repeat that I will resist usurpation."

M. Dufau, the writer of the letter, being questioned in regard to it, answered with similar firmness: "I expressed my personal opinion in reply to a question addressed to me. If the Republic were menaced, I should rise to defend it."

The procureur warned the jury that "the times were not such as to allow them to follow the dictates of their hearts, and exercise clemency, as they might perhaps do, without great damage to society, if there were union between parties, if minds were in the same views and governed by the same principles, and if ideas of order were everywhere powerful and respected.

"Do you suppose," cried he, "that the conspiracy woven by the accused has not committed ravages in the country because it did not break out? When they say incessantly in their letters, 'We have democratized city and country; all is organized, the communes, the cantons, the arrondissements,' judge what a work of agitation they must have carried on in the minds of the masses to arrive at such a result! How many unhappy workingmen they must have democratized! how many bad instincts they must have awakened! in how many hearts and families they must have enfeebled or annihilated the love of labor and the respect for authority!

"Would you, then, send out the accused on the theatre of their sad exploits, that they may continue this demoralizing work, and recommence all these appeals to the worst passions of the human heart? No! I know you. I have observed you in the course of this session; I have appreciated your rectitude, your firmness, your love of duty. You will come to the aid of society shaken by so many storms, and you will have gained the gratitude of all good men. The public conscience will

applaud your patriotism and your inflexible spirit of justice."

The defence was conducted in a very able and fearless manner. The counsel for the accused alleged that the forms of French justice had been shamefully violated on the part of the prosecution.

M. Crémieux and M. Jules Favre protested energetically against the irregularity of the proceedings and the neglect of the ordinary forms of law; against what M. Crémieux called "this incredible forgetfulness of all there is of protective, of generous, of humane, in the laws of our Revolution; this incredible return to all there was of abusive, of secret, of inquisitorial, in the laws of past times."

When the reporter comes to the part of M. Jules Favre, he seems to forget the impartiality he usually imposes upon himself: "M. Jules Favre rises in the midst of a most profound silence. He presents the defence of Lesseps. In a few fervent words he recalls the long combat sustained by Lesseps in the Paris press against the corruption and the arbitrary acts of the last reign; then entering on the trial, he examines the procedure; brands it as null in a legal point of view, and as unworthy of our civilization and manners. He protests energetically against the rigors of preventive imprisonment; against the recklessness with which the liberty of the citizen is trifled with; and, above all, against the intrusion of the police into the intimacies of friendship and the fireside.

"Then he examines the evidence, entirely written, brought forward against his client. Word by word, sentence by sentence, he reads, he destroys it. The prosecution more than once bows the head before his keen exposition, the stinging shafts of his sarcasms.

"The powerful logic of the defender takes, one by one, each argument of the procureur-général, and breaks it. When he has thus completely demolished the whole procedure, and thrown the most withering scorn upon 'these

dusky conspiracies of folly and the police,' he finishes magnificently by an appeal to respect for the law, to the impartiality of justice, declaring that the Republic will know how to defend the constitution and to repel usurpation, whether it come darkly in the form of conspiracy, or openly in that of empire."

The jury were probably unwilling to forfeit altogether the high opinion formed of them by M. le Procureur-Général, yet they seem to have been willing to buy its continuance as cheaply as possible. They found one of the accused, M. Gauzence, guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. This verdict meant, I suppose, that he was guilty of the crime on which the procureur had enlarged so eloquently, that of "democratizing the people." An extenuating circumstance was probably found in his innocence of the offence for which he was tried.

M. Gauzence was condemned to one year's imprisonment and to five years' interdiction of civic rights. Yet he may surely think himself a fortunate man. If he had been tried by a military tribunal, he might have shared the fate of poor Longomazino, the journalist of Digne, sentenced to deportation.

The jury acquitted the three other prisoners, MM. Lesseps, Desolme, and Dufau; so that M. Gauzence was left conspiring alone, and that publicly, in the columns of his journal.

M. Lesseps and M. Desolme, on leaving the court-house, set off immediately for Villeneuve, where M. Lesseps was to rejoin his family. M. Jules Favre accompanied them. The news of the acquittal had gone before them. Two miles before they reached the city they were obliged to alight from their carriage to respond to the congratulations of the crowd which had poured out to meet them. Men, women, and children gathered about them crying, "Vive la république!" "Vive la constitution!" "Vive Lesseps!" "Vive Jules Favre!" The prisoner left behind was not forgotten. His

name was mentioned with expressions of regret and sympathy. In the public square of Villeneuve an immense crowd was assembled. It was addressed by M. Jules Favre and by M. Lesseps briefly, but fervently. "And now," said M. Lesseps, "give to the slanders of the reaction a decisive refutation by the example of submission to the laws. Withdraw quietly and give our enemies no pretext for fresh persecutions." In ten minutes the place was empty.

M. Dufau, who was accompanied by M. Bac and M. Detours, had a similar reception from his townsmen of Porte-Sainte-Marie. "All took part in it," says the republican account, "except the juge de paix, the gendarmerie, and the police."

I have several times mentioned M. Crémieux, one of the defenders of the accused of the plot of Agen. Let me tell an interesting incident in his life. His father, a political prisoner during or after the French Revolution, was released from his captivity to find that his house was ruined and that a compromise had been made with his creditors. It was many years after his death that these facts first came to the knowledge of his son, who held his memory in peculiar veneration, and who immediately devoted himself to redeeming it from the reproach even of a bankruptcy which had in it nothing dishonoring. He toiled for many years with this object before him, and at last paid off the principal of the debt, with thirty years' interest. A decree of the court of Nîmes rehabilitated his father's memory in 1838.

Is this man likely to be among the enemies of "property and the family," or the defender of those who are?

This crime of democratizing the people which is at the present time one of the most serious which can be committed in France was committed in 1848 by the framers of the Constitution and by the constituent Assembly which accepted the Constitution.

That instrument declares that "the French Republic is *democratic*, one

and indivisible." Nor was this word admitted without due consideration of all that it implied.

When this article was proposed to the Assembly for acceptance, M. de la Rochejacquelein asked what the word "democratic" meant.

It was M. Dupin, one of the committee who drew up the Constitution, who undertook to give an answer:—

"M. Dupin: If there is anything in France which has no need of definition, it is the word 'democracy.' In 1789 France was disembarassed of the aristocracy which ruled over her. In 1830 the last remnant of aristocracy disappeared. What we now call democracy is what we formerly called the third estate, that which a man of genius has demonstrated to be the whole nation. *It has its symbol in universal suffrage.*"

M. de la Rochejacquelein expressed his entire satisfaction with this explanation, and congratulated himself on having been the means of calling it forth.

These three words, *democratic*, *one*, *indivisible*, were afterwards separately put to the vote and separately adopted.

The republicans stand to-day on the same ground on which M. Dupin and the other members of the constituent assembly who now belong to the reactionary majority of the Legislative Assembly stood with them in 1848.

M. Michel (de Bourges) in a conciliatory speech, made last July, when the revision of the Constitution was under debate, defended and explained the Republic:—

"The Constitution would have labor and capital no longer enemies; and, to this end, would have both concur in making the laws.

"Universal suffrage; the Republic; they are the same thing. Universal suffrage is the Republic; the Republic is universal suffrage.

"And now let us say what republic it is that we want. I will proceed by the method of exclusion. We do not want the ancient republic. The ancient republic is organized brigandage;

it is the strife of robbers for ill-earned wealth.

"We have now the Republic of the United States, — less slavery. This is the Republic we want; the Republic of work. Unite all the statesmen of our time, they can invent nothing better. This Republic in which all unite to make the laws, has it anything which alarms you? What do we ask? What justice asks; what humanity asks: the freedom of all, the well-being of all."

September 20th. — *La Presse* has recently republished from *La Tribune* of twenty years ago an acknowledgment of a sum of money contributed towards the payment of a fine imposed upon the editor of that journal, a liberal organ of the time. Here is the paragraph from *La Tribune* as cited by M. Emile de Girardin in *La Presse* : —

"We have received a letter from Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the ex-king of Holland, who subscribes two hundred francs towards the payment of the fine to which M. Armand Marrast has been sentenced. It is as a French citizen that M. Bonaparte sends us this offering, which is a *new homage rendered to the freedom of the press.*"

M. de Girardin asks how the subscription of 1831 is to be reconciled with the prosecutions of 1851.

He brought forward this incident from the President's time of obscurity with especial reference to the prosecution of *L'Événement*, a republican journal, for an article on the right of asylum.

The prosecution resulted in a condemnation. *L'Événement* was suspended for a month. The responsible editor, M. Paul Meurice, was condemned to nine months' imprisonment and three thousand francs' fine; M. François Hugo, the author of the article, to nine months' imprisonment and a fine of two thousand francs. M. François Hugo is the son of Victor Hugo. He is to be confined at the Conciergerie, where his elder and only brother is already a prisoner. It re-

quires some courage to be an opposition journalist in France at this time. The *Événement* has now four of its editors in prison.

The article which has given occasion to this last condemnation is an answer to one in the *Constitutionnel*, which defended, or rather lauded, the conduct of the government towards the unfortunate refugees who are now especially the objects of persecution. As far as facts are concerned, M. François Hugo does not differ materially from the Napoleonist writers. It is only that these extol what he denounces, the solidarity of the government of the French Republic with the despotic governments of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Naples. He writes, indeed, with an eloquence which they have not at command, and yet with a certain discretion; for his animadversions are almost exclusively directed against the ministers. The President is spoken of directly only twice; once as the former "proscrit de Thurgovie," once as the actual "auxiliaire de la sainte-alliance." This last is the only passage concerning him personally which could justly be found offensive; and why should imperialists find it offensive?

That the advocate-general did not think the article, as it stood, sufficiently criminal, would appear from his finding it necessary to misrepresent it absurdly. But it made little difference probably what the article was, or what the advocate-general said of it. A republican accused is to be convicted; and a republican who is also the son of Victor Hugo!

The other republican journals stand by the *Événement* in its misfortunes. They have come out with brave expressions of praise and sympathy. "All those," concludes an article in the *National* on this subject, — "all those who have, like us, followed the courageous struggle which the young writers of the *Événement* have supported with so much talent and so much success against the men and the things of the past, will understand, without

difficulty, the feelings we are obliged to restrain."

L'Événement found itself forced to go out of existence, but came immediately to life again as *L'Avènement du Peuple*. The last number of *L'Événement* appeared on the 17th of this month; on the 18th appeared the first number of *L'Avènement*. It contained a letter from Victor Hugo to the editor, M. Vacquerie, the last remaining of the staff of *L'Événement*. Victor Hugo speaks feelingly of the course and the fate of the journal of which his two sons were among the founders. There is a mingling of pride and grief in his tone which is very touching. But the resolution and faith of the devoted citizen and true man predominate over all.

TO M. AUGUSTE VACQUERIE, *Editor in Chief of L'Avènement du Peuple.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: *L'Événement* is dead, — dead by violence in the midst of the most brilliant career. Its standard is not, prostrate. You are still bearing it on high. You appear in this breach where five of your comrades have fallen, intrepidly barring the way to this reaction of the past against the present, to this conspiracy of monarchy against the Republic, defending all that we love and value, — the people, France, humanity, Christian ideas, universal civilization.

It is four years since you founded the *Événement*, — you, Paul Meurice, our dear and generous Paul Meurice, my two sons, two or three young and firm auxiliaries. In our time of trouble, of irritation and misunderstanding, you had one thought, to calm, to console, to explain, to enlighten, to conciliate. You held out a hand to the rich, a hand to the poor, your heart always a little nearer to the last. This was the holy mission you had dreamed. An implacable reaction would hear nothing, would understand nothing. It has rejected conciliation and demanded the combat. You have fought with regret, but resolutely. *L'Événement* has not spared itself; friends and foes both do

it this justice; but fighting, it has remained true to itself, been consistent with itself. It has never deviated from its first aims: fraternity, civil and human; universal peace; the inviolability of right; inviolability of life; amelioration of manners; increase of intelligence by liberal education and free teaching; the destruction of misery, the welfare of the people, the end of revolutions, the triumph of democracy, progress by progress.

L'Événement has urged upon all political parties, as upon all social systems, amnesty, pardon, clemency. It has remained true to every page of the gospel. It has had two great condemnations: the first for attacking the scaffold, the second for defending the right of asylum. It seemed to the writers of the *Événement* that this right of asylum, which the Christian formerly claimed for the Church, they, Frenchmen, ought to claim for France. The soil of France is sacred as the pavement of a temple. This they thought and said. Before the juries which decided their fate they defended themselves without concession, and accepted their condemnation without bitterness. They have proved that the men of gentleness are also the men of strength.

It will soon be two thousand years since this truth was brought to light. We are nothing beside the august confessors who manifested it for the first time to the human race. The first Christians founded their faith by suffering for it. When the tortures of one were ended, another offered himself. Thanks to God, thanks to the Gospel, thanks to France, the martyrdom of our days has not these terrible proportions. But such as it is, it imposes suffering and demands courage. Courage, then, and forward!

I say it to you, I say it to all who accept valiantly the sacred strife of progress, have faith! You are strong. You have on your side the hour which is passing and the hour which is coming, the reason of this world, the justice of the next.

A man may be put down, — a million of men; but truth cannot be put down. The ancient parliaments have sometimes tried to suppress truth by a decree. The recorder had not signed the sentence, when truth has appeared erect and radiant above the tribunal.

You say the people love my name, and you ask me for what you are pleased to call my support. You ask me to give you my hand in public. I do so warmly. I am only a man of good-will. If the people, as you say, love me a little, it is because in another quarter I am greatly hated. I do not know why the men — blinded, for the most part, and worthy of compassion — who form the party of the past do me and mine the honor of a special rancor. It seems, at times, that the freedom of the tribune does not exist for me, that the freedom of the press does not exist for my sons. When I speak, clamors try to drown my voice; when they write, fine and prison. But let us pardon our personal wrongs. Our judges themselves are our brothers. Let us not retaliate, even by resentment. Let us fix our eyes on our aim. Let us think only of the good of the people, only of the future.

Let us pardon our personal wrongs. Let us pardon the ill which has been done us or intended for us. But the ill which has been done the Republic, the ill which has been done the people, — these are wrongs which it is not ours to pardon. I wish, without hoping it, that no one may have an account to render, no one a punishment to undergo.

And yet what happiness, my friend, if by one of those *dénouements* which are always in the hands of Providence, and which suddenly disarm the guilty rage of these, the just anger of those, what happiness if, by one of these *dénouements*, that the abrogation of the law of the 31st May permits us to have a glimpse of, we could arrive safely, tranquilly, without convulsion, without reprisals, at this magnificent future of peace and concord, which is there before us; this inevitable future in which

the country will be great, in which the people will be happy, in which the French Republic will, by its example alone, create the European republic; when we shall all on this beloved soil of France be free as in England, equal as in America, brothers as in heaven!

VICTOR HUGO.

September 18, 1851.

The first number of *L'Avènement du Peuple* was seized in the post-office and at the office of the journal by command of the procureur of the Republic, who has ordered a prosecution to be commenced against the responsible editor of that journal, "on account of a letter signed 'Victor Hugo,' and of an article signed 'Auguste Vacquerie,' beginning, 'Nous arborons cette admirable lettre.'" The letter and the article introducing it are charged with a threefold offence, — disrespect to the law, an apology of acts designated crimes or misdemeanors by the penal code, and provocation to civil war. This we learn by the journals of this morning.

September 22d. — The frequency and severity of assaults upon the press have occasioned uneasiness beyond the limits of the liberal party. Even the *Journal des Débats* has been disturbed by these excesses of authority, and has confessed, though with avowed reluctance, that it "has seen with affliction many journals and many writers, among others two young men bearing a celebrated name, visited by condemnations which it cannot prevent itself from finding very severe."

The republicans ask how it is to be explained that, while they are continually prosecuted and condemned for "exciting to hatred and contempt of the government of the Republic," accusation and punishment never fall on those who attack the Republic expressly and avowedly, urging the claims of royalty or empire, and advocating the most illegal and violent measures for their establishment. The reactionists affirm that it would be useless to attempt to punish journalists for such offences, inasmuch as the jury would

not convict them. The republicans rejoin that such an assertion implies an insinuation in regard to the manner in which jurors are selected, which they themselves are very far from presuming to make.

A little episode in the debate on the right of petition, which took place last summer in the National Assembly, throws light on the verdicts of Paris juries. It is a very characteristic scene, and has not only a political but a dramatic interest.

M. Hennequin offered an amendment to a proposed law on the exercise of the right of petition; but added that, whatever the fate of his amendment, he should oppose the law, for the reason that, even if good in itself, it was bad in the hands of the actual administration. He remained in the sentiments of distrust which the Assembly had manifested by a solemn vote. Other members might have found reasons for passing from distrust to confidence, but he, for his part, had found none. Prosecutions for the violation of this law must come either before the magistracy or before the jury; and M. Hennequin had confidence in neither, where political matters were in question.

M. Hennequin. The jury! but we have all protested against its organization; we have pointed out twenty times what there is monstrous in this fact, that the jury is chosen from a list prepared by a commission which, at Paris, is named by the government itself.

M. le President broke in: Permit me. I cannot allow the institution of the jury to be attacked from the tribune.

M. Crémieux. There is no jury at Paris; there is a commission.

M. le President. I cannot, I ought not, to allow the institutions of the country to be attacked here.

M. Bac. This is not an institution.

M. Hennequin. It is not my intention to attack the institutions of the country. But in each of us the citizen is to be distinguished from the legislator. When the simple citizen appears

before the jury, he must submit to its decision, he must respect it, he must not protest against it. But when we are here as legislators, called to examine whether the institutions of the country are good or bad, we ought in all sincerity, in all liberty, to examine into the vices of legislation. It is evident that our mandate would be limited if we could not say that the institution of the jury appears to us defective.

M. le President. You have not the right to enfeeble respect for institutions.

M. Charras. The Constitution is attacked every day with impunity.

M. le President. You can make more noise than I. There is no doubt of that. You have perfectly the right to make propositions for modifying the institutions of the country; but you have not a right to say, in speaking of the jury, that it is a monstrous institution.

From the Left. He did not say that.

M. le President. I heard distinctly.

M. Hennequin. Gentlemen, the words of M. le President will be recorded in the *Moniteur*. I must efface their trace as far as depends on me. If I had used the expression which M. le President attributes to me, I should withdraw it at once, and I should ask pardon of the Assembly for having uttered it. Gentlemen, I am positively sure that the ears of M. le President have deceived him. I used the word *defective*, and not *monstrous*.

M. le President. The explanation suffices. I shall not consult the Assembly to know whether it heard as I did. I believe I heard correctly.

A voice from the Centre. M. Hennequin spoke first of a *monstrous fact*, and then of a *defective institution*.

M. Benoist d'Azy, one of the vice-presidents, presided on this occasion.

The lucid intelligence of M. Benoist d'Azy presided over the meeting of the permanent committee which found the decree of the President placing the department of Ardèche under martial law "a good and necessary measure."

M. L. P.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHILE Frank waited for Mr. Beaumont, in order to ask him whether he might or might not propose marriage, he either walked up and down before Mrs. Armitage in absent-minded silence, or he talked altogether of Kate.

This behavior did not make him tiresome to the lady ; on the contrary, she found him incessantly agreeable and fascinating. A man who has donned the cross of love and set his adventurous face toward the holy city of marriage is to a woman one of the most interesting objects that she can set eyes on, even though he looks for his crown to some other queen of beauty. To her mind he is bound on the most important and noblest of pilgrimages : the question of his success or failure impasses her imagination and kindles her warmest sympathies ; she can hardly help wishing him good fortune, even though he is a stranger.

"But I must weary you, Mrs. Armitage," apologized Frank, not knowing the above-mentioned facts. "I must seem terribly stupid to you."

"No, indeed," returned Nellie, innocently, and continued to prattle away about her sister, telling every minute more of the subject than she meant to tell, and revealing through sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks her satisfaction with the state of things.

But this quarter of an hour of delightful expectation was a false portal, not opening to higher felicities. In place of Peyton Beaumont came his tropical henchman, Cato, riding up at the usual breakneck speed of darkies on horseback, rolling out of his saddle with the prompt agility of a kicked football, and holding forth a letter with the words, "Powerful bad news, Miss Nellie."

Mrs. Armitage read to herself and then read aloud the following note from

her father : "Tell Kate — gently, you understand — that her grandfather is sick ; you might say quite sick. On the whole, you had better send her over here to take care of him. I may stay here overnight myself. Now don't scare the child out of her senses. Just send her over here at once."

"You see," said Nellie, looking up at Frank with something like a pout of disappointment at the postponement of the love business.

"I see," answered the young man, turning anxious and gloomy. "I must come another time."

He started soberly homewards ; then, after going a quarter of a mile, he had a bright thought and returned to escort Kate over to Kershaw's ; but, although he thus secured a half-hour with her, he proffered no manner of courtship, knowing well that it was no time for it. Finally, after seeing Lawson and learning from the troubled man that the good old Colonel was dangerously ill, he once more turned his back on his queen of hearts, the love message still unspoken.

Reaching home, he met in the doorway his evil genius, and politely bowed to him without knowing him. This fateful stranger, this man who, without the slightest ill-will toward Frank, or the slightest acquaintance with him or his purposes, had come to cross his path and make him dire trouble, was in some points a creature of agreeable appearance, and in others little less than horrible. His blond complexion was very clear, his profile regular and almost Greek, his teeth singularly even and white, and his smile winning. But he was unusually bald ; his forehead was so monstrous as to be a deformity ; his eyes had the most horrible squint that ever a scared child stared at ; his expression was as cunning, unsympathizing, and pitiless as that of a raccoon or fox. His moderate stature was made

to seem clumsily short by over-broad shoulders, thick limbs, and a projecting abdomen. It was difficult to guess his age, but he might have been about forty-five.

The Judge was escorting this visitor to his carriage with an air of solemn politeness and suppressed dislike, such as an elephant might wear in bowing out a hyena.

"I regret that you can't at least stay to dinner, Mr. Choke," he said, smiling all the way from his broad wrinkled forehead to his broad double chin. "As for the business in hand, you may rely upon me."

"I expect nothing less from your intelligence and noble ambition, Judge," replied Mr. Choke, with a smile so sweet that for a moment Frank failed to notice his squint.

Let us now go back an hour or so, and learn what was "the business in hand." Although this combination of beauty and the beast had come unexpectedly to the McAlister place, and had simply announced himself through Matthew as "Mr. Choke of Washington," the Judge had guessed at once what mighty wire-puller it was who waited in his parlor, and had thoughtfully stalked thither, snuffing the air for political traps and baits and perfdies. He, however, remembered his manners when he came face to face with his guest; he uttered a greeting of honeyed civility which at once set on tap all Mr. Choke's metheglin. Each of these remarkable men (two of the most remarkable men in our country, sir! says Jefferson Brick) was by many degrees more polite than the other.

"I am delighted to welcome you to South Carolina, sir," said the Judge, with such a benevolent smile as Saint Peter might have on admitting a new saint into Paradise. "I have long known the Hon. Mr. Choke by reputation. Let us hope that you are prepared to stay with me for some weeks at least."

"You are exceedingly courteous and hospitable," replied Mr. Choke. "You

are even more courteous and hospitable than I expected to find you. The South, Judge McAlister, is the land of hospitality and of courtesy. It should be. Heaven has lavished abundance upon it. What a soil, what a climate, and what men!" looking up reverently at the McAlister's lofty summit. "Even the water is a luxury."

It must be observed that these two men flowered out thus in compliments from very different causes. The host blossomed because he had grown up in doing it, and because all the people whom he knew expected it; while the guest, an extremely business-like man by nature, was merely talking what he considered the *fol-de-rol* of the country.

"We are unworthy of our gifts, and you do us too much honor, Mr. Choke," chanted the Judge, when it came his turn in the responses. "I beg pardon, Excuse me for having forgotten your proper title. Judge, I believe, is it not?"

"No," returned the visitor, beaming out a smile of humility which was pure flattery. "I have not yet gained your eminence. I am merely an attorney-at-law, and of late a member of Congress. I have no claim to any address beyond plain Mister."

Merely a member of Congress! The Judge could not prevent the blue philanthropy of his eyes from turning a little green with envy. The title of "M. C." had been for more than a quarter of a century the mark of his ambition. To set those two letters to his name he had spent money, gushed eloquence, intrigued, entertained, flattered, bowed, grinned, lived, and all in vain. Ever since age had qualified him to run for that goal, the State party had been an overmatch for the Union party in his district, and it was always a Beaumont, or some other Calhounite, who had won the congressional race. At last, two years previous to this interview, he had despaired of being called to save his country, had publicly announced his final withdrawal from politics, and declined a candidature.

But the disappointment rankled in

his soul, and he still cherished wild dreams of success. His desire and hope were increased by his contempt and dislike for the men who had beaten him. In his opinion the Hon. Peyton Beaumont was nothing but a well-descended blockhead and rowdy. It was abominable that a man who had the rhetoric of a termagant and the logic of a school-boy should represent year after year a district which contained within its bounds the copious, ornate, argumentative, and learned Judge McAlister. A man who hoarsely denounced a spade as a spade had surely no claims compared with a man who blandly reproved it for being an agricultural implement. Moreover, Beaumont made few speeches in Congress, and those few excited bitter opposition. The Judge imagined himself as orating amid the echoes of the Hall of Representatives with such persuasiveness and suavity as to draw even the Senate around him, and to beguile Sumner himself into moderation. Yet he was not elected, and his inferiors were. It was horrible; like the belted knight who was overcome by the peasant, he cried, "Bitter, bitter!" and, in his revolt at such outrage, he could not believe that Heaven would be forever unjust.

Mr. Choke was an experienced detective of feeling. Looking modestly at the floor with his oblique eye, but studying his host's face steadily with his direct one, he perceived that he had won the game. The Judge was bitterly envious; the Judge furiously desired to go to Congress; the Judge could be made use of. Suddenly dropping the conversational roses and lilies which he had waved hitherto, Choke entered upon business.

"Judge, we want you alongside of us," he said with an abruptness which wore the charm of sincerity. "We need just such men as you are in Congress. We need them terribly."

It was precisely McAlister's opinion, and he could not help letting his eyes look it, although he waved his hand disclaimingly.

"Now don't object," begged Mr.

Choke. "I must be earnest, as I have been blunt. I must beg you to consider this matter seriously. I came here for that purpose; came here solely and expressly for that; hence my abruptness. Yes, I came here to beg you to take your proper place in the Congress of the United States."

"O, if I only could!" was the wish of the Judge's heart. But he controlled himself, wore his dignity as carefully as his wig, and pursed his mouth with the air of a Cincinnatus who does not know whether he will or will not save an ungrateful country.

"You are perhaps not aware, Mr. Choke, that I have withdrawn definitely from public life," he said, stroking his chin. This chin, we must repeat, was on a magnificent scale; it was even broader than the capacious forehead which towered above it; it gave its owner's face the proportions of an Egyptian gateway. It had development forward, as well as breadth of beam. It was one of those chins which proudly front noses. From any point of view it was a great chin. There was plenty of room about it for rubbing, and the Judge now went over it pretty thoroughly, stirring it up as if it contained his spare brains.

"We understand that Beaumont is going to run again for the House," continued Mr. Choke, who did not believe that any old politician ever withdrew definitively from public life, and had no time to waste upon pretences to that effect. "We don't want him there. He is a marplot. He is a barking bulldog who brings out other bulldogs. Every word that he utters loses us votes at the North. If he and such as he continue to come to Congress and keep up their stupid howling there, the party will be ruined, and that shortly."

The great, calm, and bland Judge could scarcely help frowning. It did not please him to observe that Mr. Choke spoke only of the party. In connection with these matters the leader of the moderates of Hartland district always said, "The country!"

"We must get rid of these mules

who are kicking the organization to pieces," continued the straightforward and practical Choke. "That is the object of my present tour. If we can bring into Congress twenty Southerners who will talk moderation, we are saved. It is all important to make a break in this phalanx of fire-eaters. It is almost equally important that the break should be made here in South Carolina. Divide the voice of this State, and you split disunion everywhere. Am I right?" inquired the Hon. Choke, perceiving that it was time to flatter the Judge, and stopping his speech to smile his sweetest.

"I entirely coincide with you," bowed McAlister, who, anti-Calhounite as he was, believed that South Carolina marched at the head of the nations, and that what she did not do would be left undone. He was a little out of breath, by the way, with following after the speaker. He was not accustomed to such rapid argumentation and application. It was his custom to go over a subject with long chains of reasoning, staking them out deliberately, and often stopping to look back on them with satisfaction. Mr. Choke was rather too fast for him; had the air of hurrying him along by the collar; might be said to hustle him considerably. The Judge did not quite like it, and yet it was obviously his interest to listen and approve; it was clear that something good was coming his way.

"Well, we look to you," pursued Mr. Choke, with that bluntness of his which was so startling, and yet so flattering because confidential,—"we look to you to beat Beaumont."

The Judge was like a woman on a sled drawn over smooth ice by a rapid skater. Unable to stop himself, he must hum swiftly along the glib surface, even though a breathing-hole should yawn visibly ahead. He had an instantaneous perception that running against Beaumont would reopen the family feud, and spoil Frank's chances for marrying the presumptive heiress of the Kershaw estate, besides

perhaps leading to new duellings and rencontres. But how could he check his lifelong mania for going to Congress, while this strong and speedy Choke was tugging at the cords of it? The sagest and solidest of men have their weak and toppling moments. Unable to reflect in a manner worthy of himself, and incapable of restraining his ambition until Frank should have made sure of the Kershaw succession, he sprawled eagerly at full length toward the House of Representatives, and agreed to run against Beaumont.

"If you need help, you shall have it," instantly promised Choke, anxious to seal the bargain. "Our committee will furnish you with the sinews of war. The organization will go deep into its pockets to secure the presence of such a man as Judge McAlister in Congress. You can draw upon us for five thousand dollars. Do you think that will do it?"

"I should think it highly probable," bowed the Judge, virtuously astounded at the hugeness of the bribe, and unable to imagine how he could use it all.

"My best wishes," said Mr. Choke, taking off a very modest glass of the McAlister sherry. "And now allow me to wish you good morning."

"But, God bless my soul! you must stay to dinner," exclaimed the Judge, breathless with this haste.

"A thousand thanks. But I really haven't the time. I must gallop over to Newberry, arrange matters with Jackson there, and get on to Spartanburg by the evening train. A thousand thanks for your lavish hospitality. Let us hear from you. *Good morning.*"

And Mr. Choke bustled, smiled, and squinted his way out of the McAlister mansion, leaving its master thoroughly astounded at the unceremoniousness and speed of "these Northerners."

But the chief of the Hartland conservatives was soon himself again. By dint of fingering that talisman, his broad chin, he rubbed out his emotions and restored his judgment. Once more in a reasoning, independent frame

of mind, he coolly queried whether he should keep his promise to Mr. Choke, or break it for some patriotic reason. He had very little difficulty in deciding that he would hold fast to it. There, to be sure, was the family feud, certain to "mount" him if he ran for Congress; but it was a burden which lifelong habit had made easy to his shoulders. There, too, was the strong probability that his candidature might upset Frank's dish of cream. But if he should once beat the Beaumonts, if he should once show them that he was a rival to be feared, would they not be all the more likely to agree to an alliance, not only matrimonial, but political? As for the boy's heart, the Judge did not think of it. It was so long since he had been conscious of any such organ, that he had forgotten its existence. On the whole, he would keep his promise; on the whole, his word as a gentleman was engaged; especially as revenge and power and fame are sweet. But there should be discretion shown in the matter; until his trap was fairly set, nobody should know of it, excepting, of course, his trusted and necessary confederates; from the sight of even his own family he would hide it, as he knew how to hide things. Meanwhile, before the Beaumonts could so much as suspect what he was about, his son might lay an irrevocable hand on the heart of their heiress.

"Frank," he said next morning, "you ought to ride over to Kershaw's and inquire about the Colonel. If Miss Beaumont is still there, present her with my kindest regards and sympathies, and tell her I am distressed to hear of her grandfather's illness: Exceedingly distressed, you know!" emphasized the Judge, his brow wrinkling with an agony that stirred his wig.

So Frank rode over to Kershaw's, obtained an interview with Miss Beaumont, and spoke the speech which his father had dictated, but not the one which his father had intended. How could a sensitive, generous young fellow spring love-traps upon the woman

whom he worshipped, while she was trembling for the life of her adored grandfather? This fruitless riding to and fro went on until the Judge became impatient and very anxious. Of the probability of Kershaw's death and the certainty that his estate would go to Kate Beaumont he talked repeatedly to his wife, hoping that she would be inspired to repeat these things to Frank, and that the boy would be led thereby to make haste in his wooing. At times, when it occurred to him that he might be ruining his son's chances of success and happiness, he was so far conscience-stricken and remorseful as to wrinkle his forehead and go about the house muttering. In those days guileless Mrs. McAlister could not imagine what it was that made her usually calm and bland husband nervous and waspish.

Frank, too, was in sore trouble; he wore a troubled brow, and grew thin. He afflicted himself with imaginations of Kershaw dying and of Kate weeping by the bedside. In more selfish moments he cringed at the thought that funereal robes would prevent him for weeks or months from telling the girl what was in his heart! The longer the great declaration was put off, the more he feared lest it should be ill received. There were whole days in which he felt as if he were already a rejected lover. Even Mrs. Armitage could not keep up his spirits, although she was by this time keenly and obviously interested in his success, and talked to him daily in a very sweet way about her sister.

At last, unable to bear his suspense longer, he resolved that he would at least utter his gentle message to the father, trusting that some blessed chance would waft it on to the daughter. Anxiety and doubt walked with him to the interview; and his heart was not lightened by the countenance with which he was received. Peyton Beaumont, always sufficiently awful to look upon, seemed to be in his grimmest mood that morning. His very raiment betokened a squally temper. The neat-

ness of attire which marked him when Kate was at home and saw daily to his adornment had given way to a bodeful frownsiness. He had dressed himself in a greasy old brown coat and frayed trousers, as if in preparation for a rough and tumble. Apparently he had slept badly; his eyes were watery and bloodshot, perhaps with brandy; his voice, as he said good morning, was a hoarse, sullen mutter.

"Mr. Beaumont, I have come to ask a great favor," began Frank, with that abruptness which perhaps characterizes modest men on such occasions. "I ask your permission, sir, to offer myself to your daughter."

Beaumont was certainly in a very unwholesome humor. His eyes had none of the kindness which frequently if not usually beamed from their sombre depths when he greeted the savior of his favorite child. Even at the sound of that tremulous prayer of love they did not light up with the mercy or at least sympathy which such an orison may rightfully claim. They emitted an abstracted, suspicious, sulky stare, much like that of a dog who is in the brooding fit of hydrophobia.

"I don't understand this at all," he replied, deliberately and coldly. "Your father and you — between you — I don't understand it, I don't, by heavens! It looks as though I was being made a fool of," he added, in a louder and angrier tone, his mind reverting to McAlister perfidies of other days.

"I beg your pardon, — I don't comprehend," commenced Frank, utterly confused and dismayed. "I should hope that —"

"Is n't your father preparing to run against me for Congress?" interrupted Beaumont, his black, blood-streaked orbs lighting up to a glare.

"I don't believe it!" was the amazed and indignant response.

The elder man stared at the younger for what seemed to the latter a full minute.

"Mr. Beaumont, do you suppose I am deceiving you?" demanded Frank,

his face coloring high at the ugly suspicion.

After gazing a moment longer Beaumont slowly answered, "No — I don't, — no, by Jove! But," he presently added, his wrath boiling up again, "I think your father is humbugging us both. I think, by heavens —" He had been about to say something very hard of the elder McAlister's character as to duplicity; but, looking in the frank, manly, anxious face of this younger McAlister, his heart softened a little; he remembered how Kate had been saved from death, and he fell silent.

"It is useless now to ask an answer to my request," resumed Frank, after a pause.

"Yes," said Beaumont. "Things don't stand well enough between our families. What you propose would only make worse trouble."

"I will go home and inquire into what you allege against my father," continued the young man, with a sad dignity. "Meantime, I beg you to suspend your judgment. Good morning, sir."

He held out his hand. Beaumont took it with hesitation, and then shook it with fervor.

"By heavens, I don't know but I'm a brute," he said. "If I've hurt *your* feelings — and of course I *have* hurt them — I beg your pardon; I do, by heavens. As for what you propose — well, wait. For God's sake, wait. Good morning."

More miserable than he had ever been in his life before, Frank rode home to call his father to an account.

CHAPTER XIX.

WORDS are a feeble, undisciplined rabble, able to perform little true and efficient service. Even the imagination is an uncertain general who gets no full obedience out of wretched soldiers and sees not how to marshal them so that they may do their best duty. It seems at times as if there were nothing real

and potent about the human being, except the passion which he can feel and which he cannot describe.

Here is a man full of love, — full of the noblest and far the strongest of all passions, and this passion so intensified by anxiety and disappointment that it is near akin to frenzy, — riding furiously homeward to encounter his father with a face of white anger, and to ask hoarsely, Is it true that you have made me wretched for life? So far as feeling is concerned, the figure is one of high tragedy. The youth is mad enough to break his neck without recking, mad enough to commit a crime without being half conscious of it. He is so possessed by one imperious desire, that he cannot take rational account of the desires of others. Flying over the slopes between the Beaumont house and his home, he is impatience and haste personified. He comes in upon his father with the air of an avenger of blood. Well, have we described him in such a way that he can be seen and comprehended? Probably not.

"Is it true, sir, that you are running for Congress?" were his first words.

The Judge dropped back in his large office-chair, and stared over his spectacles at this questioning, this almost menacing apparition. It was the first time in his life that he had been frightened by one of his own children. For a moment he was too much discomposed to speak. It was really a strange thing to see this large, sagacious, cunning face, usually so calm and confident and full of speculation, reduced to such a state of paralysis.

"Is it true, sir?" repeated the young man, resting his tremulous hands on the back of a chair and sending his bold blue eyes into his father's sly gray ones.

"Why, good heavens, Frank," stammered the Judge, "what is all this?"

Frank said nothing, but his face repeated his question; it demanded a plain answer.

"Why, the fact is, Frank," confessed

the Judge, with a smile of almost humble deprecation, "that I have been badgered, yes, I may say fairly badgered, into trying my luck again."

Uttering a groan, or rather a smothered howl of anger and pain, the young man sat down hastily, his head swimming.

"But good heavens, Frank, is there anything so extraordinary in it?" asked the father.

"Mr. Beaumont charged you with it," said Frank, dropping his face into his hands. "I did n't believe it."

"Charged me with it!" repeated the Judge. "Is it a crime, then?" he demanded, feeling somehow that it was one, yet trying to be indignant.

"It reopens the old account of blood," the youth muttered without looking up.

"Not at all. I don't see it," declared the Judge, glad to find a point on which he could argue, and grasping at it.

"It breaks my heart," were the next words, uttered in a whisper.

All notion of an argument dropped out of the Judge's head. A world suddenly opened before him in which no ratiocination was possible. He became aware of the presence of emotions which were as mighty as afreets and would not listen to logic. He was like a man who has denied the existence of devils, and all at once perceives that they are entering into him and taking possession. He was so startlingly and powerfully shaken by feelings without and feelings within, that for the first time in many years his healthy blood withdrew from his face. His cheeks (usually of a red-oak complexion) flecked with ash color, he sat in silence watching his silent son.

For some seconds Frank did not look up; and if he had raised his eyes, he would not have seen his father; he was gazing at Kate Beaumont and bidding her farewell.

"That is all," he broke out at last, rising like a denunciatory spectre and speaking with startling loudness and

abruptness, so little was his voice under command. "I have nothing more to say, sir."

"See here, Frank," called the Judge, as the young man strode to the door.

"I beg your pardon," muttered Frank, just turning his discomposed face over his shoulder. "I can't speak of it now."

He was gone. The Judge looked at the closed door for a minute as if expecting to see it reopen and his son reappear. Slowly his eyes dropped, his ponderous chin sank upon his deep chest, and he slipped into perplexities of thought. For a long time he emitted no sound, except a regular and forcible expulsion of breath through his hairy nostrils, which was a habit of his when engaged in earnest meditation. At last he said in a loud whisper, "Good heavens! He really likes her. Loves her."

Then he tried to remember his way back thirty-five years and pick up something which would enable him to understand clearly what it was to be in love. In the midst of this journey he found himself on a platform before a crowd of his fellow-citizens, explaining to them his very eminent fitness for a seat in Congress. Next, after another plunge toward the lang-syne of affection, he became aware of the offensive propinquity of Peyton Beaumont, and gave him just for once a plain piece of his McAlister mind, calling him an unreasonable old savage, a selfish, greedy brute, etc.

"Ah!" gasped the Judge, angrily, recurring to his loud whisper. "Must I quit running for Congress because *he* demands it? What business has he to domineer over me in this fashion? By the heavens above me, I will run and I'll beat him. I'll be master for once; I'll bring him down; I'll smash him. Then we'll see whether he won't beckon my son back. I'll make him glad to accept my son. I'll make him jump to get him."

Of course he was greatly pleased with this idea. It laid hands on the goal of the Capitol, and humiliated the

life-long enemy, and secured the Kershaw estate, and made Frank happy. Perhaps no man, however judicial-minded by nature or habit, is entirely lucid on the subject of his ruling passion. The Judge felt almost sure of winning his seat in the next Congress, and quite sure that that success would make all other successes easy. After some further loud breathing, he resumed his whispering.

"I can help Frank. I can do better for him than he can do for himself. If I give up, and he gets the girl by that means, he will be a slave to the Beaumonts for life. But let me once lay her father on his back, and he can make his own terms. Beaumont will be glad to come to terms with a family that can beat him. Beaumont will jump at the marriage. The girl will jump at it. Frank will have reason to thank me."

Then came more expulsions of breath, and then calmness in that mighty breast. The Judge was tranquil; he had reasoned the matter clean out; he had reached a decision.

Somewhat of these meditations he revealed to Frank at their next interview, taking care, of course, to deal in delicate hints, so as not to hurt the boy's feelings.

"I have no right to stand in your way, sir," was the cold, hopeless reply.

"Why no, of course not," was the feeling of Judge McAlister, although he failed to say it. It did not seem to him, now that he had had time to reflect upon the matter, that any human being, not even his favorite son, had a right to stand in his way, especially when that way led to the House of Representatives. At the same time he repeated to himself that neither would he stand in the boy's road, but, on the contrary, would help him mightily.

"It will be all right, Frank," he declared blandly and cheerfully, meanwhile looking at the ceiling so as not to see the youngster's gloomy face. "You will find that your father is right."

Thus it was that the Judge's candidature went on, and that as a consequence the old feud blazed out volcanically. Any one who could have studied the two families at this time would have judged that they hated each other all the more because they had stricken hands for a few weeks. The Beaumonts raved against McAlister duplicity, and the McAlisters against Beaumont imperiousness and insolence. The Hon. Peyton breathed nothing but brandy and gunpowder from ten minutes after he woke up to two hours or so after he went to sleep. His boys, even to the fat and philosophic Poinsett, oiled their duelling-pistols, wore revolvers under their shooting-jackets, refreshed their memories as to the code of honor, and held themselves ready to fight at a whistle. The McAlisters, a less aggressive and fiery people, but abundantly capable of the "defensive with offensive returns," made similar preparations. The women of the two houses were blandly but firmly warned by their men that they must not call on each other. There were no advocates of peace, at least none in a state to intervene. The good gray head of Kershaw was tossing on a sick-pillow; and the pure, sweet face of Kate was always hovering near it, her soul so absorbed by his peril that she scarcely heard of other troubles. Nellie Armitage, bewildered by the sudden reflux of the traditional hate, and believing with her father that Judge McAlister had shown himself the most puny of men, had not a word to say for her sister or her sister's lover. In the rival house the women were silent, obedient to their male folk, as was their custom. Frank, not at liberty to speak against his father, not at liberty to plead the cause of a heart which nobody seemed to care for, was voiceless, helpless, and miserable. He wore no revolvers; he wanted to be shot at sight.

The village of Hartland was charmed with this fresh eruption of its venerated volcano. Men and women and boys were in as delightful an excitement

over it as ever were so many physicists over a convulsion of nature. There was no end to the discussions and the predictions and the bettings. But we cannot listen to all these crowding talkers; we must select some little knot which shall sufficiently chorus to us public opinion; and perhaps we cannot do better than incline our ears to our old-time acquaintance, Wilkins and Duffy. Every evening, after trading hours were over, these two friendly rivals in merchandise had a "caucus," sometimes in the "store" of one and sometimes in that of the other, and discussed the Beaumont-McAlister imbroglio with the aid of other village notables. These little reunions were very interesting to Wilkins, and at the same time very provoking. His ancient crony was much in liquor at this period of Hartland's history. The excitement which filled the district had been too much for Duffy. Duffy had taken to drink to quiet his nervousness, and his head as we remember, being uncommonly weak, the remedy had increased the disease. He rushed into the imprudence of three "horns" a day, and consequently he was more or less flighty from morning to night.

"I tell you, Wilkins, it's all right," he affirmed in the course of one of these parliaments. "All come out right in the end. Make up an' marry yet. Bet you a hat they will. Bet you a hat, Wilkins. Any kind of a hat. Black hat or white. Broad brim or narrow brim. Bell crown or stove-pipe. Bet you a hat, Wilkins."

"Now don't be a d-a-a-m fool!" implored Wilkins, for perhaps the tenth time that evening. "I don't want to win your hat. I don't want your bet. Just shut up about your hat and listen to reason."

They were in the little room in rear of Duffy's "store"; the room where he kept his double-barrelled shot-gun and revolver; the room where he slept. It was nearly midnight; buying and selling were long since over; several of the village gossips had been in for an hour; there had

been much talking and some drinking. General Johnson, a little, thin, pale-faced, gray-headed man, attired in a black dress-coat, black satin vest, and black trousers frayed around the heels, stood with his back to the Franklin stove, his hands behind him, his coat-tails parted, apparently under the impression that he was warming himself, although there was no fire and the weather was stifling. Colonel Jacocks, a plethoric young lawyer with a good-natured flabby face and a moist laughing eye, sat on Duffy's bed, his fat thighs spreading wide and his fat hands in his pockets. Major Jobson (the partner of Jacocks), a slender, very dark and sallow young man, with piercing black eyes and an eager martial expression, marched up and down the room like a sentinel, striking the floor with a thick black cane, the handle of which was evidently loaded. Duffy, very soggy with his last little drink, was astride of a chair, holding on by the back and staring argumentatively at Wilkins. Wilkins, his leathery and humorous face much more in earnest than usual, was gesturing at Duffy.

All these men, excepting the prudent and strong-headed Wilkins, were solemnly and genteelly the worse for liquor. Jacocks, notwithstanding that he sat there so quietly, was to that extent elevated that he had insisted on saying grace over the last "drinks around," taking off his broad-brimmed hat and raising his fat hand for the purpose. General Johnson had been so far from seeing any impropriety in the act, that he had reverently bowed his head and dropped a tear upon the floor, muttering something about "pious parents." But drunk as the gentlemen were, they could remember that they were gentlemen and keep up a fair imitation of sobriety. Even the jolly Jacocks, although he had fallen from his religious exaltation into a spirit of gayety, was only blandly merry.

"Go on, Duffy," he said, winking at the fierce Jobson. "No man who can sit astride of a rocking-chair can

be beaten in an argument. Hold fast by your opinion. Only don't bet hats; bet drinks for the crowd. The crowd will stand by you."

"I will," responded Duffy, with obvious thickness of speech, — speech as broad as it was long. "I'll bet drinks for the crowd, an' I'll bet hats for the crowd. I say those two families'll make it up yet; shake han's all roun' an' make 't up; make 't up an' marry. Bet you those two families'll make 't up. Bet you they will. Bet you drinks for the crowd. Bet you hats for the crowd. Bet you they'll make 't up. Bet you they will."

"O just hear him now!" exclaimed Wilkins, driven to desperation by such persistent unreason. Then walking up to General Johnson, he whispered confidentially, "That's the way he always is, if he takes anything. Only had one horn since supper, and here he is drunker than you or I would be on a quart. And those two fellows are putting him up to make a fool of himself. I don't call it the square thing."

"Allow me, Mr. Duffy," interposed the General, thus incited to remonstrate. "And you, my dear Colonel Jacocks, excuse me for disagreeing. Knowing as I do the characters of these two families, and having been intimately familiar with them from my youth up, I venture to say that I unhappily see no reason to believe that there can be any lasting amity between them, especially in view of the political differences which have lately arisen, or rather which have always smoldered beneath their intercourse. My impression is, and I cannot tell you how much I regret to insist upon it, that the Beaumonts and McAlisters, incited by a family history without parallel in the history of the world, are destined to remain enemies for many years to come, until circumstances, more potent than have yet been developed, shall arise to soothe the passions which boil betwixt them, and lead them irresistibly into one common bond of friendship cemented by inter-

est and new methods of thought and feeling."

General Johnson had a disputed reputation as an orator. He could talk in a diffuse, inconclusive, incomprehensible manner for hours together. His admirers, among whom was young Jobson, gave him credit for "flights of eloquence"; these flights being the passages in which he took leave of intelligibility altogether. On the present occasion, as the reader must have observed, he came very near a flight. Jobson looked at him with ebony eyes of intense admiration, glanced about the company to call attention, and tapped his cane smartly on the floor. But Duffy was neither entranced nor convinced nor even interested. He had simply his own ideas about the subject in hand, and he was bent solely on uttering them.

"That's so," he declared, just as if the General had agreed with him. "Always told you fellahs they'd come together. Told you two so months ago. Told you they'd marry an' put an' end to the fight. You know it, Bill Wilkins. Told you so on board the Mersey. That's what I said. I said they'd marry an' put an end to the fight. Don't ye mind how I said so?"

"O — blast it!" groaned Wilkins.

"Well, blast it, if you want to. But don't ye 'member it? Don't ye 'member I said so?"

"Yes, I know you said so. But they have n't done it. That's the point. They have n't done it."

"But they're goin' to," persisted the infatuated Duffy. "Bet you hats for the crowd. Bet you they'll make it up an' marry. That's what I bet on. Bet you they will."

"O thunder!" responded Wilkins, driven to wrath. "Well, you may lose your hats, if you will. Yes, I'll bet five hats with you. Time, one year from to-night."

"And drinks for the crowd," amended Jacocks.

"Yes, drinks for the crowd," agreed Wilkins.

"And now, Duffy, tell us about

Hutch Holland's store," grinned Jacocks.

"Took up posish at the corner," commenced Duffy, with a muddy idea that there was humor in the repetition of the old story, although unaware that the joke pointed at himself.

"O, stop," implored Wilkins. "If you go over that confounded bosh again, I'll quit."

"But seriously, gentlemen," interrupted Major Jobson, perceiving that his favorite orator and great man, General Johnson, did not enjoy this trifling, — "seriously, gentlemen, I believe that this feud between the Beaumonts and McAlisters is fuller of earthquake throes than in the times of old. I believe that we shall shortly behold tragedies which will make even sturdy old Hartland recoil with horror. I believe that before the election is over blood will flow in torrents."

"O, not torrents," objected Jacocks, who accused his partner of a tendency to Irish oratory and habitually laughed at him about it. "Say drops."

"Well, drops then," responded Jobson, with a fierce roll of his great blazing black eyes. "But drops from the heart, gentlemen. Drops of lifeblood."

"Meetings are sure," declared General Johnson, thinking how easily he had got into a number of meetings during his life, and feeling not unwilling to assist at some more.

"O, hang it! I hope not," groaned the humane and pacific Wilkins. It must be understood, by the way, that had not General Johnson been a rather seedy old grandee, not given to paying his bills, and much addicted to accepting treats, Wilkins would not have been so free and easy with him. To a Peyton Beaumont or a Donald McAlister this modest and sensible storekeeper would have been far more reverent.

"Your feelings, sir, on this subject honor you, and honor our whole species," melodiously began the frayed and threadbare General. "But, sir, you will pardon me, I hope, for suggesting —"

He was interrupted by the sound of unsteady steps in the darkness of the long outer room. Southerners, when not overexcited by liquor or anger, are fastidious about giving offence; they are more prudent than non-duelling peoples as to letting their opinions reach the wrong ears. The General stopped talking, assumed a diplomatically bland expression of countenance, and waited for the unknown to show himself. His caution was well timed, for the visitor was Tom Beaumont.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the youngster, courteously, although he was clearly in liquor. "Thought I should find somebody hanging up here. We wo-n't go ho-me till morn-ing."

"Duffy is in for a night of it," whispered Major Jobson to Wilkins. "I shall vamos."

"I must see Duffy out," the faithful Wilkins muttered in reply. "If I don't keep watch over him, he'll say some blasted stupid thing, and then Beaumont 'll mount him."

Meantime Tom advanced to a couple of whiskey-bottles which stood on the stove, found a gill or so of liquor in the bottom of one of them, poured it out and drank it pure. He was as confident and superior as if he belonged to a higher scale in creation than these other men. He even seemed to patronize General Johnson, reverend with eloquence and honors, and seedy with noble poverty. Moreover, the respect which he demanded was accorded to him. There was a silence about him as of courtiers. To Wilkins and all the others he represented a great name, the name of a long-descended and predominant family, the name of the Beaumonts. They were not humiliated, but they were reverent; he was not insolent, but he was confident. There was a sort of calm sublimity in the young toper, notwithstanding his thick utterance and ridiculous reeling.

"We wo-n't go ho-me till morn-ing," sang Tom. "Who says he will? Duffy, more whiskey. I treat. Here 's the cash. Roll in the whiskey. None of that, Wilkins," plunging at the door

to prevent the exit of the person addressed. "Over my body, Wilkins."

"Somebody in the store," returned Wilkins, determined to make his escape, if it could be done peaceably.

"Bring him in," laughed Tom, and flung the door wide open.

To the horror of Wilkins the light from the back room disclosed the lofty figure of Frank McAlister, who had entered for the purpose of buying some small matter, and without a suspicion that he should stumble upon a Beaumont.

"Ah!" shouted crazy Tom. "There's the tall fellow. I'll take him down a story. I'll razee him."

Whiskey, the family feud, the pugnacious instinct of his race, made him forget that he owed this man lifelong gratitude. He had not an idea in his buzzing head but the sole stupid idea of rushing to the combat.

"For God's sake, get out of this," whispered Wilkins, springing forward and pushing Frank toward the door. "He's as crazy as a loon. Get out of this, if you don't want mischief."

Our gentle giant certainly did not want mischief with one of Kate's brothers; but in his surprise and indignation he stood his ground, softly putting Wilkins aside.

The next instant the long room rang with the report of Tom's pistol, whether fired by accident or intention no one could afterwards tell, not even the lunatic young roister himself.

CHAPTER XX.

If Tom fired intentionally, then it must be that Frank looked to him about ten feet high, for the ball went a yard or two over the head of the latter, entering the wall only a little below the ceiling.

Wilkins took the hint and dodged into some invisible nook of safety. He was a cool, brave man, and he was pretty well accustomed to this sort of thing, but he had a rational dislike to being shot for some one else. General

Johnson, that bland, yet heroic *habitué* of duelling-grounds, advanced speechifying through the half-darkness, but fell over a pile of ropes and cords with his hands in his pockets, and lay for some seconds helpless. The somnolent Jacocks did not stir from his seat on Duffy's bed; and Duffy, smiling straight whiskeys, remained astride of his rocking-chair. The martial-eyed Jobson hastily pushed the door to with his loaded cane, and then intrenched himself behind the projecting fireplace, remarking, "This is cursed ugly."

The hereditary enemies had a free field to themselves for a fight in the dark.

"Where are you?" shouted Tom, so completely bewildered by drink and the obscurity that he turned his back upon the foe and fired a couple of barrels into Duffy's dry-goods. Frank plunged toward the flashes, wound his long arms around his slender antagonist, pinioned him, disarmed him, and threw the pistol over a counter.

"Let go of me," shouted the struggling Tom. "I say, who is that? Is it you, McAlister? Let go of me."

"Will you be quiet, you idiot?" demanded Frank, who had forgotten that he wanted to be shot, and fought instinctively to keep a whole skin, as other men do.

"O, it's you, is it?" returned Tom. Then came a string of ferocious threats and of such abuse as cannot be written. But it was useless for the madman to scold and scuffle; he was thrown across a chair with his face downward and held there; he was as helpless as a mouse in the iron grasp of a trap. At this point Wilkins, judging that the pistol-firing was over, came out of his unknown hiding-place, and, throwing open the door of the back room, let in light upon the battle-field. General Johnson now saw his way clear to disentangle himself from the coils of rope on which he had made shipwreck, and in so doing kicked a loose bed-cord within reach of the combatants. Frank perceived it and instantly grasped it.

"Will you give me your word of

honor to keep quiet?" he demanded.

"No, I won't," gasped the captive, still struggling. "Take your hands off me."

"Then, by heavens, I'll tie you," exclaimed Frank, beside himself with anger for the first time in this history.

In half a minute more Tom was wound from head to foot in the bed-cord, like the Laocöon in his serpents.

"My God!" whispered General Johnson to Wilkins. "Tie a gentleman! I never heard of such a thing in the whole course of my experience."

"Let's go out of here," said the martial-eyed Jobson, when he became aware of what was going on. "Beaumont might hold us responsible."

And, raising a window, he leaped into Duffy's back yard, followed the lead of a scared cat, made his way into the street, and hastened homeward with his face over his shoulder. Meantime Jacocks, Duffy, and Wilkins gathered behind the General and stared speechlessly at the pinioned Beaumont, as much confounded at his plight as if they beheld him paralyzed by the wand of an enchanter. Probably the oldest inhabitant of Hartland could not have remembered seeing a "high-tone gentleman" subjected to such treatment. But then the inhabitants of Hartland, meaning those of the masculine gender, rarely lived to be old. A good many were carried off early by whiskey, and a considerable number, "died in their boots."

"I wish to prevent him from disgracing himself," said Frank, recovering somewhat of his self-possession as he remembered that his captive was Kate's brother. "A rencontre is not gentlemen's business."

"Mr. McAlister, I approve of your sentiments," murmured General Johnson, growing more cheerful as he saw a duel in prospect. The honor of Hartland and the chivalrous repute of its race of patricians were dear to the noble old militia-man.

"I shall go now," added Frank, after setting Tom in a chair and giving

him a last knotting to fasten him in it. "When he comes to his senses you will please explain the matter to him. His pistol is behind the counter. Mr. Duffy, I came in to purchase something; but it does n't matter now. Gentlemen, good evening."

"Good evening, Mr. McAlister," replied the General, touching his seedy beaver, while the other three simply bowed without speaking, so fearful were they of drawing upon themselves the wrath of the high and mighty Beaumonts."

"Untie me, won't you?" roared Tom, as his eyes followed Frank out of the street door. "I tell you, by — ! untie me."

"Yes, yes," assented the pacificatory Wilkins, pretending to pick and pull at the bedcord. But he was so judiciously slow and bungling that before he had half finished the disentanglement the gallop of a horse was heard outside; and when Tom at last seized his pistol and rushed howling into the street, no McAlister was in the neighborhood.

"That's just as right as can be," observed Wilkins, peering out cautiously. "But it is n't, by gracious, any too right. There'll be a duel sure. Duffy, you've lost your hats."

"Bet you, I have n't," returned the imperturbably idiotically smiling Duffy.

"O, you go to bed and sleep off your quarter of a thimbleful of whiskey," advised Wilkins, as he marched homewards.

This adventure between Tom Beaumont and Frank McAlister sent all Hartland into fits of excitement. For three days hardly any business was transacted in the little borough. Duffy, who had seen a little of the fight, told a great deal; and Jobson, who had not seen "the first lick" of it, told much more. General Johnson narrated and lectured and prophesied on every corner; and, being invited into various bar-rooms, repeated himself until he grew pathetic over "those two noble young men, by G—d, sir"; meanwhile leaning his shining elbows for support

on a sloppy counter and letting his tears mingle with a thin drizzle of tobacco-juice. The only spectator of the "unpleasantness" who could not be got to remember anything about it was the sagacious Wilkins; blandly intent upon saying nothing which should offend either mighty Beaumont or doughy McAlister, and also pleased to go on with his trading while others entertained the bummers; whereby he got into temporary disfavor with the chivalry of Hartland, a race scornful of prudence and of finance.

If the village was thus excited, imagine the tempest at the Beaumont place. It must be understood that Tom got home without breaking his neck, fell a slumbering in a heap while unbuckling his spurs, was found and put to bed by a helot accustomed to such duties, and in the morning related his mishap to his father, at least so far as he could remember it. Such, by the way, was the candid habit of the junior Beaumonts; they always went to the head of the family with the tale of their disagreements. The father was proud of this frankness, looked upon it as the behavior of true-born gentlemen, and contrasted it favorably with the managements of other youngsters, who, as he said, sneaked into their duels.

Peyton was utterly astounded by the story of the tying, and could not bring himself to believe it on Tom's unsupported testimony, half suspecting the boy of delirium-tremens or other lunacy. But the insult being at least possible, he rode over to the village in search of General Johnson, and obtained a full, finished, and flowery statement of what had happened at Duffy's. When he got home he was in such a fit of rage as nobody could be in but an old-time Beaumont. He drank a pint of brandy that forenoon without feeling it.

"Vincent, this is perfectly awful," he said, drawing a gasp of horror, as he thought anew of the hitherto unheard-of indignity which had been inflicted upon a Beaumont. "I really don't

know what to do, Vincent," he added, almost pathetically.

"Tom will have to fight him, of course," replied the eldest son of the family, his face perfectly calm over this terrible announcement. "The old obligation is more than cancelled."

"Cancelled! Of course it is," exclaimed Beaumont, senior. "An insult cancels any obligation. Of course, Tom must fight. He could n't stay in the State if he did n't. But how? I never heard of such an outrage. What sort of fighting will avenge it? — Ah!"

This "Ah" was a whispered confession of fearful pain. At that moment one of the most dolorous of Peyton Beaumont's diseases gave him a twinge which seemed as if it would separate soul from body. He straightened himself, threw his head slowly backward, grasped the arms of his chair with both hands, and remained silent for a few seconds, his forehead beaded with perspiration and his eyes fixed in agony. As the transport passed he drew another low sigh, this time a deep breath of relief, and resumed the conversation. Not a complaint, not an explanation, not even a groan. If the old fellow was something of a savage, he at all events had the grit of a savage, and he was for a moment sublime.

"Does it seem to you, Vincent," he calmly asked, "that Tom ought to insist upon any peculiar terms? Fighting over a handkerchief, for instance?"

"I don't see it," put in Poinsett. "Tom's own story is that he fired his revolver, and that the other man did not fire. Tom has already had his shot."

"Suppose you have your shot on the duelling-ground, and then your antagonist rushes on you and pulls your nose?" returned Vincent.

"Yes; there is your case," said Beaumont, senior, turning upon Poinsett. "There is McAlister's behavior. A most beastly business! Just worthy of a nigger."

"I beg your pardon, but I can't see it," declared the clear-headed Poinsett, educated to law and logic. "There

was no duel here. Tom passed an insult and fired a pistol, all without immediate provocation. I don't excuse the tying, understand. After McAlister had disarmed Tom, he was at liberty to kill him, or to leave him. The tying was superfluous and insulting. But at least a part of the wrong of it is removed by the fact that Tom had taken the initiative and forced the rencontre. I don't believe that we should be justified in demanding any unusual proceedings. A duel simple is all we can ask."

After a long argument Poinsett's judicial mind prevailed over the fiery brains of the other Beaumonts, and they decided to demand only a duel simple.

Does the inhabitant of a more peaceful district than Hartland find himself horror-stricken and incredulous over this tremendous family council? The Beaumonts were not inhabitants of a peaceful district; they were the most pugnacious brood of a peculiarly pugnacious population; for generation after generation they had had an education of blood and iron. A Quaker, a New-Englander, or even an ordinary Englishman could not easily comprehend their excitable nature. Two centuries, perhaps seven or eight centuries, of high feeding, high breeding, habits of dominion, and habits of fighting, had made them unlike the mass of men. They were of the nature of blood horses; they had the force, the courage, the nervousness, the fiery temper, and the dangerousness; they were admirable and they were terrible. There was not one of them, old man or boys, not even the lazy Poinsett, who would not have fought to the death rather than submit to what he thought dishonorable. They had a morality very different from the morality of the hard-working, law-abiding bourgeois. It was utterly different, and yet it governed as strictly. They would no more have fallen short of their ideas of honor than Neal Dow would break the Maine liquor law, or Charles Sumner would trade in niggers. If we want to find a

parallel to the Beaumonts in some other land, we must, I think, go to the Green Erin of one or two hundred years ago, and resurrect the profuse, reckless, quarrelsome, heroic O'Neills and O'Learys and O'Sullivans.

Tom's challenge found our usually pacific Frank McAlister in a pugnacious state of mind. He was pale and haggard in these days; he ate little and slept scarcely at all, and fretted continually over his troubles; the consequence was that his nerves were shaky and his temper insurgent and his reason far from clear.

"Look at that," he said, handing the cartel to his brother, Robert Bruce. "Did you ever hear of such an unreasonable, malignant little beast? I disarmed him and tied him to keep him from committing simple murder and bringing himself to the gallows. The young brute ought to thank me on his knees. And here he wants to fight me. By heavens, if it were not for one thing, I don't know but I would; yes, I would — kill him. But that is nonsense," he added, after a moment's pause. "I would do nothing of the sort. I am not bound to fight him, and I won't fight him."

Bruce, meanwhile, his habitually thoughtful and melancholy eyes fixed on the ground, was considering the affair from the point of view of the code. His conclusion was precisely the same with that of the logical Poinsett.

"You had a right to disarm him," he said. "And you had a right to kill him. But the tying was an insult. The challenge is *en règle*."

"What!" exclaimed Frank, astonished by the argument, and at the same time beaten by it. "So, according to the code, I owe a shot to the man whom I would not let murder me? What barbarity!"

"If you had simply disarmed him, he would not have had a foot left to stand upon," said Bruce. "I am sorry you tied him."

"It was an awful outrage!" returned Frank with bitter irony. "I served

him right, and committed an outrage. It won't answer among madmen to be rational."

"What will you do?" asked the elder brother, after a full minute of silence.

"Look here, Bruce," Frank burst forth. "I don't care one straw for your cursed code of honor. It is a beastly barbarity; I hate it and despise it. But I want to be shot. I want this very man to shoot me. He saw me save his sister from death when he had lost her. He is the very man to shoot me; don't you think so? If I want to be shot, — and I do with all my heart and soul, — let *him* do it. You know what is the matter with me, don't you? I love his sister more than my life. I love her, and I have lost her. No use. I stopped this cursed quarrel for a while; I stopped it, as I thought, forever; and here it is again. It will never end in my time. I give up to it. It has beaten me. Even she has joined in it. I have dared to write to her, and have got no answer. I never can marry her; and even if I could, it would only be to make her miserable; and I would rather die than that. O my God, how I love her! And she, — she won't give me one line, — won't say that she does not hate me — like the rest of her family. And for all that I love her. Bruce, I wonder if you or any one can understand it. I wonder if any man ever so loved a woman before. I can call up every expression of her face. I can see her now as plainly as if she were here. O my God, what a heaven I can make around me! But it is a delusion. I am like a spirit in hell, seeing paradise afar off. There is a great gulf fixed. My father fixed it. Her brother helps. All the power of this damnable old feud goes to widen it. There is no crossing. There is no hope at all. Not the least. I wish I was dead. I want to die. Yes, let him fight me; let him shoot at me as much as he pleases; let there be an end of it. I sha'n't fire back. Understand that, Bruce. I sha'n't fire at *her* brother. Not at Kate Beaumont's brother."

His voice broke here and his gigantic frame shook with sobs; he did not try to conceal his agony, for he was not ashamed of it; indeed, he rather gloried in confessing that he suffered for her; it was a strange consolation, and it was his only one. Shall we impute the force of his passion to him as a weakness, and the greatness of his power of suffering as a littleness? It would be an error; the nobility of a soul is gauged as much by its emotional as by its intellectual strength; the being who feels is as sublime as the being who thinks.

Bruce could make no response to his brother's outburst of anguish. There was a silence similar in motive to that which men often keep in the presence of those who lament the dead. It was the speechlessness of sympathy and awe, incapable of giving help and conscious that there is no comfort.

Shall we who do not fight duels condemn the young man for accepting the challenge to the field of honor? We must remember the education of his childhood, the spirit of the society in which he now lived, and the irrationality of overmuch misery. But although he would hazard his life in a way which our reason and his own reason condemned, he would go no further in the path of bloodshed. He persisted in declaring that he would receive Tom's fire, and that he would not return it. On this point he would not listen to argument.

"Then," said Bruce, his own voice wavering a little at last, — "then I will have nothing more to do with it. You must seek some other adviser."

"I shall choose General Johnson," replied Frank.

"The old wretch is murderous," remonstrated Bruce. "He will get you both killed, if possible. He will keep you standing there all day to be shot at."

"So much the better," was the desperate response of one of those rational men, who, when they do go mad, outpace all others' madness.

Old and shaky as General Johnson

was, he no more quailed before the task of seeing Frank through his "difficulty" than a fashionable dowager shrinks from matronizing a young belle through a party. One result of this strange choice of a second was that Tom Beaumont made a still more singular one. Our sociable friend Major Lawson, riding over to the Beaumont place with news of Kershaw and Kate, heard with horror of the projected encounter. The humane, sentimental, friendly creature went through instantaneous, terrible exercises of spirit, and thought like a mill-race. How should he stop the duel, save the life of Frank McAlister, close up once more the abyss of the feud, and bring to a happy ending his poem of Romeo and Juliet? Should he apply for aid to Kershaw, or to Kate? Alas, the old man was but just convalescing from a perilous illness, and the shock of such news as this might sweep him back to the borders of the grave! As for the girl, she was worn out with watching; moreover, she had received mysterious letters which paled her young cheeks; she had written answers, and then had torn them up suddenly, as if under a sense of duty; she was evidently wretched and evidently ailing. Clearly she was in no fit condition to wrestle with fresh troubles, and it would be both cowardly and wicked to drag her into an arena of gladiators. Next the Major had thoughts of appealing to Frank, and begging him to prevent the duel by an apology. But the Beaumonts were obviously infuriated to that degree that no act of satisfaction would serve which was not a degradation. Thus baffled wheresoever he looked for aid, our peacemaker took a desperate leap into the darkness of the untried, and resolved to offer himself as Tom's second, with the hope of effecting an arrangement. Knowing nothing of duels except by report, and his whole humane, peaceable nature shrinking from participation in them, his impulse was an inspiration of true heroism.

"My God, my dear Tom!" said the

Major, drawing that warlike youngster to one side, and speaking with such earnestness that he forgot to play his usual vocal variations. "This is a dreadful business; more dreadful than I had expected. I knew of the political misunderstanding; I knew that the Judge had been unwise enough to reopen the quarrel with your excellent father. But I did hope that things might get on without bloodshed. Excuse me. I mean no reflections. My remarks have no personal bearing. I was simply speaking from general considerations of humanity. But allow me. Permit me a friendly question or two. I feel deeply interested in your welfare," protested the Major, who in reality wished that Tom would drop down dead. "May I ask who is to be your second?"

"I wanted Vincent," said Tom, with abominable frankness and calmness. "I thought McAlister would take his brother Bruce; then I could have had Vincent, who knows these things like a book. But he has chosen old Johnson; and that knocks me out of Vincent, of course; and, in fact, I suppose I ought to pick out some other old cock. That's what fellows would call the correct thing."

"Take me," begged Lawson, turning pale as he made his great plunge. "My dear young friend, I am quite at your service. Take me."

We must do Tom Beaumont justice. When he was in liquor he was a brute; but when he was sober he was a gentleman at all hazards, that is, as he understood gentility. Knowing full well that Lawson was no fit man to take charge of a duel, and profoundly astonished at his audacity in proposing so to do, he instantly and politely accepted his offer. In five minutes more, still trembling from head to foot with excitement, the Major was off to discuss the terms of the meeting with General Johnson.

"What!" exclaimed Vincent, when Tom informed him of his choice of a second. "That old imbecile! He does n't know anything about it."

"How could I help taking him when he offered?" answered the heroic young roister.

"I don't know," admitted the puzzled Vincent, after long consideration.

Peyton Beaumont was equally amazed and displeased when he heard who was to manage for his son on the field of honor. But on learning that Lawson had himself proposed the arrangement, his mouth was stopped at once; and though he had seen Tom at the brink of death through the Major's inability to load pistols, he would not have opened it. It must be admitted that these Beaumonts, domineering and uncomfortable as they were, had their admirable points.

J. W. DeForest.

BUBBLES FROM AN ANCIENT PIPE.

I.

THE AMERICAN RAPHAEL.

"WALK into my studio, don't be afraid,
And examine my wonders of light and of shade;
I came out to Rome only six months ago,
And my progress in Art, I tell *you*, ain't slow.
Here's my 'Tobit,' and 'Venus,' my 'Babes in the Wood,'
My 'Peter F. Jones,' and my 'Jason G. Blood,'
My 'Lincoln'; my 'Jackson'; my 'Angel of Fire'
In color so strong it will make you perspire."

I looked at these terrors in red, blue, and green,
 And all other pigments that ever were seen,
 And asked for the name of this wanderer from home.
 "The American *Raphael* they call him in Rome,"
 Said my friend, as we came down the artist's steep stairs,
 Our heads full of Sinais, and heroes, and bears, —
 "And the reason is this, as his pictures won't sell,
 He *raffles* them off, — and it pays very well!"

II.

COMPLIMENTS.

A POET whose fame is as wide as the world
 Had a call from a youth wishing greatly to know him,
 Who entered with stammer and blush, blurting out,
 "I am one of the *few*, sir, who've read your new poem."

II.

Coming out of church, a hearer, greatly pleased,
 Accosted Dr. Jerman:
 "The best discourse I ever heard you preach, —
 What was the *subject* of your sermon?"

III.

My friend Tom Vox once lectured in a town,
 The audience numbering twenty-two or three;
 And when Tom closed, they took his hand and said,
 "'T was not so *tedious* as we thought 't would be."

III.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

A DAMAGED Phœnix
 From Arabia Felix;

Has lost a claw,
 And part of his maw,
 Also his jaw.
 His tail is loose,
 So that's no use.
 Has lost both wings,
 And other things.
 He never sings.

He can't fight,
 He can't bite,
 He can't walk,
 He can't talk,
 He can't cry,
 He can't fly,
 He is n't spry,
 Has but one eye.
 Less than a third
 Of the original bird
 Is now for sale
 By Timothy Vail.

THE NEW ENGLISH EDITION OF LAMB'S WORKS.*

THIS collection of Charles Lamb's writings has been some years in preparation, and Elia's admirers expected it would be the standard impression of his works, the edition in which posterity would read the letters and essays of this unique genius. And such, no doubt, it would have been, had the publishers selected a competent person to edit the collection; one who, like John Forster or Barry Cornwall, knew Lamb thoroughly and appreciated him fully. The original editor was Mr. William Carew Hazlitt.† He and the Moxons soon quarrelled, and after they had called each other hard names in the columns of the classical Athenæum, Hazlitt relinquished his labor on Lamb, and some poor hack was hired to finish the work.

At last, after many "put offs and put bys," the first volume of "The Complete Correspondence and Works of Charles Lamb, with an Essay on his Life and Genius by George Augustus Sala," was published. Sala's Introduction was so disliked by the lovers

of Elia, that the publishers wisely withdrew it, and filled its place (perhaps not quite so wisely) with a paper by a Mr. Thomas Purnell, who prattles pleasantly of Elia, and has something like a right idea of his great and peculiar merits.

Sala's proem was a literary curiosity, — a masterpiece of digressive skill and ingenuity, — and under the title of "Charles Lamb and Soforth" it would have done admirably as a contribution to "Temple Bar" or the "Belgravian" magazine. The most roundabout of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," or even Montaigne's famous essay on "Coaches," is, when compared with Sala's dissertation, as "straightforward as a Roman road." In this remarkable article he contrived to descant upon voluminous authors and the man of one book, upon the unliterary work of some famous literary men, upon Boswell and Boswellism, upon De Quincey and opium-eating, upon Abelard and Heloise, upon the life and character of Horace Walpole, upon Napoleon the great and Lord Byron, upon the confessions of Montaigne, Rousseau, Pepys, Sterne, and other well-known writers, upon the vinous excesses of some great and famous Englishmen, upon modern clubs and club men, and, in fact, upon almost everything and

* The Complete Correspondence and Works of Charles Lamb. In Four Volumes. London: E. Moxon, Son, & Co. 1870.

† Heine holds it to be an advisable thing, when quoting from an obscure author, to give the number of his house; and perhaps in mentioning Mr. William Carew Hazlitt it would be well to state that he is a grandson of William Hazlitt, the famous critic and essayist.

everybody except Charles Lamb and his works.

And now, two or three years after the appearance of the unlucky first volume, the edition is completed. It fills four goodly duodecimos. Their mechanical execution is quite neat and tasteful; but the editing is, for the most part, bad enough to make a lover of Elia emulate a certain well-known peculiarity of "our armies in Flanders." The editor, whoever he may be, is nearly as well qualified for his business as was George Dyer to criticise the old English dramatists. Macaulay's school-boy would blush to make such gross mistakes about Lamb and his writings as this man does. Many of his inaccuracies are good enough to be added to Disraeli's chapter on "Literary Blunders." Some of the editorial notes marvellously resemble the comments with which Mr. William Carew Hazlitt is wont to enrich the unfortunate publications he attempts to edit. If these notes are his, one cannot be surprised that he and the Moxons quarrelled, though one is surprised that they ever intrusted Lamb to such an incompetent editor as he. If these annotations are not by W. C. Hazlitt, we do not know who could have written them, unless it was the shop-boy whom the publishers set to work upon this edition of Lamb when business was dull.

Lamb says, in a letter to Coleridge, "I think you promised me a sight of Wordsworth's *Tragedy*." Upon this passage the editor comments thus: "A lost production; a specimen of it is quoted in one of Hazlitt's *Essays*." The "specimen" is quoted in Hazlitt's article on Wordsworth, in "The Spirit of the Age," and is taken from the third act of "The Tragedy of the Borderers." This work was written in 1795-96, and was circulated in manuscript among the author's friends. It was published in 1842, and is included in all complete editions of Wordsworth's poetical works. So much for "a lost production."

"Professor, thy glories wax dim,"

writes Lamb in a letter to Manning, dated December 16, 1800. To this sentence the editor appends the following note: "Lamb proceeds to apostrophize himself under this title, showing what he was to have achieved in the way of book-purchasers, etc., if Mr. H. had succeeded." Probably in glancing over this delightful letter, the learned commentator caught sight of the words "we are damned," and remembering Lamb's unsuccessful farce, he hastily concluded that the unlucky play spoken of in the epistle was "Mr. H." Of course if "Mr. H." had been the piece mentioned therein, the Professor must have been Charles Lamb, but as the play in question was Godwin's tragedy of "Antonio," for which Lamb wrote the epilogue, the Professor was Godwin himself. "Mr. H." was not written till five or six years after the date of this letter, and could not, therefore, have been damned in 1800.

Writing to a friend in December, 1806, Lamb says, "Those '*Tales from Shakespeare*' are coming out, and Mary has begun a new work." According to an editorial note this new work of Mary Lamb's was the "Adventures of Ulysses," but in fact it was "Mrs. Leicester's School," which was published in 1807. The "Adventures of Ulysses," as is well known, was written by Charles Lamb.

We are told in a note on one of the letters to Bernard Barton that the Quaker poet was a clerk in a London bank. Barton was never employed in any bank but that of the Messrs. Alexander of Woodbridge; and there he toiled faithfully for forty years, "working till within two days of his death," says his biographer.

To Coleridge, who was preparing for the press a volume of poems by Lamb, Lloyd, and himself, Lamb writes thus: "The Fragments I now send you I want printed to get rid of 'em; for while they stick burr-like to my memory, they tempt me to go on with the idle trade of versifying, which I long (most sincerely I speak it), I long to leave off, for it is unprofitable to my

soul." The editor says these "Fragments" were the "Curious Fragments" from Burton, but he is wrong. They were "The Grandame," and the other well-known fragments of blank verse. The Burton fragments, as the editor observes in another place, were first published with "John Woodvil," in 1801. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt or his anonymous successor informs us that the "Specimens from the Writings of Fuller, the Church Historian," were "probably made when Lamb was in possession [1829] of Mr. Gilman's copy of Fuller." Not made till 1829! Why, you careless, blundering commentator, the specimens from Fuller were originally published in 1811, in the fourth number of Leigh Hunt's "Reflector," and were included in "The Works of Charles Lamb," issued by the Olliers, in "two slight crown octavos," in 1818.

"This article," says Mr. Incompetent, in a note to the fine critical paper "On the Poetical Works of George Wither," "has always found a place in the editions, but its authenticity is very doubtful." Lamb permitted the essay to appear in the Ollier edition of his "Works," thereby proving that *he* at least had no doubts of its authorship.

"Shortly before his death," writes Talfourd, in the "Final Memorials," "Lamb had borrowed of Mr. Cary, Phillips's 'Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum,' which when returned by Mr. Moxon, after the event, was found with the leaf folded down at the account of Sir Philip Sidney." Its receipt was acknowledged by some lines to the memory of Charles Lamb. In this new edition of Lamb this effusion of Cary's is printed between inverted commas, and inserted among Lamb's poems, with this heading, "Verses written in a Copy of Phillips's 'Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum,' returned by Mr. Casy, with the Leaf folded down at the Death of Sir Philip Sidney." To whom did Mr. Casy (probably a misprint for Mr. Cary) return the book? If he knew the verses were not written by Lamb, why

did the editor print them with Lamb's poetical works? And if he believed they were by Lamb, why put them between inverted commas?

We are informed that Lamb's lines upon the loss of his mother "do not appear in any of the modern editions"; and perhaps in the hope of atoning for that neglect, the editor inserts the verses twice in this edition of his author's writings. He gives them on page 463, Vol. III., under the title of "Lines written about 1797"; and on page 514 of the same volume he prints them under the caption of "Lines addressed to Robert Southey, about a Year after the Death of Mrs. Lamb [September, 1798]." This poem was originally published in "Southey's Life and Correspondence." It was reprinted in the second edition of Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb."

The few fine poems by Mary Lamb included in former editions of Lamb's works are retained in this, though their author's name is not given, nor is there anything said to indicate that they are not by Charles; and therefore all who make the acquaintance of Lamb in this collection of his writings will, if they read poor Mary's verses, credit him with the authorship of them.

The editor is a rare critic, and kindly informs his reader, whom he evidently regards as a greater ignoramus than himself, that Lamb's famous Christmas letter to Manning is "full of fun." This is delicious, and reminds one of the country trader, who hung a dried cod up at his door for a sign, but fearing his customers might not know what it was, labelled it "Salt Fish."

The annotations to the essays of Elia are few, but we should not complain if they were fewer. One of them is occasioned by a casual mention of the Gunpowder Plot, in the paper on "The South Sea House," "upon which there is an essay by Lamb in the Miscellaneous Collection. He says in one of his letters he could scarcely forgive another writer [Ainsworth?] for forestalling him here." Lamb's essay on

Guy Fawkes was originally published in the "Reflector" in 1811, and enlarged and reprinted in the "London Magazine," in 1823. Therefore if Ainsworth, who was born in 1805, "fore-stalled" Lamb in this matter, the author of "Jack Sheppard" was a prodigy of precocity, and must have written his romance of "Guy Fawkes" before he was six years old. The fact is, Ainsworth's "Guy Fawkes" was not published till 1841, seven years after Lamb's death. Hazlitt, in the article on Elia, in "The Spirit of the Age," says, "We believe he never heartily forgave a certain writer who took the subject of Guy Fawkes out of his hands." This "certain writer" was no doubt Hazlitt himself, who was the author of a semi-political essay on Guy Fawkes, published in the "Examiner," in 1821. When sketching Lamb's portrait in "The Spirit of the Age," Hazlitt had probably forgotten that Elia's "Guy Fawkes" was first printed in the "Reflector," years before the appearance of the "Examiner" article.

It is generally known that James Harrington wrote a work entitled "Oceana," but till we read the editorial notes to the essay on "Oxford in the Vacation," we were not aware that he was the author of a book called "Oceanus." Hallam does not mention such a work, neither does Disraeli in his chapter on Harrington in the "Amenities of Literature." Lowndes never heard of a production so entitled. Perhaps "Oceanus" is one of those "d—d typographical blunders which are the bane and the antidote of editors."

The editor, instead of confining himself to the margin like a modest commentator, meddles occasionally with his author's text, and makes "fine fret-work" of some of Elia's immortal sentences. Like the poor pedagogue mentioned in the essay on "The Old and New Schoolmaster," he apparently thinks he can write the English language more correctly than Charles Lamb. Here is a passage from "The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers," which

he has impertinently tried to improve: "I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper, — whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners." In the new edition of Lamb the sentence reads as follows: "I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper. [I know not] whether the oily particles," etc. How much better is Elia's dash than this awkwardly repeated "I know not!" What havoc such a commentator as this would make among the beauties and sublimities of Shakespeare!

Having got hold of the original manuscript of the article on "Witches, and other Night Fears," the editor discovers a notable discrepancy between a sentence in the manuscript and the printed copy. In the "London Magazine" and in all the editions of Elia we have examined, the sentence is printed with an exclamation-point at the end of it. But in the manuscript it is closed with four asterisks. Of course this grave error is corrected, and in the new edition of Lamb the sentence stands in this shape: "That detestable picture * * * *." Though this emendation may not give "a new elegance" to Elia, it is of immense importance, as you will perceive by reading the editorial note: "So in MS., but there is authority (Lamb's own) for the belief that these marks are destitute of significance." Why not give the author's very blots, and the blunders and mistakes corrected in the proof? Verily, the editor is remiss in his duty, and has not made his edition of Lamb quite so worthless and contemptible as *he* might easily have done. The manuscript of this paper on witches con-

tains a paragraph which is printed for the first time in this edition of Lamb, though from a rather queerly worded note it would appear that the learned scholiast is not aware of the fact. Undoubtedly the passage reads best in its place in the essay to which it has been restored, yet we think we should please some of our readers by quoting it, and accordingly we do so. Elia, after relating his inauspicious sea-dream (which we all remember so well), proceeds in this manner: "When I awoke I came to a determination to write prose all the rest of my life; and with submission to some of our young writers, who are yet diffident of their powers, and balancing perhaps between verse and prose, they might not do unwisely to decide the preference by the texture of their natural dreams. If these are prosaic, they may depend upon it they have not much to expect in a creative way from their artificial ones. What dreams must not Spenser have had!"

The editor says the "Essays of Elia" were "first printed in 1823," and "The Last Essays of Elia" in 1833. Both series of the Elia essays were originally published in the "London Magazine" and other periodicals. They were first collected in 1823 and 1833.

Instead of waxing angry with the editor for his ignorance, carelessness, and presumption, the admirers of Charles Lamb should be grateful to the poor commentator for leaving untouched very many note-wanting passages in the letters and essays of their favorite author. The blunders are about well-known matters, and can be easily corrected by any one who has a smattering of literature and is tolerably familiar with Lamb's life and writings. But suppose this man had attempted to take up the dropped stitches in Elia's biography! What a jumble of truth and error there would have been! And who could have separated the one from the other? Unquestionably this edition is a disgrace to its publishers and an insult to the

memory of Charles Lamb; yet it is not nearly so incorrect and unreliable as it would have been had the editor been more industrious or more ambitious. There are, however, many excellent notes scattered through the volumes, but they are by Lamb and Talfourd, though, with one or two exceptions, there is no sign or signature by which to distinguish them from the editor's own comments. Perhaps he would like to have them pass for his; thereby showing excellent taste, and proving that he really knows what would do him credit. He also honors the editor of "Elia" by taking most of his notes, some of which are credited to that gentleman, others to "Editor," and the rest are kindly fathered by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt or his worthy successor.*

Notwithstanding the editor evidently desired to make this edition as complete as possible, even by the admission of what he is pleased to call "poor stuff" and articles of "no value," he has omitted, among other things, Lamb's admirable contributions to the "Tales from Shakespeare," and the "Poetry for Children." Elia's admirers are greedy for everything he wrote, and will blame the editor for not collecting all their beloved author's contributions to newspapers and magazines; and for not including among the correspondence all his letters and notes scattered about in various publications, among which are the little notes to Thomas Allsop, which George William Curtis introduced to Elia's American readers so finely a few years since; and the letter to Leigh Hunt in which Lamb says he "should be proud to hang up as an alehouse sign."

They want his verses on "Prince Dorus, the Long-Nosed King," men-

* "In the old queen of Portugal's time," says Southey, "an engineer was sent to inspect the Buzio, a castle at the mouth of the Tagus, and report what was necessary for putting it in an effective state. His report was comprised in three words, — *A new fort.*" And as the present is such a faulty collection of Charles Lamb's works, the Messrs. Moxon had better melt up the plates, and make another attempt to publish a complete and correct edition of the writings of this favorite author.

tioned by Crabb Robinson. They want the theatrical criticisms he wrote for the "Examiner," which are highly praised by Mr. John Forster. They want the article on Keats's Poems, published in a London newspaper, and said to be worthy of both its writer and its subject. They even want the witty paragraphs, or "jokes," which he contributed daily to "The Morning Post" for a long twelvemonth.

But if this collection of Charles Lamb's writings is not so complete as it might be or as it should be, it contains many things not to be found in any other edition of his works, not even in Widdleton's, which includes "Elia." The additional matter consists of several ordinary occasional poems; "Satan in Search of a Wife"; a "Comic Opera," in three acts; three prose articles entitled "Saturday Night"; "Ritson *versus* John Scott the Quaker"; and "Recollections of a Late Royal Academician"; a number of new letters and "letterets";* and the hitherto suppressed passages of the correspondence, of which we shall have a word or two to say anon. "Satan in Search of a Wife" is a poetical *jeu d'esprit* of very little merit; and the "Comic Opera," which is now printed for the first time, is a rather poor performance, with perhaps here and there "a witty sprinkle or two." Indeed, though Mr. P. G. Patmore, to whom the manuscript formerly belonged, maintains that the authenticity of the work is placed beyond question, "by every portion of it, even to the minutest alterations, erasures, etc., being in his [Lamb's] handwriting," one cannot help having grave doubts about the Opera being Charles

* We were disappointed in not finding among the new letters those to Landor which are quoted from his Biography by Forster, particularly the one about "the measureless Bethams": "Seventeen brothers and sixteen sisters, as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used to fix his long legs on my fender, and tell a story of a shark, every night, endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt-sea ravenor not having his gorge of him: the shortest of the daughters measured five feet eleven without her shoes. Well, some day we may confer about them. But they were tall. Surely I have discovered the longitude."

Lamb's. In neither matter nor manner does it resemble him. Possibly, however, it may be a production of his salad days,—one of his first "callo' flights in authorship." "Saturday Night," a delightful little "essaykin," was copied out of the annual in which it originally appeared into the "Atlantic Almanac" for the present year, and is no doubt familiar to the readers of this magazine. "Ritson *versus* John Scott the Quaker" is a readable and racy paper, and is thus spoken of in a letter to Bernard Barton: "Your poem, which I consider very affecting, found me engaged about a humorous paper for the 'London,' which I had called 'A Letter to an *Old Gentleman* whose Education had been neglected';—and when it was done Tylor and Hessey would not print it, and it discouraged me from doing anything else; so I took up Scott, where I had scribbled some petulant notes, and for a makeshift fathered them on Ritson." The letter to the old gentleman was published in the "London Magazine" a year or two later, upon the discontinuance of De Quincey's "Letters to a Young Gentleman whose Education has been neglected."

"The Recollections of a late Royal Academician" was published in the first number of "Peter's Net," an incomplete series of papers, which Lamb contributed to Mr. Moxon's unsuccessful periodical, "The Englishman's Magazine." It is one of the most charming of Lamb's second-best articles, and is superior to several of "The Last Essays of Elia." It is full of gentle satire and delicious humor, and contains excellent hints and suggestions concerning art. As the paper is too long to quote in full, we will indulge the reader with a brief extract or two. The author thus describes his call upon the painter (George Dawe),* soon after his election

* "James Dawe, R. A.," says an editorial note. Lamb, in forwarding this article to Mr. Moxon, says, "The R. A. here memorized was *George Dawe*"; and he writes thus in a letter to Manning: "Mr. Dawe is turned author; he has been in such a way lately,—Dawe the painter I mean,—he sits and stands about at Holcroft's and says nothing; then

to a seat in the Royal Academy, and during the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to England: "I called upon D. to congratulate him upon a crisis so doubly eventful. His pleasant house-keeper seemed embarrassed, owned that her master was alone. But could he be spoken with? With some importunity I prevailed upon her to usher me up into his painting-room. It was in Newman Street. At his easel stood D., with an immense spread of canvas before him, and by his side a live goose. I inquired into this extraordinary combination. Under the rose he informed me that he had undertaken to paint a transparency for Vauxhall, against an expected visit of the Allied Sovereigns to that place. I smiled at an engagement so derogatory to his new-born honors; but a contempt of small gains was never one of D.'s foibles. My eyes beheld crude forms of warriors, kings, rising under his brush upon this interminable stretch of cloth. The Wolga, the Don, and the Nieper were there, or their representative River Gods; and Father Thames clubbed urns with the Vistula. Glory with her dazzling Eagle was not absent, nor Fame, nor Victory. The shade of Rubens might have evoked the mighty allegories. But what was the goose? He was evidently *sitting* for a something.

"D. at last informed me, that having fixed upon a group of rivers, he could not introduce the Royal Thames without his *swans*; that he had inquired the price of a live swan, and it being more than he was prepared to give for it, he had bargained with the poulterer for the *next thing* to it; adding significantly, that it would do to roast, after it had served its turn to paint swans by. *Reader, this is a true story.*"

sighs and leans his head on his hand. I took him to be in love; but it seems he was only meditating a work, — 'The Life of Morland.' The young man is not used to composition." According to Allibone the name of the author of "The Life of Morland" is George Dawe. We have consulted several Encyclopædias, Biographical Dictionaries, etc., but have found not even the name of James Dawe in any of them, though we did find several notices of George Dawe, R. A., who wrote a life of Morland.

This account of another visit to Dawe's studio is equally amusing: —

"I once was witness to a *family scene* in his painting-closet, which I had entered rather abruptly, and but for his encouragement should as hastily have retreated. He stood with displeased looks, eying a female relative — whom I had known under happier auspices — that was kneeling at his feet with a baby in her arms, with her eyes uplifted and suppliant. Though I could have previously sworn to the virtue of Miss —, yet casual slips have been known. There are such things as families disgraced where least you would have expected it. The child *might* be —; I had heard of no wedding; I was the last person to pry into family secrets; when D. relieved my uneasy cogitations by explaining that the innocent, good-humored creature before me (such as she ever was, and is now that she is married), with a baby borrowed from the public house, was acting Andromache to *his* Ulysses, for the purpose of transferring upon canvas a tender situation from the Troades of Seneca."

Here is a graphic and no doubt a very truthful description of the personal appearance of "the young man," as Lamb was fond of calling Dawe, whom he knew well, and who must have given him many "a rare meal of laughter": "My acquaintance with D. was in the outset of his art, when the graving tools rather than the pencil administered to his humble wants. Those implements, as is well known, are not the most favorable to the cultivation of that virtue which is esteemed next to godliness. He might 'wash his hands in innocency,' and so metaphorically 'approach an altar'; but his material puds were anything but fit to be carried to church. By an ingrained economy of soap — if it was not for pictorial effect rather — he would wash (on Sundays) the inner oval, or portrait, as it may be termed, of his countenance, leaving the unwashed temples to form a natural black frame round a picture in which a dead white

was the predominant color. This, with the addition of green spectacles, made necessary by the impairment which his graving labors by day and night (for he was ordinarily at them for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four) had brought upon his visual faculties, gave him a rather singular appearance when he took the air abroad; insomuch that I have seen a crowd of young men and boys following him along Oxford Street with admiration, not without shouts; even as the youth of Rome, we read in Vasari, followed the steps of Raphael with acclamation for his genius and for his beauty, when he proceeded from his workshop to chat with cardinals and popes at the Vatican."

With critical humor and artistic insight, Lamb briefly comments upon the art of this pygmy painter: "The Hoppers and the Lawrences were his Vandykes and his Velasquezes; and if he could make anything like them, he insured himself immortality. With such guides he struggled on through laborious nights and days, till he reached the eminence he aimed at,—of mediocrity. Having gained that summit, he sat down contented. If the features were but cognoscible, no matter whether the flesh resembled flesh or oil-skin. For the thousand tints, the grains, which in the life diversify the nose, the chin, the cheek, which a Reynolds can but coarsely counterfeit, he cared nothing at all about them. He left such scrupulosities to opticians and anatomists. If the features were but there, the character, of course, could not be far off. A lucky hit which he made in painting the *dress* of a very dressy lady—Mrs. W—e—, whose handsome countenance also and tall elegance of shape were too palpable entirely to escape under any mask of oil with which even D. could overlay them—brought to him at once an influx of sitters which almost rivalled the importune calls upon Sir Thomas. A portrait he did soon after of the Princess Charlotte clenched his fame. He proceeded Academician. . . .

"So entirely devoid of imagination or

any feeling for his high art was this *painter*, that for the few historical pictures he attempted any sitter might sit for any character. He took once for a subject *The Infant Hercules*. Did he choose for a model some robust antique? No. He did not even pilfer from Sir Joshua, who was nearer to his own size. But from a *show* he hired to sit to him a child in years, indeed (though no infant), but in fact a precocious *man*, or human portent, that was disgustingly exhibiting at that period,—a thing to be strangled. From this he formed *his* Infant Hercules. In a scriptural flight he next attempted a Samson in the lap of Delilah. A Delilah of some sort was procurable for love or money, but who should stand for the Jewish Hercules? He hired a tolerably stout porter, with a thickish head of hair curling in yellowish locks, but lithe,—much like a wig. And these were the robust strengths of Samson!"

There is one thing, at least, for which Charles Lamb's readers will thank the editor of these volumes, and that is for printing the correspondence just as it was written, without suppression or mutilation. Talfourd, in preparing Lamb's letters for publication, not only omitted all passages which he feared might pain or offend persons then living who were gravely or sportively mentioned therein, but in the despotic exercise of editorial power he seems to have slashed right and left, cutting out sentences and paragraphs without judgment or reason. If the restored passages are not remarkably humorous or original, they are full of characteristic quips and cranks, and have considerable biographical interest and value. Lamb had a great partiality for the epithet "damned," as Mr. Edmund Ollier observes in his pleasant Introduction to Hotten's sixpenny "Elia." But Talfourd, who was sometimes more nice than wise, in editing the letters, changed the word "damn" into "hang," somewhat to the detriment of Elia's humor and the reader's pleasure. Lamb's "Damn"

is as harmless as Marjorie Fleming's "Devilish"; and in examining this edition of his writings we were glad to find that the editor had generally discarded the "Hangs" and restored the "Damns."

The "bard of nature," so humorously ridiculed in one of the letters to Manning, was, it appears, Mr. Joseph Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, whom Lamb respected as a man and laughed at as a poet. The passage about him was too rich to be suppressed, and so Talfourd published it in full, merely changing Joseph Cottle into "Joseph D." "A. K.," so often mentioned in the correspondence with Barton, and for whom Elia seems to have felt a kindliness that "almost amounted to a *tendre*," was Anne Knight. One would like to know more about her.

It is evident, from one of these hitherto unpublished paragraphs, that Lamb was not paid very promptly for his early contributions to the "London Magazine." "B[aldwin?], who first engaged me as Elia, has not paid me up yet [1823] (nor any of us without repeated mortifying appeals), yet how the knave fawned when I was of service to him! Yet I dare say the fellow is punctual in settling his milk-score, etc." In one of the "notelets" to Hone, all of which are now printed for the first time, Lamb thus writes of the second series of "Elia," which was then ready for publication: "Our little book is delayed by a heathenish injunction threatened by the man Taylor"; and in a restored sentence at the close of a letter to Cary, Lamb says that he and Taylor are at law about the second volume of "Elia." Talfourd makes no mention of this lawsuit; and, indeed, judging from his introduction to one of Lamb's letters to Moxon, in the "Final Memorials," in which this matter is plainly hinted at, it may be doubted whether the biographer knew anything of the injunction. Taylor, it is perhaps unnecessary to remark, was one of the publishers into whose hands the "London Magazine" passed upon the death of John Scott, its original ed-

itor. "The great Beast! the beggarly Nit!" as Lamb in mock anger called Taylor, probably maintained, and no doubt honestly believed, that the Elia papers were his property, because he had paid a handsome sum for each article upon its appearance in the magazine.

Although having an almost reverential admiration for Wordsworth, Lamb was not blind to the poet's faults, as the following passage from one of the mutilated letters proves: "He [Wordsworth] says he does not see much difficulty in writing like Shakespeare, if he had a mind to try it. It is clear that nothing is wanting but the mind. Even Coleridge was a little checked at this hardihood of assertion." Of course, such an enthusiastic lover of the Poet of Rydal Mount as Talfourd took heart-felt satisfaction in suppressing the anecdote.

This pleasant paragraph about Miss Coleridge, the gifted daughter of a marvellously gifted man, is rounded with a very pathetic touch concerning her father: "The she Coleridges have taken flight, to my regret. With Sara's own-made acquisitions, her unaffectedness and no-pretensions are beautiful. You might pass an age with her without suspecting that she knew anything but her mother's tongue. I don't mean any reflections on Mrs. Coleridge here. I had better have said her vernacular idiom. Poor C.! I wish he had a home to receive his daughter in; but he is but a stranger or a visitor in this world."

Here is an amusing bit about some of Lamb's literary companions, which Talfourd cut out of one of the Manning letters: "There's your friend Holcroft, now, has written a play. You used to be fond of the drama. Nobody went to see it. Notwithstanding this, with an audacity perfectly original, he faces the town down in a preface that they *did* like it very much. I have heard a waspish punster say, 'Sir, why did you not laugh at my jest?' But for a man boldly to face one out with, 'Sir, I maintain it, you *did* laugh at my jest,'

is a little too much. I have seen H. but once. He spoke of you to me in honorable terms. H. seems to me to be drearily dull. G[odwin?] is dull, then he has a dash of affectation, which smacks of the coxcomb, and your coxcombs are always agreeable."

We find this interesting account of the genuine Elia in the hitherto unpublished correspondence with "J. Taylor, Esq.," of the firm of Taylor and Hessey, booksellers and publishers, Fleet Street, London: "Poor Elia, the real (for I am but a counterfeit), is dead. The fact is, a person of that name, an Italian, was a fellow-clerk at the South Sea House thirty (not forty) years ago, when the characters I described there existed, but had left it, like myself, many years; and I having a brother now there, and doubting how he might relish certain descriptions in it, I clapt down the name of 'Elia' to it, which passed off pretty well, for Elia himself added the functions of an author to that of a scrivener, like myself. I went the other day (not having seen him for a year) to laugh over with him at my usurpation of his name, and found him, alas! no more than a name; for he had died of consumption eleven months ago, and I knew not of it. So the name has fairly devolved to me, I think; and 'tis all he has left me." The following characteristic passage is from the same letter, and was written after reading (in manuscript?) "Olen's" poetical "Epistle to Elia," published in the "London Magazine," and suggested by the essay on "New-Year's Eve": "You will do me injustice if you do not convey to the writer of the beautiful lines, which I now return you, my sense of the extreme kindness which dictated them. Poor Elia (call him Ellia) does not pretend to see so very clear revelations of a future state of being as Olen seems gifted with. He stumbles about dark mountains at best; but he knows at least how to be thankful for this life, and is too thankful, indeed, for certain relationships lent him here, not to tremble for a possible resumption of the gift. He is too

apt to express himself lightly, and cannot be sorry for the present occasion, as it has called forth a reproof so Christian-like. His *animus*, at least (whatever became of it in the female termination), hath always been *cum christianis*."

Here is an Elia-ish bit concerning "grace," which would make an excellent note to the paper on "Grace before Meat." It is quoted from one of the above-mentioned "notelets" to William Hone, "ingenious Hone," as Lamb styled him in some agreeable commendatory verses:—

"Our Hebrew brethren seem to appreciate the good things of this life in more liberal latitude than we, to judge from their frequent graces. One, I think, you must have omitted: 'After concluding a bargain.' Their distinction of 'Fruits growing upon trees,' and 'upon the ground,' I can understand. A sow makes quite a different grunt (*her grace*) over chestnuts and pignuts. The last is a little above Elia. With thanks, and wishing grace be with you,

"Yours,
"C. LAMB."

The following letter, which Talfourd did not print in the "Life and Letters" or the "Final Memorials," contains considerable new and interesting information concerning the "Tales from Shakespeare." The "baby" therein mentioned so contemptuously was the *second* Mrs. Godwin, who was one of Lamb's "imperfect sympathies." He elsewhere calls her "the Professor's rib," and "that d—d Mrs. Godwin." She has, he informs Manning, "come out to be a disagreeable woman, so much so as to drive me and some more old chums from his house." Godwin was a bookseller as well as a book-writer. He was the proprietor of the "Juvenile Library," No. 41 Skinner Street, London. There, under the name of M. J. Godwin, he published Hazlitt's little work on English Grammar, and many delightful books for children, among which were

Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Mrs. Leicester's School."

"DEAR WORDSWORTH: — We have booked off from Swan and Two Necks, Lad Lane, this day (per coach) the 'Tales from Shakespeare.' You will forgive me the plates, when I tell you they were left to the direction of Godwin, who left the choice of subjects to the bad baby, who from mischief (I suppose) has chosen one from damned beastly vulgarity (*vide* 'Merch. Venice'), where no atom of authority was in the tale to justify it; to another has given a name which exists not in the tale, Nic Bottom, and which she thought would be funny; though in this I suspect *his* hand, for I guess her reading does not reach far enough to know Bottom's Christian name; and one of Hamlet and grave-digging, a scene which is not hinted at in the story, and you might as well have put King Canute the Great reproving his courtiers. The rest are giants and giantesses. Suffice it, to save our tastes and damn our folly, that we left it all to a friend, W. G., who in the first place cheated me into putting a name to them, which I did not mean but do not repent, and then wrote a puff about their *simplicity*, etc., to go with the advertisement as in my name! Enough of this egregious dupery. I will try to abstract the load of tearing circumstances from the stories, and tell you that I am answerable for Lear, Macbeth, Timon, Romeo, Hamlet, Othello, for occasionally a tail-piece or correction of grammar, for none of the cuts and all of the spelling. The rest is my sister's. We think Pericles of hers the best, and Othello of mine; but I hope all have some good. As 'You Like It,' we like least. So much, only begging you to tear out the cuts and give them to Johnny, as 'Mrs. Godwin's fancy!'

"C. L."

"Thursday, 29th January 1807.

"Our love to all.

"I had almost forgot, my part of the

preface begins in the middle of a sentence, in last but one page, after a colon, thus: — *which if they be happily so done*, etc. The former part hath a more feminine turn and does hold me up something as an instructor to young ladies; but upon my modesty's honor, I wrote it not. Godwin told my sister the Baby chose the subjects: a fact in taste."

Possibly the above epistle, and the one that follows, addressed to Miss Wordsworth, were among those letters of Lamb's which Crabb Robinson says Wordsworth did not choose to send to Talfourd for publication. There is exquisite moral pathos and beautiful Christian feeling in the homely account of the poor rustic wench whom Providence seems to have guided to those good Samaritans, Elia and Bridget.

Nov. 23, 1810.

"We are in a pickle. Mary, from her affectation of physiognomy, has hired a stupid, big country wench, who looked honest, as she thought, and has been doing her work some days, but without eating; eats no butter, nor meat, but prefers cheese with her tea for breakfast; and now it comes out that she was ill when she came, with lifting her mother about (who is now with God) when she was dying, and with riding up from Norfolk, four days and nights in the wagon. She got advice yesterday, and took something which made her bring up a quart of blood, and she now lies in her bed, a dead weight upon our humanity, incapable of getting up, refusing to go into a hospital, having nobody in town but a poor asthmatic uncle whose son lately married a drab who fills his house, and there is nowhere she can go, and she seems to have made up her mind to take her flight to heaven from our bed. Oh for the little wheelbarrow which trundled the hunchback from door to door to try the various charities of different professions of mankind! Here's her uncle just crawled up. He is far liker Death than she. Oh the parish, the parish,

the hospital, the infirmary, the charnel-house! — these are places meet for such guests, not our quiet mansion, where nothing but affluent plenty and literary ease should abound. Howard's House, or where the paralytic descended through the skylight (what a God's gift!) to get at our Saviour. In this perplexity such topics as Spanish papers and Monkhouses sink into comparative insignificance. What shall we do? If she died, it were something; gladly would I pay the coffin-maker and the bell-man and searchers."

We conclude this article by quoting one of the best of Charles Lamb's letters; a letter which is printed for the first time in this edition of his writings, and which Talfourd would have been happy to publish in the "Life and Letters," or the "Final Memorials," had he deemed it right to do so during the lifetime of Mr. Joseph Cottle, who is described in it with great freedom, humor, and truth. And yet, though poor Cottle's literary vanity is unsparingly shown up, the sketch, which is a Shandyan bit of writing, is remarkable for its smiling good-nature and its loving, pitying humor. The author of "Alfred" is hit off in Elia's deftest manner, and will go down to posterity in company with Mrs. Battle and Captain Jackson.

The letter, we should add, was written to Coleridge, who was indebted to Cottle for many a kind and generous act.

"October 9th, 1800.

"I suppose you have heard of the death of Amos Cottle.

"I paid a solemn visit of condolence to his brother, accompanied by George Dyer, of burlesque memory.

"I went, trembling to see poor Cottle so immediately upon the event.

"He was in black; and his younger brother was also in black.

"Everything wore an aspect suitable to the respect due to the freshly dead. For some time after our entrance, nobody spoke, till George modestly put in a question, whether *Alfred* was likely

to sell. This was Lethe to Cottle, and his poor face, wet with tears, and his kind eye brightened up in a moment. Now I felt it was my cue to speak.

"I had to thank him for a present of a magnificent copy, and had promised to send him my remarks, — the least thing I could do; so I ventured to suggest that I perceived a considerable improvement he had made in his first book since the state in which he first read it to me. Joseph, who till now had sat with his knees cowering in by the fireplace, wheeled about, and with great difficulty of body shifted the same round to the corner of a table where I was sitting, and first stationing one thigh over the other, which is his sedentary mood, and placidly fixing his benevolent face right against mine, waited my observations.

"At that moment it came strongly into my mind, that I had got Uncle Toby before me, he looked so kind and so good. I could not say an unkind thing of Alfred. So I set my memory to work to recollect what was the name of Alfred's queen, and with some adroitness recalled the well-known sound to Cottle's ears of Alswitha. At that moment I could perceive that Cottle had forgot his brother was so lately become a blessed spirit. In the language of mathematicians, the author was as 9, the brother as 1.

"I felt my cue, and strong pity working at the root, I went to work, and beslabbered *Alfred* with most unqualified praise, or only qualifying my praise by the occasional politic interposition of an exception taken against trivial faults, slips, and human imperfections, which, by removing the appearance of insincerity, did but in truth heighten the relish.

"Perhaps I might have spared that refinement, for Joseph was in a humor to hope and believe *all things*. What I said was beautifully supported, corroborated, and confirmed by the stupidity of his brother on my left hand, and by George on my right, who has an utter incapacity of comprehending that there can be anything bad in poetry.

All poems are *good* poems to George ;
all men are *fine geniuses*.

"So what with my actual memory, of which I made the most, and Cottle's own helping me out, for I *really* had forgotten a good deal of *Alfred*, I made shift to discuss the most essential parts entirely to the satisfaction of its author, who repeatedly declared that he loved nothing better than *candid* criticism. Was I a candid greyhound now for all this? or did I do right? I believe I did. The effect was luscious to my conscience.

"For all the rest of the evening Amos was no more heard of, till George revived the subject by inquiring whether some account should not be drawn up by the friends of the deceased to be inserted in Phillip's monthly obituary ;

adding, that Amos was estimable both for his head and heart, and would have made a fine poet if he had lived.

"To the expediency of this measure Cottle fully assented, but could not help adding that he always thought that the qualities of his brother's heart exceeded those of his head. I believe his brother, when living, had formed precisely the same idea of him ; and I apprehend the world will assent to both judgments. I rather guess that the brothers were poetical rivals. I judged so when I saw them together. Poor Cottle, I must leave him, after his short dream, to muse again upon his poor brother, for whom I am sure in secret he will yet shed many a tear. Now send me in return some Greta news.

"C. L."

J. E. Babson.

A SUMMER MOOD.

I LAY me in the growing grass,
A vagrant loving vagrancy ;
About me kindred fellows throng,
A very reckless company,—

Gay people of the crowded air,
Who follow Joy's recruiting drums ;
Nor thorn, nor any thorn, they leave
To-morrow till to-morrow comes.

Who gathers all, would gather more ;
Who little hath, hath need of none ;
Who wins a race will long to win
Another that is never won.

I fling me in the grass, content
That not a blade belongs to me,
And take no thought for mowing days,—
A vagrant wed to vagrancy.

Hiram Rich.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELLER.

I.

[The series of familiar letters commenced in this number of the Atlantic Monthly were written home from Europe to a circle of friends.]

ROME, Monday, December 14, 1863.

DEAR SOULS:—Now we are at housekeeping, and this is my house-warming letter. Didn't we have a time of it to get a house at all? O, how easy it looked at first! Every other house has up its sign, "Camere Mobiliate"; we were not at all ambitious; all we demanded was to have sun in all our rooms, three bedrooms, and a fire in each bedroom. What could be simpler? How our spirits went down, down, as we climbed up staircase after staircase, and found dark rooms, no stoves, or else a kitchen where the padrona must have the privilege of coming to cook "just a little trifle two or three times a day"; or else a rent of one hundred and forty dollars a month. Ah, at the end of the first day we were very meek people, and at the end of the second we were abject! There can't be many things in this world so bewildering as looking after lodgings in Rome. In the first place, the door into which you enter, at the beginning, looks like the very dirty and neglected entrance to some old warehouse on a wharf, in a city where there has not been any business for a hundred years. You stand there a minute, and say, "O dear!" (especially if you have already been up five or six hundred steps that morning.) "I do wish they would tell on their cards how many rooms there are!" Perhaps we shall find somebody on the third floor who can tell us. Not a bit of it; up flight after flight you crawl; on each floor is one great grim iron door, with a ring and a chain hanging outside. You have no business to pull the ring on any floor but the floor with which your business is; and if you did, they would n't know anything about

any floor but their own. Each floor is its own *house*, as much as if it were six miles off from any other floor. When you get up to the one hundred and seventh stair you would be so glad to sit down, but you can't. They don't put either chairs or benches in these grim passages; and the stairs are all stone. You can't sit on them, not if you are half dead; so you lean up against the wall and get your black cloak all white and cobwebbed, while you wait for the mysterious chain and ring, which you have pulled, to bring forth an answer. Then the great door creaks and opens, and you get breath enough to ask if they have furnished rooms to let, and if there are *three* bedrooms, with sun and fire. After a little while you learn that it makes no difference whether they have or have not; they always say, "Sì, sì signora." Before you learn this, you go in quite gayly, and think you are all right. Then you see one great bedroom with two beds, and one little one, on neither of which the sun has apparently ever shone; a fine parlor, with stands of artificial roses under high glass cases, no end of china teacups sitting around; usually about twenty frightful pictures on the walls; in the dining-room there is a great display of glass and china on the table; and the *Padrone*, if he is at home, and the *Padrona*, and the one or two or three daughters, all down at the heel and down at the neck, and huddled up somehow with pins and strings in the middle, and looking like rag-men and rag-women, begin to talk, all at once, with their tongues and their shoulders and their fingers; and they tell you that the sun shines at some impossible hour of the day, at some impossible angle, into all

three rooms ; and that two beds in one bedroom are exactly the same thing, as two bedrooms with a bed in each ; and that their linen and their silver and their furniture are "so much, so much," and "so fine, so fine" ; and they smile and show white teeth, and their eyes are such a lovely brown-black, that you are in some danger of believing them ; and then if you say that you must have a "free kitchen," which means simply that they are not to have the use of your tea and sugar and bread, they shrug their shoulders, and look at each other, with such an expression of injury, that you feel like an awful sneak *yourself*, — just as if you had stolen all your life ; and for all that, you know that you are the honest one, and *they* steal, and you know the rooms won't do at all, and you edge along to the door ; and then the faces of the Padrone and the Padrona and the daughters all grow black, and the white teeth go down their throats apparently, they disappear so absolutely and forever ; and as you fairly step out of the door, if you wish to know the *true* character of the people you might have lived with, turn around quickly and look at the faces which have settled down, behind your back ! This is what we did for two days and a half. We exhausted the list which friends had given us ; then we drove slowly up and down the streets where it would do to live (by the way, there are not more than a dozen of them in all this great city), and looked at the signs, and whenever we saw one which we thought promised the least chance of success, out we got, and up we climbed. In one place we would find a parlor so sunny, so comfortable, that we could not leave it ; then the bedrooms were wrong ; in another the bedrooms could be made to answer, but the parlor was a den, and cold as a barn ; then we were taken with great love of a view, or of the blankets, or of the china and glass, which we would have liked to take away with us, to use in the other house, which we still firmly believed was awaiting us somewhere. Then we

came upon one quite fine and comfortable and sunny, and then the rent would be at least one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and we would meekly say, "Troppo," and go away, followed by pitying looks between the landlord and lady. By the way, I never thought before of the composition of the word "landlord and lady" : no wonder they are so lordly in their ways. At last we found our house. It was my inspiration, and I take great credit to myself ; high up on the Via Quattro Fontane (four fountains), just opposite the Barberini Palace, on the corner opposite Miss Hosmer's house. Think of that ! Are n't we in luck ? Well, it happened oddly that the good people, being modest, had stuck out "Piccolo appartamento" on their sign.

Longingly I had looked at the corner twice, as we neared it, and said to S—, "I suppose there is no use in looking at anything which an Italian *calls* in the outset small."

"Oino," she said, "not the least."

So it came to be near night on the third day, and we were still homeless. We were driving back to our hotel and passed this house. Still the same little sign which had seemed all day to have a magic fascination for me ! I said, "Let us look at it ; it will do no harm." A strange sort of delight took possession of me as I first trod on the stairs ; they were stone, but clean ; the flights were short, and the halls were comparatively light. Such a beauty as opened the door for us ! Ah, if you could see her ! Just now she came to bring me an egg beaten up in milk, and as she set it on the table, and said, "Signora," the grace and gentleness of her motion, the sweetness of her voice, — ah me, I believe I had tears in my eyes to look at her. I never saw just such a human creature before ! Well, the beauty opened the door (she is only a maid of all work, this beauty, our Marianina), and then she called the Padrona, who came, having the same sweet, gentle ways, but looking so ill, so ill. She, poor soul, has had the fever. The rooms were charm-

ing,—a parlor on the southeast corner, two windows; a dining-room, two bedrooms, and such a kitchen, resplendent with copper. But that I'll tell you about later. All except the third bedroom, this was our place. How we looked at each other, and went back and forth through the dear six rooms (there was one great dark room), trying to make them count more than they would. I began to feel like the "fifth kitten," and think I might as well be drowned. O dear, only three out of you dear twelve will have the least idea what "fifth kitten" means; never mind, I can't help it, perhaps you can find out. Suddenly I said, "Why need we have a dining-room? We are not grand; we shall not entertain any but our own sort; we can have dinner in the parlor, and the dining-room will make a good bedroom." So it did. So it does; and L— sleeps in it, and here we are! And now I wonder if I can tell you how the rooms look, and if you will care if I do; at any rate, it is Roman housekeeping, so you might like to know how we do it. Ah, if you would all come and do likewise! I don't believe it is in the least "as the Romans do," though; poor souls, I have a lurking doubt whether even the Dorias and the Borgheses are half as comfortable as we are. The two Romans who have come to see us go away out into the northeast corner of our little parlor to sit down, and look with dismay at our great wood-fire, and say, "O, thank you, I will sit here; we do not have fires." "I think them *exquisitely* beautiful," said Signor L—, the other day, meaning to be very polite, "but I find them very hot!" I really think he supposed we kept our fire for ornament, and endured the discomfort of the heat as the price of the pretty display. But this is not telling you about the house; only, from this you will see that we have wood-fires. Ay, that we do, in the parlor and in two of the bedrooms; mine crackles at this moment as lustily as if it were of Vermont maple, instead of little round sticks of I don't know what, but

something quite worthless and small, which I amuse myself with by building it up into cob-houses on the hearth, and then the fire trips up from side to side and in and out, like an acrobat. Well, well, now I will be exact, and describe a thing or two. You see this old Rome goes to one's head, and it is not easy to keep a steady hand.

Firstly, comes our parlor; it is cosey, and that is a rare thing here; it is long rather than square, and it has one window to the northeast and one to the east; we make much of the east window, for out of it we see such lovely red-tiled roofs and a bit of an orange-garden high up above the roofs, and a whole cypress-tree; into it comes straight sun, and that is worth solid gold, inches deep, for every inch that it covers on our carpet. We don't spread down any Cranford papers! not we! Our northeast window looks out untrifled on the Barberini Palace. There is the lovely, sad Beatrice, who will be my friend in rainy days; I have not sat with her yet, because there has been no rainy day when I dared to go out; and on the pleasant days there is always some artist or other copying her, which I should so dislike that I could not see her well. Clouds I think could not cut off so much light as one man.

At first our parlor had so much glass case and stack of flowers and marble-top table, that we did not know what to do; now it has only two marble-topped affairs, and they are covered with books; then there is a marvellous square dining-table which can be stretched into any size, and I firmly believe also into any shape; I have n't yet seen it in an octagon, but I expect to. As soon as I have learned the Italian verbs, I shall attack this table and find out how it goes. Then we have great arm-chairs, called *poltronas*; (why? for lazy cowards who shirk sitting up straight, I suppose;) and a sofa and common chairs innumerable; and all these are green and the paper is green, and the carpet is green and red. The mantel is covered with red velvet, with

a deep fringe; on it is a pretty clock under a glass case, and a shepherd and shepherdess, who hold candles. There were two china vases, big as hay-stacks, but we banished them to our art gallery in the dark room! Our parlor would delight us unqualifiedly, if it were not for the pictures. We have banished so much of the sweet Padrona's china and glass finery, that we have not the heart to ask to have all the pictures carried off; I think we shall do it ultimately, though, and are wasting our strength in this interval of martyrdom;—it is incredible till you have seen it, this profusion of awful pictures. Out of the parlor opens a bedroom, Miss C——'s; high iron bedstead, lace curtained, handsome dressing-table, wardrobe with full-length glass, bureau, etc., all marble-topped; then comes the dark room; ah, chaos itself! trunks, chairs,—there! I mean to go this minute and count the chairs in our house. There are *thirty-two*, in this tiny little house; it is very droll to see so many; only four small rooms and thirty-two chairs. I am not certain that there are not more, for I could not count those very well which were piled up in stacks in the dark room. Everything is of the nicest quality, solid woods, black-walnut or mahogany, with seats of morocco or green or crimson damask. But now I shall tell you no more about furniture, excepting of my writing-desk; this alone proves that the house was predestined for us. Miss F—— says she never saw such a thing in a Roman house before; I never sat to write at anything half so fine; solid mahogany, quite finely carved, four drawers, then a desk covered with green morocco which lets down, and reveals a shelf with a looking-glass back, and five drawers (one with a false bottom; how I pine for a secret!); then above this another drawer, and on the top, room for many of my dear books, if they ever, ever get here. This stands across one corner of my sunny little bedroom, and one window on my right hand opens on a little ledge called a balcony, and looks out on the wall

of the Quirinal. Ought I not to write to you better than I shall from such a corner as this?

Now I must tell you about our kitchen. This is, after all, the crowning glory of this wonderful little "apartment," our house. Such sun as lies in our kitchen, two windows full! and such copper as it shines on! They must have made ready for a minute prince and princess, who would give dinners to retinues of small people in the little dining-room; twelve shining copper *casseroles*, all sizes, up to big ones so big an orchard could be made into apple-sauce in them; copper jars with handles, copper basins, copper kettles, all hanging on the wall in the sun; all new, shining like mirrors; white wooden table, solid log, on legs, to pound beefsteak on; I think the log must have come from America; it is huge and looks like hickory. Ah, but the place for the fire!—I don't believe I can tell you how odd it is. Every time I go into the kitchen, I stand and look and look at it, and Marianina comes in and finds me, and looks so anxious, because she is afraid something is wrong. Imagine the biggest range you ever saw, only not a range at all, just a great stone table with an arch under it and a chimney above it; you can look right up the chimney; all the steam from things you boil goes up this big chimney. You keep the charcoal in this arch under your stone table, and you build a fire *on* your stone table, anywhere you like, and then there is a little square hole on one side, and you fill that with hot coals from your fire, and set your teakettle on them; and then you put a great gridiron above the whole of your fire, or half of your fire, and set your copper *casseroles* on the gridiron, and that is the way you cook. People who know say great and delicious dinners can be gotten up by these fires on these tables; we don't cook our dinners; they come in a tin box on a man's head, and are smoking hot when we get them; so we only try the wonderful table-cooking to make

our tea, and boil our rice, and bake our potatoes for breakfast ; but we are going to stew pears, and make oatmeal pudding, and L—— and I have our eye on a surprise of a hash some morning, if we have a chopping-tray, which we have n't yet remembered to find out. I must not forget our well ; that is in the kitchen too, and it has a door to it, a little square door, black like the door to an oven ; and it is close to the stone table and chimney, so I said, "Of course this is the oven" ; and I popped my head in, — such a stream of cold air ! and a slender iron chain, and a dark, wonderful place, which did n't seem to begin or end. Then I looked up and I saw the sky ; and I looked down, and way, way down, near China I should think, — or is it *you* who are at bottom now ? — there was a gleam of sunshine on water ; then I drew my head out, and there stood the Padrona laughing hard. How this water is carried about I do not yet understand ; but there it is, ready and flowing, day and night ; sun on it by day, and stars by night, and it comes from the fountain of Trevi. So we, of all people in Rome, are sure to get so spell-bound that we shall return and return, since we not only drink once, but daily of the charmed water ; and not only drink it daily, but bathe in it daily ! From each story in this house opens a little black door into this secret well-turret. Many times a day I hear the chain clinking up and down, as the people above draw water.

Now one thing more is really part of our house. It is on the floor above ; a little open *loggia*, out-doors room, where, when it is warmer, we shall sit and study and work ; this is over our parlor, so looks down on the palace, and off over the roofs ; to the east and north it has a railing, and rows of geraniums and orange-trees in pots around it, and chairs more than we need. This is the best thing of all, perhaps.

Upon this upper floor live our sweet Padrona and her husband and little girl. The husband is a master-mason, and his name is Biagio Frontoni ; the

Padrona is Vittoria, and the little girl who has, like two thirds of the lucky little girls in Rome, the lovely low broad brow and straight nose and curved lips on which mothers here look all their days, is called Erminia. Erminia owns four hens and a cock ; and they live very happily on corn up five flights of stairs, and never go out. All the money for the eggs is Erminia's, and we are so sorry that we don't eat a great many. I take one every noon, beaten up in milk, partly for love of Erminia. Yesterday Marianina came running at eleven o'clock into the parlor, and, talking very fast, just as if I could understand her, laid one of two snow-white eggs against my cheek so that I might feel how warm it was ! not more than half a minute old I should say ! Then, seeing that I was so pleased with that, she darted off, and in a minute more came back with the very hen cuddled under her arm, as quiet as a kitten ! The hen looked as if she must be purring. I dare say she was — in Italian, which I don't understand.

Now what remains for the housewarming, except to tell you what we have to eat ? Soup, roast-beef, or lamb, or mutton, with potatoes ; a chicken or a pair of pigeons, with cauliflower, or spinach, or celery ; one dish of *dolci* for dessert ; sometimes boiled rice, with wonderful sauce made of raspberry jelly ; sometimes puffy pie, which people who eat pie would like ; sometimes *charlotte russe* ; sometimes stewed pears with raisins, *very* delicious ; always four courses. This all comes in a tin box on a man's head from a restaurant, and we pay for it daily only seven francs ; always there is meat enough left for our breakfast and lunch the next day. Then when we add Graham bread from the English bakery, almost as good as home-made, and butter fresh each day, a bottle of cream each morning, and oranges and apples by dozens, it is plain that we are feasting.

How much does it cost us ? Ah, we don't yet know ; we are a little afraid

that when we add all up at the end of the month, we shall be constrained to decide not to eat two oranges apiece at every meal any longer. But just now we don't count costs. The rent of our house, with the service of the beauty Marianina, who does all we want done in doors and out, is seventy-six scudi a month, about eighty-one dollars and fifty cents. The dinners cost us about forty-five dollars a month, — about forty-three dollars a month each, this makes, all told — and we hope to get in the wood and the oil and the bread and the butter and the cream and the oranges, etc., within twenty dollars a month more (for each). This is not very cheap living, but then it is Rome. If we had come earlier, we could have found cheaper rooms; and if it had

been last winter instead of this, everything would have been cheaper still; but if gold will only "stay put," or not get above 1.35, we shall not grumble at paying sixty-five dollars a month for such life as this. Now what will there be to tell you next month, since I have told you all this now, and I am under bonds never to write about ruins? We shall see; perhaps it will be Ostia, after all; for if we go down into those depths with Signor L——, the archæologist, who promises to take us, I think there will be something worth telling, in spite of its being *ruins*! If I do not hear regularly *each month* from you all, I shall write no more. How shall I know you care to hear? How shall I know you are alive? God bless you all. Good by.

H. H.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

VI.

I OBSERVE, my young friend, you have placed our chairs to-day where the portraits of Charles Dickens are easiest seen, and I take the hint accordingly. Those are likenesses of him from the age of twenty-eight down to the year when he passed through "the golden gate," as that wise mystic William Blake calls death. One would hardly believe these pictures represented the same man! See what a beautiful young person Maclise represents in this early likeness of the great author, and then contrast the face with that worn one in the photograph of 1869. The same man, but how different in aspect! I sometimes think, while looking at those two portraits, I must have known two individuals bearing the same name, at various periods of my own life. Let us speak to-day of the younger Dickens. How well I recall the bleak winter evening in 1842 when I first saw the handsome, glowing face of the young man who was even then

famous over half the globe! He came bounding into the Tremont House, fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his cheery voice rang through the hall, as he gave a quick glance at the new scenes opening upon him in a strange land on first arriving at a Transatlantic hotel. "Here we are!" he shouted, as the lights burst upon the merry party just entering the house, and several gentlemen came forward to greet him. Ah, how happy and buoyant he was then! Young, handsome, almost worshipped for his genius, belted round by such troops of friends as rarely ever man had, coming to a new country to make new conquests of fame and honor, — surely it was a sight long to be remembered and never wholly to be forgotten. The splendor of his endowments and the personal interest he had won to himself called forth all the enthusiasm of old and young America, and I am glad to have been among the first

to witness his arrival. You ask me what was his appearance as he ran, or rather flew up the steps of the hotel, and sprang into the hall. He seemed all on fire with curiosity, and alive as I never saw mortal before. From top to toe every fibre of his body was unrestrained and alert. What vigor, what keenness, what freshness of spirit, possessed him! He laughed all over, and did not care who heard him! He seemed like the Emperor of Cheerfulness on a cruise of pleasure, determined to conquer a realm or two of fun every hour of his overflowing existence. That night impressed itself on my memory for all time, so far as I am concerned with things sublunary. It was Dickens, the true "Boz," in flesh and blood, who stood before us at last, and with my companions, three or four lads of my own age, I determined to sit up late that night. None of us then, of course, had the honor of an acquaintance with the delightful stranger, and I little thought that I should afterwards come to know him in the beaten way of friendship, and live with him day after day in years far distant; that I should ever be so near to him that he would reveal to me his joys and his sorrows, and thus that I should learn the story of his life from his own lips.

About midnight on that eventful landing, "Boz," — everybody called him "Boz" in those days, — having finished his supper, came down into the office of the hotel, and joining the young Earl of M——, his fellow-voyager, sallied out for a first look at Boston streets. It was a stinging night, and the moon was at the full. Every object stood out sharp and glittering, and "Boz," muffled up in a shaggy fur coat, ran over the shining frozen snow, wisely keeping the middle of the street for the most part. We boys followed cautiously behind, but near enough not to lose any of the fun. Of course the two gentlemen soon lost their way on emerging into Washington from Tremont Street. Dickens kept up one continual shout of uproarious laughter

as he went rapidly forward, reading the signs on the shops, and observing the "architecture" of the new country into which he had dropped as if from the clouds. When the two arrived opposite the "Old South Church" Dickens screamed. To this day, Jack, I could never tell why. Was it, think you, because of its fancied resemblance to St. Paul's or the Abbey? I declare to you the mystery of that shout is still a mystery to me! If bell-handles had been noses during that rollicking ramble, what a quantity of Boston features would have been disturbed that night! Dickens seemed quite unable to keep his fingers off the inviting knobs that protruded from the doors as he went past, and he pulled them with such vigor that one actually came off in his hand. Up one street, down another, into alleys, through back yards, we saw the merry twain proceed. It was evident to us they had not the remotest suspicion how they were ever to find their way back to the Tremont House. Not a watchman was discoverable, and we felt it would be reserved for us to guide them back to their lodgings. About one o'clock they approached us and asked their way to the hotel. The Earl put the question to our party, and Dickens spoke never a word, but stood by beating his hands and feet for warmth, the night having grown fiercely cold. Delighted with our luck, we volunteered to pilot the lost pair to the Tremont, and only wished we had miles to walk back with them, instead of only a few blocks. When we got near the steps of the hotel, Dickens turned to one of our party, and asked, "What is the punishment in this city when a person is detected in the act of pulling off a door-bell handle?" With admirable promptness, the lad looked him knowingly in the eye, and answered, "The heaviest possible, sir; he is instantly deprived of his Pickwick!" Little did Dickens dream when he addressed us that the "sweet wag" was known, and that we might have shouted, "D'ye think we did n't know ye? We knew ye as well as he that made ye!" Years

afterwards, when I recalled the incidents of that night to Dickens, he remembered them all most clearly and vividly, for his was a brain that had no leaks in it.

The great event of Boz's first visit to Boston was the dinner of welcome tendered to him by the young men of the city. It is idle to attempt much talk about the banquet given on that Monday night in February, twenty-nine years ago. Papanti's Hall (where you learned to dance, under the guidance of that master of legs, now happily still among us and pursuing the same highly useful calling which he practised in 1842) was the scene of that festivity. It was a glorious episode in all our lives, and whoever was not there has suffered a loss not easy to estimate. We younger members of that dinner-party sat in the seventh heaven of happiness, and were translated into other spheres. Your uncle (accidentally of course) had a seat just in front of the honored guest; saw him take a pinch of snuff out of Washington Allston's box, and heard him joke with old President Quincy. Was there ever such a night before in our staid city? Did ever mortal preside with such felicitous success as did Mr. Quincy, Jr.? How he went on with his delicious compliments to our guest! How he revelled in quotations from "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist" and "The Curiosity Shop"! And how admirably he closed his speech of welcome, calling up the young author amid a perfect volley of applause! "Health, Happiness, and a Hearty Welcome to Charles Dickens." I can see and hear Mr. Quincy now, as he spoke the words. Were ever heard such cheers before? And when Dickens stood up at last to answer for himself, so fresh and so handsome, with his beautiful eyes moist with feeling, and his whole frame aglow with excitement, how we did hurrah, we young fellows! Trust me, it *was* a great night; and we must have made a mighty noise at our end of the table, for I remember frequent messages came down to us from the "chair," begging

that we would hold up a little and moderate if possible the rapture of our applause.

After Dickens left Boston, he went on his American travels, gathering up materials, as he journeyed, for his "American Notes." He was accompanied as far as New York by a very dear friend, to whom he afterwards addressed several most interesting letters. For that friend he always had the warmest enthusiasm; and when he came the second time to America, there was no one of his old companions whom he missed more. I do not think we can spend the time better while we are together to-day, than by reading some of these letters written by Dickens nearly thirty years ago. The friend to whom they were addressed was also an intimate and dear associate of mine, and his children have kindly placed at my disposal the whole correspondence. Here is the first letter, time-stained, but preserved with religious care.

FULLER'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON,
Monday, March 14, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: I was more delighted than I can possibly tell you to receive (last Saturday night) your welcome letter. We, and the oysters, missed you terribly in New York. You carried away with you more than half the delight and pleasure of my New World; and I heartily wish you could bring it back again.

There are very interesting men in this place, — highly interesting, of course, — but it's not a comfortable place; is it? If spittle could wait at table we should be nobly attended, but as that property has not been imparted to it in the present state of mechanical science, we are rather lonely and orphan-like, in respect of "being looked arter." A blithe black was introduced on our arrival, as our peculiar and especial attendant. He is the only gentleman in the town who has a peculiar delicacy in intruding upon my valuable time. It usually takes seven rings and a threatening message from — to produce him; and when he comes he goes

to fetch something, and, forgetting it by the way, comes back no more.

We have been in great distress, really in distress, at the non-arrival of the Caledonia. You may conceive what our joy was, when, while we were dining out yesterday, H. arrived with the joyful intelligence of her safety. The very news of her having really arrived seemed to diminish the distance between ourselves and home, by one half at least.

And this morning (though we have not yet received our heap of despatches, for which we are looking eagerly forward to this night's mail), — this morning there reached us unexpectedly, through the government bag (Heaven knows how they came there), two of our many and long-looked-for letters, wherein was a circumstantial account of the whole conduct and behavior of our pets; with marvellous narrations of Charley's precocity at a Twelfth Night juvenile party at Macready's; and tremendous predictions of the governor's, dimly suggesting his having got out of pot-hooks and hangers, and darkly insinuating the possibility of his writing us a letter before long; and many other workings of the same prophetic spirit, in reference to him and his sisters, very gladdening to their mother's heart, and not at all depressing to their father's. There was also the doctor's report, which was a clean bill; and the nurse's report, which was perfectly electrifying; showing as it did how Master Walter had been weaned, and had cut a double tooth, and done many other extraordinary things, quite worthy of his high descent. In short, we were made very happy and grateful; and felt as if the prodigal father and mother had got home again.

What do you think of this incendiary card being left at my door last night? "General G. sends compliments to Mr. Dickens, and called with two literary ladies. As the two L. L.'s are ambitious of the honor of a personal introduction to Mr. D., General G. requests the honor of an appointment for to-morrow." I draw a veil

over my sufferings. They are sacred.

We have altered our route, and don't mean to go to Charleston, for I want to see the West, and have taken it into my head that as I am not obliged to go to Charleston, and don't exactly know why I should go there, I need do no violence to my own inclinations. My route is of Mr. Clay's designing, and I think it a very good one. We go on Wednesday night to Richmond in Virginia. On Monday we return to Baltimore for two days. On Thursday morning we start for Pittsburg, and so go by the Ohio to Cincinnati, Louisville, Kentucky, Lexington, St. Louis; and either down the Lakes to Buffalo, or back to Philadelphia, and by New York to that place, where we shall stay a week, and then make a hasty trip into Canada. We shall be in Buffalo, please Heaven, on the 30th of April. If I don't find a letter from you in the care of the postmaster at that place, I'll never write to you from England.

But if I *do* find one, my right hand shall forget its cunning, before I forget to be your truthful and constant correspondent; not, dear Felton, because I promised it, nor because I have a natural tendency to correspond (which is far from being the case), nor because I am truly grateful to you for, and have been made truly proud by, that affectionate and elegant tribute which — sent me, but because you are a man after my own heart, and I love you *well*. And for the love I bear you, and the pleasure with which I shall always think of you, and the glow I shall feel when I see your handwriting in my own home, I hereby enter into a solemn league and covenant to write as many letters to you as you write to me, at least. Amen.

Come to England! Come to England! Our oysters are small I know: they are said by Americans to be coppery, but our hearts are of the largest size. We are thought to excel in shrimps, to be far from despicable in point of lobsters, and in periwinkles

are considered to challenge the universe." Our oysters, small though they be, are not devoid of the refreshing influence which that species of fish is supposed to exercise in these latitudes. Try them and compare.

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

His next letter is dated from Niagara, and I know you will relish his allusion to oysters with wet feet, and his reference to the squeezing of a Quaker.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS,
29th April, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: Before I go any farther, let me explain to you what these great enclosures portend, lest—supposing them part and parcel of my letter, and asking to be read—you shall fall into fits, from which recovery might be doubtful.

They are, as you will see, four copies of the same thing. The nature of the document you will discover at a glance. As I hoped and believed, the best of the British brotherhood took fire at my being attacked because I spoke my mind and theirs on the subject of an international copyright; and with all good speed and hearty private letters, transmitted to me this small parcel of gauntlets for immediate casting down.

Now, my first idea was, publicity being the object, to send one copy to you for a Boston newspaper, another to Bryant for his paper, a third to the New York Herald (because of its large circulation), and a fourth to a highly respectable journal at Washington (the property of a gentleman, and a fine fellow named Seaton, whom I knew there), which I think is called *The Intelligencer*. Then the Knickerbocker stepped into my mind, and then it occurred to me that possibly the North American Review might be the best organ after all, because indisputably the most respectable and honorable, and the most concerned in the rights of literature.

Whether to limit its publication to one journal, or to extend it to several,

is a question so very difficult of decision to a stranger, that I have finally resolved to send these papers to you, and ask you (mindful of the conversation we had on this head one day, in that renowned oyster cellar) to resolve the point for me. You need feel no weighty sense of responsibility, my dear Felton, for whatever you do is *sure* to please me. If you see Sumner, take him into our councils. The only two things to be borne in mind are, first, that if they be published in several quarters, they must be published in all *simultaneously*; secondly, that I hold them in trust, to put them before the people.

I fear this is imposing a heavy tax upon your friendship; and I don't fear it the less, by reason of being well assured that it is one you will most readily pay. I shall be in Montreal about the 11th of May. Will you write to me there, to the care of the Earl of Mulgrave, and tell me what you have done?

So much for that. Bisness first, pleasure afterwards, as King Richard the Third said: ven he stabbed the tother king in the Tower, afore he murdered the babbies.

I have long suspected that oysters have a rheumatic tendency. Their feet are always wet; and so much damp company in a man's inside cannot contribute to his peace. But whatever the cause of your indisposition, we are truly grieved and pained to hear of it, and should be more so, but that we hope from your account of that farewell dinner, that you are all right again. I *did* receive Longfellow's note. Sumner I have not yet heard from; for which reason I am constantly bringing telescopes to bear on the ferry-boat, in hopes to see him coming over, accompanied by a modest port-manteau.

To say anything about this wonderful place would be sheer nonsense. It far exceeds my most sanguine expectations, though the impression on my mind has been, from the first, nothing but beauty and peace. I have n't drunk the water. Bearing in mind your caution, I have devoted myself to

beer, whereof there is an exceedingly pretty fall in this house.

One of the noble hearts who sat for the Cheeryble Brothers is dead. If I had been in England, I would certainly have gone into mourning for the loss of such a glorious life. His brother is not expected to survive him. I am told that it appears from a memorandum found among the papers of the deceased, that in his lifetime he gave away in charity £600,000, or three millions of dollars!

What do you say to my *acting* at the Montreal Theatre? I am an old hand at such matters, and am going to join the officers of the garrison in a public representation for the benefit of a local charity. We shall have a good house, they say. I am going to enact one Mr. Snobbington in a funny farce called *A Good Night's Rest*. I shall want a flaxen wig and eyebrows; and my nightly rest is broken by visions of there being no such commodities in Canada. I wake in the dead of night in a cold perspiration, surrounded by imaginary barbers, all denying the existence or possibility of obtaining such articles. If — had a flaxen head, I would certainly have it shaved, and get a wig and eyebrows out of him, for a small pecuniary compensation.

By the by, if you could only have seen the man at Harrisburg, crushing a friendly Quaker in the parlor door! It was the greatest sight I ever saw. I had told him not to admit anybody whatever, forgetting that I had previously given this honest Quaker a special invitation to come. The Quaker would not be denied, and H. was stanch. When I came upon them, the Quaker was black in the face, and H. was administering the final squeeze. The Quaker was still rubbing his waistcoat with an expression of acute inward suffering, when I left the town. I have been looking for his death in the newspapers almost daily.

Do you know one General G.? He is a weazen-faced warrior, and in his dotage. I had him for a fellow-passenger on board a steamboat. I had also

a statistical colonel with me, outside the coach from Cincinnati to Columbus. A New England poet buzzed about me on the Ohio, like a gigantic bee. A mesmeric doctor, of an impossibly great age, gave me pamphlets at Louisville. I have suffered much, very much.

If I could get beyond New York to see anybody, it would be (as you know) to see *you*. But I do not expect to reach the "Carlton" until the last day of May, and then we are going with the Coldens somewhere on the banks of the North River for a couple of days. So you see we shall not have much leisure for our voyaging preparations.

You and Dr. Howe (to whom my love) MUST come to New York. On the 6th of June, you must engage yourselves to dine with us at the "Carlton"; and if we don't make a merry evening of it, the fault shall not be in us.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best regards to Mrs. Felton and your little daughter, and I am always, my dear Felton,

Affectionately your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

P. S. I saw a good deal of Walker at Cincinnati. I like him very much. We took to him mightily at first, because he resembled you in face and figure, we thought. You will be glad to hear that our news from home is cheering from first to last, all well, happy, and loving. My friend Forster says in his last letter that he "wants to know you," and looks forward to Long-fellow.

When Dickens arrived in Montreal he had, it seems, a busy time of it, and I have often heard of his capital acting in private theatricals while in that city.

MONTREAL,
Saturday, 21st May, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: — I was delighted to receive your letter yesterday, and was well pleased with its contents. I anticipated objection to Carlyle's letter. I called particular attention to it for three reasons. Firstly, because he boldly *said* what all the others *think*,

and therefore deserved to be manfully supported. Secondly, because it is my deliberate opinion that I have been assailed on this subject in a manner in which no man with any pretensions to public respect or with the remotest right to express an opinion on a subject of universal literary interest would be assailed in any other country.

I really cannot sufficiently thank you, dear Felton, for your warm and hearty interest in these proceedings. But it would be idle to pursue that theme, so let it pass.

The wig and whiskers are in a state of the highest preservation. The play comes off next Wednesday night, the 25th. What would I give to see you in the front row of the centre box, your spectacles gleaming not unlike those of my dear friend Pickwick, your face radiant with as broad a grin as a staid professor may indulge in, and your very coat, waistcoat, and shoulders expressive of what we should take together when the performance was over! I would give something (not so much, but still a good round sum) if you could only stumble into that very dark and dusty theatre in the daytime (at any minute between twelve and three), and see me with my coat off, the stage manager and universal director, urging impracticable ladies and impossible gentlemen on to the very confines of insanity, shouting and driving about, in my own person, to an extent which would justify any philanthropic stranger in clapping me into a strait-waistcoat without further inquiry, endeavoring to goad H. into some dim and faint understanding of a prompter's duties, and struggling in such a vortex of noise, dirt, bustle, confusion, and inextricable entanglement of speech and action as you would grow giddy in contemplating. We perform A Roland for an Oliver, A Good Night's Rest, and Deaf as a Post. This kind of voluntary hard labor used to be my great delight. The *furor* has come strong upon me again, and I begin to be once more of opinion that nature intended me for the lessee of a national

theatre, and that pen, ink, and paper have spoiled a manager.

O, how I look forward across that rolling water to home and its small tenantry! How I busy myself in thinking how my books look, and where the tables are, and in what positions the chairs stand relatively to the other furniture; and whether we shall get there in the night, or in the morning, or in the afternoon; and whether we shall be able to surprise them, or whether they will be too sharply looking out for us; and what our pets will say; and how they'll look; and who will be the first to come and shake hands, and so forth! If I could but tell you how I have set my heart on rushing into Forster's study (he is my great friend, and writes at the bottom of all his letters, "My love to Felton"), and into Maclise's painting-room, and into Macready's managerial ditto, without a moment's warning, and how I picture every little trait and circumstance of our arrival to myself, down to the very color of the bow on the cook's cap, you would almost think I had changed places with my eldest son, and was still in pantaloons of the thinnest texture. I left all these things — God only knows what a love I have for them — as coolly and calmly as any animated cucumber; but when I come upon them again I shall have lost all power of self-restraint, and shall as certainly make a fool of myself (in the popular meaning of that expression) as ever Grimaldi did in his way, or George III. in his.

And not the less so, dear Felton, for having found some warm hearts, and left some instalments of earnest and sincere affection, behind me on this continent. And whenever I turn my mental telescope hitherward, trust me that one of the first figures it will descry will wear spectacles so like yours that the maker could n't tell the difference, and shall address a Greek class in such an exact imitation of your voice, that the very students hearing it should cry, "That's he! Three cheers. Hooray-ay-ay-ay!"

"About those joints of yours, I think you are mistaken. They *can't* be stiff. At the worst they merely want the air of New York, which, being impregnated with the flavor of last year's oysters, has a surprising effect in rendering the human frame supple and flexible in all cases of rust.

A terrible idea occurred to me as I wrote those words. The oyster-cellars, — what do they do when oysters are not in season? Is pickled salmon vended there? Do they sell crabs, shrimps, winkles, herrings? The oyster-openers, — what do *they* do? Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards and hermetically sealed bottles for practice? Perhaps they are dentists out of the oyster season. Who knows?

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Dickens always greatly rejoiced in the theatre; and, having seen him act with the Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art, I can well imagine the delight his impersonations in Montreal must have occasioned. I have seen him play Sir Charles Coldstream, in the comedy of Used Up, with such perfection that all other performers in the same part have seemed dull by comparison. Even Matthews, superb artist as he is, could not rival Dickens in the character of Sir Charles. Once I saw Dickens, Mark Lemon, and Wilkie Collins on the stage together. The play was called Mrs. Nightingale's Diary (a farce in one act, the joint production of Dickens and Mark Lemon), and Dickens played six characters in the piece. Never have I seen such wonderful changes of face and form as he gave us that night. He was alternately a rattling lawyer of the Middle Temple, a boots, an eccentric pedestrian and cold-water drinker, a deaf sexton, an invalid captain, and an old woman. What fun it was, to be sure, and how we roared over the performance! Here is the playbill which I held in my hand nine-

teen years ago, while the great writer was proving himself to be as pre-eminent an actor as he was an author. You will see by reading the bill that Dickens was manager of the company, and that it was under his direction that the plays were produced. See the clear evidence of his hand in the very wording of the bill: —

"On Wednesday evening, September 1, 1852,

"THE AMATEUR COMPANY

OF THE

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART;

To encourage Life Assurance and other Provident Habits, among Authors and Artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honorable rest from arduous labors shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties;

"Will have the honor of presenting," etc., etc.

But let us go on with the letters. Here is the first one to his friend after Dickens arrived home again in England. It is delightful, through and through.

LONDON, 1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK, Sunday, July 31, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: — Of all the monstrosous and incalculable amount of occupation that ever beset one unfortunate man, mine has been the most stupendous since I came home. The dinners I have had to eat, the places I have had to go to, the letters I have had to answer, the sea of business and of pleasure in which I have been plunged, not even the genius of an — or the pen of a — could describe.

Wherefore I indite a monstrously short and wildly uninteresting epistle to the American Dando; but perhaps you don't know who Dando was. He was an oyster-eater, my dear Felton. He used to go into oyster-shops, with-

out a farthing of money, and stand at the counter eating natives, until the man who opened them grew pale, cast down his knife, staggered backward, struck his white forehead with his open hand, and cried, "You are Dando!!!" He has been known to eat twenty dozen at one sitting, and would have eaten forty, if the truth had not flashed upon the shopkeeper. For these offences he was constantly committed to the House of Correction. During his last imprisonment he was taken ill, got worse and worse, and at last began knocking violent double-knocks at Death's door. The doctor stood beside his bed, with his fingers on his pulse. "He is going," says the doctor. "I see it in his eye. There is only one thing that would keep life in him for another hour, and that is — oysters." They were immediately brought. Dando swallowed eight, and feebly took a ninth. He held it in his mouth and looked round the bed strangely. "Not a bad one, is it?" says the doctor. The patient shook his head, rubbed his trembling hand upon his stomach, bolted the oyster, and fell back — dead. They buried him in the prison yard, and paved his grave with oyster-shells.

We are all well and hearty, and have already begun to wonder what time next year you and Mrs. Felton and Dr. Howe will come across the briny sea together. To-morrow we go to the seaside for two months. I am looking out for news of Longfellow, and shall be delighted when I know that he is on his way to London and this house.

I am bent upon striking at the piratical newspapers with the sharpest edge I can put upon my small axe, and hope in the next session of Parliament to stop their entrance into Canada. For the first time within the memory of man, the professors of English literature seem disposed to act together on this question. It is a good thing to aggravate a scoundrel, if one can do nothing else, and I think we can make them smart a little in this way. . . .

I wish you had been at Greenwich

the other day, where a party of friends gave me a private dinner; public ones I have refused. C. was perfectly wild at the reunion, and, after singing all manner of marine songs, wound up the entertainment by coming home (six miles) in a little open phaeton of mine, *on his head*, to the mingled delight and indignation of the metropolitan police. We were very jovial indeed; and I assure you that I drank your health with fearful vigor and energy.

On board that ship coming home I established a club, called the United Vagabonds, to the large amusement of the rest of the passengers. This holy brotherhood committed all kinds of absurdities, and dined always, with a variety of solemn forms, at one end of the table, below the mast, away from all the rest. The captain being ill when we were three or four days out, I produced my medicine-chest and recovered him. We had a few more sick men after that, and I went round "the wards" every day in great state, accompanied by two Vagabonds, habited as Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer, bearing enormous rolls of plaster and huge pairs of scissors. We were really very merry all the way, breakfasted in one party at Liverpool, shook hands, and parted most cordially. . . .

Affectionately

Your faithful friend,

C. D.

P. S. I have looked over my journal, and have decided to produce my American trip in two volumes. I have written about half the first since I came home, and hope to be out in October. This is "exclusive news," to be communicated to any friends to whom you may like to intrust it, my dear F.

What a capital epistolary pen Dickens held! He seems never to have written the shortest note without something piquant in it; and when he attempted a *letter*, he always made it entertaining from sheer force of habit. Let us read another batch of his charming missives next month.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Second Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. January, 1871. Boston.

THIS Report contains the results of special investigations made under direction of the Board of Health, and it abounds in matter interesting to the general reader, and worthy of careful study by the medical profession.

Probably the most attractive paper in the Report is that of the president describing his walk at night among the homes of the poor in London and Boston, and contrasting the condition of the two cities in this respect, — not always to our advantage. The president also contributes a very able and entertaining article on the question of sewerage, and the utilization of the refuse of cities.

The inquiries as to the use of leaden water-pipes confirm the commonly received opinion that the safe or unsafe use of such conduits depends upon the kind of water supplied, and this can be determined by experiment only. The water from Lake Cochituate has been supplied through leaden service-pipes for more than twenty years, without, so far as known, developing any new disease or modifying any old one; it may, therefore, be considered safe; and yet this water contains to the U. S. gallon two or three hundredths of a grain of lead derived from the service-pipes or the leaden joinings of the mains. The animal system has the power, within certain limits, of adaptation to slight modifications in the surrounding physical agents, by which they become as it were normal. Otherwise air and water, which contain a little of almost everything, would be poisonous. Fears are sometimes entertained lest the solder of tinned iron cooking utensils should prove poisonous, but the solder is an alloy of tin and lead, and is almost insoluble even in acidulated water. The use of zinc or "galvanized iron" water-pipes is alluded to, and the opinion given, — a correct one, we think, — that under ordinary circumstances they are safe. The carbonate of zinc, the condition in which the metal is usually found, in drinking-water, is a gentle tonic.

The *trichina*, or pork disease, has been

discovered in two localities in the State. Its effects upon the muscular system are described; they are the same that have been observed elsewhere. In one case the disease came from eating dried fresh pork insufficiently cooked, in the other from eating smoked ham cut in thin slices *raw*. There seems hardly any excuse for the disease in those who know that it is fully demonstrated that the parasite producing all the trouble cannot exist after being subjected to a boiling heat, or even fifty degrees less.

The article on Health of Towns brings out the important fact that consumption and diseases of the respiratory organs are more than twice as frequent as all other diseases noted. Another important fact is noticed; four hundred and eighty-seven fatal cases of cholera infantum occurred in Suffolk County, while outside the city limits in an equal population the number of deaths was one hundred. The same proportion holds with regard to other bowel complaints of children, — a most decided indication of the advantage of a country summer residence for young children, even after making allowance for the fact that the above numbers must have contained the deaths among the very poor.

The article on Typhoid Fever is one of the most interesting in the Report. The facts collected (page 167) do not lend much support to the theory that it is caused by the water ordinarily supplied from wells, — a theory strongly urged by some European hygienists. The city of Boston, for the past twenty years, has been supplied with water from a pure source more than twenty miles distant, and yet the number of cases of fever is not materially less than when it was supplied by thousands of wells within the city limits, exposed, many of them, to contaminations which are supposed to be most potent causes of disease. Nor, indeed, has the vast improvement in sewerage consequent upon the introduction of a plentiful supply of water produced a marked effect upon the frequency or severity of the disease. The observation that fever is most rife when the water in the wells is low has certainly been repeated during the past autumn. The surface of the country has seldom been so dry, or the water in the wells so low, or an epi-

demic of typhoid fever so wide-spread in New England, as during the autumn of 1870.

Facts concerning the effects of intoxicating drinks are sought from one hundred and sixty-four correspondents. The answers, as may be supposed, are rather contradictory. In the midst of all these contradictions we shall not be far from the truth if we assume that, as a beverage, alcoholic stimulants to the young and middle-aged are worse than useless; they are fraught with danger; to the old they are valuable helps; and as a remedy in disease they are so important that the art of medicine without them would be halt and maimed.

The chapter on Ventilation of School-houses contains a short description of the causes of the vitiation of the air in occupied rooms; the quantity of fresh air required for removing such vitiation is assumed to be fifteen or twenty cubic feet for each individual a minute. The ways of producing the required change of air are then considered. One of these, the *vacuum* method, is thus explained, page 375: "A volume of air heated from the freezing-point to the boiling-point of water (barometer at 30 in.), expands .375 [according to Rudberg and Regnault more accurately .366], or about three eighths of its volume, or .002 for each degree of Fahr. (*Gay-Lussac's law*.)" The following is given as an example of the method of calculating the expansion of air: "If the temperature of the air in a school-room is 20° higher than that of the exterior air, its volume has been increased. $.002 \times 20 = .04$ or $\frac{1}{25}$; consequently it is lighter than the exterior air, and tends to rise." This answer is not exact (though perhaps sufficiently so for this purpose), except when the exterior air is at 32° and the interior air at 52°, because air expands .002 of its volume for each degree of Fahr. *only when that volume is taken at 32°*. The air thus expanded is pressed upward through the proper ducts by the colder and heavier air from without. It is recommended that the vitiated air should leave the room at the floor. This we think objectionable. The expired air is usually 25° warmer than the air of the room, and the products of combustion from lights still warmer; they therefore rise and must be forced downwards by a current of air with a velocity often objectionable, even if it did not require a constant moving power without which all ventilation in this direction at once ceases. In the British Houses of Par-

liament, — perhaps the best ventilated buildings in the world, — after experiments extending through many years, the opposite or upward plan has been adopted as both better and more economical. In the Massachusetts State House downward ventilation is used, but it can hardly be deemed a success. New determinations have been made of the amount of carbonic acid in the air in the country, in the city, and in various halls and school-rooms with the following results. In Boston in the *spring*, there were three hundred and eighty-five parts of carbonic acid in a million; in Cambridge in *winter*, three hundred and thirty-seven parts of carbonic acid in a million; in the school-rooms the highest was nineteen hundred and ninety-three and the lowest seven hundred and seventy-three parts in a million. Mr. Stodder's microscopic examination of dust shows some of the difficulties in the way of those who investigate the "germ theory of disease" and of those who are studying "spontaneous generation," and mistaking the so-called brownian movements for evidences of animal life.

As many of the statistics set forth in the Report have been obtained from the replies to circulars sent to persons in various places, it is quite important that the questions should be clearly stated. Question No. 1, page 118, reads thus: "Have you observed a difference in the prevalence of this disease [typhoid fever] between houses supplied with water from wells about the premises, and houses supplied with water conveyed from springs or from ponds of unquestionable purity?" To this twenty-three reply "Yes," but whether the difference is in favor of water from the wells or springs is not stated; and yet this we suppose to be the pith of the question.

A Woman's Poems. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE author has well named this collection of delicate and graceful verses; for they are thoroughly feminine in thought and expression, in subject and treatment. Many of them are a mother's poetization of her children's life and talk; others are poems of sentiment, in which the faith and fear of a woman's passion speaks; others yet are somewhat mystical pictures of the outlying gloom with which the happiest lives love to contrast themselves; but all are womanly. We like them so well for what

they are, that we shall be far from making it a cause of offence in the author that she has not written like a man. It appears to us that the only quality which it is worth while for women to contribute to literature is precisely this feminine quality.

In whatever women write there is apt to be feeling enough, but in what Mrs. Piatt writes there is thought, too; not always the strongest or greatest, and sometimes rather too closely veiled, but thought nevertheless, and uttered in a manner quite her own, which last is a negative virtue so rare that it has almost a positive value nowadays. Almost any of the poems would serve in proof of all this, and we shall quote what we like rather than what is most illustrative of our opinion. Our readers have already, in fact, seen some of these pieces, and will remember a poem called "To-day," as having all the charm of fine feeling and thought:—

"Ah, real thing of bloom and breath,
I cannot love you while you stay,
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday!"

Here is also something quite as characteristic as "To-day," in its subtle sadness, and in its dim portrayal of a fear that it would not be tolerable to have shown more sharply:—

"HER LAST GIFT.

"Come here. I know while it was May
My mouth was your most precious rose,
My eyes your violets, as you say.
Fair words, as old as Love, are those.

"I gave my flowers while they were sweet,
And sweetly you have kept them; all
Through my slow Summer's great last heat
Into the lonely mist of Fall.

"Once more I give them. Put them by,
Back in your memory's faded years,—
Yet look at them, sometimes; and try,
Sometimes, to kiss them through your tears.

"I've dimly known, afraid to know,
That you should have new flowers to wear;
Well, buds of rose and violets blow
Before you in the unfolding air.

"So take from other hands, I pray,
Such gifts of flowers as mine once gave:
I go into the dust, since they
Can only blossom from my grave."

Perhaps it is needless to insist upon the womanliness of the sentiment here: all can see how very tender and delicate it is. In this that follows is the very rapture of motherly fondness and reluctance, with some sense finer yet for which there is no word:—

"LAST WORDS.

"OVER A LITTLE BED AT NIGHT.

"Good-night, pretty sleepers of mine,—
I never shall see you again:
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

"In your small dreaming-dresses of white,
With the wild-bloom you gathered to-day
In your quiet shut hands, from the light
And the dark you will wander away.

"Though no graves in the bee-haunted grass,
And no love in the beautiful sky,
Shall take you as yet, you will pass,
With this kiss, through these tear-drops. Good-
by!

"With less gold and more gloom in their hair,
When the buds near have faded to flowers,
Three faces may wake here as fair,—
But older than yours are, by hours!

"Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine,
I never shall see you again:
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain!"

All the poems which sketch in a light dramatic way the life of mother and children are very lovely, and we should not know where to find greater truth of the kind than they show. One of the best among them is "Questions of the Hour," which is too long for us to repeat here. Some of them are lit with thought not sadder perhaps than always lies at the heart of absorbing love, but which seems to have too frequent expression; others are merely simple and charming scenes, and reproductions of childhood's quaintness. They are, on the whole, we think, the best pieces in the book,—the studies careful, and the meaning natural and unlabored. They are not more womanly, however, than other poems, in which the maternal sentiment does not mingle. Here, for example, is something perfectly feminine, which we hope is also saying it is beautiful:—

"THE FANCY BALL.

"As Morning you'd have me rise
On that shining world of art;
You forget: I have too much dark in my eyes—
And too much dark in my heart.

"Then go as the Night—in June:
Pass, dreamily, by the crowd,
With jewels to mock the stars and the moon,
And shadowy robes like cloud.

"Or, as Spring, with a spray in your hair
Of blossoms as yet unblown;
It will suit you well, for our youth should wear
The bloom in the bud alone.

"Or drift from the outer gloom
With the soft white silence of Snow".
I should melt myself with the warm, close room—
Or my own life's burning. No.

"Then fly through the glitter and mirth
As a Bird of Paradise":
Nay, the waters I drink have touch'd the earth;
I breathe no summer of spice.

"Then—" Hush: if I go at all,
(It will make them stare and shrink,
It will look so strange at a Fancy Ball,)
I will go as — Myself, I think!"

The longest piece is "The Brother's Hand," a story of our own modern life, told with strength and clearness, and turning upon one of many tragical possibilities of the war. It is effectively managed throughout, and it has passages of peculiar beauty and power.

We believe that this is Mrs. Piatt's first volume, though she has heretofore published a book with her husband, Mr. J. J. Piatt, and she is well known to the readers of magazines and newspapers. We think of no woman poet in America who equals her in authenticity of touch, and none surpasses her in certain subtle graces which we hope have been discerned in the poems we have quoted from her book. To be perfectly honest, we must own that we have given poems which are less than others disfigured by a vagueness that often wavers into obscurity; and since these are avowedly "A Woman's Poems," we need not withhold the fact that they have their affectations; still, they are true poems, to be valued for their pure, good, natural feeling, and their excellent art.

Voltaire. Von D. F. STRAUSS. Leipzig. 1870.

Aus Russlands Vergangenheit (Sketches from the Early History of Russia). Von DR. WILHELM PIERSON. Leipzig. 1870.

Hegel. Von DR. KARL KÖSTLIN. Tübingen. 1870.

Nahes und Fernes (Far and Near). Von F. W. HACKLÄNDER. Stuttgart. 1870.

Vollständige Geschichte des deutsch-französischen Krieges von 1870 (Complete History of the German-French War of 1870). Vom GRAFEN HOHENTHAL. Leipzig. 1870.

STRAUSS's Voltaire is a reprint of six lectures, which all readers can be glad to have an opportunity to read. Strauss is best known as the author of the *Life of Jesus*, so we may be sure of finding this book free from bigotry. On the other hand, the author is cool enough and the

time is calm enough to permit the publication of a work which can rest simply on its literary qualities, and needs no fanaticism of disbelief to make it famous. In execution the book deserves the warmest praise. It is a difficult task, in so small a compass, to treat of a man whose work was so various, whose character was so complex, and whose influence was so far-reaching as Voltaire's; but the author manages to leave upon us a very complete impression of his subject, without undue attention to any single one of its many attractive qualities. A less careful writer might have been misled into an exaggerated consideration of Voltaire's wit, or his relation to Christianity; but Strauss has held himself continually in check, and the result is a valuable as well as interesting book. Strauss does not attempt to conceal Voltaire's many personal faults, — his timidity, irritability, and a certain carelessness about the truth, — but he claims for him sincerity in that work which has made him really great, namely, his hatred of superstition. That is the point which concerns posterity, because it affects posterity; his irritability was the business of those alone who had to live with him. And in respect to his sincerity, even those most opposed to Voltaire will agree to our author's estimate, and by reading this book they may learn that all the truth is not told by those who so warmly assail him.

His life may be crudely considered as a double one: during the first half he was a poet, during the last a philosopher; but his wit knew no such division. It is interesting to notice the liberality of his mind towards English models, as shown by his enthusiasm for Shakespeare, although so soon obscured, and his admiration of English freedom at a time when such liberality of opinion was almost unheard of. In that respect he was more modern than many of us. Another great advantage — it can scarcely be called a merit — was the length of his life with undecayed mental faculties. If he had died at sixty, although he had won a place in France which would have made him immortal there, upon the world at large his influence would have been very slight in comparison with what it is at present. It is from what he did after that age that he is known to us. He abandoned France, with its sensitive court and bigoted religion, and Germany, where his own disposition prevented him from staying, and on the Lake of Geneva fought the cause of toleration.

Of this sort of after-life, — as if he had received the privilege of beginning again where others leave off, with all the rich experience of his sixty years and a reputation already made, — Strauss gives us an excellent description.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is the fifth, an exceedingly lucid and temperate exposition of Voltaire's philosophy. We have here the best of both Voltaire and Strauss. Appended to the book are some translations of his writings upon religion, and his charming letters in the original French about his ward Marie Corneille, perhaps the most pleasing chapter in his private life, and one we especially recommend to all who hold him but little better than the Fiend incarnate.

Aus Russlands Vergangenheit is an entertaining collection of sketches of the early history of Russia by Dr. William Pierson, who, if we are not mistaken, is a professor in one of the schools of Berlin. He begins with an account of the early Scythians, a race of savages who scalped their foes and slew their king, Anacharsis, who tried to civilize them offhand, and finally succumbed to the Sarmatians. These were themselves succeeded by the Scandinavian Ruriks, in about the fifth century after Christ. They, a warlike race, held their power until 1598. Soon after their appearance they attacked Constantinople, and with success. The emperor, Leo, was obliged to pay them tribute and support the Russian Ambassador. By this intercourse with the Church the Russians became Christians. In the year 957 Olga, the widow of the Grand Duke Igor, was baptized Helena, and was made a saint by the Greek Church. Her grandson Vladimir adopted the same religion, and was baptized in the year 988. He, as ruler of all the Russians, commanded his people to break their idols and become Christians. They, with the disposition for obedience which seems to characterize that race, all obeyed, broke their idols, and in tears went to the rivers and were baptized. So great was their number that sometimes, as among the Lithuanians somewhat later, the inhabitants of one village being baptized together were all called Peter, in another Paul, etc. In spite of this docility, paganism seems to have held out among the Russians until a late date; until the sixth century the worship of the snake endured, and even within a few years there have appeared religious ceremonies

that appear to refer to ancient and mysterious heathen rites.

In the year 1224 came the Tartars, under the orders of Gengis Kahn. They were known as the Golden Horde, and by their numbers and their traditional cruelty conquered the always subservient Russians. Their power was not wholly destroyed until 1778. The two races became allied by intermarriages. Hence we see so sharply defined the peculiarities of both combined in the Russian of the present day. A Pole, if asked about the Russians, will say: "A Russian is a Tartar, and a Tartar is an inferior being of medium height, a broad face, flat nose, small eyes, and black hair, who prefers to eat his soap instead of washing himself with it, who does not cook his beefsteaks, but rides them raw beneath the saddle, and drinks his tea with sheep's blood instead of sugar and cream." Still, the opinion of a Pole about a Russian is apt to be soured by prejudice. A long chapter is devoted to a description of the country in the sixteenth century, and especially of Ivan IV., called Ivan the Terrible. He once, however, met his match. In Pepys's Diary, under the date of September 5, 1662, we find the following anecdote: "And among other discourse, some was of Sir Jerom Bowes, Ambassador from Queene Elizabeth to the Emperor of Russia; who, because some of the noblemen there would go up stairs to the Emperor before him, he would not go up till the Emperor had ordered those two men to be dragged down stairs, with their heads knocking upon every stair till they were killed. And when he was come up, they demanded his sword of him before he entered the room. He told them if they would have his sword they should have his boots too. And so caused his boots to be pulled off, and his nightgown and nightcap and slippers to be sent for, and made the Emperor stay till he could go in his nightdress, since he might not go as a soldier. And lastly, when the Emperor in contempt, to show his command of his subjects, did command one to leap from the window down, and broke his neck in the sight of our ambassador, he replied that his mistress did set more by and did make better use of the necks of her subjects; but said that, to show what her subjects would do for her, he would, and did, fling down his gauntlet before the Emperor, and challenged all the nobility there to take it up in defence of the Emperor against his Queene; for which, at

this very day, the name of Sir Jerom Bowes is famous and honored there." This, probably, only increased the desire of the Czar to marry Queen Elizabeth. When she refused him, he tried to persuade Lady Hastings to share his throne with him, but with equal ill-success.

There are fearful tales told of his cruelty. This account of his death is very characteristic: "Being terrified by a comet in the year 1584, he sent for the most famous astronomers and physicians from all parts of the Empire, and for sorcerers from Lapland. They came, sixty in number, to Moscow to foretell the issue of his illness. They prophesied his death for the 18th of March. For this he sent them to the stake. But his illness grew rapidly worse, and at the same time his penitence increased. After arranging his house and making his peace with Heaven, he took his last pleasure in gazing at his riches, which he had heaped up in his treasure-chamber. Here his daughter-in-law, the Czarina Irene, found him among his money-bags and jewels, and tried to offer him the consolation of the dying. But Ivan treated her with such brutality that she hastily took to flight. Thus the dreaded 18th of March came on. The sick man felt better, and put on an ornamented dressing-gown instead of the monkish cowl, saying he understood his old body much better than did the sixty prophets. He ordered the checker-board to be brought, but while setting the pieces he fell dead." The people endured his brutalities with the utmost patience. They would say, with a submission which has not yet wholly disappeared: "The word of the Czar is the voice of God. His will is God's will. What he commands, that happens, and there can be no resistance," etc. Still, the history of Russia is bloody enough to justify the witty saying of a Russian: "La tyrannie tempérée par l'assassinat c'est la Magna Charte des Russes."

A chapter tells the story of the false Demetrius, one of the most dramatic incidents in history, and which indeed has been dramatized by Pouschkine, Schiller, and Mérimée. Long and interesting extracts from various authors who visited Russia in the seventeenth century are given. We speak at length of this book, because the reader who is at all interested in Russian literature—in some respects, as in contemporary fiction, for example, hardly second to any in Europe—can learn from it

so much that will explain certain Russian peculiarities, the docility of the people, their deep religious feeling, etc., etc. At any rate, they are a people of whom we know but very little, and they well deserve our study; and this book is no mere dull record of dates and facts.

Dr. Karl Köstlin, of the University of Tübingen, has written a very readable book about Hegel, which we can recommend to all who have voluntarily given up the hope of ever knowing anything more than the name of one of Germany's greatest men. Perhaps the book is condemned by the mere fact that it is called readable; whether it fairly represents the philosopher we shall not venture to say, remembering the speech of Hegel on his death-bed: "There is only one man who understands me, and he don't!" But with all modesty we recommend it.

In original fiction Germany lingers behind the rest of Europe, although there is probably no country in the world where foreign novels are so generally read. Hackländer's last volume, *Nahes und Fernes*, however, is rather entertaining. There are two stories; the first, called *Die Spuren eines Romans*, is gently comic, and may well be read by those students of the language who can let their satisfaction at mastering the German replace the proper pleasure the writer of fiction likes to produce within his reader's breast. The other, *Unter den päpstlichen Zuaven*, is sentimental enough and charming enough to touch the crustiest reader.

There is naturally no lack in Germany of books about the war. The *Vollständige Geschichte*, by Count Hohenthal, is a work of popular character. We have only the second part before us. It was published before the close of last year, and contains on its cover the following advertisement, which will serve as an excellent example of the practical and prophetic nature of the Germans: "Immediately after the conclusion of peace a last volume will be published, of about this size and price, entitled, 'Around and in Paris.' Table of Contents of the third volume: Around Paris. The German Heroes. The captured and besieged Fortresses. The Theatre of War in the South and Southeast. The Size and Activity of the Hostile Fleets. In Paris. The Negotiations and Conclusions of Peace. The New Germany. Plan in Paris, etc."

My Study Windows. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, A. M., Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THIS complement of the charming volume "Among my Books" has the same general character, in being a collection of essays and criticisms hitherto published; but it has a wider outlook, as one may say, and opens not only upon the landscape near by, but the world of affairs and men beyond. In some sort, Mr. Lowell's books always do this, of course; they always treat of literature and of life in their inseparability; poets he always recognizes as a part of out-doors, and the sun and air get into his talk of them; but here in two papers there is a frank invitation to look with him from the study windows, and enjoy the things he likes in summer and winter; while in others he touches themes related to political and national more than to literary interests.

We believe that we have read with more interest than anything else in the book the essay on Pope, which is not the best thing there. We like it as an illustration of what we think the highest and rarest spirit of criticism; for with all our modern talk of liberality, we have scarcely a true appreciation of wide-mindedness. We do not mean to attribute to Mr. Lowell any remarkable softness in judgment or tenderness in sentence; but we do mean to recognize in him a very extraordinary justice to all kinds of excellence. So very few critics are able to allow the existence of virtues and powers which they do not like, that Mr. Lowell is almost unique in his readiness to do so. He is singularly able to declare if a thing is good in its way, without regard to whether it is his way or not; and his criticism on Pope in this volume is a triumph of fairness and generosity. No two men by instinct and by training could well be more different than the poet and this critic of his, yet we doubt if Pope has ever had so much justice done him before; has ever had his faults so clearly separated from his good qualities, and the balance in favor of his being a poet so accurately and frankly stated. It is no easy thing nowadays to say that Pope is a poet; for Mr. Lowell it must have been a very hard thing; but he does say it, and very conclusively, we think. We praise the verdict and its spirit; as for the manner of the essay, or its management in parts, it does not

seem so successful as others in the book. But as you read it you feel that so might some liberal contemporary of Pope, who disliked Pope and his method, have written of him; so might Addison have written if, with an equal graciousness, he had had all our critic's wit and subtlety.

The same liberality is observable in the notices of Swinburne and Thoreau, both affected, in their widely different ways, as well as Pope, yet having each his peculiar excellence. We are not sure, though, after all, that Carlyle did not afford Mr. Lowell a more signal triumph than either of the others. In addition to Carlyle's overweening mannerism and perversity, along with which it is so hard to allow that greatness can exist, there is an outstanding account for damages to the national feeling to settle, only a little less enormous than that on the score of the Alabama; and many of us would like to make him pay with his fame for errors of his head and heart, if we honestly might. Yet Mr. Lowell succeeds in doing him perfect justice, with a leaning to mercy's side. But we doubt if those who have begun to read Carlyle too late to know his value as a liberator will ever be able to rid themselves of the feeling that he has a spice of real malignity in him, and, so far as a man may be, is a misanthrope.

In writing of at least two characters in this book we can conceive that Mr. Lowell had entire and unmixed pleasure. He seems, to be sure, to enjoy the trial and sentence of poor Percival, but still has a conjecturable regret that poor Percival should have existed at all; though we fear that no one else will have the magnanimity to share this after reading the essay which he has occasioned. It is the delight of writing of Emerson and of Chaucer which nothing alloys, and the treatment of both these is responsively fine. The brief paper on "Emerson the Lecturer" is not an examination of his genius, but rather an expression of the common sense of it, the general gratitude, the universal regard; and with what surpassing delicacy is the tribute paid! With what sweetness and warmth is the poet assured of the affection which is in the honor rendered him! The essay lights up even his foibles so tenderly that a palliation of them would seem unfriendly.

Chaucer is an old and favorite subject

with Mr. Lowell, first treated nearly thirty years ago in the "Conversations on some of the old Poets," and again in his lectures on English poets delivered before the Lowell Institute. It is probably as well felt and as well thought out, therefore, as anything that he has written; it is at least one of his most characteristic criticisms. Its form is that into which his more elaborate critical work preferably casts itself. His approach to the Chaucerian peculiarities, virtues, or beauties is wide and discursive; many things by the way arrest him or turn him aside; and when he comes to what Chaucer actually wrote, he has not much to say. He does not give many "striking passages," and his affair seems to have been rather with what Chaucer was than what he wrote; yet somehow you have gained a clear impression of cheerfulness, ease, tolerance, fineness, humor, and tenderness greatly and singularly combined, which form the Chaucer of literature, and which you are glad to believe showed themselves in the Chaucer of history. Reviewing the ground gone over, you see how constantly your steps have tended towards Chaucer, and how those pauses were merely occasions for letting him present himself in better lights. This is the effect; we do not say the design. We are made to know Chaucer in his essential and imperishable modernness, and to realize how much more he is our contemporary than any poet of the last century, or perhaps since Shakespeare; how much more than many men of our own time. He is rescued from the antiquarians and the lovers of the quaint, and set fairly before us in his integrity as a poet.

We have scarcely left ourselves room to speak particularly of the delightfulness of the papers "My Garden Acquaintance" and "A Good Word for Winter," though we regret this the less because they are things that will readily commend themselves. "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" is exquisite in its way, and it is none the less true because it betrays that we are still sensitive to European patronage and despite, however little reason there may be to care for such things. Mr. Lowell's paper is full of well-bred satire and good-humored amusement at the impertinences we suffer; but one still feels that the most effective return made for them was Hawthorne's less admirable *soufflet* full in the condescending and admiring face of Bull.

The Life of Nathanael Greene, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution. By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. In three volumes. Vol. II. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

It is now nearly three years since Mr. Greene gave us the first volume of his great ancestor's life; but there is reason for this long delay in the nature of the work done. The present volume is devoted almost entirely to the examination of General Greene's history as Quartermaster-General, from the time of his appointment in 1778 to the time when he assumed the command of the Southern Army, in 1780. This was a period concerning which many questions had arisen, and which had made Greene the victim of much unmerited blame. His biographer, therefore, enters very fully into its details, and the result is a story of perhaps not the greatest general interest, but of the most satisfactory character, as establishing Greene's claim to the gratitude of the country. He was a born fighter, though a born Quaker, and his acceptance of the office of quartermaster was an act of pure self-sacrifice, which he performed at the earnest instance of Washington, and from motives of unselfish patriotism. He fulfilled its duties in spite of distrust, unfriendly official criticism, and public and private opposition, buying from the reluctance and poverty of the people, with a prodigiously depreciated currency, the provision which the English commanded in abundance with their gold, and encountering with a surprising measure of success the difficulties in his way. It was only when Congress attempted, in the midst of a campaign, to introduce a new system for the conduct of the quartermaster's department, — a system which he totally disapproved, — that Greene refused any longer to serve in a capacity so ungrateful to him. His action created great feeling at the time, and there was talk in Congress of removing him from his command in the line, which he had consented to forego in order to serve as quartermaster; but the warm protest of Washington against this cruel measure helped to defeat it. The approval of the Commander-in-Chief was probably more desired by Greene than that of any or all others, and he received this in the most emphatic terms, in a letter declaring: "You have conducted the various duties of it [the quartermastership] with capacity and diligence, entirely to my satisfaction, and, as far as I

have opportunity of knowing, with strictest integrity."

The remaining chapters, after the history of the quartermastership is disposed of, relate to Greene's appointment to the command of the Army of the South, and his preparations for that service in which he so gloriously distinguished himself. The first two chapters in the volume tell the story of the famous Conway Cabal for the disgrace and removal of Washington; while a chapter of Greene's history as quartermaster treats of the Arnold treason, and the execution of André, — Greene being president of the court that condemned him. In a characteristic letter to his wife he tells the story of Arnold's treason, and utters his own abhorrence of it. The letter ends with a touch of nature which brings the past very amusingly back: —

"Colonel Duer is talking to me, therefore you will have an incorrect letter. *General Putnam is here talking as usual, and telling his old stories*, which prevents my writing more. The old gentleman, notwithstanding the late paralytical shock, is very cheerful and social."

Greene's letters to his wife are always delightful, and paint him in a very charming attitude; they show him a loving father and tender husband, and they are redolent of an old-fashioned manly sentiment which is very agreeable. In his day love was made in a statelier way than now, and even family affection was rather formal, at least in epistles. This remains a pleasant flavor in Greene's letters to his wife, and makes parts of them read like passages from some quaint old romance.

To his wife Greene writes with compassion of André and Joshua Smith, the humble accomplice and victim of Arnold's treason. He expects to be made president of the court for their trial, and is determined to do his duty without shrinking. But he says: "Mr. André is a very accomplished character, and while we abhor the act, we cannot help pitying the man. From his apparent cheerfulness, he little expects his approaching fate." Greene was convinced from the first that André's offence must be punished as that of a spy, and he acted logically throughout, deciding against André the tie vote on his petition to be shot instead of hanged.

Of Arnold Greene writes his wife with unmixed detestation: —

"His Excellency says Arnold has been

guilty of the greatest meanness imaginable, such as cheating the sutlers of the garrison and selling the public stores. From all I can learn Arnold is the greatest villain that ever disgraced human nature. . . .

"My pride and feelings are greatly hurt at the infamy of this man's conduct. Arnold being an American and a New-Englander, and of the rank of Major-General, are all mortifying circumstances. The event will be a reproach to us to the latest posterity. Curse on his folly and perfidy."

The character of Greene does not appear in this volume in any new light, and we know him here, as in the first, for the single-minded, doughty, somewhat wordy patriot he was; a steadfast and fervid friend, with Washington always chief in his love and veneration; a man of few jealousies and very transient resentments; of equal patience and courage, of great belief in the cause he fought for, and a shrewd disrespect for many of the lukewarm, reluctant, and selfish people he was benefiting. The book, through his letters and its careful study of his career as quartermaster, does much to enlighten us as to the actual character of the generation which achieved our independence, and it appears to have been very much like any other generation, — a large mass of greed and grudge, leavened by comparatively little high and relentless purpose. Greene complains of the obstacles he encounters, but he has a hearty pity for the people who have to sustain the war out of their poverty and discontent. As for dissatisfaction, there were enough of it in the civil and military councils to make one lenient to it in the population; and it does not fortify one's regard for all the Revolutionary heroes and statesmen to read of them here.

The author has done himself and his ancestor's memory the justice to reprint in an Appendix his controversy with Mr. Bancroft in full, so that the reader can have no difficulty in forming a fair judgment. The whole volume is written with great clearness and temperance. We could sometimes, indeed, wish that the author had not exercised so strict a self-denial, but had painted now and then in warmer colors, and out of his abundant materials had made more of a picture of the past. However, the fault is on virtue's side.

The third and last volume of the biography is to appear within a short time, and then we hope to recur to it.

ATLANTIC ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

NO. CLXIII. JUNE, 1871.

DR. HOLMES'S NEW BOOK IN ENGLAND.—The *London Daily News*, speaking of Dr. Holmes's charming little book on "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," observes:—

"Not long since a remarkable addition was made to the list of American writers. The 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' became a familiar name at every circulating library. There were a pungent vivacity, an April tenderness, a sportive pathos, and a thousand quick, glittering fancies in the little volume that attracted readers to a feast on its pages with a winning, irresistible grace. Oliver Wendell Holmes has now sent us over another book on 'Mechanism in Thought and Morals.' The wit is often superior to the logic, but there is an agreeable mixture of both, together with a dash of poetic coloring which is the more acceptable for being unexpected. At any rate, Dr. Holmes cannot be brought under the censure conveyed in the saying of Henry Kirke White, that 'what was known by the name of philosophy—the bosom friend of Plato and other illustrious sages of antiquity—came to be usurped by mere makers of experiments and inventors of blacking cakes.' Dr. Holmes has the charitable disposition of a sincere poet and romancist. His psychology-made-easy is a most agreeable and welcome volume, containing the essence of a well-read mind, through which nothing has gone without being cast for reproduction in attractive and picturesque moulds. From time to time his strong literary bias compels him to linger over bright guesses at the motives and principles of brain structure, which resulted in the crystallization of imperishable thoughts in song, and tale, and story; and on this border-land of dreams and reality the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' is as witty, eloquent, and pathetic as he was in the book which first made his name so well known amongst us."

THE LANDS OF SCOTT.—The *Buffalo Courier* happily indicates the scope and interest of this attractive work as follows:—

"We envy the happy individual who will be able, in the summer coming, to make this volume his guide-book and companion in the 'Lands of Scott.' It is a delightful epitome of the great author's life and works, the reader being introduced to a detailed acquaintance with these while he is led through the localities which the genius of Scott has celebrated. Thus, first, we are guided to the now decayed and dirty College Wynd, in Edinburgh, where stood the house in which the poet was born. Next, an excursion is made to the lovely Scottish village of Lasswade, where Scott spent the first years of married life. The scenery about Melrose, forever sacred to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' is next explored, and so in succession, and in the order of their production, the chief of the poetic tales of the Northern Magician are studied on the very ground which they have rendered classic. A second part of the volume similarly treats the novels of Scott, compelling a wide but deeply interesting journey throughout the British Isles, in France, Spain, Belgium, the valley of the Upper Rhine, Switzerland, and even to the far East. Interspersed with sketches of the scenery in these lands, and of the works which make that scenery thrice beautiful, we have the thread of the novelist's life, with abounding details and facts of interest in that connection. Mr. Hunnewell is a true enthusiast and lover of his subject, and has produced a memorial of the author of Waverley, for which all other of the legion of Scott's lovers will thank him. Its appearance this centennial anniversary year of Scott's birth is highly appropriate, and should still further conduce to its popularity. Those who cannot cross the ocean will visit the scenes of his living romance in its pages, and those who can, may double their pleasure by making this volume their *compagnon de voyage*."

GINX'S BABY.—This trenchant satire on the "law's delay" and the ghastly inefficiency of ostentatious benevolence in mitigating or attempting to remedy some of the most pressing evils in English society, has been reproduced in cheap form by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. The *Cleveland Herald* remarks:—

"No book of the twelvemonth has attracted so much attention or created so great a sensation in England as 'Ginx's Baby.' When it first appeared the critics were shy of it, not knowing what to make of a production so much out of the common line. But the public soon discovered its purpose and its ability, and the demand for it was insatiable. Seven editions were run through in a few weeks and the sale still goes on. Elaborate reviews of the book appeared, and the skill with which the unknown author lanced the festering sore of English political and social life was everywhere acknowledged. Although dealing with matters English, some of the social problems touched on in the work will eventually come up for consideration on this side of the ocean, if they are not already claiming our attention. On this account, as well as because of the peculiar character of the book and the sensation it has caused in England, it has been a matter of surprise that no American publisher has reproduced it. The omission has at last been supplied by a neat, handy, and exceedingly cheap edition issued by James R. Osgood & Co. In this form 'Ginx's Baby' will make the acquaintance of thousands of American readers, who will be interested in his fortunes, and a large number of whom will probably be set to thinking over the questions his story suggests."

BRETE HARTE'S CONDENSED NOVELS.—A new and enlarged edition of Mr. Harte's popular "Condensed Novels" has just been issued by his publishers, Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. It contains, in addition to the exquisite burlesque stories in former editions, in the style of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Charles Lever, Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, Dumas, and others, two new parodies, — of Charles Reade and Mr. Disraeli. It is a marvel of mimetic genius, and offers an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to intelligent readers.

TEN GREAT RELIGIONS.—This new work, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, is an attempt to indicate the features of likeness and the points of difference among the great faiths which have commanded the homage of mankind. It is a work of great research, of remarkable candor, and of surpassing interest to all thoughtful minds. It would be difficult to name another book of its kind which combines so much learning, insight, catholicity, and devout reverence for truth. Seen through its atmosphere, the great religions of the past are not contemptible or altogether false, but have not a few fundamental characteristics in common with our own Christian faith.

JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.—The new edition of this remarkable book has been received with a favor bordering on veneration for the wondrous beauty of character it reveals. The *Boston Advertiser* observes:—

"The story of John Woolman's life finally appears in a fit and becoming style, and the neat volume of our Tremont Street publishers will supply a want long felt by those who love good books. The poet Whittier, allied to Woolman not less by the primal sympathies and tendencies of his nature than by his religious faith and devotion

to freedom and humanity, appropriately furnishes an Introduction, revealing something of Woolman's life that he himself did not tell, and briefly recording the early testimony of the American Quakers against the spread and very existence of slavery.

"Outwardly his life seemed somewhat hard and ascetic, but inwardly it blossomed continually with regard and patience and humility and tenderness. He lived for the simple performance of duty, coveting neither honor nor renown, and this age testifies that for him the path of duty was the path of glory. One might wish he had seen how divinely fair is privilege when contrasted with duty. But the largest conception of man's privilege in existence could not have made his life more worthy of respect or more beautiful to the inward sense. He died in a strange country, and left neither lands nor houses nor great estate; left only this little journal of thought and travel and conviction and spiritual communion, and a name like a beacon-light to those who struggle in the world for fellowship with Heaven, — a name forever fragrant and comforting, made in the humble labors of thirty years, written in the bright angel's book as that of one who loved his fellow-men."

The *New York Evening Post* remarks: "In this age of self-indulgence and self-seeking, 'John Woolman's Journal' will find few sympathetic readers; but the profitable and beautiful lessons it teaches, let us hope, will be heeded by some minds and hearts. The handsome volume in which it appears, from the press of James R. Osgood & Co., is enhanced in interest by an Introduction of forty-nine pages, written in that exquisite prose with which Mr. John G. Whittier delights his admirers scarcely less than with his poems. It is a discriminating commentary upon the Quaker missionary's services and character, and an eloquent *Apologia* for the Society of Friends."

LEAR'S NEW BOOK OF NONSENSE. — Mr. Edward Lear, the original nonsense man, has recently produced a new volume, which outdoes his former efforts, and certainly caps the climax of delightful absurdity. Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. have just reprinted this comical volume, which is of all books the most triumphantly nonsensical; as the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The alphabets are funny, the stories are funnier, the botany ingeniously comical, and the songs are most ingenious and comical of all. The illustrations are ridiculously clever sketches. Who chooses this book will choose well." Certainly no one will find a more amusing book nor a more humorous companion for a dull hour.

PIKE COUNTY BALLADS AND OTHER PIECES. — Mr. John Hay's poems "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches" have, by their rugged picturesqueness and power of natural inspiration, already secured for their author a place among the first of distinctively American poets. Under the above title Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. have just issued a collection of Mr. Hay's poems, comprising his most famous character-ballads, and several poems of a widely different kind never before published. That the author's talents are not confined to the speciality of idylizing the rougher phases of American life, the graceful beauty and touching sentiment of his love-poems evidence. The *London Spectator* speaks of Mr. Hay's "Jim Bludso" as worthy to rank with Browning's "Hervé Riel." In this article the *Spectator* says: —

"Only the other day, we quoted a Californian ballad full of true Yankee familiarity and humor, yet full of life, full of the spirit of the situation; and here is another, on a heroic though reprobate engine-driver of a Mississippi steamboat, whose conscience does not prevent him from endangering, nay, rather compels him to endanger, the lives of all his passengers by racing the other steamboats, but does compel him to sacrifice his own life to save his passengers when the fire comes. What can be more perfectly adapted to breathe out the very essence of the situation, with all its jocular familiarity of religious feeling, and yet true religious feeling, — and its unscrupulous sense of duty than the following? . . . The half-impatient description of Jim Bludso dead, as having 'got out o' the habit of living, like you and me,' — the easy-going,

slipshod description of Jim Bludso's mode of keeping faith as 'passing in his checks,' — and the genuine faith of the last verse, are all touches which go beyond the description of a great feat or action, — into a description of a character at least as complete in its way as Mr. Browning's of Hervé Riel. Surely the pleasures of this kind which the world has are much fewer than they need be. True, it is not so easy to find an action, homely or otherwise, with which any poet's mind is so precisely in sympathy that he can fit it to its true rhythm and true style; but we suspect that poets neglect these simpler efforts of their craft too much. They know that the ballad falls, in type, below the highest efforts of which they are capable, as the spirit of action falls below the spirit of life; and they forget that in their less elevated moods they might scatter far and wide the truest and vividdest of simple pleasures, by taking up more such homely subjects in the spirit of a sympathetic translator who only aims at translating deeds into words."

An edition of Mr. Hay's poems, "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," with appropriate illustrations by Mr. S. Eytting, Jr., has just been published by Messrs. Osgood & Co.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD. — This charming story by Miss Chesebro' has just been issued, for the first time in book form, by James R. Osgood & Co. It is purely domestic in its character, instructive in its moral teachings, and possesses a subtle interest more absorbing than that which attaches to the conventional style of modern romances. To many readers the story will afford a gratification akin to that produced by the writings of Miss Mulock. The *Boston Transcript* remarks: —

"The 'Foe in the Household,' by Caroline Chesebro', is one of the very best American magazine stories ever written; and James R. Osgood & Co. have done readers a service by taking it out from back numbers of the 'Atlantic' to reproduce it for a new circulation."

REGINALD ARCHER, by the author of Emily Chester, has created a livelier sensation in the novel-reading world than any similar work by an American author published of late years, rivaling that produced by Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt." To meet the popular demand, Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. have issued two new and cheap editions. The *Cleveland Herald* remarks: —

"Reginald Archer" is a book not to be laid aside and forgotten after being hastily glanced over. As a story it is of absorbing interest, the characters strongly marked but not unnatural, the style intensely dramatic, and the incidents striking, though finding parallels in every day's history. But these are not all the claims of the work on the reader's attention. A festering ulcer which is eating into the life of society, corrupting purity, destroying all trust in man, and sapping faith in the justice, if not in the existence, of God, is laid bare with firm yet gentle hand.

"There is no coarseness in the picture of a phase of social life but too common in what is called 'good society,' but it presents with the minuteness of a photograph a state of things shocking to the moral sense. That this is done with a pity for the sinners as well as a deep sympathy for the sinned against, is evidence that the intense earnestness of the writer's protest against the falseness and immorality of the age is not the mere trick of a novel-writer. The fact that Mrs. Seemuller affectionately dedicates her book to her husband, 'in token of the happy days in which it was written,' proves that it is not from her own experience that the agony of Christie Archer's married life was drawn.

"Those who read 'Emily Chester' will find in this later work by the same author all the striking characteristics of that notable book, the gentleness as well as the vigor of her imagination and execution."

SOMETHING TO DO. — The *Boston Times* remarks: —

"Something to Do" is the title of a novel published by James R. Osgood & Co., which contains many things of a very instructive character, and altogether is a volume of great interest. The characters are well drawn,

and in their discussions the truth comes out that the sympathies of the author are with whatever is identified with the higher and nobler impulses of human nature. There is an originality and scope as well as brightness and vivacity in the novel. Perhaps experience will have a tendency to tone down the style which the author carries beyond her depths in giving expression to some of her favorite ideas. But there is the right kind of material in 'Something to Do.'

In a review of this book the *New York Globe* observes: "It discusses in a pleasant style the moral questions of the day, as well as some political ones. The characters are fresh and sparkling, and the plot deepens into a dramatic interest, novel and well sustained. A great deal of lively dialogue, poetical description, and strong, good sense, sympathy with the fallen, and moral courage, make it a valuable acquisition to our standard romances."

WHIPPLE'S WORKS.—The recent publication of a new edition of the writings of Mr. E. P. Whipple has called forth very remarkable tributes to their worth, and proof of the high rank among American authors which the judgment of the wisest critics assigns him. The *New York Tribune* says:—

"The author is widely known as a literary critic of unquestionable originality and power, lucid and exact in his perceptions, of rare acuteness and subtlety of discrimination, humanely blending justice and mercy in his decisions, with a certain catholic comprehensiveness of taste and a racy force of expression that cannot always be accepted, as in the present case, as a sign of vigorous thought."

The *New York Herald* remarks:—

"As man, author, and lecturer, Edwin P. Whipple is doing good in his generation, and we heartily commend his volumes of essays to all readers who prefer thought to rhetoric, reason to sentimentality, virility to the prettily turned sentences of dilettantism."

MR. THOMAS HUGHES'S "ALFRED THE GREAT."—"School Days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" have endeared their author to a large circle of readers, and have come to be ranked among the standard works in the world of letters. In his latest work, Mr. Hughes presents the fruits of special historical research in an account of the life and times of Alfred the Great. In his Preface to this work, Mr. Hughes remarks that he "as a politician, both in and out of the House of Commons, has had to examine for many years the actual ground upon which the political life of the English nation stands, that he might solve for his own individual guidance, according to the best light he could get, the most practical of all questions for a public man, what leader he should support, what reforms he should do his best to obtain." With the conviction that a crisis not less serious than the French Revolution of 1848 is at hand, and regarding the Saxon king as the true representative of the nation in contrast to Caesar, whose aim "was to weld together all nations and tribes in one lifeless empire under his own sceptre," he has placed this transcript of the life-work and struggles of King Alfred before his countrymen, in the hope of aiding, by the example his plain, honest life affords, in the solution of the great problems that now agitate the political world of Europe. Mr. Hughes's work will impress the reader by its clear insight and simplicity, and has an historical value peculiar to itself. In a notice of this book, the *London Spectator* says:—

"There are, we should imagine, but very few persons indeed who will not get from this volume a far more dis-

tinct conception of Alfred's character and work than they had before. But the purpose of the book, and the purpose is always prominent, is not so much historical as political,—political, we mean, in that sense of the word 'politics,' by which it signifies not the mere art of governing, but the highest social morals, the *πολιτική*, which is the master science of ethics.

"It may be doubted, indeed, whether any ruler was ever more conscious of a high ideal and held and acted more steadily by it than did Alfred. His biographers use but one voice about him. Almost alone among the great characters of history, his noble figure, the closer we are able to approach to it, the more searching the light that modern discoveries enable us to bring upon it, comes out more beautiful and perfect. We may say of him, as Mr. Tennyson says of the 'Great Duke,' not without a reference, it will be remembered, to the 'Great King,'—

'Whatever record lead to light,
He never shall be shaded.'

"In a series of chapters, headed 'The King's Laws,' 'The King's Justice,' 'The King's Exchequer,' 'The King's Church,' Mr. Hughes gives us lively and vigorous sketches of the work of peace which Alfred achieved in matters civil and religious. In others he gives a picture of his private life, and of the personality of those who surrounded him; and one especially valuable chapter summarizes his work as an author. These are all practical and solid, full of well-digested matter, without any attempt at fine writing, but simply aiming at and succeeding in giving a conception which ordinary readers may easily grasp of Alfred's work. In the same spirit the story is rounded off by a sketch of how this work was carried on by his successors."

The edition of "Alfred the Great," just published by James R. Osgood & Co., contains a map and illustrations, and in general style and price is uniform with the two other popular works by Mr. Hughes published by this house.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.—This little work by the eminent oculist, Dr. H. W. Williams, seems excellently adapted to accomplish the author's purpose, which, he remarks, was "to explain to parents, teachers, and all who have occasion to use their eyes, in the simplest language possible, some of the advances which have been recently made in our knowledge of the eye, its powers, and its proper uses; and to show what should be done and what avoided, that the sight, the most important of our senses, may be enjoyed and preserved. Furthermore he has endeavored to point out some of the dangers to which the eye is exposed, in the hope that those arising from disease may thus be lessened, and those due to ignorance and neglect averted."

BOSTON NOVELS.—During the present season, Messrs James R. Osgood & Co. have commenced the publication of a series of popular works of fiction adapted for light reading in the character of their subjects and style of publication. The list of the stories of this class already published includes "Woven of Many Threads"; "Reginald Archer," by Mrs. Anne M. Crane Seemuller; "Something to Do"; "Marquis de Villemer," by George Sand; and "The Foe in the Household," by Caroline Chesebro'. All these books are bound in cloth for library use, or in pamphlet form for travellers and others who care for them only in a cheap form. The *Boston Transcript* commends this series as follows:—

"BOSTON NOVELS.—The good type and convenient pamphlet form of 'Something to Do' and 'The Marquis de Villemer,' recently published by J. R. Osgood & Co., have already established the popularity of the series, which we hope will be continued with equal discrimination in the choice both of authors and subjects. There is a wide and partially occupied field for a higher class of fiction, including several admirable names long out of print, but of standard merit, which might be included. Those already published are a decided success; and the

Boston house have so intelligent and cultivated a class of readers, that they can afford to avoid the sensational, and confine themselves to artistic and æsthetic romances."

GEORGE SAND'S MARQUIS DE VILLEMER.

— This brilliant descriptive story of Parisian society, justly accredited as one of the most brilliant works of the fascinating authoress, has, in its English form, as adapted by Ralph Keeler, proved a decided acquisition to the romantic literature of the day. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* says of it:—

"This, one of the best stories ever written by George Sand, translated by Ralph Keeler, is published in pamphlet form at a popular price. Many already know it in the original: to those who do not, and who depend upon a translation, we may say that its letter and spirit have been admirably preserved by the translator. The scene is laid chiefly in Paris, and the period is the present. The reader is introduced into a family of the *ancien noblesse*, consisting of an old marchioness and her two sons, one a duke and the other a marquis. To the old lady comes from the country a young and accomplished girl as companion. The elder son attempts to play with her affections, but without the slightest success. The younger and infinitely the nobler becomes her husband. Although this is of course, but the baldest sketch of the story, its attraction does not lie so much in the plot which is quite simple, while containing some good incidents and strong situations, as in the artistic manner in which it is worked up, and the insight which is afforded into French character, life, and sentiment."

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.—The Second Part of Mr. Charles Reade's new story has just been published by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. It has been very trenchantly criticised as immoral and unfit for general reading. On the other hand, it has been commended in terms of high praise. Thus the *New York Globe* remarks:—

"Charles Reade's new novel, now making its appearance in Every Saturday, published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass., is being issued in parts as rapidly as possible, to satisfy the demands of that vast crowd of readers who devour with impatience everything that falls from the pen of this popular author. 'Foul Play,' 'Griffith Gaunt,' and the numerous other brilliant fictions of Charles Reade, have given him a high and permanent stand in the popular esteem, and each succeeding romance that he gives forth to the world only makes firmer and more brilliant his position. The present novel, 'A Terrible Temptation,' is as yet too undeveloped to give a detailed analysis of its working-out, but it opens in all the freshness and abounding sparkle of his style and the daring freedom and originality in which this author is conspicuous. All who enjoy a good, healthy, and delightful story of modern times should not fail to secure the numbers as they are issued."

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.—One of Boston's most popular comedians, in playing a farce character that presupposes a knowledge of navigation that the hero does not possess, electrifies his crew by remarking, after being told that there is but one boatswain on his ship, "We must have more boatswains. I want a little boatswain all to myself." This quotation was brought to mind by the announcement of the publication of Mr. Bret Harte's celebrated poem, "The Heathen Chinee," in an illustrated form in a special pamphlet containing this famous epic "unmixed with baser metal."

The series of illustrations accompanying Mr. Harte's familiar lines were designed by the well-known character-artist, Mr. S. Eytinge, Jr., with the assistance of the author, and may be accepted as authentic portraits of Truthful James, Bill Nye, and Ah Sin, who will no longer remain ideal personages, but realities. In this series of graphic and artistic sketches are reproduced the prominent scenes enacted in the "small game" that resulted in the unexpected exposition of "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

This issue is the only authorized illustrated edition of

the Heathen Chinee that has been published, and, according to the *New York World*, "surpasses all its predecessors in artistic excellence and cheapness."

THE HOUSEHOLD TENNYSON.—To their numerous editions of Mr. Tennyson's poems Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. have just added another, the *Author's Household Edition*. It contains all the poems included in previous American editions published with Mr. Tennyson's sanction; also, some poems which he has omitted from late editions, but which he has consented to have reproduced in this issue, and others which have appeared recently in English periodicals. It is therefore absolutely complete, and is the only complete edition of Tennyson's Poems published in America with the author's consent.

It is embellished with a fine portrait and sixty illustrations, and is far the most desirable of the popular editions of Tennyson.

THE NEW NATIONAL LOAN is being taken with a steady rapidity which augurs well for its entire success. The speculative habit fostered by the war has to a great extent lost its hold on the public mind. People are less eager for large immediate gains and more willing to invest in securities which, though paying a lower rate of interest, are of undoubted reliability, make prompt and frequent returns, and have a long term to run. We take pleasure in directing attention to the statement concerning the new government loan in the advertising pages of this number.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

PIKE COUNTY BALLADS AND OTHER PIECES. By JOHN HAY. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 167. \$1.50.

THE JOURNAL OF JOHN WOOLMAN. With an Introduction by JOHN G. WHITTIER. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 315. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. Author's Household Edition. Illustrated. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 428. Cloth, \$1.75.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM. By HENRY W. WILLIAMS, M. D. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 103. Cloth, \$1.00.

REGINALD ARCHER. By ANNE M. CRANE SEEMULDER. Popular Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 386. Cloth, \$1.25. Paper, 75 cents.

NONSENSE BOOK. By EDWARD LEAR. 1 vol.

TEN GREAT RELIGIONS. By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 528. Cloth, \$3.00.

LANDS OF SCOTT. By JAMES F. HUNNEWELL. With Maps. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 505. Cloth, \$2.50.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD. A Novel. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 114. Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, \$1.25.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE. By BRET HARTE. With Original Illustrations by Sol Eytinge, Jr. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 19. Paper, 25 cents.

GINX'S BABY. His Birth and other Misfortunes. A Satire. 1 vol. 24mo. pp. 125. Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 50 cents.

JIM BLUDSO AND LITTLE BREECHES. By JOHN HAY. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 23. Paper, 25 cents.

CONDENSED NOVELS. By BRET HARTE. New and Enlarged Edition. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. By CHARLES READE. Part Second. Illustrated. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 76. Paper, 25 cents.

INA. A new Novel. By KATHERINE VALERIO. 1 vol. 8vo. Cloth, \$1.25; Paper, 75 cents.

These books can be procured of Booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, JAMES R. OSGOOD, & Co., Boston.

GREAT NATIONAL LOAN.

New Five Per Cent Bonds of the United States.

The Treasury Department is now able to promise that the registered Certificates of Stock, and a good part of the Coupon Bonds, of the New Loan of the United States, bearing Five per cent Interest, payable quarterly in Gold, will be ready for delivery early in the present month. The Subscriptions to the Loan now amount to \$62,000,000, and it is expected that the Subscriptions and Sales will progress more rapidly when the Certificates and Bonds are ready for market abroad as well as at home. The whole sum of Five per Cents offered to the public generally, and to the holders of United States 5-20 Bonds, without qualification, is \$200,000,000. When this amount, to which preference is thus given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, \$300,000,000, embraced in the New Loan of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, will be offered in connection with \$300,000,000 Four and one half per Cents, and any part of \$700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent Bond, under and pursuant to the New Loan Act of Congress:—

FORM OF 5 PER CENT BOND.

Interest | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881 | 5 per cent.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF

..... DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the National Debt," approved July, 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved January 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the first day of May, A. D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the first day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON,.....18....

Entered..... Recorded..... Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000, \$10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The Interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid as conveniently to the holder as on the Coupon Stock, and personal attendance, or attendance by proxy, at the Treasury, to draw and receipt for the Interest will be dispensed with, *whenever the check of the United States Treasurer, mailed punctually to the address and order of each holder, on or before every quarter day, is preferred to such attendance.* This check, payable in Gold Coin at the Treasury in New York (or such other office as the Stock is registered at), will be negotiable or collectable on the indorsement of the owner or owners of the Stock. In pursuance of this arrangement, the subscribers to, or purchasers of, the Stock in its registered form (which is a complete protection against theft or other losses incident to Coupon Bonds payable to Bearer) are advised to give their Post-office address in full, and to notify of any change in the address between quarter days.

The whole proceeds of the new loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent bonds, and, in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of \$10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenues derived in Gold from Customs is constantly lessening, as it has been doing for two years past, the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent Gold Interest.

The 1st of May schedule of the Public Debt, which has just been published by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows a reduction in these Stocks since the April schedule of \$12,215,700, and a further lessening of the yearly interest charge thereon of \$732,942. This leaves the total yearly interest charge in Gold \$111,982,034. In the same month the Treasury paid and cancelled \$2,470,000 of the Three per Cent Currency Debt, reducing the whole of this debt bearing interest to \$51,023,000, and the yearly interest charge thereon to \$1,537,470.

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:—

By exchange of \$500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1861	\$5,000,000
By exchange of \$300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1866	4,500,000
By exchange of \$700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901	14,000,000

Total saving per annum by refunding	\$23,500,000
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The large and rapid accumulation in the last few years of private capital now retired from active business, and of the cash Savings and Life Insurance premiums deposited with or intrusted to the provident institutions of the country, — all seeking the most undoubted security, pledged to be kept free of all taxes, under national or local authority, and content, provided this object be assured, with moderate rates of interest, — will, no doubt, ultimately absorb so much of these New Stocks as may not be taken in voluntary conversion of United States 5 20's, or marketed abroad.

C. C. NORVELL,

In charge of United States Loan Advertising.

TREASURY OFFICE, NEW YORK, May 2, 1871.

OVER

REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.

	Debt of the U. S. less cash in the Treasury.	Decrease of debt during the pre- ceding month.	Total from 1861 to date.	Decrease from March 1, to date.	Monthly interest charge.	Decrease in monthly interest charge.
1869.						
MARCH 1 . . .	\$2,525,463,230.01				\$10,532,462.50	
APRIL 1 . . .	2,525,196,461.74	\$266,798.27			10,526,238.00	\$6,224.50
MAY 1 . . .	2,518,797,391.09	6,399,070.65	\$6,665,868.92		10,522,835.75	9,626.75
JUNE 1 . . .	2,505,412,613.12	13,384,777.97	20,050,646.89		10,507,090.25	25,372.25
JULY 1 . . .	2,489,002,480.58	16,410,132.54	36,460,779.43		10,476,840.25	55,622.25
AUGUST 1 . . .	2,481,566,736.29	7,435,744.29	43,896,523.72		10,383,568.75	148,893.75
SEPTEMBER 1 . . .	2,475,962,501.50	5,604,234.79	49,500,758.51		10,333,518.75	198,943.75
OCTOBER 1 . . .	2,468,495,072.11	7,467,429.39	56,968,187.90		10,262,933.75	279,528.75
NOVEMBER 1 . . .	2,461,131,189.36	7,363,882.75	64,332,070.65		10,194,903.75	337,558.75
DECEMBER 1 . . .	2,453,559,735.23	7,571,454.13	71,903,524.78		10,130,625.75	401,836.75
1870.						
JANUARY 1 . . .	2,448,746,953.31	4,812,781.92	76,716,306.70		10,061,506.25	470,956.25
FEBRUARY 1 . . .	2,444,813,238.92	3,933,664.39	80,649,971.09		10,022,498.00	509,964.50
MARCH 1 . . .	2,438,328,477.17	6,484,811.75	87,134,782.84		10,007,312.75	625,149.75
APRIL 1 . . .	2,432,562,127.74	5,766,349.43	92,901,132.27		9,982,350.00	550,112.50
MAY 1 . . .	2,420,864,334.35	11,697,793.39	104,598,925.66		9,956,759.50	575,703.00
JUNE 1 . . .	2,406,562,371.73	14,301,962.57	118,900,888.23		9,926,762.75	605,699.75
JULY 1 . . .	2,386,358,599.74	20,203,772.04	139,104,660.27		9,886,812.75	645,649.75
AUGUST 1 . . .	2,369,324,476.00	17,034,123.74	156,138,784.01		9,854,633.00	677,829.50
SEPTEMBER 1 . . .	2,355,921,150.41	13,403,325.59	169,542,109.60		9,814,590.00	717,872.50
OCTOBER 1 . . .	2,346,913,652.28	9,007,498.13	178,549,607.73		9,768,940.00	763,522.50
NOVEMBER 1 . . .	2,341,784,355.55	5,129,296.73	183,678,904.46		9,718,436.58	814,025.92
DECEMBER 1 . . .	2,334,308,494.65	7,475,860.90	191,154,765.36		9,686,104.42	846,298.08
1871.						
JANUARY 1 . . .	2,332,067,793.75	2,240,700.90	193,395,466.26		9,644,043.63	888,418.87
FEBRUARY 1 . . .	2,328,026,807.00	4,040,986.75	197,436,453.01		9,610,886.13	922,076.87
MARCH 1 . . .	2,320,708,846.92	7,317,960.08	204,754,413.09		9,571,007.41	961,455.09
APRIL 1 . . .	2,309,697,596.27	11,011,250.65	215,765,663.74		9,527,212.67	1,005,249.83
MAY 1 . . .	2,303,573,543.14	6,124,053.13	221,889,716.87		9,459,959.17	1,072,503.33

The foregoing is a correct statement of the public debt, as appears from the books and Treasurer's returns in the Department at the close of business, April 30, 1871.

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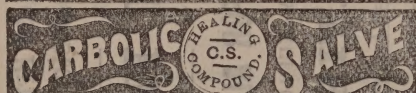
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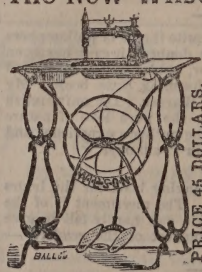
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